

# Broadside # 64

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PETER LA FARGE  
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in this  
issue

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Peter La Farge

Malvina Reynolds

Len Chandler

Emilie George

Martin Wood

Ruth Jacobs

Mark Spoelstra

Jackie Sharpe

Ruth Rubin

Tom Paxton

Phil Ochs

(Ed. Note: Moses Asch of Folkways and Pete Seeger have suggested the BROADSIDE from time to time reprint clippings of stories deserving of a ballad).

## War Critic Burns Himself To Death Outside Pentagon

**Baby of Quaker Escapes Unharméd—  
Wife Says He Was Protesting Loss  
of Life and Suffering in Vietnam**

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2—A Quaker official described by friends as upset over Administration policy in Vietnam, burned himself to death in front of the river entrance of the Pentagon late this afternoon.

He was identified as Norman R. Morrison of Baltimore, Md., a 32-year-old father of three children and an official of a Friends meeting in Baltimore.

The suicide victim had with him his blond, blue-eyed, one-year-old daughter.

Some witnesses said Mr. Morrison had placed the baby about 15 feet away before dousing himself with gasoline or kerosene that he had in a gallon jar. Then, they said, he set himself ablaze.

Other witnesses were quoted as saying that the child was in the man's arms as his clothes

Without exception the friends agree that Morrison was not brooding, that he was certainly not contemplating this death. They say he was concerned with the dying in Viet Nam, but they say many other things concerned him too.

### A Man of Concern

He was concerned for the Negro and he joined in many protests. He chose to live in a well-integrated neighborhood with Negro families all around, because this is what he believed was right. He was concerned with the problems of the Stony Run Meeting because this was his job and certainly on he loved.

He was concerned with his family and the world his children would grow up in.

Wouldn't a man like this ask himself first if it was right to leave a widow and three small fatherless children to demonstrate to the world that it was wrong?

"I'm sure he must have said that a world which is going at a fantastic speed toward destruction is not a world where my children and other children can live," one friend explained.

### The Final Factor

The crucial influence, the one that looms most prominently in the days just before Norman Morrison chose to die by his

own hand, was a story about Viet Nam.

It was a story, reprinted in I. F. Stone's Weekly, which had first appeared Oct. 2 in Paris Match. In it a wounded priest told "how our bombers razed his church and killed his people."

The priest, in a Saigon hospital, told of the raid on his village from which everyone had already gone except women and children.

It was a story told by the priest as he held a small round metal vessel used to carry the Blessed Sacrament which had been pierced by two bullets.

"This was the Consecrated Host," the priest had said. "In this war they even shoot God himself."

It was this story that Norman Morrison discussed with his wife over lunch Tuesday a few hours before he went to his death.

"When I think of Norman Morrison standing before the Pentagon," said Mr. Muste, "then I think of Jesus saying, when the women wept for him, 'Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children.'"

"Let us not weep for Norman Morrison or even for his family, in that sense; let us weep for the lethargy of this nation. Let us weep for our future if we do not commit ourselves."

## Anti-War Stand

To the Editor:

Those who voice indignation at young people who are repelled by the daily spectacle of civilians being killed and driven from their devastated homes, and do not wish to have a share in such a war, should be reminded of the fact that it was precisely such moral disobedience, the lack of which aroused world opinion against Germans who acquiesced in Nazi atrocities and pleaded loyalty to the nation, and superior orders.

A few weeks ago the admonitions of Pope Paul to put an end to war and hostility were unanimously acclaimed by governments which did not for a moment and not even for a demonstration of intention, stop their business of bombing and killing.

ERICH KAHLER  
Princeton, N. J., Oct. 24, 1965

## Cong Gets An Eyeful!

Saigon, Nov. 1 (Special)—U.S. helicopters are dropping leaflets featuring a photo of a nude girl to lure the Viet Congs from their jungle lairs and give themselves up.

The suggestive leaflets, prepared by the Viet Namese psychological warfare department, are intended to play up the loneliness and yearnings of reds stuck in jungle hideouts and isolated from women.

## "Honor Our Commitment"?

AUSTIN, Tex., Nov. 7 (UPI)—Thirty-one members of the Ku Klux Klan marched through downtown Austin today to a rally that started as a demonstration in support of the war in Vietnam and ended as a student pep rally.

A group of American Nazis were distributing literature, and tried to join the march, but the Klan leaders turned them away.

Tom Coleman, a political hanger-on at Hayneville, whom the Sheriff permitted to carry a gun as a "deputy" without pay, shot Jonathan Daniels, an Episcopal divinity student from Keene, New Hampshire, who had come South as a civil rights worker. He killed him in a store, in full sight of many people. When Father Richard Morrisroe, a fellow worker of Daniels, picked up a Negro child and ran from the store, Coleman shot him in the back as he ran, and all but killed him.

"As the marchers passed the reviewing stand, they cheered their support for Mr. [William] Buckley who responded with smiles and an occasional wave."—From The Sunday Times report of the Support-the-Viet Nam-War parade.

"At least 40 policemen were required to pull Mr. Storace (a spectator carrying an anti-war sign) away from his attackers. His clothes were ripped and he was severely kicked as he lay on the ground. Several of his attackers shouted 'kill him' and 'string him up.'"—From the same report.

Other experts will build on the story. They'll tell how a .38-caliber slug was removed from the brain. They'll detail how three other bullets were taken from the car. And their story will grow in drama until that gripping moment when FBI in-

former Gary Thomas Rowe swears that he was inside a Klan auto when it pulled alongside Mrs. Liuzzo's car and two Klansmen stuck their pistols out the windows and fired 12 shots point-blank at her frightened face.

LOS ANGELES:

You damn right there's gonna be another riot," said a light-skinned Negro in dark glasses. "Next time all the depressed people all over the country will be united, and we'll have guns, and we'll get what we want."

"What do you want?"

"The first thing we want is we'll kill every goddam white capitalist—starting with Mister Lyndon Johnson."

## Johnson 'Feels Good'

## G.I.'s Score Big Victory

Saigon, Oct. 30—U. S. Marines hand to hand from their tents, beat off a Viet Cong attack today 10 miles southeast of Da Nang.

A U. S. military spokesman said 56 Viet Cong, many of them teenagers, were killed. He described U. S. casualties as moderate.

Among the 10 Viet Cong taken prisoner was a 12-year-old. He swore at a Vietnamese government interpreter before he died.

**WEST GERMAN** neo-Nazi soldiers and pilots, after training in the U.S., are killing and bombing the Vietnamese people, it is disclosed in West German newspapers.

They have been sent from West Germany to gain "valuable experience."

NEW YORK POST, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1965

A 22-year-old Columbia University student set fire to himself at dawn today in front of the UN in protest against "war . . . all wars."

The student, Roger La Porte, a member of the Catholic Workers a pacifist organization, was burned over 95 per cent of his body, Bellevue Hospital doctors said. His condition was listed as critical.

He was born in Rome, N.Y., and was an honors graduate of Holy Ghost Academy in Tupper Lake, where he was a class officer and head of the debating society. The youth's original ambition was to be a Trappist monk and for a year, beginning in 1963, he attended the St. John Vianney Seminary in Barre, Vt.



By ROY REED

Special to The New York Times

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 6—The John Birch Society boasts more than 100 chapters in Birmingham and its suburbs.

About the time Mr. Rousset made that statement, the society's American Opinions

Speakers Bureau introduced its newest lecturer—Sheriff James G. Clark of Selma.

Sheriff Clark has already been scheduled to speak at Seattle, Spokane, Los Angeles and San Diego. He will tell

Then, at about 5 A.M. the tall, slender blond youth, who looked nothing like the stereotype of the longhaired "Vietnik," or peace demonstrator, stepped onto the wide avenue in front of the Hammarskjöld Memorial Library, at 42d Street.

Words and Music  
by PETER LA FARGE

Handwritten musical notation for the first staff of 'The Rose Tree'. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a quarter note D, followed by a half note A, and then a quarter note G. The notation includes various accidentals and slurs, and is labeled with 'A' and 'D' above the staff.

[illegible]

Handwritten musical notation for a guitar solo, featuring a treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 12/8 time signature. The notation includes various chords (A, D, A, D) and a section labeled "CHO: (& verse\*)".

Handwritten musical notation for the first staff of 'The Rose Tree'. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written on a five-line staff. Above the staff, the chords D, A, D, A, E7, and A are indicated. The notation includes eighth and quarter notes, rests, and a final double bar line.

(\* Use same melody for both)

- CHORUS**

- ## CHORUS

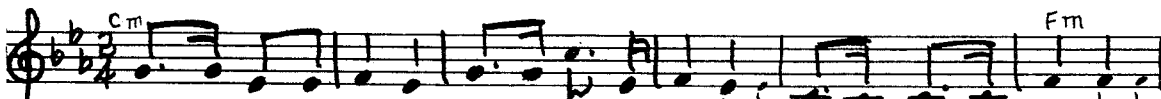
"The Crimson Parson" was one of the last of Peter La Farge's many Indian songs which he began with "Ira Hayes". Peter died alone in his N.Y.C. apartment Wed., Oct. 27, 1965, at the age of 36. Cause of death was not immediately determined, although he was under medical care. He sings this song on his last FOLKWAYS L-P, PETER LA FARGE ON THE WARPAT (FN2535).... G.F.)

# sleep my pretty honey

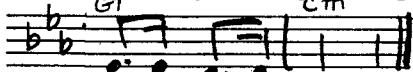
Words by RUTH RUBIN

© 1962 Ruth Rubin

Tune: Traditional



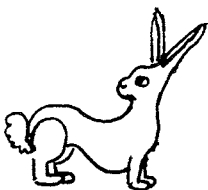
1. Sleep my pretty honey, Hush my little bunny, Daddy's gone to work to
2. Mon-ey money money, Just a little money To buy my darling ba- by A



earn a little money.  
fluffy little bunny.

3. Mother will go shopping  
To find a rabbit hopping  
To put a bag of popcorn  
On the oven popping.

4. So - go to sleep my pretty,  
We're living in a city,  
They've covered the earth with  
concrete,  
Now, isn't that a pity!



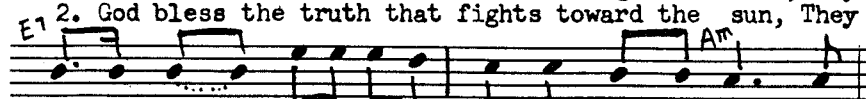
## God Bless The Grass

Words & Music by MALVINA REYNOLDS

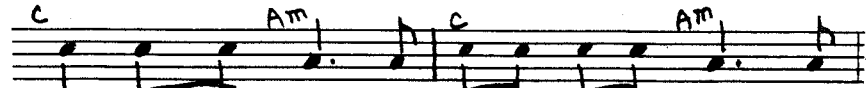
© 1964 SCHRODER Music Co.



1. God bless the grass that grows through the crack, They



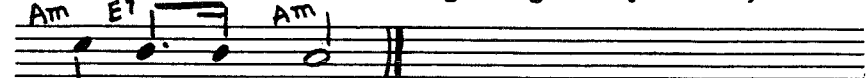
roll the concrete over it to try and keep it back. The  
roll the lies over it and think that it is done. It



con- crete gets tired of what it has to do, It  
moves through the ground and reaches for the air, And



breaks and it buckles and the grass grows through, And  
af- ter a- while - it is growing eve-ry where, And



God bless the grass.  
God bless the grass.

3. God bless the grass that grows  
through cement,  
It's green and it's tender and  
it's easily bent;  
But after a while it lifts up  
its head  
For the grass is living and  
the stone is dead,  
And God bless the grass.

4. God bless the grass that's gentle  
and low,  
Its roots they are deep and its  
will is to grow;  
And God bless the truth,  
the friend of the poor,  
And the wild grass growing at  
the poor man's door,  
And God bless the grass.

# Bracero

Words & Music  
By PHIL OCHS  
© 1965 Barricade Music, Inc.

**FREELY**

Wade in-to the ri-ver—through the rippling shadow waters, Steal a- cross the thirsty  
border, Bra-cer-o; — Come bring your hungry bo-dy to the golden fields of plenty, sell your  
soul for half a penny, Bra- cer-o, — And welcome to Cal-i- fornia where  
— the friendly farmers will take care of you. —

Come labor for your mother, for your father and  
your brothers  
For your sisters and your lover, Bracero  
Come pick the fruits of yellow, break the flowers  
from the berries  
Purple grapes will fill your belly, Bracero. **CHO.**

The sun will bite your body as the dust will  
dry you thirsty  
While your muscles beg for mercy, Bracero  
Oh your bones are slowly curving, bending lower  
than the soil  
Like the fruit, your youth can spoil, Bracero. **CHO.**

When the weary night embraces sleep in shack  
that could be cages  
They will take it from your wages, Bracero  
Come sing about tomorrow with the jingle of the  
dollars  
And forget your slavery collars, Bracero. **CHO.**

The local men are lazy and they make too much  
of trouble  
'Sides we'd have to pay them double, Bracero  
Ah, but if you feel you're falling, if you find  
the pace is killing  
There are others who are willing, Bracero. **CHO.**

# United Fruit Company

Words & Music by PHIL OCHS

1. (Instru. -----) And the fruit boats ride on the waves, And the  
2. And the ships will dance by the shore, With  
crew will dream of re- turning, — Back to the Flo- ri- da  
fruit from Ven- e- zu- e- la, — Bra- zil — and Cos — ta  
wa- ters, — For the work of un- loading on- to the  
Ri- ca, — But the Fruit from the Is- land of Cu- ba is carried no  
trains. —  
more. —

3. And on the decks it will lay  
Picked by the hands of the peons at the lowest possible wages  
While the profits are made by the strangers from far away.

4.  
Now some pick the fruit of the vine  
While others will go to the mountain  
And eat the fruit of the hillside  
And learn the way of the rifle,  
wait for the time.

5.  
Allianza dollars are spent  
To raise the towering buildings  
For the weary bones of the workers  
So they will be strong in the morning  
to go back again.

6.  
Oh the companies keep a sharp eye  
And pay their respects to the army  
To watch for the hot-blooded leaders  
And be prepared for the junta to  
crush them like flies.

7.  
So heavy the price that they pay  
As daily the fruit it is stolen  
Over the blue Caribbean  
But the lenthening shadow of Cuba  
will hinder the way.  
(Repeat 1st verse)

# Letter From Vietnam

Words & Music by RUTH JACOBS

© 1965 Ruth Jacobs

Em A Em A

I had a dream, Mom, I had it last night,

# D A Em G A

Dreamed I was home a-gain and it felt so right

# E A E A

We were all to - gether the way it used to be,

# D A Em A

You, Mom, and Dad, — the kids and me.

Then I woke up and all of you were gone  
 Heard my captain shout, Up and at 'em, Ron  
 We moved out, we were hunting that night  
 The mean old enemy 'cause that's how grown  
 men fight.

We got 'em, Mom, and we got at least eight  
 Civilians were in the way but we didn't dare wait  
 A woman was coming, she was shooting her way  
 I quickly shot her dead on that awful day.

But my rifle's automatic and it wouldn't stop  
 And more bullets came, even after she dropped  
 And behind her dead body on the floor of a  
 cave  
 My bullets took away, Mom, what the Lord  
 himself gave.

It was a baby, Mom, just two months old  
 They say to forget it -- That is what I'm told  
 But it keeps coming back and I don't know  
 what to do  
 Don't know who to ask, so I'm turning to you.

Why must I kill, Mom, and why women and kids  
 Who knows who is right, it can't be what I did  
 I wish to God I was home again and out of  
 this hell  
 Will it be me, Mom, when next they toll the  
 bell.

But why must I kill, Mom, and why a little  
 baby  
 They think that they are right, who knows --  
 maybe  
 We think it's us that knows just how things  
 should be  
 I only know that caught between, is a mother,  
 a babe and me.

(See clipping A MARINE WRITES HOME, B'side #63)

# Honor Our Commitment

Words & Music by JACQUELINE SHARPE

© 1965 Jacqueline Sharpe

D G D A7 D

O, gather round, you bully boys and hear just what I say; We have a Great So-ci-e-ty in the

# E7 A7 D G D G A7 D

good old U. S. A. So listen, na-tions of the earth, We give our promise true, If you don't obey

# G D A7 D #D A7 D G A7

your Un-cle Sam, his troops will vis-it you, And we'll Hon-or our com-mit-ment, Honor our com-

# D G A7 D E7 A7 D

mit-ment, E-ven if the world goes up in the smoke of a mushroom cloud, Hon-or our com-mit-ment,

# G A7 D G A7 D G A7 D

Hon-or our com-mit-ment, Get bur-ied with our brothers in one great com-munal shroud.

Now, widows all like candy canes and orphans all like jam  
 And bandaids come in handy for the wounded in Vietnam,  
 So send your package out today to the homeless kids and wives,  
 We're sure the ones we haven't killed will love us all their  
 lives. Chorus

We're shocked to death at India, enraged at Pakistan  
 So we've told Arthur Goldberg to denounce them, man to man  
 There in the UN's sacred halls, we've raised a mighty fuss,  
 Cease Fire, we tell all nations -- that means everyone but us.

Chorus

These Latin revolutions, now,  
 we watch 'em like a hawk  
 And when we try to lend a hand  
 we can't see why they squawk  
 If only those Dominicans would  
 follow in our track  
 Then soldiers wouldn't feel obliged  
 to shoot them in the back.

Chorus

BROADSIDE #64

# I BELIEVE

Word & Music by MALVINA REYNOLDS  
© 1965 Schroder Music Company

1. I be- lieve, I be- lieve, I be- lieve this war is wrong; So how  
2. I be- lieve, I be- lieve, We have no right to be there, Dropping  
can I go a- long, I be- lieve, I be- lieve, I be- lieve, Yes.  
death down from the air,  
Last time  
I be- lieve.

3. I believe, I believe, That the world is asking why,  
And a bomb is no reply, I believe, I believe, I believe, Yes.

4. ...That the power of love is strong  
And the power of arms is wrong....

5. ...That wars are out of date,  
So are poverty and hate.....

6. ...You believe just as you please,  
But I do as my heart says ....

## Conscientious Aggressor

Words & Music By  
MARK SPOELSTRA

Why are children so cruel, — Why oh why oh why; — They see and act like the  
world all a- round them, Like the world all- a-round. (to 2nd verse) Gang fight, store robbed  
man stabbed, head bashed, o-verdose, underage, brutal battle, rape this, rape that, joy kill,  
fun kill, gotta kill, had to, it's — the on- ly way.

Glory be to violence  
Is what all the newspapers say  
And a gang of kids solve their problems that way  
They too solve their problems that way.

A knife, a gun, a razor or a pipe  
What makes them be that way  
As long as the bombs keep on fallin for freedom  
You'll see all the newspapers say --

### Chorus

A country wants freedom so we send in the planes  
And we kill a few people or more  
And old lady gets bashed in the head by a child  
For some money to go to the store.

Oh, what a shame these kids are today  
With their clubs and guns and a knife  
Only God and our country has the right, you see  
To take another man's life.

What is the value of life, they say  
When you've never shown me none  
And how do you fit in your church house so neat  
Your bombers, your gas and your guns.

### Chorus

How many of you think abortions are wrong  
Immoral and murder and that same ol' song  
But you don't mind preventing the birth of  
other nations  
With the skilled and trained hands of doctor  
war and his napalm.

Most of the world says that killin's all right  
Peace Corps by day and the bombers at night  
Say one thing and we do something else  
And then all the newspapers say --

### Chorus

# BELLEVUE

By LEN H. CHANDLER JR.  
© 1965 Fall River Music, Inc.

1. They brought him in all wasted And replaced the blood he'd bled; And the intrave-nus needle was the first way he was fed. 2. He was bo-ny, old and beat-en- And they cut a-way his shirt, And they could have used a put-ty knife Just to scrape a-way the dirt. 3. He'd been more than torn and tattered, He'd been bashed, de-based and scarred. He'd been held up, held in, held under, He'd been pushed out, out and barred.

4. Neglected and rejected  
Disrespected, stomped & mobbed,  
He'd been talked over, preached  
over, cried over,  
Prayed over, run over, rolled  
and robbed.

5. They'd garnished him with garbage  
They'd polished him with spit;  
They'd gilded him with mire,  
And they'd powdered him with grit.

6. They'd polluted him with promises,  
And cinkered him with lies,  
They'd maimed his soul with rot  
and rust  
And left him to the flies.

7. Conceived of loveless loving  
Born on a bed of despair,  
Cast off, used up, worn out,  
Withered and threadbare.

8. The nurses washed & dressed him  
But his eyes kept telling me:  
Here's a wound that's still un-  
clean  
Here's a gash they just don't  
see.

9. They were cutting in the walls  
that day  
I'm told, to string new wire,  
The old stuff, yes it had to go  
Condemned, or cause a fire.

10. There was a hole above the old man's  
bed,  
It didn't bother him at all;  
Beside his shirt, pants, shoes & socks  
The hole up there was small.

11. "Don't worry 'bout the hole" they said  
"The work is almost done;  
Pretend that it's a skylight  
And you're tanning in the sun."

12. The days looped by & I caught his eye  
His eyes were filled with tears;  
He was warm and dry and his belly  
full,  
Guess that's the best he's felt in  
years.

(Tune both E strings down to D; For last verse alternate between Dm & Am<sup>11</sup> & improvise in free recitative style.)

13. From up a-bove I heard it plain: "Sweep up & take a rest"; Down through the hole the sweepings came, I'm not say-in' the workman was to blame, But it finished him off just as well, just the same. 14. The dust & rubble with a whoof & a crash, The plaster crumbs, the paper & trash, It covered his shoulders, his chest & his head, A gar-bage heap on a hospi-tal bed. 15. The dust & the rubble of the deso-late years, The caseworker's smile, The pawnbroker's leers, Musky, befouled, de-spoiled & obscene, Vile, sordid, corroded & mean; The buck-et, the mop, the shovel & broom, From a waste paper cradle to a garbage-can tomb. It's all right son, It don't hurt or worry me,

— Let them pile on more dirt, It's time that they buried me.—

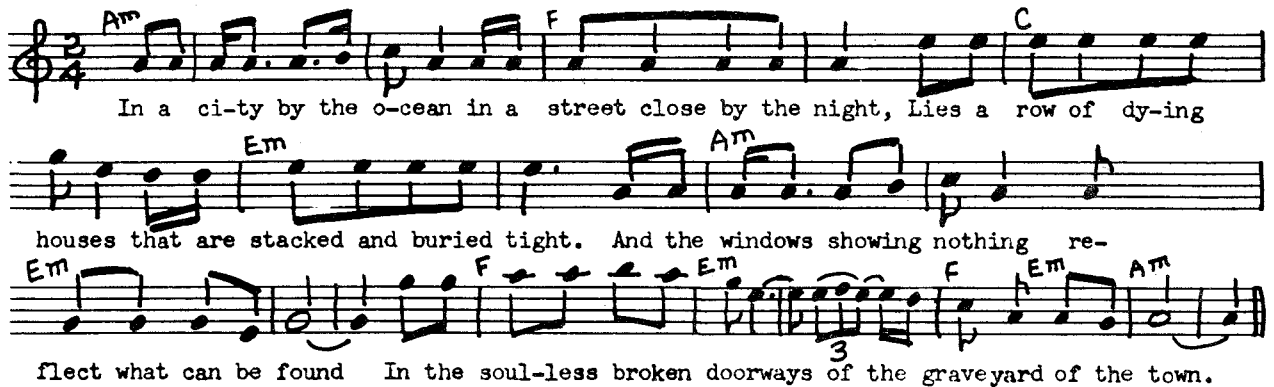
\* 6 Dm    5 Am<sup>11</sup>    \*\* Dm    Gm<sup>9</sup> (open)    (\*\*) Am<sup>11</sup>    Dmaj<sup>7</sup>

Note:  
Could also  
be written:



# GRAVEYARD of THE TOWN

Words & Music by  
MARTIN WOOD  
© 1965 Martin Wood



And here there lived a refugee  
Sam Stacy was his name  
He'd never had a family  
he'd never gathered fame  
His clothes had never fit him  
and jobs he'd seldom found  
He was just another member of  
the graveyard of the town.

He lived up in a wooden room  
across a wooden hall  
He watched the brooding shadows climb  
he watched the insects crawl  
He shivered in the darkness  
as the winter night unwound  
For the ghosts are never sleeping  
in the graveyard of the town.

And across the city's valleys  
the landlord lives alone  
And his hands run through the dollars  
from the people that he owns  
For his rent he daily pushes  
so his money will be sound  
For dying is expensive in  
the graveyard of the town.

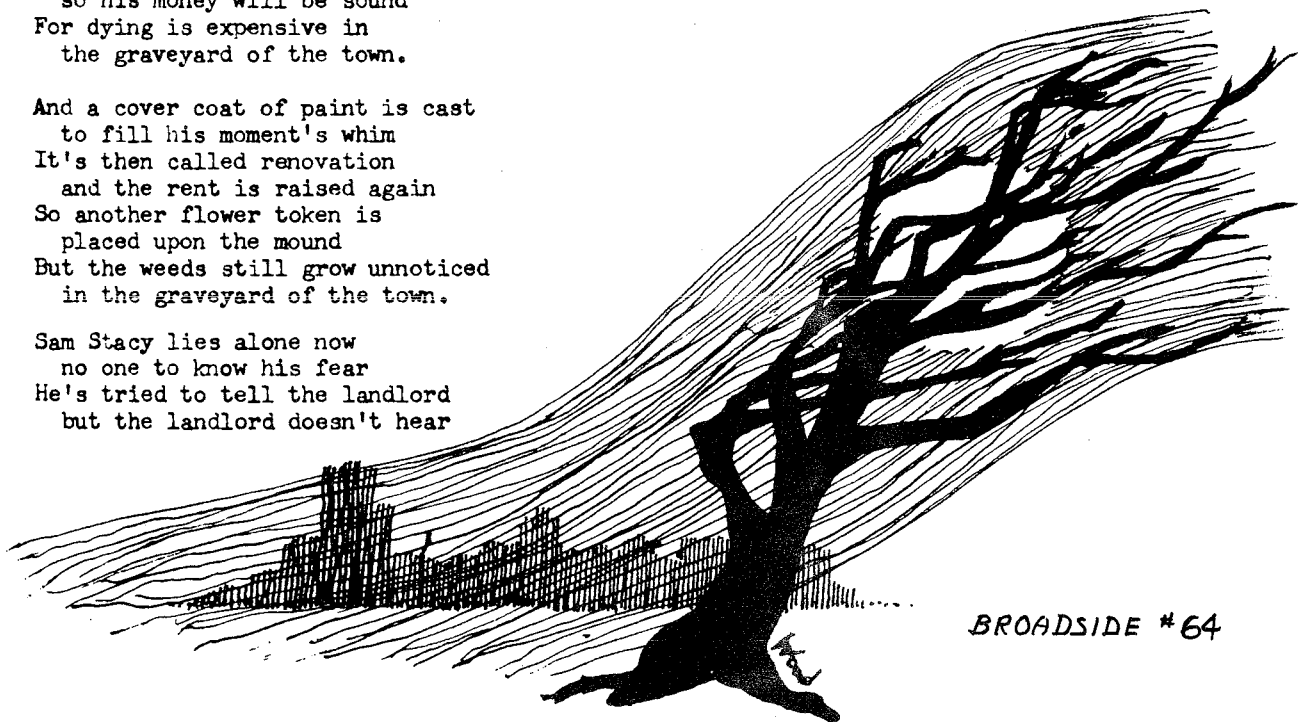
And a cover coat of paint is cast  
to fill his moment's whim  
It's then called renovation  
and the rent is raised again  
So another flower token is  
placed upon the mound  
But the weeds still grow unnoticed  
in the graveyard of the town.

Sam Stacy lies alone now  
no one to know his fear  
He's tried to tell the landlord  
but the landlord doesn't hear

He's told him of the plumbing  
of the stairways falling down  
But no one hears the echoes  
from the graveyard of the town.

The nights are growing colder now  
the wind blows through the walls  
And Sam has ceased his crying now  
and Sam has ceased his calls  
His body stops its tossing  
and his arms hang limply down  
And the moon's the only witness  
in the graveyard of the town.

Now inside a modern city  
a foundation is begun  
For a shining office building  
to be standing in the sun  
The smiling city fathers go  
and watch the hammers pound  
But there's yet another tombstone  
in the graveyard of the town.



BROADSIDE #64

# BUY A GUN FOR YOUR SON

Words and Music by TOM PAXTON

Hal-le-lu-jah, Dads and Mommies, Cow-boys, Reb-els, Yanks and Com-mies

Buy yourselves some real red blooded fun. If you want to make the grade you've got to have a

hand grenade, And a ful-ly auto-matic G. I. Gun. Buy a gun for your son a-way, Sir

Shake his hand like a man and let him play, Sir. Let his little mind ex-pand, Place a

weapon in his hand, For the skills he learns today will someday pay, Sir. —

2.

Pound that kid into submission / 'Till he's mastered Nuclear Fission  
Buy him plastic warheads by the score,  
Once he's got the taste of blood / He's gonna sneak up on his buddies  
Starting his own thermo-nuclear war. CHO.

3.  
Buy him khakis and fatigues  
And sign him up in little leagues  
Give him calisthenics as a rule  
Once you've banished fear and dread  
Then pat his seven year-old head  
And send him off to military school. CHO.

4.  
Once he's grown to be a man  
He might get tired of blasting Granny  
Then you'll see a crisis coming on  
Don't get worried, don't get nervous  
Send that kid into the service  
Let him rise into the Pentagon. CHO.

5.  
At the Pentagon he'll rise  
The President he will advise  
His reputation growing all the while  
With his picture on the wall  
He'll get that long-awaited call  
And press the firing buttons with a smile. CHO.

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## POUGHKEEPSIE JOURNAL

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1965

### Contaminated Wells Cause Town Concern

Contaminated wells — rather than dry ones—are causing major concern in the Town of Poughkeepsie.

Highway Superintendent Still said today that his department is delivering well water supplied by the Fitchett Brothers Dairy to about 75 families whose wells are contaminated.

Additionally, he said, about 150 families are without water because wells have gone dry.

Septic systems are the major cause of well contamination, Mr.

The State Health Department has been trying for decades to stop communities and industries from dumping into the waters raw or untreated sewage from homes, businesses and factories.

In almost every case, the community at fault has pleaded that it lacks the money to build the necessary treatment plants.

The problem was aggravated by the drought of recent years.



BROADSIDE #64

## The Holes In The Ground

Words by JAMES & EMILIE GEORGE  
© 1964 James & Emilie George  
Tune: "Rosin The Bow" ("Lincoln And Liberty")

I've wandered all over this country  
From Frisco to Boston town  
Now I live in Poughkeepsie  
I get water from a hole in the ground

Chorus:  
Get water from a hole in the ground  
Get water from a hole in the ground  
Now that I live in Poughkeepsie  
I get water from a hole in the ground.

The houses all have modern plumbing  
Chrome faucets and tile all around  
But when you flush the toilet  
It goes in a hole in the ground

Chorus: It goes in a hold in the ground, etc.

The towns are growing and growing  
They're growing by leaps and bounds  
Soon all the land will be riddled  
By thousands of holes in the ground.

Chorus: By thousands of holes....., etc.

Now this all works very nicely  
With no added cost to the town  
The system is very efficient  
Til -- what comes up is what just went down.

Chorus: What comes up is what....., etc.

TOM PAXTON

Militant words alone do not make a good topical song. This is a fact that has been obvious to only a few of the new topical song writers. Tom Paxton is one of the few. His songs have long demonstrated a knowledge of music, a sharp wit, a sense for the right word, and a good deal of musical taste. These qualities are amply reflected in many of the songs on Tom's two Elektra albums: Ramblin' Boy (EKL 277) and Ain't That News (EKL 298). Each album contains a generous sampling of his best songs: "A Job of Work", "Daily News", "I Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm Bound", "High Sheriff of Hazard", and "Ramblin' Boy" on EKL 277; "The Willing Conscript", "Lyndon Johnson Told The Nation", "We Didn't Know", and "Every Time" on EKL 298. These songs are worth the album prices alone.

As with all prolific songwriters, Tom is inconsistent, and this inconsistency is also made apparent. "Harper" and "I'm Bound for the Mountains and the Sea" should not have been included on his first album, nor should "Goodman, Schwerner and Chaney", not a good song by any standards, be on his second. The second album also has "Bottle of Wine", which is fun to sing although totally unrealistic and a version of "Ain't That News" which is played and sung much too fast (see Broadside Singers Folkways BR303, for a much better version). Despite these few shortcomings, both records are important additions to the canon of modern topical songs.

And from Oak Publications: A Tom Paxton songbook, Ramblin' Boy (88pp, \$2.45) Eighty-five of Tom's best songs from "Ramblin' Boy" to "The Willing Conscript". Handsomely illustrated with a host of Agnes Friesen's original drawings.

The Country Blues Folkways RBF 1 --14 classic early blues recordings. The jug band selections "Walk Right In" (Cannon's Jug Stompers) and "Stealin', Stealin'" (Memphis Jug Band) are particularly good.

Blind Willie Johnson Folkways FG3585 --an important documentary about one of the greatest and most intense blues-gospel singers ever recorded.

Blind Willie Johnson Folkways RBF 10 --14 great selections --a wonderful album

The Roots of Lightning Hopkins Verve/Folkways FV 9000 --THE Lightning Hopkins album

The Paul Butterfield Blues Band Elektra EKL 294 --solid R&B by the best white blues singer and band in America. A beautiful, musical, and exciting album

Doc Watson and Son Vanguard VRS 9170 --The only thing missing from an already excellent album is some of Doc's fine banjo picking. "Little Sadie", "Mama Blues" and "Otto Wood the Bandit" are really great.

The Carolina Tar Heels Folk-Legacy FSA-24 --These are 1962 recordings by one of the great old time bands. Today, its members are Doc Walsh, Drake Walsh (Doc's son) and Carley Foster. The music is still highly enjoyable even though the band is not quite as good as it was.

Mike Seeger Vanguard VRS 9150 --Mike Seeger is the finest city interpreter of country music styles. He is a master of many instruments, as this album demonstrates, and is also an excellent singer. The best songs, in a whole album of bests, are "Waterbound", "Leather Breeches", and "Hello Stranger". An outstanding recording.

Maxwell Street Jimmy Davis Elektra EKL 303 -- Undoubtedly the finest blues album to come from Elektra in recent years. Maxwell Street Jimmy is a blues singer from Mississippi who now lives in Chicago. He plays and sings in the older delta style. His singing is great; his driving guitar is similar to that of Robert Pete Williams, more polished however. I repeat, a great album; a must for any blues collection.

By STU COHEN

## POETRY SECTION

(Ed. note: During the two weeks or so before he died Peter La Farge held a number of quite lengthy telephone conversations with several of his friends. He talked about himself and his new plans. He wanted to retire as a singer and concentrate on other things. There were two books he had in mind writing; one was to be about Korea, where he fought as a soldier and was wounded five times. (He said in an interview several years ago that Korea was a "stupid war that should never have been fought in the first place" and that it only created a whole generation of disillusioned and embittered young Americans, in which he included himself). Peter wasn't clear about the other book he had in mind, except that it would also be largely autobiographical, either straight or fictionalized. He told how he had gone back to painting, was working well at it and had recently sold his first new painting. One of those to whom he spoke, virtually for hours, was Len Chandler. These phone conversations inspired Len to write the poem below, which he had finished only shortly before the news of Peter La Farge's sudden death).

### I Would Be A Painter Most Of All

for Peter La Farge

I am here again  
pox marks have absured my dimples  
I smile most now when standing on my head  
(or appear to)  
I think best upside out  
or inside down

#### MY EYES WERE

once bright wholly holy eyes  
for looking out and looking in  
My eyes were spying periscopes  
for peeping up and over  
for looking around corners  
(most of mine and some of yours)  
without exposing my head  
my neck was very short then  
and easy to keep in  
(giraffes don't need periscopes)

Wide eyed and boy scout young  
I stood close to the fire soon  
Early evening...campfire heat  
wind smoke and cinders  
narrowed eyes to slivers  
first to carry wood  
first to fetch the tinder  
first to strike the match  
and fire the fire.

On the inner edge of circle  
staring in...with eyes wide open  
looking at the backs of others  
standing backs to fire  
far from fire and ash and cinder  
staring in the black of forest  
caring not for log nor ember  
fond of eyes and faces  
and the sound of their own voices.

And I with eyes unblinking

#### SEEING

only fire and ash -- and

#### HEARING

only chorus of wind and fire -- and

#### FEELING

only heat and tingle -- and

#### SMELLING

only smoke of pine and

#### TASTING

only promises of potatoes  
wrapped in leaves...and packed  
with mud and

#### TOUCHING

all the secret places of  
fire and light and energy...and

#### KNOWING

nothing but guessing...almost  
every all.

Riding in the open truck  
going home from summer camp  
seeing still the fire consuming  
log and branch and twig and tinder  
as if it had seared its signal  
on the back of these eyes  
that I had used as whetstone  
for the edge I still most hone  
to cut through my unknowing  
In that open truck through woods  
remembering smell and all  
between the senses that were cited  
only as a milestone...  
though I'd measured with micrometer  
each was tangled in the total

(continued...)

POETRY -- 2

my eyes were wide and open then  
seeing clearly all the edges  
I was riding facing front  
The rest were looking back  
I knew where I had been  
I was looking at the black bird  
when a low limb caught my eye  
flooding chest with antiseptic tears  
    red and feigning fire  
    (perhaps not feigning for  
    some of it was consumed)  
I was nine...at nineteen I got glasses  
I was just the other side of ten  
when first I learned  
how soft the edges are  
when things are just  
a little out of focus  
Unfocus the billboard  
and the ad man has no dominion  
unfocus...and the razor edge  
seems less sharp  
I know it now to be  
the day I started going blind  
I know it now to be  
the day I discovered  
it was easier not to see  
I let my eyes unfocus more and more  
I found comfort in the haze  
walking toward an almost shadow world  
only really looking at what I had to.  
I learned to squint my ears  
and to unfocus words  
and reduce to tempo and pitch  
    all their meaning  
I learned to love abstractions young  
to squint in all my senses  
to shadow dream think  
to drift around soft edges  
to squint my skin  
to feel little  
to heal fast  
Had I held to blindness  
I would have held to life  
I would have been a pure musician  
laying easy dot on line  
in time and tempo -- safe  
Safe -- for a world of Wallace's  
or L.B.J.'s could see me as  
no real or present danger  
they might even tap their heel  
(U.S.Steel cleats and all)  
-- Don't make the tyrant  
tap his heel when his  
foot is on your neck --

Had I held to blindness  
I would have been a poet  
surrounded by a hedge  
of literary illusions  
and read by those few  
who have the biggest purse to pay  
and reason to find comfort  
in the totally obscure

But now I dare see clearly as a child  
And now I even almost understand  
Now I would be a painter most of all  
My medium would be  
words and color and shape  
and shape and texture  
and smell and time and taste  
I would press my picture  
to the back of your brain  
for you too have learned  
to squint in all your senses  
    so I must enter where I can  
and hang my pictures  
where you dare not even blink

By Len H. Chandler, Jr.

(Note: This poem is #1 of a series of  
works by Len H. Chandler, Jr. entitled  
"From 21A", the number being that of  
the Chandler apt. in N.Y.C. "You can  
see a long way from the 21st floor."L.C.)

c 1965 Len H. Chandler, Jr.

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October Song  
To An Indian Summer  
One-Time Man

From Gil Turner, his friend  
"Alas," said an Indian, "I once had a home  
In the fair forest glade, where the  
deer they did roam,  
Where the sacca might feast on the  
festival day...  
...But the steels of the white man has  
took them away."

The home of you, Peter...the forests and  
free lands of your people...  
    near full taken away before your time  
    of life arrived...  
    your time of life that flows no more...  
    too soon...so close behind that I can-  
    not yet sing of you...only still  
    to you...  
In the same old ways we practiced often-  
times ago...  
    ...and even yesterday. (cont.→)

"I once had a father, the pride of my youth  
And a mother who taught me at the practice of truth.  
Now their spirits has left them and cold is the clay...  
...The steels of the white man has took them away."

A "Seldom man" you called him  
And I, who never knew your father save through you, and the lightning from his written public words, accept, unquestioned, the high honored place given and attested for him by a "One-Time Man", son of his union.

"I once had a brother, the pride of the vale  
And a sister, her face it was ruddy and pale,  
And oft times I'd join them in innocent play  
...But the steels of the white man has took them away."

How many brothers and sisters did you gain in your years? How many have you now? Look around... Hands, flying up so fast, so many, forbid the count. It's lonesome to number the few that got lost... We brothers and sisters remaining, first bend, then topple the scales.

How many nick-tailed, bow-necked, unbusted critters have you sat, tail feathers spread and fixin' for the heavings? And how many bins of corn or red peppers did you raise -- before swallowing how many bushels of dust 'n droppins'? Numbers wouldn't tell much, but I'd answer: enough of it all to make your songs truthful, your voice tall in the saddle, and your playing as hard as your labors...

"Now I stand alone, the last of my race  
And I know, on this earth, that I have no more place.  
My friends and my kindred have fallen astray  
The steels of the white man has took them away."

You forever yearned and searched for that place on this earth... a place both for yourself and many lost others. Lately you came to know and understand that the searching was your map

and line to a blood kinship reaching far beyond the desecrated holy grounds of the long-gone Naragansett nation. That driving, restless looking had bound you in blood, love and family to your uphill life chasing earthbound soul, from those long ago lands to the faraway times a'coming.

I've already heard it said too often that your allotment was watered... that Time shortchanged you. Sure he did. But he's always been a sidwinding, thieving supreme court to people. And the poor traveler who can't get over or pass around what can't be improved or undone is trading the Now and pain of life for some painless, unborn, never-coming later. I have something different to say about your time.

You got only one season, but you were completely that season.

You were Indian Summer... You were the late-coming, unprepared for, Autumn heat wave... You were the unrelenting, all-around-us presence... You were the stone in the sun shooting off hot ripples and waves... You were the cool school reject-proudly with honors... You were the sudden thunderstorm and a sound like drums beyond the mountains.

Now you're going home to Colorado, Peter La Farge, and our meetings will be a new kind from here on. These last few words you'll take along to keep: The Mark You Leave Was By Your Own Hand Drawn Clear And Burned Deep. Your Circle Of Truth Will Shine Through High Wind And Shifting Sand For As Long As The Sun Shall Rise.

"And now I must follow, the Grey Spirit calls  
To the land of the Blest where the great spirit dwells.  
To that blissful green shore and that cool forest glade  
Where the steels of the white man shall never invade."

© 1965 by Gil Turner

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## LETTERS

Dear Broadside: "Phil and all those guys can have themselves a good time as to whether or not about topical songs, but I think it's going to keep right on keeping on, that's what I think."

In the second day of Berkeley's Vietnam Day march, some 5,000 were moving forward in a well-behaved, good-natured line, knowing that a real machine gun army of Oakland police was drawn up waiting for them at the city line. And the marchers were singing "Help"!

And, when, at the confrontation, the Hell's Angels "broke through" the police lines (add "with permission") and attacked the marchers, and the onlookers between, and the Oakland cops fell on the demonstrators, not the gangsters, the shaken paraders, trying to hold fast to protect the women and kids, sang, what? "We Shall Overcome." They didn't sing it well, but they sang it.

Now I don't know what you call that song, or whether it is great art (I think it is, for a fact), but it was needed at that moment, and bad. A song can do many things; why must you put it in some kind of category? It's as flexible, as meaningful, as useful, as dangerous, as absolutely essential, as talking. For me, that's where it is.

As for "song vs. poetry", it's been my theory all the time that poetry is lame song. Poetry gets to very few; it's good basic study for song writers. Song is natural as breathing.

The peace marchers under fire sang "We Shall Overcome" because the peace movement hasn't developed that kind of song yet -- a simple, strong, moving statement of faith in the cause for which they are taking the knocks. Some of the greatest songs I've ever heard came out of the Spanish Civil War that Phil refers to in his interview in BROADSIDE. That engagement was a battle that was lost, but the war isn't over yet.

I think Phil and others are mistaken when they look at protest song as another fad, here and goodbye. They seem to have no sense of the social forces in the world, the things going on that are making the young people wild, that make them reach for "Eve Of Destruction" and

"Universal Soldier" like people sick of thirst reaching for water. And these are only two songs of dozens, many of them of real poetic quality. It's sure as sunrise that, with a need for this kind of creation, with a demanding audience, it will happen. The genius will come forward -- the world is full of it, it only needs a chance.

The young people reach out for Dylan in the same way as they reach for these songs. He is creating a new language, a new idiom. And his function for them seems to be, in the meantime, stripping away the old, icky hypocrisies in personal relationships. This is a giant's job, done with a fine strength and dexterity -- so who cares if he doesn't write "Times They Are A-Changin'" over again? He's done it already. And don't knock the kids that are imitating him. They are flexing their muscles. Sloan, who wrote "Eve", is only nineteen.

The young people need this equipment, this new language, this clear, hard view of the world if they are to take the leadership in time from the dopey, suicidal Establishment who run it now."

MALVINA REYNOLDS

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Dear Broadside: "The interview with Phil Ochs in B'Side # 63 is just about the best article I've ever read in any magazine." Ted Just, Georgia... "The Ochs interview is exactly the sort of thing which makes Broadside indispensable to me. It was one of the most important interviews and comments on the whole world of pop-folk-etc I have seen, second to none and infinitely more useful and illuminating than most." Ralph J. Gleason, San Francisco Chronicle... "#63 arrived Saturday and Charles, my husband, and I read it during the show, with running commentary and discussion. It's a fascinating interview, revealing an awful lot about Phil and some of the thoughts of the people up front in the topical song field... Is there any chance of borrowing the original tape to run on the show?" Judith Addams, University of Texas... "The interview with Phil Ochs was magnificent. There's enough meat here for a really deep discussion of this whole generation of new topical song writers, something really needed." F.H. Utah.

NOTES: The photograph of PETER LA FARGE on the cover is by Erik Falkenstein, professional photographer who lives in this building, 215. West 98 St., N.Y.C. It is one of many taken by Erik of the performers at the B'Side Hoots at the Village Gate last winter. Unforgettable was one of Peter's last appearances at the Hoots, when he sang his "Drums" and more and more of the audience joined in on the successive choruses: "There are drums beyond the mountains, there are drums you cannot hear, .There are drums beyond the mountains, and they're coming mighty near."... Notes on upcoming concerts in the New York City area prepared by Stu Cohen: A THANKSGIVING EVE Hootenanny Wed., Nov. 24, 8 PM, at the MARC BALLROOM, 27 Union Square West (16th St.) contr. .99¢. Sponsored by the Student Committee On Progressive Education, M.C.: Josh Dunson. Performers: Gil Turner, Jolly & Vicki Robinson, Julius Lester, Flora Y Pepe, Dave Laibman... Nov. 26: At CARNEGIE HALL: "FOLK MUSIC '65 with TOM PAXTON, JEAN RITCHIE, The NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS, SKIP JAMES, SON HOUSE, etc." ... Also Nov. 26, 8:30 PM, at the Westchester County Center, White Plains, N.Y.: JUDY COLLINS with guests MIMI & DICK FARINA. Tickets at the box office, or by mail & checks payable to: H. Leventhal, 200 West 57 St., N.Y.C. 10019... Nov. 27 at TOWN HALL: The PAUL BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND, JIM KWESKIN JUG BAND & GORDON LIGHTFOOT. New York City.. And Jan. 7, (Fri. Nite), 1966, PHIL OCHS at CARNEGIE HALL... Out of Town: CARL WATANABE at the TETE A TETE, 286 Thayer St., Providence, Rhode Island, Nov. 16 through Nov. 21. To be followed the next week by ELIOT KENIN... DANNY KALB's Blues Project Band has cut a single of ERIC ANDERSEN'S "Violets Of Dawn" Says J.R. Goddard in the Village Voice: "An erratic lover's plea, it (the song) builds to: 'Come watch the no colors fade blazing into petal sprays of violets of dawn.' The band mounts such a tidal wave attack on that last line it's almost too much to endure".... Sporadic attempts to ban "Eve Of Destruction" continue, even though it's slipped off the charts. Roland Scott sends along a clipping telling how the owner of the Clovis, N.M. station (radio) KCLV suppressed "Eve" and "Universal Soldier". While he was at it, he also knocked off the air "Dawn Of Correction" which he thought also had a "flavor of antipatriotism". This will come as a surprise to the author, who thought he was writing an answer to "Eve"... Return address on a letter recently received by BROADSIDE: "The Committee To Award Broadside a Nobel Prize For Peace".... From the WEST COAST: B'Side volunteer STEPHEN DEDALUS sends along a copy of the new record just put out by RAG BABY, .50¢ to DMB Publications, 2944 Grove, Berkeley, Calif. 94703. Four anti-war songs by PETE KRUG and JOE McDONALD, backed up by a band. Writes Steve: "The song I-FEEL-LIKE-I'M-FIXIN'-TO-DIE RAG by Joe McDonald is exceptional. This record is worth much more than the .50¢ tag on it.". The other songs are Joe's SUPER BIRD, and Pete Krug's JOHNNY'S GONE TO WAR and FIRE IN THE CITY... Writing in the folknik, put out by the San Francisco Folk Music Club, 3839 Washington St., S.F., Calif. 94118, FAITH PETRIC gives some long-needed sound advice: "We did, for years, leave it up to Sing Out, then Broadside, ... to cover the whole scene. It's increasingly impossible for them to do so. We either develop and support our own clubs, concerts, festivals, etc., or fine songs like those of Pete Krug and Joe McDonald (and many others)... simply won't be heard, to our mutual loss."... At the peace parade in New York City a couple of weeks back LEN CHANDLER led the large audience in singing a parody with new verses of "He's Got The Whole World In His Hands." Some of the new verses, referring of course to the present occupant of the White House: "He's got Saigon in his hands, etc", "He's got Santo Domingo in his hands, etc", "He wants Hanni in his hands", "He wants Peking in his hands," "He wants you and me, sister (brother) in his hands", "He's got the blood of thousands on his hands". Etc.etc... Frances Taylor, reporter of the LONG ISLAND PRESS (N.Y.) recently ran an interview with Bob Dylan in which she quotes Bob as disowning all his protest songs & he doesn't plan to write anymore. She since has been deluged with telephone calls from irate teenagers. One caller cried: "For telling all those lies you should dig yourself a hole six feet deep and jump into it." Says Frances: "The kids just won't believe what Bob really said."

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