

Broadside # 77

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

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The Luvin People

Len Chandler

©1966 by E.B.Marks Music

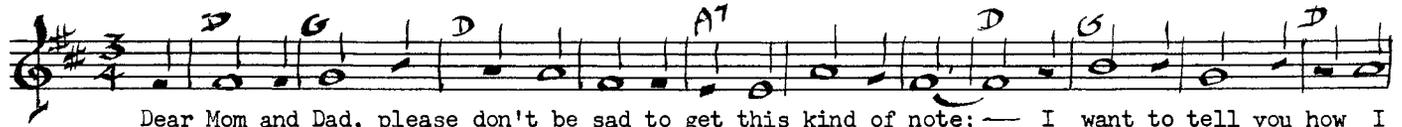
Music notation for "The Luvin People" with lyrics and guitar chords.

You'll never be a-lone when you're with luvin' people You'll always be at home when you're with
luvin' people, Your heart is not your own when you're with luvin' people It's theirs to share
When you see them you will know they are luvin' people They have that spe- cial
glow that says they're luvin' people And ever-y where I go I find the luv-in' people
They al-ways care when you're hun-gry In ways that food can't feed They know
what you need When you're wear-y in ways that sleep can't rest They know
what is best.

2. There... D.C. al^{**} Luv-in' people love all the luvin' people.

2. There is no place like home
without the luvin people
And everyone's alone
without the luvin people
For the love of people, Lord
please make more luvin people
Make them today
* Now I lay me down I know that
soon sweet sleep will
Wrap me in the arms of all the
luvin people
And they're the only ones
who know that love can keep
Til **luvin people love all
the luvin people.





Dear Mom and Dad, please don't be sad to get this kind of note; — I want to tell you how I



feel, And this is why I wrote. —

You taught me not to lie and steal
To never take a life
But over here I have to kill
I know this isn't right.

(Guitar & Harmonica)

The song of birds is never heard
No sound of laughter too
It's just a land of pain and death
I wish I were with you.

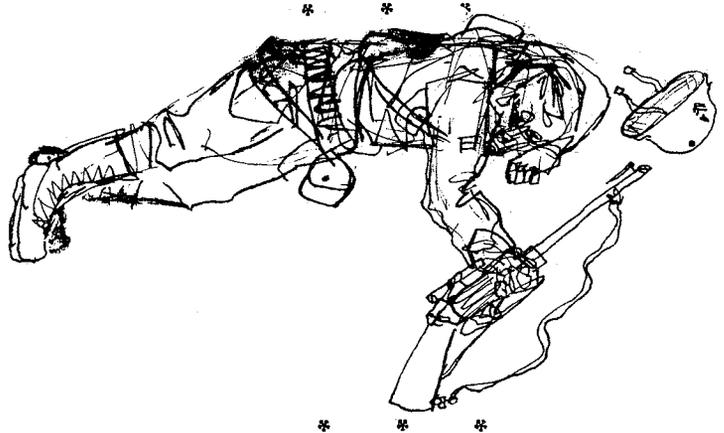
I can't describe the goings-on
It makes me sick to tell
Some famous person said it all
"That war is purely hell."

Tonight we make our biggest push
I'll do the best I can
But all that my heart lets me feel
Is peace and good will to man.

So, mom and dad, please don't be sad
To get this kind of note
I want to tell you how I feel
And this is why I wrote.

(Guitar & Harmonica)

* * *
We were in a hospital in Can Tho, in the Delta. A jeep pulled up and they brought in a girl about eight years old. Her face, arms, chest and back were burnt away by napalm. There was pus forming where her eyes had been. Nobody knew her name. They buried her that way.



* * *
The helicopter landed in a scrubby open field six miles north of Bong Son. It was very quiet, The young men began moving silently across the field, when the machine gun started hammering from the tree line. You could hear the phwup-phwup of a mortar and the snapping of small arms fire and then when it was quiet again, you realized that the young man next to you was dead. His right eye was torn from his skull.

(Ed.Note: These two poems are from "Viet Nam Neighbors" written and published by Len Fox, of Australia. He says: "The events in Viet Nam have been so tragic that I felt I had to say something about this Asian country where my wife and I had lived for two years...")

SECOND COMING

Jesus came back to earth
Lived in the villages of Vietnam
Preaching his gospel of love
And blessed are the peacemakers....

The informers reported him to the police
And the soldiers took him for questioning
Till his arms were broken
And his belly was vomiting blood....

When his spirit at last departed from him
There was no one to weep for him
Or bury him
Or close his eyes....

Only an American adviser
Who shrugged and spat in the ricefield
And muttered as he led his men away
"That's one less Vietcong bastard."

— 1965

DEATH IN A RICEFIELD

Young Texas soldier,
As you lay dying,
Did you hear near you
The other man crying?

"I came here a Frenchman
One faraway morning;
I lie in the mud now
And call you a warning.

"I came a proud conquerer,
The whole world would fear me;
Now in the ricefield
I cry -- can you hear me?

"Our guns spanned the whole land
From fortress and steeple;
We thought bombs and bullets
Could conquer a people.

"Young Texas soldier
Lying there near me,
Why don't you answer?
Speak -- can you hear me?"

— 1966



TRUCE CAROL

Words & Music by MIKE KELLIN
© 1966 by Mike Kellin

1. The news is out to-night we're gon-na stop the fight, We're gon-na have a cease-fire
2. Just i-magine Christmas day when the kids come out to play Why the kids in Vi-et nam 'll
in the war! Thir-ty hours is a start, Hey Lyndon, have a heart! and make it thir-ty
have a ball; They'll be laughing in Da Nang, and up a-round Hai-phong Their lit-tle backs won't
years or e-ven more! more! more! And make it thir-ty years or e-ven more!—
be a-against the wall, wall, wall, Their lit-tle backs won't be a-against the wall.—

3. Long as Christmas is so quiet,
why resume the bloody riot?
What's the sense in running up another score?
Is it holier to slay after Christmas fades away?
Then another Christmas and we're still at war, war, war
Then another Christmas and we're still at war.

4. What I'm saying in this poem is --
Bring our soldiers home
And let's not kill our brothers anymore
Thirty hours is a start, hey Lyndon have a heart
And make it thirty years or even more, more, more,
And make it thirty years or even more.

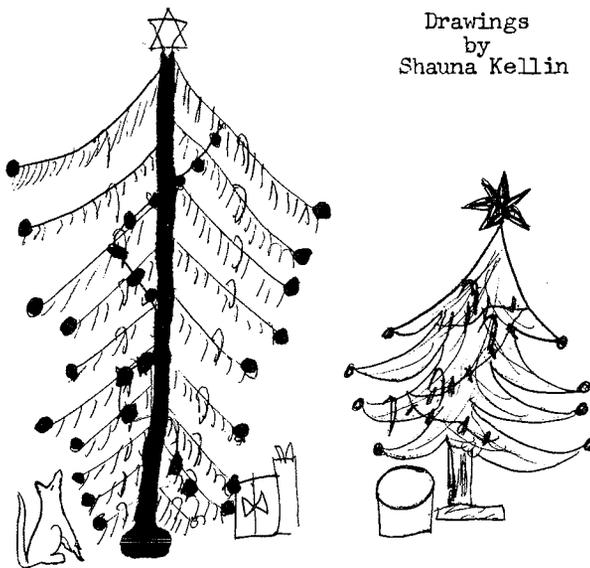


CAROL of the SIX-POINTED STAR*

Words & Music by MIKE KELLIN
© 1965 by Mike Kellin

1. Once on a winter night as I took my lei-sure
Set in a lovely light a vision to treasure, A
High on a bal-co-ny I happened to see
one that a-wak-ened all the won-der in me.

Drawings
by
Shauna Kellin



2. Down went the winter moon, so long did I linger
Stars in the chilly night did come and did go
There I stood wondering as dawn's rosy finger
Traced what she fancied on her pallet of snow.

3. All the world's ornaments displayed in their splendor
Strung beads and silver bells and twined tinselry
Never have told a tale so touching and tender
Nor so transported me to far Galilee.

4. Will it appear again, this bright coronation
Shimmering symbol of a new harmony?
New as the coming year, yet old as creation,
A six-pointed star atop this one Christmas tree.

*"To be sung midway between Chanukah and Christmas,
on the Eve of the Assumption of the Happy Medium."
-- Mike Kellin

BROADSIDE #77

Greetings to Broadside readers from
SONGMAKERS OF CALIFORNIA
P.O. Box 2188, Santa Monica, Calif. 90405

Advertisements and notices at the bottom of the page, including mentions of 'Broadside #77', 'Songmakers of California', and various local businesses and services.

BALLAD of BIG SAMMY

Words: MATT MCGINN
© 1966 Matt McGinn

I started work up in Par-tick — But my workmates were act-ing real queer — For ev-erything
 Cho: That thing belongs (etc)

Tune: Adapted from "With an Ingtwing of an Ingtwing of an Ito"

I laid my hands on — Here were the words I could hear: (Cho)

CHO: That thing belongs to Big Sammy
The big fighting man of the town
If you touch it he nearly goes barny
So scam before Sammy comes round.

I went in to hang up my jacket
On the first peg U saw in the store
The watchman went nearly half crazy
He started to rant and to roar.

CHO: "That peg belongs to Big Sammy", etc"

I spotted some tools in a corner
I lifted a shovel and pick
Says a hulking big six foot two brickie
"For heavens sake lay them down quick."
CHO: "Them tools belong to Big Sammy", etc.

I felt like some tea when the break came
I went in and lifted a cup
The teaboy near fell o'er the fire
And he squealed like a 6 weeks old pup
CHO: "That cup belongs to Big Sammy", etc.

I went to a pub round the corner
I clambered up on the high stool
The barman flew over the counter
Saying "Get off & don't be a fool."

CHO: "That stool belongs to Big Sammy" etc.

I lifted the stool and I held it
Says I "Where does Big Sammy stay?
I don't care how big is Big Sammy,
I'll very soon stop them that say":

CHO: "That thing belongs to Big Sammy", etc.

I broke in, and asleep by the fire
Was a man that weighed thirty-four stone
With the stool in my hand I attacked him
Says I "I'll stop all them that moan":
CHO: "That thing belongs to Big Sammy", etc.

He slept all the while as I struck him
My muscular strength was all gone
When a woman rushed in and she screaming
"Would you leave the poor child alone."
CHO: "FOR That child belongs to Big Sammy", etc.

The BUTTERFLY and the BIRD

Words: SUE BROWN HAYS & LEE HAYS

Tune: Adapted from Traditional

Moderately

Once a lit-tle but-ter-fly, - a pretty sight to see, Was fly-ing in the garden praying "Lord-y
 do de-liv-er me! I am too young a but-ter-fly- to lose my little head!" But then a
 bird was al-so praying, "Lord give me my dai-ly bread!" Down flew the bird and according to/ his
 Gob-bled up the butter-fly in two de-li-cious bites.

© Copyright 1966
Sanga Music, Inc.

2. And so it goes with butterflies and hungry birds and bees
And so it goes with almost everything right down the line
to fleas;
For little fleas have other fleas upon their backs to bite 'em
And the bigger fleas have bigger fleas and so ad infinitum
For that's the way of nature, red in fang and claw;
But we, being human, live by a higher law.

3. If I was a butterfly, tell you what I'd do:
I'd grow a bigger set of mandibles, the better for to chew
The world is full of juicy things to please the appetite
I'd gobble up those juicy things, according to my lights.
And with the proper training and sharp claws too
You wouldn't be eating me, for I'd be eating you.

4. And so it goes with butterflies
and hungry birds and bees
And so it goes with almost everything
right down the line to fleas;
For little fleas have other fleas
upon their backs to bite 'em;
And bigger fleas have bigger fleas,
and so ad infinitum
How nice to be a human in this
vale of woe and strife
A paragon of virtue --
the superior form of life!

Outside of a Small Circle of Friends

Words & Music By PHIL OCHS

Copyright 1966 By BARRICADE MUSIC, INC.

Look out— side the win— dow, there's a wo-man— be-ing—grabbed They dragged her to the
 bu— shes and now she's be-ing stabbed— Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain
 — But mon-op- o- ly— is so much— fun— I'd hate to blow the game— And I'm sure it wouldn't
 in-ter-est an- y bo- dy out— side of a small cir- cle of friends.

Handwritten guitar chords: EM, F#, G, E, AM, F, AM, DM, G, CHD, C, AM, Eb, CM, F

2. RIDING DOWN THE HIGHWAY ON A MOTORCYCLE RIFF
 13 CARS HAVE PILED UP THEY'RE HANGING ON A CLIFF
 MAYBE WE SHOULD PULL THEM BACK WITH OUR METAL CHAIN
 BUT WE GOTTA MOVE AND WE MIGHT GET SUED AND IT LOOKS LIKE ITS GONNA RAIN

Chorus: AND I'M SURE IT WOULDN'T INTEREST ANYBODY OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

3. LIVING IN THE GHETTO WITH THE COLORED AND THE POOR
 THE RATS HAVE JOINED THE BABIES WHO ARE SLEEPING ON THE FLOOR
 MAYBE WE SHOULD GIVE THEM CASH OR SOMETHING ELSE WE'VE GOT
 BUT THE BEACH IS WHITE AND THE SUN IS BRIGHT AND THE HEAT IS MUCH TOO HOT

Chorus

4. THERE'S A DIRTY PRINTER USING SEX TO MAKE HIS SALES
 THE GOVERNMENT WAS HORRIFIED THEY SENT HIM OFF TO JAIL
 MAYBE WE SHOULD TAKE A STAND AND DROP THE COURT A LINE
 BUT WE'RE BUSY READING PLAYBOY AND THE SUNDAY NEW YORK TIMES

Chorus

5. SMOKING MARIJUANA IS MORE FUN THAN DRINKING BEER
 BUT A FRIEND OF OURS WAS CAPTURED AND THEY GAVE HIM THIRTY YEARS
 MAYBE WE SHOULD RAISE OUR VOICES ASK SOMEBODY WHY
 BUT DEMONSTRATIONS ARE A DRAG BESIDES WE'RE MUCH TOO HIGH

Chorus Repeat first verse.

BROADSIDE #77

May this issue of BROADSIDE be a card of greeting to friends, giving them strength to to keep on working for a world of peace and goodwill.

PETE & TOSHI SEEGER

Vertical text on the left side of the page:
 opportunity, Good location Bklyn. \$50,000
 nearly \$100,000. Priced for immediate
 \$100,000. \$200,000. \$300,000. \$400,000.
 \$500,000. \$600,000. \$700,000. \$800,000.
 \$900,000. \$1,000,000. \$1,100,000. \$1,200,000.
 \$1,300,000. \$1,400,000. \$1,500,000. \$1,600,000.
 \$1,700,000. \$1,800,000. \$1,900,000. \$2,000,000.
 \$2,100,000. \$2,200,000. \$2,300,000. \$2,400,000.
 \$2,500,000. \$2,600,000. \$2,700,000. \$2,800,000.
 \$2,900,000. \$3,000,000. \$3,100,000. \$3,200,000.
 \$3,300,000. \$3,400,000. \$3,500,000. \$3,600,000.
 \$3,700,000. \$3,800,000. \$3,900,000. \$4,000,000.
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 \$6,900,000. \$7,000,000. \$7,100,000. \$7,200,000.
 \$7,300,000. \$7,400,000. \$7,500,000. \$7,600,000.
 \$7,700,000. \$7,800,000. \$7,900,000. \$8,000,000.
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 \$9,700,000. \$9,800,000. \$9,900,000. \$10,000,000.

Vertical text on the right side of the page:
 must sell. Competition. Greenwich Village. Must sell due to illness. YU 9-8927 wkdy 3 PM-Midnight. CABARET-RESTAURANT. Cabaret. Midtown. Bway. Loc. air.

the Bugger

Words And Music: TERRY McCARTHY
Scotch Hoose Nr Seven Dials
Copyright 1966 by Terry McCarthy

Now does your phone go ring-a-ding And yet there's no one there? Do you hear a crackle and a fiendish cackle, Do you think they'd never dare? Does the line go dead with two words said And are the bills too high? Do you say "Who's there" just into thin air, Well the answer is- It is I. Oh,

CHO: D
I'm a little bug bug bug bug, I'm a little bug bug bug-ger,— I hear you moan when I tap your phone But please don't unplug her; What-ever you say you'll never get a-way as long as you're a-live For I know your tricks, how you get your kicks, I'm a bug-ger from the M. I. 5. *

2. The Government knows if you pick your nose
If I've got you on my list
When you meet your bird be sure I've heard
Or if you come home pissed
If I don't like your voice, you'll have no choice
For I'll get you the sack
You can plead with your employer, or write to your
They'll never never have you back. / lawyer
3. Seated one day at the telephone
I got a lovely lady spy
She said "Just call me up one night"
And I thought I'd have a try
So I got my tapper on her line
And a voice came out real clear
I said "Is that Olga" it replied "Don't be vulgar"
"It's Harold Wilson here." **
4. I'm your priest in secrecy
There's nothing kept from me
My wife one day, I'm sad to say,
Thought she'd have a little spree;
Every word she purred and cooed I heard
To her loving fancy piece
So I tipped the wink and they shoved him in the
He'll get forty years at least. / clink
5. Now you remember "What's My Line"?
Well then, my line is yours
So just make sure not to cross my line
With any left wing cause
For if you do, you're sure to rue
And there's nowhere you can go
For by a strange twist I simply don't exist
If you take it to the GPO.

* To Americanize, change to "I'm a bugger from the F.B.I."

** Change to "It's Jay Edgar here."

A GOOD wire-tapper would much resent the suggestion—aired in Parliament yesterday—that a telephone which keeps on going "click" is being tapped. MPs and others who equate clicks with taps are insulting the profession. No self-respecting wire-tapper (I was reliably informed last night) would dream of making his presence heard. It can happen if you use the wrong condenser. But no good craftsman would do a thing like that

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3 -

The trouble with bugging a telephone is that it doesn't discriminate between callers. The Dominican Embassy's phone—which incidentally was tapped all the way back to the 1950's long before the missile crisis in Cuba—may have been tapped for reasons of national security, but it also picked up calls from Bobby Baker, who is involved in criminal proceedings involving income tax evasion and political connections with Lyndon Johnson. It also picked up calls from newspaper reporters, Senators, and other private citizens engaged in their legitimate business.

Mr Harold Wilson has confessed to the Commons that there was a period in his life when he suffered from the 'delusion' that his telephone was being tapped. In this he was not alone. Even the Paymaster-General, Colonel George Wigg, appears to have undergone a similar phase of suspicion during his days on the Opposition backbenches. Indeed, the story is told that once - years ago - he broke the thread of a telephone conversation to snap: 'Get off the line, MI5!'



LETTERS

Dear Gordon or Sis, or whoever: -- It has been a busy, interesting, and hectic year. Nan, my wife, and I sang on the Beers Family Festival; sang on the Georgia Festival (you ought to get to this one sometime -- it is what festivals ought to be -- small, intimate, exciting, etc -- how can I describe the feeling there except to say that it was a beautiful experience)... Ernie Marrs and Bud Foote of Atlanta have been writing and singing songs supporting the Arnall write-in campaign -- the voters in Georgia had a choice this year between an uncouth bigot and a couth bigot. Some choice! ... Here's you a song. The whole LSD scene kind of bugs me. We haven't learned how to cope with this world yet, much less the pschedelic world.

"THE OLD LSD SHIP"

I'm goin' to take a trip on that LSD ship,
Tim Leary has paid my fare.
I'm goin' to booze and smoke;
start takin' horse and coke,
And go sailin' through the air.

Hang around with me, and find the
best way to expand your mind,
Superpsychedelic we'll become,
This world ain't big enough and
what's more it's gettin' rough,
And we're too big to stand and suck
our thumb.

If worry's got you down, just wipe
away that frown,
LSD will soothe your care,
Leave your woes behind, step outside
your mind,
And go sailin' through the air.

I'm goin' to take a trip on that
LSD ship,
Tim Leary has paid my fare,
I'm goin' to shout and sing;
and I won't need a wing
To go sailin' through the air.

Words: Chuck Perdue; Tune: The Old Gospel
Ship -- (Sorry, God). CHUCK PERDUE

Dear Broadside: -- Here's something
in tune with the spirit of modern Christ-
mas present:

WAR TOY-LAND

(Or: "You Tell Me It's Beddie-Bye Time
Just Once More, Mommie, And I'll Kill
You!")

Tune: "Toyland"
Words: Steve Canyon

Toy-Land! Toy-Land!
Sweet little girl and boy land,
See the small ones playing
With their tanks and planes and guns,
Childhood boot camp,
Romper room hide-and-shoot camp!
What a wondrous lesson learnt
That slaughter can be such fun!

Toy-bombs! Joy-bombs!
Making believe it's napalm,
Drop them on play cities
While everyone's asleep.
Whole town's blown up,
Makes you feel like a grown-up!
Hope the war won't end too soon --
Before we can play for keeps!

ED CARL

Dear Sis: -- In an upcoming issue can you please print Phil Ochs' song "Cross My Heart and I Hope To Live"? I heard it once on the WKCR-FM (Columbia University station in New York) Broadside Show and again at Phil's Carnegie Hall concert, and it's haunting me. Please let us know when Phil's new album is coming out. I'd also like you to print his "Nobody's Buying Flowers From the Flower Lady" and "The Party"... The Broadside WKCR show is really fantastic. The tapes from your Broadside Hoots they play are priceless... I saw Janis Ian at Hunter College and she was superb. She sounds a heluva lot better in person than on record and she looks a heluva lot better than she did on the cover of Broadside # 72. JANET BAUMGOLD

Dear Broadside: -- I have all the Broad-
sides (Nos. 1-76) to date, except I am
missing #59. I lent it to somebody and
they never returned it. Enclosed find a
check for a replacement... I have enjoyed
Broadside over the years and I hope you
continue the good work. I am rather dis-
appointed, though, at the lack of "New Dy-
lan" songs. Some of them are "Folk-Rock" or
"Pure Rock" by arrangement only, and by
the way he performs them. For example,
"Sad-Eyed Lady Of The Low Lands" could be
a beautiful folk type song if performed in
that style. Dylan is an artist...He should
still be heard.

DREW FRIEDLAND

"Here's to your magazine of
topical songs,
Singing of rights, singing
of wrongs.
Long may you publish in this
"land of the free"
Enclosed is five dollars
For you -- from me."

RONALD L. SEGAL

Dear Friends: -- Received B'Side #76 with the petition form supporting Pete Seeger's "Rainbow Quest". I would like to express my feelings toward this... I think it is foolish in any way to patronize the boob tube, even if it means watching "The R.Q." The television -- that square piece of the American commercialistic breadgrabbers' society -- is used to keep the natives quiet so they won't think or engage in something equally dangerous. Pete is a great cat, but if he wants to spread his "seeds" he should be doing it in person, exclusively. This will do two things: 1) it will get people away from their goddamn "tubes of progress"; 2) it will give people a chance to be with Pete for a short while, which is certainly one of the better things in life... I'm also very surprised to see you asking us to put our names and addresses on the petitions. You ought to realize that those names may be ultimately given over to any number of bureaucrats that want to "defend the country". Perhaps you think this unlikely. However, I think that in this Fascist regime anything is possible... I will continue to remain in tune with Broadside, because it really swings, even though we may have some differences. Thanks. A.H.

Dear Sis: -- Life here on the oilpatch has all the excitement and drama of the railroad era of the past and the danger of the mine shaft. It is a little known part of present day life. The oilmen's songs that I've heard are, I'm afraid, all too obscene to be used in print. But I hope that sometime soon the spirit of the lives of the roughneck and the rig will be captured through word and song. Carry on that great magazine. DAVE SIMPSON

Canada

Dear Broadside: -- Just finished listening to Tim Hardin's first album. It is

really fantastic. He has a style all of his own; indeed he is the greatest white blues singer in America today... Also, I'd like to put in a word for THE BLUES PROJECT. They are in my opinion the most professional sounding rock group out today. I don't see how anyone can object to folk-rock after listening to these guys. They truly know how to put music over. I just hope they'll not be ruined by screaming teen-agers. DAVID DE COSTANZA

Broadside: -- Your magazine was brought to my attention in a most humorous and ridiculous book, Rhythm, Riots & Revolution... E.S. Webster Groves, Missouri

(Ed. Note: The book E.S. refers to is a thing put out by a couple of grubby, Neanderthal type right wingers. In the greatest scoop since HUAC got on the trail of 5-year-old Shirley Temple's "Communist activities" back in the 30's, they claim that Malvina Reynolds joined the Communists at the age of one! Can't you just picture little diapered Malvina crawling down to sign up -- except that the C.P. wasn't organized in the U.S. until 20 yrs. later. But here's the story we started out to tell: in the back of their book these creeps have an appendix of "subversive" exhibits. Included (greatly reduced) is a copy of the leaflet B'Side sends out to potential subscribers. It has a couple of newspaper clippings, a drawing of a guy playing a guitar, and a subscription blank at the bottom. Well, the other day we got in the mail this little subscription blank clipped out of the book, carefully filled out and accompanied by a \$5 bill for a year's subscription.

R E C O R D S

Ireland Her Own. A history in song of Ireland's fight for Independence from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. Paddy Tunney, Arthur Kearney, Frank Kelly, and Joe Tunney. Topic 12T153, available for \$4.75 postpaid from Topic Records Limited, 27 Nassington Road, London NW 3, England.

Ireland Her Own features the singing of a familiar giant of Irish song, Paddy Tunney, as well as a singer whose brilliance indicates we have been missing (cont)

one of the greatest balladeers on the other side of the Atlantic -- Arthur Kearney. Both Tunney and Kearney served their time in British gaol for membership and activities in the outlawed and legendary Irish Republican Army. If there were ever any doubts that a movement's strength can keep topical song alive, this album should dispel them.

The tune of the first song, "Follow Me Up To Carlou", sung by Kearney, was played by the victorious army of Fiach McHugh after it defeated Queen Elizabeth's Lord Grey at Grenmalure in 1580. The closing song, "Kevin Barry", sung by Paddy Tunney, tells the story of the 18-year-old student who was executed by the British authorities Nov. 1, 1920. (Not on this record, but further illustrating the extension of the songs of the Irish rebellions to the mid-twentieth century is Dominic Behan's "The Patriot Game", one of the most moving and most frequently sung ballads of Ireland today.

Ireland Her Own is a rare bird among records. Much time was spent on it. The songs finally selected were among the best of thousands that have evolved over the centuries. The tunes are from the most brilliant sector of Irish musical tradition. Frank Kelley on violin and Joe Tunney on melodeon are as magnificent musically as the notes they play. Hugh McAteer, who has spent 12 of his last 49 years in prison for illegal rebel activities, writes the notes with both a love for the music and a deep knowledge of Irish history. Here is a record worth far more than the list price one must pay for import.

JOSH DUNSON

The Irish Uprising / 1916-1922. A CBS Legacy Collection Collection Record.

This boxed set of two L-P's is a fitting companion piece for the album reviewed above. It covers the modern story of Ireland's fight for freedom in songs and ballads, interviews with survivors, poems and funeral orations for fallen heroes, and excerpts from speeches by its leaders, including President Eamon de Valera. Emphasis is added to its authenticity by the fact that it was recorded live in Dublin. Most of the songs are sung by the Clancy Brothers & Tommy Makem, or solos by

Liam Clancy or Kay Hart. Narration is by Charles Kuralt, CBS News Correspondent, and there is a fine set of notes by David Greene in a brochure illustrated with a large photograph of Irishmen rallying under the sign: NO CONSCRIPTION -- STAND UNITED. Through selection of significant material and the technique used (Kay Hart stands on Sackville Street -- later given its Irish name, O'Connell St., -- to sing "The Dying Rebel" as a lament for those who died) the collection goes far in recapturing the flaming spirit, determination and heroism of the Uprising for freedom. Anne Byrne sings "Shall My Soul Pass Through Ireland" in which Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork who died in Brixton Jail, London, in 1920 after a hunger strike of 74 days, speaks on his death-bed and prays before his confessor that his soul may pass over Ireland and his native Cork on its way to heaven. There is satire, too -- Tommy Makem sings "Grand Oul' Dame Britannia", in which Sean O'Casey makes bitter comment on the attempts of the British to recruit Irishman into the British Army.

Honors to CBS for recreating a piece of history.

"... And I say to my people's masters:

Beware,

Beware of the thing that is coming.

beware of the risen people,
Who shall take what ye would not give...

(From "The Rebel", by Padraic Pearse, read by Tommy Makem on the CBS recording "The Irish Uprising / 1916-1922".

OTHER GOOD RECORDS TO OWN

David Blue, Elektra. This is David Blue's debut L-P, and an excellent one, presenting a rounded picture of Dave as a singer and a songwriter (all 12 songs on the album are written by him). A goodly portion of the music is electronic, what with electric piano, electric bass and electric guitar (Paul Harris, Harvey Brooks, & Monte Dunn, respectively). Songs include "The Gasman Won't Buy Your Love", "Arcade Love Machine" and the near classic "Grand Hotel."

RECORDS - 2

The Art Of Love , Vanguard. -- This consists of readings from the Classic Hindu Study of Erotic Love, "The Kama Sutra of Vatsyayana" narrated by Saeed Jaffrey, accompanied by selected Indian festive and ritual music on strings, flutes and drums. The Kama Sutra was written at the peak of Hindu culture, and was translated from the Sanskrit by Sir Richard Burton in 1883.

* * * * *

Jim Kweskin & The Jug Band. Vanguard.

Both sides of the jacket say "See Reverse Side For Title" but even with this help this reviewer was unable to find it. It would be just like Jim Kweskin to have put it on somewhere in invisible ink. But there is no doubt about the music -- you will find it on the album, and it's genuine Kweskin on the same level as the 3 previous L-P's by this group that Vanguard has previously issued. For a more profound review of this record see reverse side of this piece of paper.

* * * * *

B O O K R E V I E W

Ballads Blues & The Big Beat.: Highlights of American Folk Singing from Leadbelly to Dylan. By Donald Myrus. Macmillan.

Although written for the younger set this book transcends its goal by presenting a well-balanced account of considerable death from which any age of readers can benefit. Most of the book is concerned with contemporary developments; the author covers Phil Ochs, Julius Lester, Len Chandler, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Tom Paxton, Pat Sky, Judy Collins, etc., Broadside magazine, hoots and records. He gives some political background of the period; he describes Senator McCarthy as "an irresponsible, unprincipled, political cad" who went berserk. But sometimes his political grasp gets short-circuited. For example, in attacking Dylan's "Masters Of War" he pooh-poohs the idea that manipulators in power make wars. "Nations make wars. Almost everybody jumps in..." This will come as a surprise to the tens of millions of Americans who voted for that greedy old profit-making manipulator L.B. Johnson in the belief that he would not escalate the insanity in Viet Nam. This reviewer has always thought of "Masters

Of War" as a "requiem" for John Foster Dulles, the Wall Street Banker who more than any other person paved the way to send a whole nation down the road to hell. Even while dying of cancer, he was still manipulating paranoid schemes that would lead to the senseless spilling of "the young peoples' blood" even after he was gone.

G.F.

N O T E S

THE LUVIN PEOPLE: Len Chandler is scheduled to sing this new song of his on a CBS-TV network show Christmas Eve. The show is to originate from the Washington Square Methodist Church in N.Y.C. and is to be telecast from 12 midnight to 1 AM. It's called "Christmas Eve Celebration of the Birth Of Love."... TRUCE CAROL: Mike Kellin was riding in a cab on the West Coast a year ago when he heard the news of that truce on the cab radio. He wrote the song in a few minutes, took it immediately to the Pacifica FM station, where he recorded it. The station began playing the recording every hour on the hour. He called Malvina Reynolds in Berkeley and taught it to her on the phone. She phoned across the continent to Pete Seeger in Beacon, N.Y. Pete called Gil Turner in N.Y.C., sang it to him on the phone, and carolers led by Gil were singing it on the streets of New York Christmas Eve only a few hours after it was written in California. Here it is 12 months later and the song is once again pertinent.... UPCOMING CONCERTS: Eric Andersen Jan. 6 in Jordan Hall, Boston, and April 7 in Philharmonic Hall, N.Y.C... Phil Ochs Dec. 23 at the Academy Of Music, Philadelphia... Janis Ian, March 3 in Town Hall, New York... Carolyn Hester, Dec. 16 at St. Peters Church, 346 W. 20 St., N.Y.C. Her appearance is part of a series of Friday Night Folk Shows at the church sponsored by Bernie Klay. only 99¢. ... Phil Ochs is to have a TV show on Ch. 13, N.Y.C., Dec. 15, and repeated Dec. 20. ... Mike Seeger at Izzy Young's Folklore Center, 321 6th Ave., N.Y.C., Dec. 12th... At THE ICE HOUSE in Glendale, Calif., Dec. 26-21: The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band... Received at Broadside: a subs. check folded in a sheet of paper with on it the single word: LOVE. Same to you, and to everybody.

Autumn Time in Grenada

Words & Music By ELAINE WHITE
Copyright 1966 by Elaine White

DM MODERATE

Monday morn- in' the day was dawn- in', a weary woman in the kitchen call- in' "Oh time to go."

The wind was sighin', The bacon was fryin' and Mary & Johnny in a bunk bed cry- in' "Oh time to go."

DM CHO: Dm G D

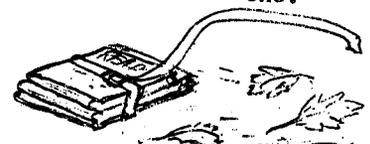
Au-tumn time in Gre- na- da, Brains and chains there had made her be- come in- sane.

2. Two new dresses had Mary to choose from
And Johnny was putting his brand new shoes on,
"Oh, Time to go"
Then mother had kissed their little brown faces
Handed them school books and erasers, "Oh, time to go." CHO.

3. So Johnny went skippin' and Mary went skippin'
In the brand new shoes and the brand new ribbons, "Oh, time to go"
Like foxes who were sly and cunning
Thirteen hoods had caught them running, "Oh, time to go." CHO.

4. Sticks n' stones had crushed the young bones
Crossing through the other school zone, "Oh, time to go"
Grenada hangs her head in sorrow
Fights today but fears tomorrow, "Oh, time to go." CHO.

5. (singer's optional last verse)
Tuesday mornin' the day was dawnin',
A weary woman at a graveyard callin',
"Oh, time to go."



COAL WASTE SLIDES CALLED U.S. DANGER

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29 (UPI)—A slide of coal waste such as the one that took nearly 200 lives in the Welsh village of Aberfan could happen at dozens of places in America.

This was the warning sounded this week by three United States Government geologists—William Davis, Charles Withington and Ralph Miller.

They said that potentially dangerous slide conditions existed in the coal mining regions of Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio, West Virginia, eastern Kentucky, southwestern Virginia, portions of eastern Tennessee and the northeast corner of Georgia.

Possible "catastrophic danger areas" are in the Rocky Mountain regions of Utah, Wyoming and Colorado, they said.

The geologists said that such slides were preventable if proper measures were taken.

Heavy rains that leave water trapped above piles of mining waste and slag heaps turn the mounds into soggy destroyers of lives and property, they said.

With proper drainage of such waste piles and proper planning to prevent population growth in dangerous areas, their potential harm can be eliminated, the geologists said.

See "The Aberfan Coal Tip Tragedy" by Tom Parrott in *Broadside* # 76

NEW YORK POST, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1966

TIMES: While saying that a holiday truce in Viet Nam is better than nothing, Times changed point of view between editions today.

Original editorial said: "Kill and maim as many as you can up to 6 o'clock in the morning of Dec. 24 and start killing again on the morning of Dec. 26. Do your damndest until 6 a.m. Dec. 31 and again after Jan. 1, 1967, when it will be all-right to slay, to bomb, to burn, to destroy crops and houses and the works of man . . . By all means, let there be peace for 96 hours, which is that much better than uninterrupted war. Ever since the medieval institution—the truce of God—was invented by the Roman Catholic Church for private wars, the pause that comes in the midst of fighting is a blessed surcease."

In later editions, Times moderated stand, saying instead:

"By all means, let there be peace in Viet Nam for a few hours or a few days over Christmas and the New Year. It is not much, but it is that much better than uninterrupted war. Ever since the medieval institution—the truce of God—was invented, the pause that comes in the midst of fighting is a blessed surcease."

See "The Truce Carol" by Mike Kellin in this issue of Broadside.



MIKE KELLIN now co-stars with Eddie Brackens in "The Odd Couple" at the Eugene O'Neill.

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John Brunner, British author of much science fiction and some songs ("The H-Bomb's Thunder"), crossed the U.S.A. and back last summer. From impressions during his journey he wrote a cycle of poems which he has now published (in mimeograph form). Here are a few of them:

IN PRAISE OF DECADENCE

Who put napalm in Liberty's torch
Where women and children sizzle and scorch?
My friends were all at a grand debauch
And can give each other alibis.
Who shot Meredith in the back
For the simple reason he was black?
My friends had decided to hit the sack
And can give each other alibis.
Who's flying bombers across the sky
And looking earthward as the cities die?
My friends may be high but they're not that high --
They can give each other alibis. New York

RIB AND DEVELOPMENT

California here I go
Freeway high and freeway low
Fog is rolling inland bound
Swirls around the old Greyhound.
Roadside business here I come
Listening to my grumbling tum
Stuff the void with beans and franks
Take my thanks to drive-in banks.
Comfort station here I come
Visiting the john or can
Witness that the world may know
Easy come and easy go.

Greyhound no. 2313

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Call or write for brochures and availabilities if you wish to arrange for concerts with these or other folksingers.

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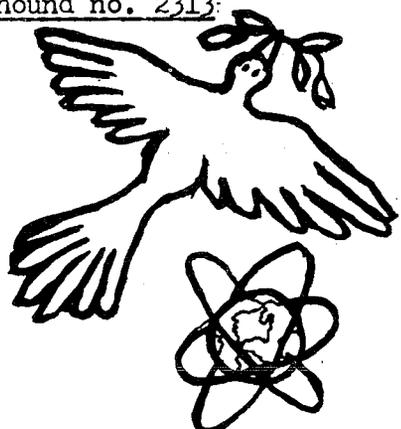
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