

# Broadside

# #85

The Topical Song Magazine

OCTOBER , 1967

IN THIS ISSUE

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**Woody  
Guthrie**

**Eric  
Andersen**

**Kay  
Cothran**

**Phil Ochs**



"Bound For Glory"

TWO POEMS BY DAVID LICHTENSTEIN

50¢

TALKING POP ART -- AND SOFT BATHTUBS

By Allan J. Ryan  
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Well this afternoon my time was free  
So I went downtown to the art gallery  
I walked inside and looked around  
I wasn't quite sure just what I'd found  
So I asked the girl what was on display  
And she smiled at me and began to say  
It's a pop art show, man haven't you heard  
We got Segal and Dine and Oldenburg.

Well I felt right out of it 'cause I didn't know who any of them were  
But I was quite interested so I commenced to become edified and I  
looked around some more.

Well my tour began with quite a shock  
There was all these people as hard as a rock  
There was plaster men and plaster women  
And a butcher shop with a plaster chicken  
I jumped back, I yelled "Gimme time to think"  
I hit a plaster girl with her foot in the sink  
I climbed on the guard and cried "Help me brother"  
But he put me down and said "Tell your mother".

I said "There's a convention of Egyptian mummies in there".  
But he just didn't understand -- he was plastered too.

I calmed down a bit when I found the door  
But it led into a room with more  
Of weirder things that made me think  
Like a ribbon machine and a kitchen sink  
There were painted shovels and a big ray gun  
And concrete ice cream that looked like fun  
And a plastic bathtub filled with rubber  
That looked as inviting as a new-found lover.

But the sign said "Do not touch or Squeeze"  
So I waited 'til the guard turned his back and I went up and  
squeezed it  
Turned me right on, it was Heavenly!

Well I turned to leave in my state of elation  
I bumped into a bigger sensation  
A 7ft. hamburger lying in state  
I ran all the way home in a mood to create  
I got me a patty and a hamburger bun  
Put it in the oven until it was done  
Got some tomatoes right off of the vine  
With mustard and relish I did it up fine

Then I coated it in plastic, put it in a glass case and set it on  
my television in the living room --- looks great!  
Beats a bowl of wax fruit any time!

Allan J. Ryan is a young Canadian topical songwriter-performer. TV. A regular at the Cafe Andre in Montreal. Introducing the above song, he notes: "Segal makes sculpture by encasing people in plaster. He then extricates them - so he says."



P O E T R Y     S E C T I O N  
Two poems by David Lichtenstein  
AMERICA IS MELTING

softly melting  
inconspicuously  
an so not to let on to anyone  
what's really happening  
smoothly dripping  
but careful not to spill  
itself  
while outside  
is sleeping  
unconscious  
old lady yentas  
stand on the corner of  
42 st. an 8th avenue  
tourists march up an down  
the street  
in neat rows on two  
skyscrapers collide  
with mushrooms  
insecticides  
as new york city, too  
is melting

register to vote  
line A  
is melting  
line B  
is melting  
line C  
is melting  
everything is melting  
so it really  
doesn't matter  
who you vote for

the white house  
is dripping  
lyndon johnson  
is sweating  
so the enquirer  
has a good story  
for page one

ronald reagan  
george murphy  
an shirley temple  
trip to hollywood  
sit back  
an relax  
in foam rubber  
folding chair  
similar to  
castro  
convertible  
suddenly, lassie barks  
an giant tv screen  
melts (Cont. on page 8.)

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# TIN CAN ALLEY

Words & Music: ERIC ANDERSEN  
© 1967 by Deep Fork Music

Hall-way nightmares blackin' out the moon, Someone's on the landing fumblin' with a spoon  
Stay for a while, you can't be here Cause the man is com-in' and he might be near.  
He knows you'll come a-lookin' if you don't find some He circles like a vulture till your  
mind's un-done, You're cra-zy like a rat but you just can't run Down in  
Tin Can Alley with your back to the sun.

Cop is on the corner lookin' down the street  
Waitin' for the runner comin' with the treat  
Crime it don't exist when you look the other way  
It's only in the movies when it never pays.

They get you in the jailhouse, the cops'll get their pick  
You don't fight back unless you're lookin' to get hit  
In 'Tin Can Alley the cops get the kicks  
They know who it is, carryin' the sticks.

Shoebox halls, ain't very much space  
It ain't just the kids that over-run the place  
Rats in the cupboard, papa just sighs  
Mama is afraid they'll make the baby cry.

They creep along the ceiling, they creep along the wall  
Landlord's out every time you call  
You're scared at night, you can't walk out in the hall  
Down in Tin Can Alley they ain't afraid of you at all.

Church is on the corner heralding the poor  
The earth is in a vault somewhere locked inside the door  
Repent and it is yours is the promise that they give  
And you hope and pray that Jesus remembers where you live.

You were born to suffer the preacher he believes  
Pay for all your sins, now get down on your knees  
But you've been down so long that you don't know what it means

Oh, parked out in the alley is his chauffeured limousine.

Mama's little angel didn't mean to go down  
Daddy disappeared and another came along  
Started for the streets to find a good time  
To end up on the roof, for nickles and dimes.

You really don't believe this is happenin' to you  
You got a couple mouths to feed and no money comin' through  
But hustlin' up the rent can be an easy thing to do  
In Tin Can Alley, mama had to do it, too.

Hunger politicians tryin' to win your vote  
Kissin' all your babies to fill you full of hope  
Promises you everything, promises the sun  
You really want to believe that the battle can be won.



And after he's elected  
and the race is run  
He never comes around,  
he must be dumb  
And all the racketeers are  
throwin' sugar on his  
tongue  
Down in Tin Can Alley  
where nothin's ever done.

There's a junkyard poet  
sniffin' all around  
Ear glued to the radio to  
hear what's goin' down  
He hears Tin Pan Sally  
and Little Boy Blue  
Singin' all about the things  
that never come true.

Back in the shadows his  
songs are sung  
To a tin can band,  
on a tin can drum  
On a tin can line  
the words are hung  
With an eye on a pencil  
and a hand on a gun.

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Back in the 30's we used to sing a song about another American balladeer, Joe Hill, in which the key line was "I never died, said he." This can even more truly be said about Woody Guthrie. During the long years while Woody, his working days cruelly ended, was confined to the hospital, a whole new school of young songwriters emerged who were directly inspired by Woody's example (in fact, Pete Seeger once suggested that they be called "Woody's children.") We are speaking, of course, of Bobby Dylan, Phil Ochs, Peter La Farge, Tom Paxton, Len Chandler, Mark Spoelstra, etc. It is significant that they dismissed with disdain those who were riding high during the "folk music" boom of the 50's -- the Weavers, the Kingston Trios, the Oscar Brands, and so on -- and went straight back to Woody. It was this instinct for the real and the genuine, the rejection of the artificial, which has given the topical song movement its strong vitality, constantly being refreshed as new songwriter/performers come along. It is in this sense that one can say Woody never died, and never will.

An obituary in an Oklahoma City newspaper said that Woody became famous in the middle 1940's when he sang "in Town Hall in New York" and elsewhere. This is untrue. Woody never became widely known until after he was hospitalized and could not enjoy the fruits of his work. He had a certain stubborn integrity, a profound belief in himself, that precluded any compromise with principle for even a little taste of fame. When audiences rejected him it was their loss, not his. His experience of being denied recognition was not unique for an American artist. Whitman comes to mind, and Thoreau, who had to publish their own books. There is a story that Thoreau once had 700 copies printed of one of his books (Walden Pond?). Not a single copy was sold, and after a time the printer claiming he did not have room for indefinite storage, demanded that Thoreau come and get them. Thoreau took them home and wrote Emerson, "I now have a library of 700 books - all written by myself."

Similarly, back in 1946 Woody mimeographed a little songbook, cutting the stencils and running them off and stapling them himself, and tried to sell it for .25¢ a copy. There were only a few takers, and years later there were still stacks of them around the house. But in it were some of his greatest songs,-- "This Land", "Hard Travelin'", "Grand Coulee Dam".

Clifton Fadiman once described Woody as one of the nation's "great natural resources." Yet the refusal to give him his due recognition dogged him to the end. Only a few months before he died, his home town of Okemah, Okla., rejected a plan to have a "Woody Guthrie Day" because some American Legionnaires did not like his politics. Another great loss was the fact that no good, full-length movie was made of him so that future generations could see him as he sang and performed. This is no less than a crime, for it robbed the nation of something that was its rightful heretage. It's especially galling to think of it while watching old Grade B Late Show trash into which millions of dollars were poured.

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EDITORIAL: We have received considerable reaction - most of it adverse to Julius Lester's letter and our own comment on Israel and anti-Semitism in the Negro ghettos which were published in B'side #84. We tried to emphasize in our comment that the problem of anti-Semitism in the black slums was the important one for Americans, and suggested the Jewish community as a whole participate in its correction. So someone

(continued →)

writes and asks exactly what we would like to see done. We do have an answer for that question, and it came after seeing on TV little Black children running pitifully around in the streets of Brooklyn with cans begging for money to buy some dream farm away off somewhere which would allow them escape from the slums. Now U.S. Jewish organizations have shown that they can, on almost a moment's notice, raise immense amounts of money for Isreal. If they can do it for what is, after all, a foreign country, should they not also be able to do it for the benefit of America? Let several billions be raised which would be applied to alleviating the inhuman conditions among America's Black communities. The funds should be utilized in the following ways. First, in each Black slum in the country a large area of rotting tenements -- say six by six city blocks -- should be bought up from whoever owns them and demolished. In their place build a fine tall (50 or 60 stories) complex, with the lower floor consisting of shops, civic offices, theaters, art gallery, etc., and the top floors modern apartments. This should be returned over without cost to Black people -- the Black community -- as a collective (no landlords, please), as a center for Black Power from which could well irradiate the entire re-building of each slum into something fit for human beings to live in..

Actually, this should be the function of a reasoning government, but unfortunately at this time Washington is in the control of a bunch of screwed-up lunatics who seem to have determined to see the country go smash rather than face up to their obligations to the electorate. So it remains for the citizenry in general to act responsibly. The Jewish community in undertaking the above-outlined step in the Black slums would accomplish two vital objectives simultaneously: (1) partially expiate the suffering, especially among children, and death (mortality rates in the slums are on the average twice as high as for the rest of the city populations) unconscionable Jewish landlords have inflicted now on several generations of Black people, and counteract the spread of anti-Semitism in the ghettos; and (2) set an example which would uplift the spirit and renew faith in the future now diminished in the hearts of Americans generally, and thus deeply serve the nation as a whole.

- Gordon Friesen

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NOTES: ARLO GUTHRIE'S debut LP album, entitled "Alice's Restaurant" is scheduled for released at about this time. By Reprise Records. The title story-song runs for a full side and the flip side contains six shorter songs composed by Arlo. He will give his first New York concert at Carnegie Hall on Nov. 10th. "Alice's Restaurant", the 2 episodes, appear in BroadSides #80 and #81.....JUDY COLLINS has completed a new LP for Elektra Records which will be released in November. Recorded in Los Angeles and New York City, it contains

NOTES, continued

songs by Canadian composer Leonard Cohen, Joni Mitchell, Jacques Breil, Italian Baroque composer Landini, and three songs composed by Judy herself... PETE SEEGER'S series of folk music shows for T-V entitled "The Rainbow Quest" has been sold on a syndication basis in many cities of the United States. Pete taped the series several seasons ago and the shows appeared at that time only on Channel 47 in the New York area. Now "The Rainbow Quest" is being shown every Monday night on Channel 13 in New York. It starts in Denver Nov. 14th, in Rochester Dec. 14, and Jan. 1st in Detroit. It will be shown on the education stations in the cities listed... UPCOMING CONCERTS: At Philadelphia's Main Point: Oscar Brand Oct. 26-29; Andy Robinson and Chris Smither, Nov. 2-5; Len Chandler Nov. 9-12 & 16-19; Tom Rush Nov. 22-26; ...ERIC ANDERSEN and his band Sat., Dec. 2, at the Haverford College (Pa.) field house... IN THE BOSTON AREA: Joan Baez at Back Bay Theatre Nov. 5; PATRICK SKY at Jordan Hall Dec. 2; JANIS IAN at Jordan Hall Feb. 10; MATT MCGINN, Scottish songwriter and performer is now in the United States for appearances at various places in the East. The son of a Glasgow laborer and himself a worker in many trades, MATT has some 500 songs to his credit, quite a few of which have been recorded by such performers as Pete Seeger, the McPeakes, Tom Paxton and Dominic Behan. He is featured on the Elektra album The Iron Muse. Don't miss him if he comes to your city. MATT will perform at the Alexandria (Va.) Folk-Lore Center, 323 Cameron St., on Sat., Oct. 28... ODE TO BILLY JO: Just when the commercial music world was crying "Folk music is dead." along comes Bobby Gentry and records Ode which immediately sets all kinds of sales highs. The musical background is a little fancy and all, but the lyrics comprise a clearcut "folk ballad". Ode also breaks through the old time barrier, running four and a half minutes, a whole two minutes longer than the long established length for a single. We can look for more songs like it... BACKGROUND FOR A BALLAD ("Mussolini Rides Again"): Up at City College here in N.Y. the administration got an idea to saw down the trees and bulldoze a beautiful park area on the campus to put up a thing to be called Hut No. 6. The students resisted, sat in the trees and followed the bulldozers around re-seeding the ground. According to the Oct. 17th issue of the student newspaper, OBSERVATION POST, the Dean of Campus Development and Planning, Eugene Avalone, responded by issuing the following statement:

"The first thing I'd do with those kids (the participants in the protest on Site # 6) is pour a bottle of castor oil down each of their throats, just like Mussolini did, to clean out their insides. Then I'd throw each of them into a vat of lye and get their outsides clean. Then I'd give each of them a haircut and a shave and then I might talk to them."

By the way, whatever became of Dean Avalone's muchly-admired mentor? ... LETTER (from Dick Reuss, now at UCLA): "... Julius Lester's letter (in B'Side # 84) was very moving and gives a lot of insights into the sense of frustration that besets so many people, especially black, today. It also makes me a little sad as I recall the days of greater hope and optimism of five years ago when it looked like black and white would be able to make a good start on solving race and poverty problems together in voluntary association... I realize a lot the glow of the Kennedy era was superficial gloss rather than real progress, as Julius suggests in his comments on topical singers..."

# - 8 - Woody Guthrie — Flurked in Fatestown

(Ed. Note: Here is one of the last things Woody Guthrie wrote before he was hospitalized. It was part of a letter he wrote to a close friend, Jolly Robinson, and it brings out his great life-long fascination with the sound of our language, the sounds of words, the sounds of American place names. This fascination was among the things he shared with another great American poet of the people, Walt Whitman. This version of "hard travelin'" Woody entitled EARTHBOUND TRAVELER.

Born down in bed, bed;  
Droven down a big road, road;  
Binged and batted in Butte;  
Biffed in around Baltimore;  
Bungholed in Buffalo;  
Batted in Boston;  
Sapped in Syracuse;  
Cracked in Croton;  
Crammed in Cheyenne;  
Crapped in Chanute;  
Crawled in Chicago;  
Drunk in Denver;  
Ducked in Duluth;  
Nicked in New York;  
Rolled in Richmond;  
Oozled in Oklahoma City;  
Oiled in Okmulgee;  
Beatup in Birmingham;  
Nippled in New Orleans;  
Gagged in Grass Valley;  
Diseased in Detroit;  
Cranked in Columbia;  
Whopped in Washington;  
Messedup in Mifflintown;  
Took in Tuskegee;  
Frisked in Frisco;  
Socked in Seattle;  
Punched in Portland;  
Pounded in Plymouth Rock;  
Codded in Cape Cod;  
Pinched in Portsmouth;  
Laid in LA;  
Screwn in Sacramento;  
Tricked in Tracy;  
Tossed in Tulsa;

Sucked in Sapulpa;  
Butchered in Brooklyn;  
Bungholed in The Bronx;  
Pokered in Peekskill;  
Mauled in Miami;  
Junked in Jacksonvillie;  
Jacked in Joysborough;  
Junked in Jerusalem;  
Flurked in Philly;  
Wolfed in Wilmington;  
Woofered in Whitsville;  
Lynched in Lynchburg;  
Ganged in Gainesville;  
Assled in Akron;  
Stuck in Saint Loo;  
Herded in Hattistown;  
Heaved in Harrisburg;  
Punctured in Pittsburg;  
Plowed in Ponca City;  
Downed in Dodge City;  
Robbed in Racine;  
Hijacked in Hartsford;  
Crummed in Cambridge;  
Crammed in Crydersville;  
Nozzled in Niagara;  
Hobbled in Hoboken;  
Starved in Stroudsburg;  
Licked in Louisville;  
Oiled in Oilton;  
Tongued in Tonkawa;  
Drugged in Dansville;  
Dragged in Doorango;  
Koked in Kellyville;  
Konked in Kentston;  
Pickled in Princeton;

Armed in Amarillo;  
Dusted in Dalhart;  
Daggered in Dumas;  
Clippeded in Clovis;  
Ketched in KayCee;  
Kukluxed in Kornwaliss;  
Cut in Cutterville;  
Crooked in Chanute;  
Cussed in Columbus;  
Bridled in Bixby;  
Tooken in Tucson;  
Souped in Santa Fe;  
Fucked in Phoenix;  
Tortured in Tagtown;  
Raped in Raggytown;  
Clappered in Clapston;  
Bluballed in Beaumont;  
Hustled in Houston;  
Gotten in Galveston;  
Cunted in Corpus Christi;  
Pummed in Payton;  
Pricked in Pomona;  
Peckered in Plymouth;  
Quacked in Quakerstown;  
Brianed in Braintree;  
Peeled in Port Arthur;  
Cooded in Cape Cod;  
Looped in LaJolla;  
Sunk in Saint Augustine;  
Trounced in Three Falls;  
Bruised in Buffalo;  
Buffaloed in Binghamton;  
Stitched in Shit City;  
Skinned in Scarsdale;

(continued)



(Two poems by  
David Licht-  
enstein - cont.)

i once knew a man  
who lived in  
a glass house  
the sun came in  
an he melted  
along with his  
refrigerator  
an library  
an holy cross  
an colgate  
toothpaste  
an everything melts

decimal points  
melt to  
fractions  
senators  
melt to  
congressmen  
an hugh heffner  
melts inside  
central park

cap'n crunch  
melts in your  
cereal bowl  
acid melts  
in your mind  
if you get busted  
just malt the cops  
prison bars  
are made of  
chlorophyll  
an there is nothing  
you can't do  
if you put your  
mind to it

vietnam  
melts to Korea  
khrushchev  
melts to ho chi minh  
who, in turn  
is slurped up  
by alan ginsberg

doves melt  
into hawks  
an kill themselves  
off  
so there is  
nothing else  
to melt

now i am melting  
in good american  
tradition  
discovering  
that i am not  
really here at all  
an i never was  
never will be  
i am only  
experiencing  
what is known as  
a state of mind  
a psychic experience  
putting the whole world  
on  
hello, world  
too bad  
about the sad news  
hope things get better  
before freezing season  
play follow the leader  
just make sure  
he knows where  
he's melting  
or, going

BEFORE CHURCH,  
SUNDAY MORNING  
  
sunday morning  
before church  
an the neighbors  
argue about  
whose fault it was  
an what a nerve  
they had  
wakin up the  
whole neighborhood  
2 o'clock in the  
morning  
with their goddam  
police sirens  
an ambulance sirens  
an screechin wheels  
an screams  
an other noises  
after all, if people  
want to have riots  
let them do it on  
their own time  
we hafta go to church  
in the morning



\* \* \* \* \*

WOODY GUTHRIE -- 2

Scarred in Skinnydale;  
 Caught in Clearview;  
 Lunged in Longview;  
 Kunthaired in Kilgore;  
 Poked in Pampa;  
 Blooded in Borger;  
 Klipped in Kelly;  
 Chewed in Chowsberg;  
 Chawed in Cheyenne;  
 Bungled in Butte;  
 Staked in Saint Anthony;  
 Hooked in Hockerton;  
 Hashed in Haystown;  
 Picked in Peaville;  
 Buckered in Bureka;  
 Banned in Blue Ridge;  
 Skimmed in Skyline;  
 Sapped in Sissytown;  
 Ashed in Asheville;  
 Stung in Steep Ridge;  
 Copped in Copperton;  
 Sold in Saint City;  
 Tarred in Tarrytown;  
 Barred in Bear Mountain;  
 Feathered in Foolston;  
 Cheated in Chatanooga;  
 Salted in Salt City;  
 Moochered in Memphis;  
 Blowjabbed in Blue Hill;  
 Nailed in New Bedford;  
 Nabbed in New Haven;  
 Holedup in Haleyville;  
 Logged in Loganberry;  
 Docked in Dickslickton;  
 Doodled in Dillywah;  
 Flerkeled in Flagstaff;  
 Ditched in Dry Gulch;  
 Dried in Dead Mountain;  
 Sideswitched in Sisterton;  
 Bled in Bingham;  
 Biffed in Bullyrun;  
 Bullied in Biff City;  
 Scolded in Schroonchrest;  
 Left in Leakesville;  
 Winded in Winston Salem;  
 Wounded in Wickersburg;  
 Wildcatted in Womanshole;  
 Nippled in New City;

Nuded in Norfolk;  
 Nudged in New Falls;  
 Crippled in Crackerton;  
 Crackled in Cripple Creek;  
 Leadpiped in Leadville;  
 Longhorned in Ludlow;  
 Depronged in Dupree;  
 Soured in Sweet Valley;  
 Sweetened in Sourton;  
 Kroutchered in Krautsberg;  
 Klunked in Kee Harbor;  
 Kippered in Key Largo;  
 Largoed in Key West;  
 Eagled in Eagle Pass;  
 Dogged in Dogtown;  
 Ruptured in Roades Holler;  
 Chanckered in Chanute;  
 Cankered in Cowntown;  
 Cowed in Cankerton;  
 Jackassed in Jerseyville;  
 Dryboned in Dartsmouth;  
 Drymouthed in Dryboney;  
 Drykissed in Dicksonville;  
 Drydicked in Dinglehorn;  
 Oozled in Okmulgee;  
 Teasled in Tonkawa;  
 Broke in Broken Arrow;  
 Arrowed in Broken Bow;  
 Handled in Henryetta;  
 Goofied in Gulfport;  
 Goopgobbled in Guthrie;  
 Gopered in Gonesville;  
 Gopherholed in Grayton;  
 Chained in Chy City;  
 Grounded in Groton;  
 Rammed in Roanoake;  
 Crappedout in Cape Hatteras;  
 Bounced in Block Island;  
 Bopped in Bay City;  
 Bunkered in Bowman;  
 Peckered in Palm Springs;  
 Lockedup in Las Vegas;  
 Rundown in Reno;  
 Held in Hays Town;  
 Hookered in Holligann;  
 Hunted in Hellspoint;  
 Hoofed in Hells Hole;  
 Hurt in Haggzburg;  
 Hungdead in Heavensville;  
 Hungup in Heavensvale;  
 Hung in Heaven Holler;  
 Hung in Heaven's Gulch;  
 Hung on Heaven Hill;

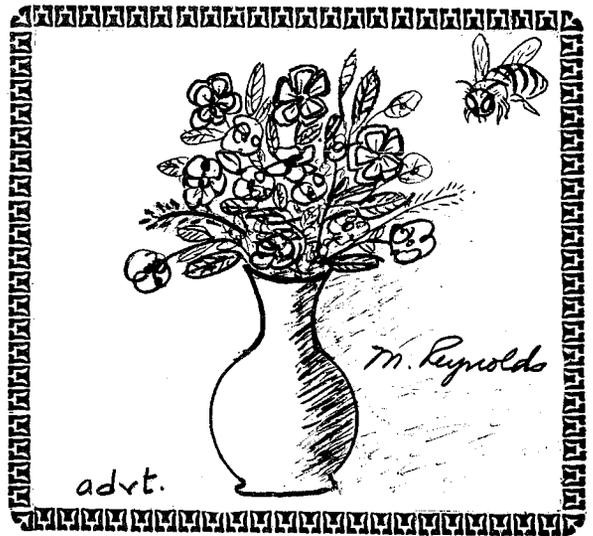
I guess this just about brings me up to you.

Almost.

*Woody Guthrie*

Woody Guthrie  
 49 Murdock Court, Apt. #1J,  
 Beach Haven At Brighton,  
 Brooklyn, 23, New York,

OCTOBER LAST DAY



Dear Broadside: -- What a great Fairy Tale that was in the September issue, by Julius Lester! I especially like the part where we kill all the bad guys, leaving only the good guys-- who then rebuild the world as a Better Place to Live.

I certainly hope you run some more instalments, as it's wonderful to dream about Fairy Tales that can't possibly come true, but would solve everything if only they could.

Gee whiz, Julius -- don't quit contributing now, just when you've whet our appetite. We want to hear more about the Good new world that gets built in next month's issue!

A Fan  
 Barry Olivier  
 California

Dear Broadside: -- Re. Pete Seeger and the Smos. Bros., I don't see why anybody wants to be on that creepy show in the first place. It's about as funny as a crutch.

R.H., Utah

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