



# IDEA FOR "THE BAL- LAD OF NOVEMBER SEVENTEEN".

Events sometimes come together on a certain day -- or even a certain hour -- to bring into clear focus the brutal truth of history. Such a day -- and such an hour -- was Nov. 17, 1965. On that day mounds of American dead were piling up in the Au Drang valley in Vietnam. Other American boys, wounded, were screaming in pain and fear. But where were the men who sent these American youth to die in that fiery hell? Men, for instance, like Lyndon B. Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, Robert McNamara? Deaf to the screams of the dying, they were living it up at a "glittering" White House ball for Princess Meg. They admired the "knockout jewels" on the women, they ate Atlantic pompano amadine, and danced gayly to the strains of "Everything's Coming Up Roses." As one female correspondent squealed: "It was fun, fun, fun!"

NOVEMBER 17, 1965

## 'Screaming in Pain'

"The ones we left behind were screaming in pain and fear. Someone shouted out, 'Don't leave me.' A lieutenant called out, 'Please shoot me. Please shoot me. I don't want them to get me.'"

"Oh, God, it was horrible," said PFC David Weed of Pitts-  
ton, Maine. "Guys were crying. We had to leave them. Some were screaming."

## Dinner Fit for a King Is Served to Margaret

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17 (AP)—President and Mrs. Johnson served a White House dinner tonight fit for a king in honor of a princess—Britain's Margaret and her husband, the Earl of Snowdon.  
The menu for the regal dinner, which was served in the state dining room, follows:  
Atlantic pompano amadine  
Roast squab  
Artichokes with  
vegetable purée  
Hearts of palm salad  
Brie cheese Fraline glacé

Mrs. Johnson wore an emerald green strapless silk gown with a bolero. Margaret's dress was shocking pink batiste with a matching jacket edged at the low neckline and sleeves with crystal and pearl fringe.

## Scene of Horror

Chu Prong Foothills, Nov. 18 (Reuters)—Dead and wounded Americans lay stacked together today after the ambush here. Survivors were brought out from under corpses.

Some wounded were found wandering aimlessly, shocked and dazed. One man was sitting and crying to himself, holding a hand of a dead comrade.

**THE ATTORNEY GENERAL**  
Fun, fun, fun . . .

# How Far We Have Come

By Bill Frederick

1. When our fathers came to this golden land, There was nothin' but forests and rivers and sand, And a few million Indians runnin' around. Now look what we've made of the little they found: There's cities of silver that shine in the night, Churches of splendor and halls of delight, And only an echo of Indian drums. Who can deny

2. The slaveships, they came with the whip & the rack. & a million black people with scars on their backs Picked cotton, drew water & slept in the cold. With a Bible for comfort they were happy, I'm told. The laws they were passed, slavery went. Our land's integrated, at least six percent: In the sharecropper's shack & the big city slum, Who can deny how far we have come?

3. The immigrants came from the green Irish shore, From Poland & Russia, ten million & more, Germany, Italy, all the world 'round, To settle our ghettos & immigrant towns. Their brains & their bodies they put to the wheel To build our great fact'ries & towers of steel, To march to our battles & carry our guns. Who can deny how far we have come?
4. Well, all through the Andes they've heard of our name On the factory wall, in the palace of shame. They drink Coca Cola & the dimes that they spend Go straight to the pockets of our businessmen To pay for our Fords & our split-level homes Our hi-fi's & records & six percent loans, Protecting our profits with dictators' guns Who can deny how far we have come?

5. In Asia & Africa they're learnin' too How free enterprise can do wonders for you. South Africa's prisons are burstin' with men, Barbed wire keeps the Vietnamese in. Where elections are daydreams that never get far American weapons are there standin' guard. We're ready to fight for the lands that we run. Who can deny how far we have come?
6. Our fears they are many 'though they're seldom said. They're black & they're yellow, they're brown & they're red. They see through the legend, they smell the decay, They're learnin' to fight the American way. & we in our armchairs are quick to condemn. Our bankbooks are fallin', our profits might end The breakin' of chains is our funeral hum. Who can deny how far we have come?

Repeat first verse.

## PRINCESS EXCITED

In one place nearby, the Americans found three North Vietnamese wounded. One lay huddled under a tree, a smile on his face.

"You won't smile any more," said one of the American soldiers, pumping bullets into his body. The other two met the same fate.

There was laughter and chatting; Margaret smoked a cigarette on a long holder and everyone looked totally at ease.

Margaret wore no tiara on her fluffed-up brunette hair-do but she was dazzling in a superb bib of diamonds that could be spotted a room away.

to the north. The relief force found American dead lying beside dead enemy troops and the wounded screaming in fear and pain.

**Laughter and Chatter**  
Suddenly everyone around me was getting hit and dying.

"I could hear screams all around me, all over the place.

Meanwhile, her husband, the Earl of Snowdon, fox-trotted around the floor with Mrs. Johnson.

Among the knockout jewels of the evening, besides those Margaret wore, were Mrs. John Sherman Cooper's emerald-and-diamond collar; Happy Rockefeller's diamond necklace and the diamond necklace and earrings worn by Mrs. Henry Ford 2d.

Mrs. Ford's streaked blonde hair was pulled high and then fell in a long curl down the nape of her neck. Her white dress clung to her figure; she probably was the most looked

Private Henry listened, his eyes inexpressibly sad.

"It wasn't worth it," he said, twisting his hat in his hands. "Every time I looked up there were bullets dancing up toward me. It was hell. I hated it. I know every guy up there wrapped up in a poncho, and it isn't worth it."

Tiny Princess Margaret, barely 5 feet tall, and 8-foot-3-inch Lyndon Johnson stepped out on the floor of the East Room to "Everything's Coming Up Roses"

# MUSTACHE BLUES

Words and Music by  
JULIUS LESTER

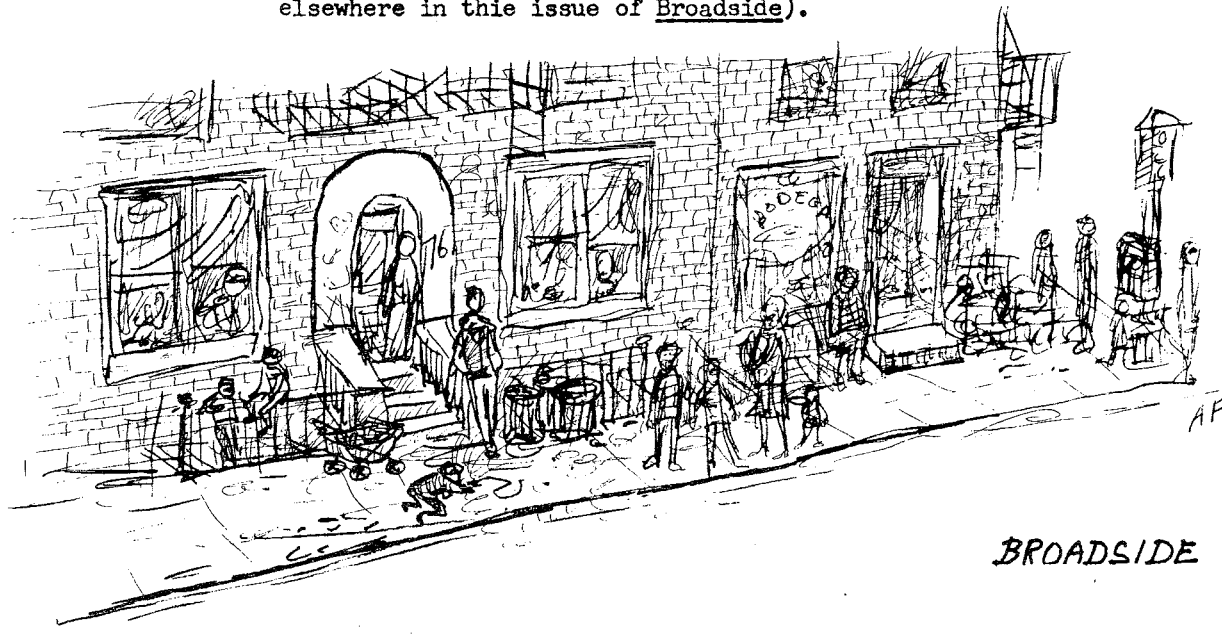
Slow blues

1. Well I heard that the po - lice were looking for a Negro with a mus - tache.  
Well I heard that the po - lice were looking for a Negro with a mus - tache.  
Lord, you know I started to shave, But knew it wouldn't matter much at that.

2. I shouldn't be worried, I should just let the situation be (2x)  
But I remember what a white man once said, "All niggers look alike to me."
3. That white man wasn't no policeman, but he just might've up and joined the force (2x)  
And I know he didn't take no classes on how to identify colored folks.
4. Well, the cop on the corner kinda stares at me everytime I walk by (2x)  
I know I didn't do it, but the judge'll say, "You know how niggers lie."
5. If I could think of somewhere to go, I'd leave New York City in a flash (2x)  
But in every town I bet they're looking for a Negro with a mustache.

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"Mustache Blues" is sung by Julius on his newly released Vanguard LP, JULIUS LESTER (See review elsewhere in this issue of Broadside).

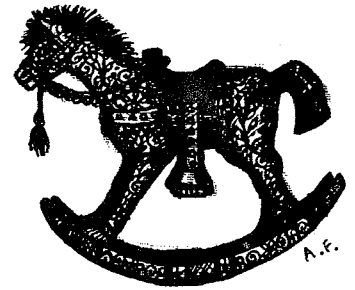
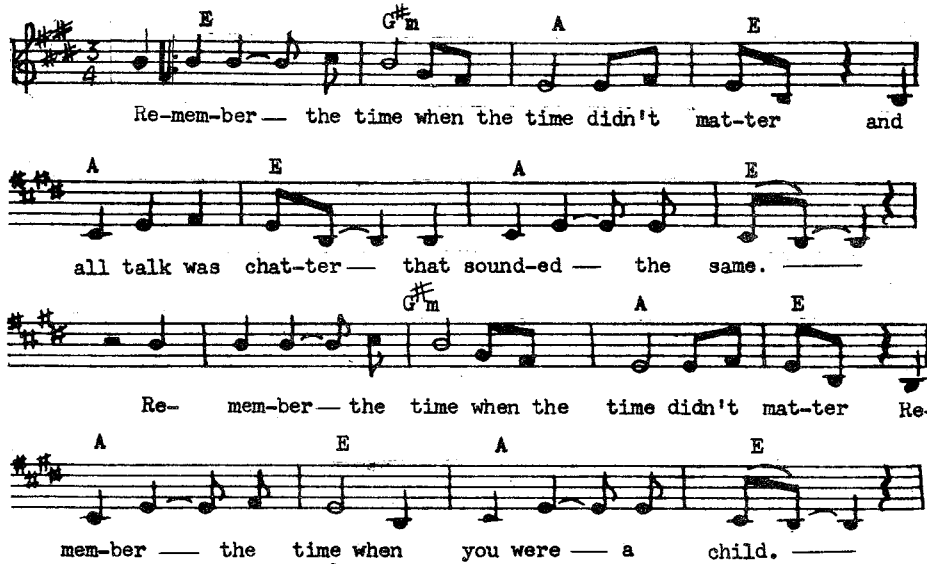


# REMEMBER THE TIME

Words & Music by

ROGER K. LEIB

© 1965 Roger K. Leib



2. Remember the days you'd come  
home after dark  
And you'd hear a dog barking  
and give you a scare  
But in all your hurry you  
really weren't worried  
'Cause Mommy and Daddy  
would always be there,

Remember the time when the  
time didn't matter  
And all talk was chatter  
that sounded the same.  
Remember the time when  
the time didn't matter  
Oh, how I wish I were  
a child again.

# One To Ten, Amen

Words by WALDEMAR HILLE

Music by DAVID ARKIN

© 1965 Waldemar Hille & David Arkin

## Introduction (Moderato)

Count from one to ten, Peace on Earth, Good will to men; Say it once and then a-gain, Peace on Earth, Good will to men. Peace on Earth, Good will to men. Will to men.

Peace on Earth with one, One, you've just begun. Peace on Earth with two, Two will surely do. Peace on Earth with three, Three for you & me. Peace on Earth four, Four for war no more. Peace on Earth with five, Five to stay a - live. Peace on Earth with six, Six to watch for tricks. Peace on Earth with sev- en, Seven to shake the heav-en. Peace on Earth with eight, Eight will not be late. Peace on Earth with nine, Nine will toe the line. Peace on Earth with ten, (rit...) Now we'll say "A- men."

(a tempo) (ad-lib.)



AF



From "Wandering Through Winter."  
White-footed mouse.

# Snow Snow

Words and Music by PETE SEEGER

© 1965 Pete Seeger

Chorus: Am F E<sup>7</sup> Am G C - 3 - E<sup>7</sup> Am

Snow, snow, falling down; Covering up my dir- ty old town, (twice)

G Verse: C E<sup>7</sup> Am

1. Un - der the street lamp, there stands a girl  
Looks like she's not got a friend in this world  
Look at the soft snow come drift-ing down  
Watch all the big flakes turn round and round.  
CHO.

- Covers the garbage dump, covers the tracks  
Covers the traces of those who'll not come back  
Covers the gutters, covers the holes  
Covers the fine homes where - they have no souls  
CHO.

- Covers the rich homes, covers the poor  
Covers the open wounds, covers the scars  
Covers the mailbox, the farm and the plow  
Even barbwire seems - beautiful now.  
CHO.

BROADSIDE #65

# The Nightmare Before Christmas

(as related by Santa Claus)

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the world  
Not a war was declared, not a missile was hurled.  
Accustomed to taking man's fury in stride,  
I prepared for a treat—a completely safe ride.

I harnessed my reindeer and, like a good elf,  
Assumed my traditional jolly old self,  
But cautiously changing the cast of my clothes,  
And putting a glove over Rudolph's red nose.

In model neutrality thus I set forth  
From my fortifications way up in the North.  
The stars were all twinkling, the sputniks all glowing,  
A wonderful night for my loud ho-ho-hoing.

I'll never forget my ridiculous mirth  
As I viewed all the bombers securely on earth.  
The subs were all peacefully drifting in scads,  
The missiles and beatniks were safe in their pads.

Overconfidence, treacherous father of folly!  
A few seconds more, and I stopped being jolly:  
For, lulled by these good-willish musings of mine,  
My altitude dropped as I crossed the DEW line.

Irredeemable error! That innocent blip  
On those tense radar screens caused the whole world to slip.  
I cried, "Oh, forgive me! My mission is passive!  
Retaliate, fine; but why make it so massive?"

They missed me, thank heaven! but in the commotion  
They blew their own cities right into the ocean;  
There wasn't a soul left to gather statistics,  
So fruitful they'd been in the field of ballistics.

I've got a full sleighload of candies and toys;  
I'll find a new planet with girls and boys;  
But I'll never again, as I enter a nation,  
Forget a Security Regulation.

— Barry Brent

© 1965 Barry Brent

## If You Take The Gun

Words and Music by LEWIS ALLAN

© 1965 Lewis Allan

This song is from the satirical-topical revue, "Needle In A Haystack" by Lewis Allan, performed last spring under the direction of Ann Allan in a series of benefits for such organizations as SNCC, Women Strike for Peace, Committee for Selma, Alabama, etc.

(1) If you take the gun they give you then you know you've got to kill, If you take the gun they  
(2) make the bomb they tell you to then you know you've got to kill, If you make the bomb they  
give you there'll be blood you'll have to spill, If you take the gun they give you  
tell you to there'll be blood you'll have to spill, If you make the bomb they tell you to  
even a-against your will, You may end up dead or you may be a-live, but you'll be a murder-er  
even a-against your will, You may end up dead or you may be a-live, but you'll  
still. (2) If you be a murder-er still. (3) If you drop the bomb they tell you to  
(Modulate up one whole step for 3rd cho.)  
then you know you've got to kill, If you drop the bomb they tell you to there'll be blood you  
have to spill, If you drop the bomb they tell you to, e-ven against your will, You may  
end up dead or you may be a-live but you'll be a mur-der-er still.



Protest singers take part in a "Peace in Vietnam" march through London on May 29th this year. The arm-in-arm are Tom Paxton, Joan Baez, Donovan.

On the right of the picture, walking alongside Vanessa Redgrave, is Alex Campbell.

## BALLAD OF A CRYSTAL MAN By Donovan

Walk a-long -- and talk a-long -- and live your lives quite free-ly

But leave our children with their toils -- of pep-per-mint and can-dy

CHORUS

For seagulls I don't want your wings,

I don't want your freedom in a lie

2. *Thoughts they are of harlequins, your speeches of quicksilver  
I read your faces like a poem, kaleidoscope of hate words  
For seagulls I don't want your wings  
I don't want your freedom in a lie.*
3. *As you fill your glasses with the wine of murdered negroes  
Thinking not of beauty that spreads like morning sun-glow  
For seagulls I don't want your wings  
I don't want your freedom in a lie.*
4. *On the quilted battlefield of soldiers dazzling made of toy tin  
The big bomb like a child's hand could sweep them dead just so to win  
For seagulls I don't want your wings  
I don't want your freedom in a lie.*

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"The Ballad Of A Crystal Man" can be heard on DONOVAN'S  
E.P. "The Universal Soldier", Pye N.E.P. 24219.

After he became famous with "Catch The Wind" and "Colours," Donovan released an EP in England featuring 4 anti-war songs like "The War Drags On" (a ballad of the Viet Nam fiasco) and "Universal Soldier."

"I've always wanted to try to use my position to do good," he said when the EP was issued. "As I get better known I'd like to try and make my songs a kind of force for a better world."

This shy, sincere young man is one of the rare entertainers who's willing to risk his career by doing what he strongly believes in. Even Dylan has never made so strong a musical commentary on the world situation.

Donovan is one of the most courageous of the new folk singers.

...From HIT PARADER, Jan. 1966

# I MADE MY SONG A COAT

Words: W.B. YEATS  
Music: LEN H. CHANDLER, JR.

I made my song a coat All covered with em-broideries from old myth - o - logies -  
from heel to throat, from heel to throat, But the fools, the fools they caught it -  
and wore it in the world's eyes, And thought they wrought it, My song Oh let them  
take it, There's more en-ter-prise in walking na - ked.

©1965 by  
Len H. Chandler, Jr.



November 29, 1965

Dear Sis:

Several things trouble me about the appearance of the song, Can't You Hear The Bells A-Ringin' in Broadside #63:

- 1) The song goes back to tradition, Negro and white. (See the version in Seth Parker's Hymnal, "When They Ring The Golden Bells for You and Me," (c) 1887 by Dion DeMarbelle.)
- 2) The first verse was sung by a lady named Victor Light, who died last month, a strong-voiced aged blind bard of one of Father Divine's centers in New York.
- 3) Teddi Schwartz collected that song and others with considerable effort and skill from Victor Light. Teddi, long-time conductor of the chorus of which Victor Light was a member at the Jewish Guild for the Blind, is a lady who writes well herself. Readers of the old People's Songs Bulletin may remember her Action, Mr. Dewey, and most of us have sung her English words to Dona, Dona, Dona. She's written and translated many more.
- 4) I learned the verse through Teddi, originally from a tape of Victor Light's singing, later from Victor Light herself.
- 5) Feeling that the verse deserved more, I added other words and a counter melody in January 1963, resulting in the song enclosed herewith.
- 6) My wife Irene and I sang my song repeatedly to David Sear, who waxed enthusiastic about it. We also were subsequently complimented on it by Victor Light.
- 7) David's version, as printed in Broadside #63, includes Victor Light's verse (as does mine) and other material taken from my song. In particular, the "cannot pray like Peter - preach like Paul" text, the "sing, sing... song, keep on inching along" part, and additional music (not in Victor Light's version, which is my first verse,)

I think Broadside's readers have the right to the full truth about the background of the songs in the magazine.

Sincerely,

*Tony Saletan*  
Tony Saletan

BROADSIDE #65

## The Song Snatcher

Tune: Traditional

Words: TEDDI SCHWARTZ

Once I opened up a magazine and there to my surprise  
A song from my collection lay before my very eyes  
Yes, right there to my amazement, it was printed plain and clear  
"Don't You Hear The Bells A-Tollin'" copyright by Bobby Greer.  
So I called him on the telephone, and said  
"Now Bob, it's wrong  
To call yourself the author of this good old gospel song;  
You may think it is an honor if you write like Pete or Dan  
But to me it is an honor to be called an honest man."

Well, he soon agreed he took it from the tape he took from me  
And I felt he took advantage of my hospitality  
For he wrote one verse exactly and he simply added two:  
When you have a good foundation, that is not too hard to do.  
Well he felt a bit embarrassed then and promised he would call  
The editor of the magazine to talk about it all.  
Some may think it is an honor if you write like Pete or Dan  
But to me it is an honor to be called an honest man.

When again I said Hello to him and "Did you make the call?"  
He said "No, for if there's royalties, I'd want to have it all."  
So I started in to kick myself for then I understood  
That not every man's my brother 'cause he sings of brotherhood.  
Well then suddenly I thought of something someone said one night  
That when Eskimos get angry they would rather sing than fight;  
And because I'm anti-violent, I thought it would be best  
If I just picked up my fountain pen and got it off my chest.

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Julius Lester Vanguard VRS 9199/VSD 79199 -- Julius Lester's music is a product of many different types of music ranging from the Mississippi Delta blues to Bach and Gregorian chants. This album, his first, demonstrates the beauty that can come from a combination of such musically diverse ideas. It is by far the most well balanced album to come from a member of the topical song community so far. Julius has a fine voice equally capable of booming resonance ("Trying To Make It In") or the subtlety of a love ballad ("Watch the Sea Gulls Flying"). Indeed, throughout the entire album one is caught up by the rich beauty of his voice and the tasteful, ever-balanced guitar. He can play a simple ballad accompaniment or a traditional bottleneck blues (very much in the style of Bukka White, especially when Julius does his own "Delta Blues"). This is probably the result of much listening to the better delta bluesmen (Charlie Patton, Son House, or Willie Brown) who while rarely indulging in flashy guitar work manage to achieve the balance between voice and instrument that is the core of the country blues. There is on JULIUS LESTER a fine voice, a good guitar and a wonderful sense of humor. All this stands out in such songs as "Mustache Blues" (in this issue of Broadside) and "Cockroach Blues" ("Lord, I wouldn't mind roaches if they would help me to pay my rent"). However, the high point of the album is "Stagolee" and it is a tour de force. Running thirteen minutes "Stagolee" is a combination song and modern folk tale. The tendency is to laugh so hard and so often that you have to go back and play the song over again to catch what you missed while you were laughing. There are several fine traditional hymns arranged or set to new music by Julius on this L-P. But "Stagolee" alone is worth the price of the album. Julius Lester is the finest, most musically pleasing debut album to be heard in a long time. It looks to me that it would make a great Christmas gift for you and all your music loving friends (if you get this issue of Broadside too late go out and buy the record anyway). FANTASTIC!

Charlie Poole and The North Carolina Ramblers 1925-30 County 505 -- This is The string band album by The String Band. County has here released one of the most important traditional music albums of the last decade. Poole's great singing and banjo playing, backed by Posey Rorer or Lonnie Austin's smooth fiddling (for some of Austin's best listen to "Sweet Sixteen") and Roy Harvey's guitar playing is simply too much. It is a limited collector's issue which means you'd better buy it before it becomes as scarce as the University of Indiana's Gid Tanner record.

Mississippi Blues Volume 2 Origin Jazz Library OJL-11 -- Here's the latest record in the most significant series of blues reissues available today. It contains a newly rediscovered Son House cut, "Dry Spell Blues 1 and 2, two great Charlie Patton cuts, two good ones by Rev. Robert Wilkins, two by J.D.Short and a fine piece by Garfield Akers. OJL-11 is a most valuable record belonging in any blues collection.

NOTES ON RECORDS, ETC: PETE SEEGER has two songs among the top 50 in national best sellers. "Where Have All The Flowers Gone" is back on the charts, and Seeger's "Turn, Turn, Turn" as recorded by the BYRDS made it all the way to the top for # 1... JUDY COLLINS' newest ELEKTRA L-P "Fifth Album" is in the first 50 listing of best selling L-P'S. JUDY is scheduled for the following years-end concerts: Dec. 14th at Providence, R.I.; Dec. 17th at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia; Dec. 25th at Carnegie Hall in New York City. (She sings on her new L-P such songs as have been in Broadside as Eric Andersen's "Thirsty Boots", Gil Turner's "Carry It On", and Malvina Reynolds' "It Isn't Nice")... JULIE FELIX, one of Britain's top folksingers has her SECOND ALBUM out by Decca and on it sings some songs from Broadside: Phil Ochs' "Days of Decision", Tom Paxton's "A-Rumbling In The Land" and "The Last Thing On My Mind"... LEN CHANDLER's first L-P is all cut and is now scheduled for release by Columbia in February. In the meantime, Len is backing up MALVINA REYNOLDS on an album Mal is cutting for Columbia.....

G.F.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS  
BROUGHT UP TO DATE

By BONNIE DAY

( Since Christmas is commercialized  
beyond all rhyme or reason,  
And long before Thanksgiving, merchants  
rush the shopping season,  
I've brought the carols up to date,  
in keeping with our times,  
And here's the way the new words fit  
the old familiar chimes... B.D.)

1. Jingle, cash! Jingle, cash!  
Jingle in the till!  
If you haven't got the cash,  
We'll put it on your bi-ill!  
Jingle cash, jingle cash,  
Jingle all the way  
O what fun to Christmas-shop  
Before Thanksgiving Day.
2. Hark the herald angel sings --  
Glory to the merchant kings!  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild  
Profit-mad, they've gone hog-wild!  
Joyful all ye nations, rise:  
Join the crowd that shops and buys,  
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,  
Sales will boom in Jesus name --  
Hark, the herald angel sings,  
Glory to the merchant kings!
3. O come, all ye faithful,  
Come with well-filled purses.  
O come ye, O come ye to our  
Downtown store;  
Come and adore our pre-Thanksgiving  
Santa Claus;  
O come let us shop early;  
O come let us shop early,  
O come let us shop earlier  
Than EV-er before!
4. Silent Night! Holy Night!  
Sales will reach a record height!  
Round yon Holy Mother and child  
Toys and trinkets will surely be piled,  
Shop in heavenly peace...  
Sho-op in heavenly peace.
5. It came upon a midnight clear,  
That wondrous song of old,  
From merchants vending O'er the earth  
The stuff so merrily sold!  
Peace on earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's all-gracious King...  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear cash registers ring!
6. O little town of Bethlehem  
How much we see thee buy!

Thy merchants trimmed their Christmas  
trees

Away back in July  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell,  
The sooner Christmas shopping starts  
The more each store will sell!

7. God rest ye merry business men,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Christ was born in Bethlehem  
And cradled in the hay,  
To stimulate a buying spree  
And make our business pay!  
O tidings of profit and gain --  
Profit and gain!  
O tidings of profit and gain!

----- Copyright 1965 Bonnie Day -----

THE NEW YORK POWER FAILURE BLUES

By Bobby Evans, Nov. 9, 1965

(First, apologies to Woody Guthrie...B.E.)

I was stranded down in New York town  
one day. (repeat 3 times)  
Sayin' Hey-Hey-Hey-Hey.  
The power failed and blew the peoples'  
minds (3 times)  
Even Con-Ed has a little hard luck  
sometimes.

(Instrumental)

When the lights go out it sure don't  
worry me (3 times)  
Cause my baby's sittin on my knee in  
the I.R.T.

Baby's sittin on my knee in the  
I.R.T (3 times)

We're makin hey-hey-hey-hey.

Makin' hey-hey-hey-hey (4 times).

----- Copyright 1965 Bobby Evans -----

(Ed.Note: Bobby Evans, 21, of Queens, N.Y.  
is one of the most promising songwriters  
to come along recently. He'll be heard  
from. We hope to print more of his songs,  
like "I Got A Lease On Life" ("And I'll  
be damned before I kill a man, cause I  
got a lease on life") and "Nuclear Neu-  
rosis Blues". Bobby's been singing at  
Gerde's Folk City Hoots in N.Y.C.

-----  
Another fine new young songwriter with  
much, much promise is Richard Kampf from  
the West Coast (he was one of the Free  
Speech songwriters at Berkeley) We hope  
to print some of his new songs soon.  
-----

## The Twelve Days Of College

Words: ED CARL      Music: Traditional

1. On the first day of college my couns-  
lor he did say:  
"You came here to work and not play."
2. The second day of college my prof  
assigned to me:  
Ten term reports,  
And you came here to work & not play.
3. On the third day of college the  
bookstore sold to me:  
Thirty books to read,  
Ten term reports, etc...
4. On the fourth day of college the  
frat boys said to me:  
"Go Greek or fail," \*  
Thirty books to read, etc....
5. On the fifth day of college the dean  
he did proclaim:  
"No free speech --- " \*\*  
Go Greek or fail, etc....
6. On the sixth day of college the  
draft board said to me:  
"Better keep those grades up,"  
No free speech --- , etc....
7. The seventh day of college the campus  
cops did say:  
"Jail those teen-age Commies",  
Better keep those grades up, etc....
8. On the eighth day of college I heard  
the gov-nor say:  
"Politics is nonsense",  
Jail those teen-age Commies, etc....
9. On the ninth day of college the chan-  
cellor he did say:  
"Let's talk this thing over",  
Politics is nonsense, etc....
10. On the tenth day of college the  
regents all agree:  
The chancellor's wishy-washy,  
Let's talk this thing over, etc....
11. The eleventh day of college the  
public had their say:  
"Keep those kids from thinking",  
The chancellor's wishy-washy, etc....
12. On the twelfth day of college go  
ask somebody else --  
Because I'm in Viet-Nam!  
Keep those kids from thinking,  
The chancellor's wishy-washy  
Let's talk this thing over,  
Politics is nonsense,

Jail those teen-age Commies,  
Better keep those grades up,  
No free speech ---  
Go Greek or fail,  
Thirty books to read,  
Ten term reports  
And I came here to fight, not play.

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\* "At the college I attend "Go Greek"  
means: Join a frat or sorority (You're  
eligible for only one or the other, cuss  
it!)" Ed Carl.

\*\* "Note: 'Free Speech Be Damned' could  
be used instead of "No Free Speech", but  
it's more difficult to sing." E.C.

-----  
Ed. Note: The above, of course, is a par-  
ody of "12 Days of Christmas" and the  
verses are accumulative. We've used the  
"etcs" to save space.... In mentioning  
Len Chandler's parody on the notes page  
of Broadside # 64 we naturally forgot the  
key verse: "He wants the whole world in  
his hands." -----

P O E T R Y      S E C T I O N  
FOR PETER LA FARGE      By JANIS FINK

I'm sitting in my room now  
the night is outside and the  
stars shine crystal clear.  
I'm thinking of Peter  
REMEMBER  
First time I saw him he was  
standing at a Broadside hoot with a  
black and red shirt and that  
big old cowboy hat  
he smiled down at me, looking pretty  
tall  
told me not to be too scared  
remember  
going home listening to his records  
hearing Ira Hayes  
Coyote  
feeling kind of proud I knew him  
maybe not too well  
but well enough  
REMEMBERING  
the article on Buffy  
the songs  
the singing and the  
playing  
channel thirteen

one day some  
people were talking of Peter  
and they said he drank  
Remember admiring him all the more

simply because he had the guts to  
try and overcome it

## REMEMBER

feeling proud

he was going to introduce me to  
his manager

maybe come up to camp

sing some songs

but there's not much time for anything

when you've got things to do

and a cowboy hat to wear

"Must've been a ten gallon"

my brother marveled.

I never had somebody who I felt close to  
to die

was away all week-end and found out  
about it

four days later

I'm not much good at letters

maybe I should write a song but I  
expect there'll be lots of  
such

so I'll just say thanks to  
Peter

for teaching me about

Indians and coyotes

and Ira Hayes

the night is outside.

Copyright 1965 by Janis Fink

FRANK PROFFITT 1913-1965

On Wednesday, November 24,  
Frank Proffitt died  
at his home in North Carolina.  
There is much that can be said  
about a man such as Frank. But, no  
matter how much one says  
it will never be quite enough.  
He was not a man to be classified  
in stock phrases.

He was the "world's leading authority  
on ground-hogs,"  
He was a fine singer,  
banjo player, and story-teller,  
He was a craftsman of beautiful  
banjos and dulcimers.  
But more important than these,  
he was a fine human being  
and for that above all else  
he will be mourned and remembered  
by those who knew him.

By STU COHEN

CELEBRATIONS FOR A GREY DAY: Mini And  
Richard Farina (Vanguard 9174)

Richard and Mini Farina are a husband and  
wife team originally from Boston and on  
this, their debut album, they show that  
they are one of the most versatile city  
groups to emerge recently. Richard, who is  
a writer with several plays and a published  
novel to his credit, is just about the best  
singer-songwriter on the contemporary folk  
scene. He can make a point without losing  
the smooth poetic flow of his writing and  
write a purely lyric song without resort-  
ing to Dylanesque confused and confusing  
imagery, or a poor imitation thereof. He  
is also the first topical songwriter I  
know of to include self-written instrumen-  
tals in his repertoire. The styles employ-  
ed, and employed well, in this album are  
enough to give lesser beings pause. There  
is one song ("Pack Up Your Sorrows") which  
sounds like a Carter Family piece, two ex-  
amples of "folk-rock" (or whatever you  
want to call it), a number of traditional-  
based tunes, and one attempt at a fusion  
of classical Indian and western forms ("V")  
which is the only real disappointment on  
the album. Mini has a voice as pure as  
her sister Joan Baez' and her accompaniment  
is finely realized; in some cases ("Another  
Country" for instance) it is almost as im-  
portant as the words. Some of the songs on  
this album are real masterpieces both ly-  
rically and melodically (partially, I sus-  
pect, because of the Farinas' reliance on  
traditional modal tunes), and this makes  
the album a real breath of fresh air.

By EDMUND O. WARD

## LETTERS

Dear Broadside: -- I usually ignore criti-  
cism good or bad about the records I pro-  
duce. But I thought that Broadside would  
have enough sense to understand its moral  
obligation to help BIG COMPANIES whenever  
they go out on a limb and issue an unre-  
leased album such as the Woody Guthrie. I  
put the tapes (from acetates: please there  
was a time when Asch recorded on glass  
based acetates) of material I thought would  
show Woody in a point of reference a little  
bit different than the usual one of known  
Woody material that I recorded. It is impos-  
sible to have a worst of Woody or a worst of  
Asch or a worst of any folk. (cont.)

Letters -- 2

You have no right to judge being no God, of what is good folk or bad folk. Folk is people and all folk or people are good.

You have buried Woody all that is left is "technically bad" and I own all that is left unreleased even after Woody got sick (but the recordings are excellent since I recorded these using tapes). (after the war).

Technicals be damned. Broadside be damned. Be slick. Be correct.

MOSES ASCH

(Folkways Records)

I see that Broadside "will be studied seriously 100 years etc" (see last un-numbered page # 63). I think Woody will last that long, not Broadside.

.... M.A.

Dear Broadside: -- Sunday night I heard a lecture by a guy named Archie Green on protest and labor songs. He made the excellent point that the new song writers are being bought up as fast as they raise their ugly heads, and the only songs that can make it on records are the ones which are so general they don't hurt anybody important, or suggest only the most idealistic and least practical solutions. I guess B'Side has been saying this all along, but sometimes forgets it, especially when it's drooling over the latest hit records of its favorites. Every night before I turn off the light I ask myself: Why did it take so long for Len Chandler, Mal Reynolds, and Phil Ochs to make their first records? Then the second question naturally follows: Why has it been so easy for some others, and lately for Phil too? You're right that it took a while to convince the Companies that some forms of protest could sell soap, and records. But it also might be that it took a while to develop writers who could sound like they say a lot while actually saying very little. Songs with teeth, no matter how artistic, are very rare birds on the record market. The songs express very well the author's feelings of alienation, but the solutions offered range from sex to pacifism, including dope, booze, etc; the days of Joe Hill, Brecht, and even Woody Guthrie are long

gone. Have any of our guys read any Marx, or Brecht, or Negro or labor history?

.... BILL FREDERICK

Dear Broadside: -- This long conversation with Phil Ochs has kicked me to the typewriter. You'll recall that thanks to you I had the pleasure of making Phil's acquaintance while I was in New York last year, and I heard him sing two or three times; if I hadn't met him I probably wouldn't want to put my oar in -- and in fact I'd feel considerably more sure of what I'm going to say if I knew Dylan personally, too, but I haven't yet had that privilege.

Nonetheless, there are some things said in the course of this talk which affect me directly. Let me start by explaining why, in order to make clear the relevance of my own comments. Without having been overwhelmed by success the way Dylan has (I think that's a fair way to phrase it) I have experienced a modicum of the same problem. As you know, I'm what they call engagé in politics; I've been in the campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in Britain since its inception and have held office in it up to and including its National Executive Committee, and am still on the board of editors of its monthly journal. During the same period I've been establishing myself as a freelance writer and I now enjoy considerable standing in my own field, with my work selling well enough to give me a very comfortable living. I make no secret of my "liberal" views, and I find that in science fiction they are extremely compatible with financial success. I'm lucky.

Thanks to this, I've been able to continue doing the work that I most wanted to during the period of growing comprehension which overtakes any (for want of a better word) "creative" person as adolescence, with its pattern of idealistic oversimplification, develops into adulthood. (I may start to sound pompous any minute now; I apologize!)

On the basis of what little I know of Phil, and what he said in this conversation with you, I think he is making a much more completely integrated -- in other words a more mature -- adjustment to his own talent and the world in which he finds himself than Dylan is doing. The way I read the process it goes like this: (cont)

one of the inescapable consequences of puberty is a shift from the stage of self-exploration that takes up most of childhood (say from learning to talk up to age 12 or 14) into a stage of externalized investigation, during which you form your first real friendships, have your first girl- or boy-friends, undergo the first storms of pre-adult emotion, and then and also therefore hunt for absolutes... A lot of people freeze at this point; they are satisfied to have argued about public problems, to have reached some tidy conclusions (like "you can't change human nature" and "there have always been wars" and "Negroes aren't fit to run their own affairs") which they hang up on pegs in their heads and refer to whenever a situation threatens to return them to a state of adolescent uncertainty and instability. The reason for this, it seems to me, is that adolescence is largely taken up with establishing common ground between oneself and other people, and achieving this is a tremendous struggle, even an exhausting one... But simply because people aren't identical -- the exact opposite of identical, to be precise, which is unique -- it's incomplete to stop here. For a "liberal" or "progressive" or whatever you call him, stopping at this point is very difficult. If he's halfway honest, he has to recognize the logical extension of his position: he must not merely establish common ground with his fellow men, but comprehend, accept and enjoy their uniqueness... On the basis of Dylan's early songs, and what he has subsequently said in rejecting them, I have the feeling that he has been overwhelmed by this last discovery. Accepting that all individuals are unique, one must also say "I'm unique too!" And it seems to me that Dylan has embarked on a second voyage of introspective self-discovery which has so wrapped him up in himself that he's in danger of losing his ability to identify with other people -- almost as if he has become hypnotized by his own special qualities... It seems to me that he has got himself into a state where he is struggling to define and get across to an audience the -- the wonder which he feels as a result of discovering the full extent of his own uniqueness. Hard Rain was a sort of halfway house on this journey; it blends private and public symbols as though one were to try and outline the figure of a man with machinegun bullets -- because the target is too distant for one to reach out with a pencil and simply trace a continuous line... One of the reasons why he finds his own experience so indigestible lies in the attitude of the public towards his work -- an attitude which I regret to say I think is being unconsciously fostered by some of the terminology used by people who ought to know better. Specifically, let's examine the concept of "protest song".

I agree with Phil; I think Eve Of Destruction is an unsatisfactory song. I would far rather it was topping the charts than something like the sentimental nonsense we're suffering from just now because at least it's talking about public problems. But it isn't doing more than that. The whole notion of a protest song is only adequate so long as there is a goal beyond the protest; if one is to do more than protest, this is a hypocritical cover for the traditional "blow you Jack, I'm all right" attitude. It implies that one is dithering. C.P. Snow put it neatly when he said that if people come to think events are too big for them there is no hope. Isn't that the assumption behind making pop-song material out of social problems? The spectacle of people fruging to a lyric about Vietnamese being burnt with napalm is the contemporary equivalent of holding banquets by the light of Christians soaked in pitch... If this irrational response to what he was trying to say was one of the reasons that drove Dylan to disown his earlier work, then I think he was damned right to do it... but I'm sorry, nonetheless, that he couldn't reconcile himself to the paradox and resolve it by applying his indisputable personal talents. To give up and go away is a disappointing letdown. I'm far more in sympathy with Phil Ochs, who reveals himself as completely aware of the problem and while recognizing the size of it still remains determined to tackle it -- somehow...

NOTES: John Brunner is a leading science fiction writer with millions of words behind him; he is known to write a book a month when he gets in stride... Tickets are going rapidly for PHIL OCHS' first Carnegie Hall concert: Fri. evening Jan. 7th, 1966. Phil was scheduled to be back in New York Dec. 13th from a successful 6-weeks tour of Britain... CARL WATANABE to be at Gerde's FOLK CITY in New York Dec. 21 thru Jan. 2nd... Four new VERVE/FOLKWAYS releases: "Pete Seeger: Folk Music!", "Dave Von Ronk: Gambler's Blues", "Mama Yancey Sings, Art Hodes Plays BLUES", and "Herb Metoyer: Something New". V/F is a comparatively new record label: "The vast technical and creative resources of Verve Records have been blended with the folk wealth of Folkways to create Verve/Folkways." Their schedule includes the release of both old Folkways material and new recordings in "re-engineered full-range sound", mono and stereo.... SING OUT! magazine got some complaints about a paragraph titled "Woody On Sex." Its editors have issued a statement saying, among other things: "Part of the unique character of SING OUT! is its free-wheeling style and open discussion of many controversial ideas."... In Washington, a book store owner called in some FBI agents to check his stock for "subversive" songbooks. They confiscated three OAK publications (also an OAK guitar instruction manual -- presumably it was for left-handed guitars). One of the books they toted off was GUY CARAWAN's "We Shall Overcome", a collection of songs from the Negro freedom movement. Co-incidentally, at about the same time OAK received a request from the United States Commission On Civil Rights in Washington for a copy of "We Shall Overcome" for its technical information center, saying: "We believe it would be a valuable addition to the Center's library..." Ralph Gleason, in the San Francisco Chronicle, hopes the FBI doesn't run across the BYRD's recording of "Turn, Turn, Turn" -- they might just have to confiscate that most "subversive" of all books, the Bible, from which the lyrics are taken... GUY CARAWAN has been doing a series of folksong concerts in Unitarian churches, singing topical and civil rights songs... PHIL OCHS (in the Jan. issue of HIT PARADER): "I'm throwing musical stumbling blocks into the established order. The main one is 'I Ain't Marching Anymore'... For the first time in American history there is a possibility that a large number -- perhaps 10 or 20 thousand -- of young Americans will not fight. They'll sooner go to jail. Every month more and more get dissatisfied. Pretty soon someone will investigate. They'll say 'Who's the cause of this friction?' It's partly us, of course -- and our songs. But we have a point to make -- unlike James Dean."... The FBI's of South Africa have condemned a newspaper there for speaking slightly of former U.S. Senator Joe McCarthy. The attack came over the government-owned radio which while defending McCarthyism regularly lashes out (according to the New York Times) at such people as PETE SEEGER, G. MENNEN WILLIAMS and the Rev. MARTIN LUTHER KING... Back in the U.S., meanwhile, PETE SEEGER is in the 2nd month of his new 26-show series of one-hour television shows on the New York UHF channel 47. JACK GOULD, the N.Y. Times TV critic said of the debut show: "There was the long overdue TV debut of Pete Seeger in a program that should stand out as one of the gems of the local video scenes... an hour to be highlighted, and Channel 47's first certain Emmy Award." The hour, which Pete shares with many guests, runs from 7 to 8 P.M. on Sat. nights, and Pete titles the show "The Rainbow Quest"... PETE suggests to contributors submitting songs to BROADSIDE that they send along a note telling how the song has been used, if it has (as exemplified by the note accompanying Lewis Allan's song in this issue). Was it written for a special occasion? Where has it been performed, etc? ... FRANK PROFFITT, who died Nov. 24 in his Southern Appalachian home, played a key part in the folk music revival of the early 60's; it was his "Tom Doolley" that winged the Kingston Trio to fame. He had no legal claim to the song, however. But this was not what he meant when first hearing it sung on television he said: "I felt like I had just lost something."

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