

Including
"LITTLE BOXES"

SUNG BY

A bar chart titled "DAILY SALES IN MILLIONS" for the year 1961. The vertical axis (y-axis) is labeled from 0 to 6 in increments of 1. The horizontal axis (x-axis) represents the days of the year, with labels for January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, and December. The chart shows a clear seasonal pattern, with sales peaking in the summer months (June and July) and reaching their lowest point in the winter months (January and February). The sales figures are generally higher in the first half of the year compared to the second half.

1963		Stock	Sales in	Net		
High	Low	and div in \$	100s Open	High	Low	Close chg
34	40 1/4	32 1/2 Champ's 1.80	4	38 1/2	38 1/2	38 1/2
3 1/2	34 3/4	29 1/2 Champlin 1.20	21	33	32 1/2	32 1/2
3 1/2	25 1/4	20 1/2 Check Mat	1	22 1/2	22 1/2	22 1/2
3 1/2	23 1/2	18 1/2 Chesapeake 1	13	20 1/2	20 1/2	20 1/2 + 1/2

[illegible]

24%	9%	Elgin Wch	14	10	10
20 1/2%	17%	Elipas N. 1	62	18%	18%
		Elfra Corp	29	26	26
		Elfro Pri. 40	26	31%	31%
4 1/2%	27%	Emar Eft. 80	43	34 1/2	34 1/2
11 1/2%	9	Ermer R. 200	19	10%	10%
42	34%	Emery Air 1	2	40%	40%
		Emhart 1.60	8	53	53
		EmpDis 1.84	4	47%	47%
3 1/2%	14	End John	7	20%	20%
		EndJn pf 3K	210	77%	77%
	9%	Engel in 80	3	27%	27%
5 1/2%	48	Ea Gas 1.85	10	41%	41%
4 1/2%		Erle Lack	32	31 1/2	31 1/2
		ErieLack pf	2100	17%	17%
		Eurofnd .100	3	14%	14%
16 1/4	9 1/2	Evans Pd	39	15%	15%
44 1/4	25	Evershp 1.20	47	42%	42%
46%	38 1/2	ExCellO 1.60	60	42%	43 1/2
48 1/2%	37%	FactorA .700	11	45%	46
49%	44 1/4	FairbBear 2	3	44 1/2	44 1/2
16 1/2	11 1/4	Fairbr Mar	1	13	13
	6%	Fair Whit	243	5%	6
18 1/4%	15	F W pf	2	18%	18%
50 1/2%	32%	Fair Ca .500	33	37 1/2	37 1/2
8%	6	Fair Strat	16	6%	6%
27 1/2%	22%	Fairmont 1	21	27	27
39 1/2%	30 1/4	Falstoft 1.40	4	37	37
34	26%	FomFinan 1	11	33	33
23 1/2%	17 1/4	Fansteel .80	14	17 1/4	17 1/4
9%	8%	Fawick .40	1	8%	8%
9%	15%	Fedd Corp 1	45	17	17
47 1/2%	37 1/2	FedMed 1.70	7	46 1/2	46 1/2
3%	6 1/2	Fed Pac	11	7 1/4	7 1/4
19%	16 1/2	F Pac pf.26	1	18 1/4	18 1/4
42	36	FedPopbD 2	6	38 1/4	38 1/4
50	42 1/2	FedDStr 1.30	44	49 1/4	49 1/4
18	13%	Fenestro	4	15%	15%
29 1/2%	23%	Ferro 1.60	7	40	40
42%	33 1/4	Fibre Pao 1	55	26%	27 1/2
35 1/2%	26	Fifth Ave. L	7	29%	29%
36 1/2%	27%	Filtrol 1.80	9	31	31 1/4
6%	52 1/2	Financi Fed	12	53 1/4	53 1/4
37 1/2%	33	Fireline 1b	x100	33 1/4	34
44%	31 1/4	FstChrT 1.61f	18	39%	39%
60 1/2%	50%	FstN Str 20	11	59 1/4	59 1/4
23 1/2%	18 1/4	Fischbach 1	8	21 1/4	21 1/2
23 1/4%	17 1/4	Flinntk .80	43	22 1/4	22 1/4
46 1/4	41%	Fliat pEst.25	2	45 1/2	45 1/2
7 1/4	5	Fie E Coast	5	6%	6%
46 1/2%	40%	Fia Pw 1.64	19	44 1/4	44 1/4
75 1/2%	65%	Fia Pl. PL. 2	28	70 1/4	71
20	21 1/4	Fluor .80f	14	17 1/2	17 1/2
25%	21 1/4	Fd Fair .90	10	22 1/2	22 1/4
21 1/4%	16 1/4	FdGmkt .40	54	20 1/2	20 1/2
16 1/4	13%	FdGmK pf.40	1	15%	15%
44 1/2%	35%	FMC Ca .80	30	42	42
15 1/2%	13				

12%	91%	FooteM	1.06	3	9%	93%
56%	42	Ford M	1.60	178	52	52%
11%	8%	ForemD	.40	89	9%	99%
31%	23	FosVWh	.70	17	26	26
37%	26%	Fexboro	.37	7	32	32
38%	30%	From	1.20	4	34%	34%
28%	22%	FreePS	1.20	39	24%	24%
39	26%	Friden	.40	24	36%	36%
33%	24%	Fuehf	1.20	92	30%	30%
H						
43%	31%			32%	33%	
4%				4%	4%	
				7%	30	
					43	
					129	
					33%	
					73%	
					37%	
					9%	
				220	114	115
				40	8%	8%
				20	51%	51%
				12	30	30
				10	4%	4%
				81	25	25
				92	78%	78%
				30	81%	82%
				35	13%	14
				34	35	35
				331	70%	70%
				7	117	117
				38	35%	37%
				53	21	21
				23	36%	36%
				20	5%	5%
				32	32%	32%
				29	16%	16
				6	38%	38
				32	23%	23
				219	24%	24
				4	26%	26
				1	28	28
				19	12%	12
				86	24%	24
				2100	104	104
				16	35%	35
				69	49%	49%
				11	62%	62
				36	23	23
				1	14	14
				4	28	28
				1	33%	33
				120	24%	24
				20	38%	38
				4	27%	27
				x26	14%	14
				16	40%	40
				4	19	19
				7	12%	12
				55	47%	47
				112	34%	34
				1	40%	40
				48	45%	46
				2	17%	17
				3	17%	17
				26	27%	27
				5	14%	14
				16	24%	24
				230	86	86
				16	45%	45
				18	16%	16
				70	42%	42
				29	54%	54
				67	19%	19
				23	44%	44
				5	27%	27
				27	37%	37
				7	37%	37
				143	5%	5
				4	3%	3
				2	1%	1

SIDE I

- Band 1: LITTLE BOXES (Malvina Reynolds)
Band 2: FARE THEE WELL (Bob Dylan)
Band 3: NEVER TURN BACK (Bertha Gober)
Band 4: THE WILLING CONSCRIPT (Tom Paxton)
Band 5: IRA HAYES (Peter La Farge)
Band 6: WHO KILLED DAVEY MOORE?
(Bob Dylan)
Band 7: I AIN'T A-SCARED OF YOUR JAIL
(Birmingham Freedom Song)

Complete text in inside cover

Photo by David Gahr Cover design by Moses Asch

SIDE II

- Band 1: WHAT DID YOU LEARN IN SCHOOL
TODAY? (Tom Paxton)
Band 2: HARD RAIN'S A-GONNA FALL (Bob
Dylan)
Band 3: THE THRESHER (Gene Kadish)
Band 4: WILLIAM MOORE THE MAILMAN
(Seymour Farber - Pete Seeger)
Band 5: BUSINESS (Walter Lowanfels - Pete
Seeger)
Band 6: SONG OF THE PUNCH PRESS OPERATOR
(Bernie Packer - Pete Seeger)
Band 7: THE BALLAD OF LOU MARSH
(Phil Ochs)

BROADSIDE

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632 Broadway, NYC, USA 10012

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET



BROADSIDE BALLADS VOL. 2

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5302

RETURN TO ARCHIVE
CENTER FOR FOLKLIFE PROGRAMS
AND CULTURAL STUDIES
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

BROADSIDE

vol.2

songs from Broadside Magazine sung by Pete Seeger

This banjo picker can tell you for positive: there has been a flood of new songs written in the USA during the last year or so. I'm not talking of the imitation attempts made to coin money on the top forty. Nor intricately contrived art songs for highly trained professionals to sing. What kind of songs are they? This record gives a sampling. They have all been printed in a mimeographed bi-weekly magazine called Broadside, edited by a couple of displaced Oklahomans, living in New York City.

No one person, certainly not me, could properly do justice to all the good new songs which have come out in Broadside Magazine during the past year. But from this record I hope you get an idea of the wide ranging talents of the songwriters (if not the singer). They are most of them, with a few notable exceptions, young people who are singers and guitar pickers in their own right, who try out their new songs every week on friends and neighbors, or on the audiences in coffee houses where they may work. Thus they know right away how their song is being received, and if it needs amending.

*Are these songs folk songs? Face it, there are several different definitions of folk music, and these songs might fit one definition, but certainly would

not fit another. For myself, I don't think it matters all that much. The important thing is: are they good songs? Do they sing well? Is the poetry so good you can't get it out of your head? Are the words true, and do they need saying? Does the music move you?

It might be worth pointing out that there are certain obvious differences between these songs, and what are usually called "pop" songs:

- 1) They're often concerned with controversial subjects
- 2) They may be short or long, or ignore the Big Beat, and other juke box requirements.

On the other hand, I'd guess that most of these songwriters would be very glad to have their songs on the top forty, and hear them sung by all kinds of singers, as long as the songs were not massacred in the process. Whether or not the songs have this brief flash of lucrative notoriety or not, I think some of them will be picked up by some of the millions of guitar pickers in our country today, and the best will be handed on to future generations. Then some professor can come along and collect them. He can call 'em folksongs then, if he wants. Our dust will not object.

THE NEED FOR TOPICAL MUSIC

By Phil Ochs

Before the days of television and mass media, the folksinger was often a traveling newspaper spreading tales through music.

It is somewhat ironic that in this age of forced conformity and fear of controversy the folksinger may be assuming the same role. The news papers have unfortunately told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the cold war truth so help them, advertisers. If a reporter breaks the "code of the West" that used to be confined to Hoot Gibson movies, he'll find himself out on the street with a story to tell and all the rivers of mass communication damned up.

The folksingers of today must face up to a great challenge in their music. Folk music is an idiom that deals with realities and not just realities of the past as some would assert. More than ever there is an urgent need for Americans to look deeply into themselves and their actions and musical poetry is perhaps the most effective mirror available.

I have run into some singers who say, "Sure, I agree with most topical songs, but they're just too strong to do in public. Besides, I don't want to label myself or alienate some of my audience into thinking I'm unpatriotic."

Yet this same person will get on the stage and dedicate a song to Woody Guthrie or Pete Seeger as if in tribute to an ideal they are afraid to reach for. Those who would compromise or avoid the truth inherent in folk music are misleading themselves and their audiences. In a world so full of lies and corruption, can we allow our own national music to go the way of Madison Avenue?

There are definite grounds for criticism of topical music, however. Much of the music has been too bitter and too negative for many audiences to appreciate, but lately there has been a strong improvement in both quantity and quality, and the commercial success of songs like "If I Had a Hammer" have made many of the profit seekers forget their prejudices.

One good song with a message can bring a point more deeply to more people than a thousand rallies. A case in point is Pete Seeger's classic "Where Have All the Flowers Gone" which brought a message of peace to millions, including many of the younger generation who do not consider themselves involved in politics.

Folk music often arises out of vital movements and struggles. When the union movement was a growing, stirring and honest force in America, it produced a wealth of material to add to the nation's musical heritage. Today, there regrettably seem to be only two causes that will arouse an appreciable amount of people from their apathetic acceptance of the world; the Negro struggle for civil rights and the peace movement. To hear a thousand people singing "We Shall Overcome" without the benefit of Hollywood's bouncing ball is to hear a power and beauty in music that has no limits in its effect.

It never ceases to amaze me how the American people allow the hit parade to hit them over the head with a parade of song after meaningless song about love. If the powers that be absolutely insist that love should control the market, at least they should be more realistic and give divorce songs an equal chance.

Topical music is often a method of keeping alive a name or event that is worth remembering. For example many people have been vividly reminded of the depression days through Woody Guthrie's dust bowl ballads. Sometimes the songs will differ in interpretation from the textbooks as with "Pretty Boy Floyd."

Every newspaper headline is a potential song, and it is the role of an effective songwriter to pick out the material that has the interest, significance and sometimes humor adaptable to music.

A good writer must be able to picture the structure of a song and as hundreds of minute ideas race through his head, he must reject the superfluous and trite phrases for the cogent powerful terms. Then after the first draft is completed, the writer must be his severest critic, constantly searching for a better way to express every line in his song.

I think there is a coming revolution (Pardon my French) in folk music as it becomes more and more popular in the U.S., and as the search for new songs becomes more intense. The news today is the natural resource that folk music must exploit in order to have the most vigorous folk process possible.

BIRTH OF A BROADSIDE

By Josh Dunson

Broadside's home is a small little room that's got chairs and a sofa with a tape recorder finishing off the bottom wall space. First people Sis Cunningham welcomed in after me was two-thirds of the New World Singers. Gil Turner took out his 12-stringer, borrowed a flat pick, Sis took out the mike for the tape recorder, and out came a talking blues Gil just wrote about the newspaper strike that had us all quietly laughing. We didn't want to laugh louder than quietly because that might get on the tape.

Before the song's over, in walks Bob Dylan and Suzy, who sometimes illustrate's Bob's songs. The last verse that Gil was singing had how he was going to see his friend, Bob Dylan, who is a walking newspaper and will give him the lowdown on what's happening in the world. Bob thought it was a great song just from hearing the last verse.

Then, Gil took out his 6-string Gibson, handed it over to Bob Dylan saying how Bob's new song "MASTERS OF WAR" was a powerful and a great one, one of the best Bob had ever written. I kept on thinking he had written a lot of good ones, some that had real lyric poetry like "Blowin' In The Wind" and "Hard Rain's Gonna Fall" (which makes you think right away of Lorca), and I waited for the images of rain, and thunder, and lightening to come out in great spectacles. But no, this time there was a different kind of poetry, one of great anger, accusation, just saying what the masters of war are, straight forward and without compromising one inch in its short sharp direct intensity. I got a hunch this is the most difficult Dylan song for others to sing right, 'cause it can so easily be over sung, made a melodrama. But when Bob sings it, it rings honest and true. I hope a record is made of Bob singing this song and that a lot of people will listen to the quiet voice that Bob sings this song in because there is a dignity in the words that comes from when they have been thought about for a long, long time.

And right after that, not waiting for a chance to get two breaths, Bob came along with "Playboys & Playgirls Ain't Gonna Run My World," a group song that like Pete Seeger said later in the evening "is going to be sung by a million people in the next year." Its tune catches whole crowds easy, and the words come right along from the feeling, Hell man, I was born here and I live here, but I'm not goin' to let rats knock things down where I was born, where I live.

In the meantime, Phil Ochs, his sidekick, and the third third of the New World Singers, Happy Traum, came in. Boy, this room was so jammed packed with people that there was real foot and banjo and guitar shifting necessary to get Phil Ochs close enough to the mike to record his three new songs. Phil Ochs. What a guy! Quiet, soft spoken, but there with his guitar he spun some of the most real verses that's goin' to be written about the death of N.Y. Youth Board worker Louis C. Marsh and the miners striking in Hazard, Kentucky. There was an immediateness about those two songs Phil did. I got a strong feeling that his song on Hazard is going to be remembered past this strike, and be resung in many strikes to come.

Phil's last song, a fine one of hope with a great group chorus had the last half of it heard by Pete Seeger who later that night was going to sing at the Hazard strikers rally at Community Church. After hearing the tape of the songs, Pete sang through a number of new songs sent to him recently.

We were all out of breath without breathing hard, that feeling you get when a lot of good things happen all at once. Pete expressed it, leaning back in his chair, saying slowly in dreamy tones: "You know, in the past five months I haven't heard as many good songs and as much good music as I heard here tonight."

That's what makes Broadside, all that good singing and all that good writing, plus a lot of hard work, labor pains. In the sheets of paper there are many miles and many glances of anger, and even more the strong hope that these songs just won't stay on the mimeograph pages, but will live and be sung.

THE CASE OF PETER SEEGER

For some years now Peter Seeger has been in the forefront of those laboring to keep alive the true tradition of American song, the song of our Revolutionary heroes, the Hutchinsons, the Almanacs, Huddie Ledbetter, Woody Guthrie, and many more.

The standard he has followed in selecting a song to sing is a simple one: does it express something genuine about humanity. This standard has also guided him in writing his own songs, which have made American music less of a dismal swamp in these times.

His "If I Had A Hammer" (written with Lee Hays) has been truly meaningful not only to adults but in its latest rendition to rock 'n rollers. And it has been chosen by the Negro people in the South as one of their freedom songs, expressing their own aspirations for equality and justice.

Pete's earlier song, "Where Have All The Flowers Gone", is loved not only by millions of Americans but the recording of it sung by Marlene Dietrich was recently selected as the record of the year in Western Europe.

He has brought honor to his own country, but it has not been easy. Often he has had to sing his concerts with lunatic Birchers howling outside the hall. It will be to the everlasting shame of the United States of America that he was blacklisted from network television during his greatest years.

A generation of Americans yet unborn will judge with anger and contempt the puny minds who refused to leave them their rightful heritage of Peter Seeger on film -- just as young Americans are today demanding to know why America, with all its vaunted resources of money, technicians and equipment could not have left them at least 30 minutes on film of the nation's folksong giants Leadbelly and Woody Guthrie.

But the case of Pete Seeger only points up the fact that the true tradition of American song in general has had very hard sledding these past 15 or 20 years. There was a quite long period of time when Americans made up and sang songs that were about really significant things in their lives, songs about matters that stirred deep human emotion. Range was unlimited and content uninhibited. Out of this background came such masterpieces of passionate statement as "John Brown's Body":

He captured Harper's Ferry with his 19 men so true
He frightened Old Virginia till she trembled thru and thru
They hung him for a traitor, they themselves the traitor crew
His soul goes marching on.

The betrayal of American song (and not only song by any means) can be traced directly to the development of our modern mass media on a nationwide scale under the control of the pursuers of the "fast buck"; these worshippers of the "profit motive" tend always to throw out the window all standards that interfere with making another dollar.

In their hands, T-V blindly stumbles deeper into the notorious wasteland with each new season; songs on radio have deteriorated to where 98% of them seem to be about various stages of the human animal in heat (this applies to the "sophisticated", "polished" productions as well as the grunts and gibberish poured out wholesale onto our already troubled teenagers); Broadway musicals have sunk into a sad sterility which only deepens with each application of another million dollars.

How did we fall into this cultural morass? One basic answer lies in the well-known fact that an extremely potent force guiding those who control our T-V, radio, movies, big record companies, etc., is the Southern racist white "market". Each potential production is carefully weighed for any material which might possibly lose the company money by offending some prospective customer in the South.

Take, for example, the recording industry. A singer may have recorded 99 songs containing no "offensive" material. He may then want to record a 100th song which includes some element of human decency and human dignity. His agent and the record company will not permit him to do so in fear that this one song may start a boycott of all his records in the South, and even extend to other recordings made by the same firm.

It is much the same with T-V, radio, and the movies. The end result is that for all these years now the entire rest of the nation has been fed material strictly censored and shaped by the dictates of the most sub-human elements of the country. No wonder that our national culture has rotted before our eyes.

The march of our Negro people toward freedom is shaking many foundations, and all kinds of walls are beginning to crumble. As the cracks widen more and more hidden evil comes into view.

The white Southern racist, made the arbiter of our national culture by Northern T-V, radio and movie executives, is exposed for what he has always been -- "a criminal, a crook, a murderer."

Our studios still crawl with loathesome blacklists and loyalty oathers. They might try taking the elevator upstairs to the executive offices; in those plush surroundings they might well find the real subversives of America, the real "traitor crew" -- sapping and undermining the strength of their country by selling it out to those whose hands are now revealed dipping with the blood of innocent children.

The winds of Freedom unleashed by the march of the American Negro people will bring many benefits to the nation as a whole, perhaps even in the field of song. The Negro Freedom movement is one of the great "singing" movements of all times. It may be more than a co-incidence that the emergence of many powerful songs from the Negro struggle has been accompanied by a virtual explosion of topical songwriting all over the country.

A whole new school of talented young singer-songwriters has appeared in America this past year or so, and much of this L-P represents their work. This school includes many other writer-performers, like Len Chandler, Mark Spoelstra, Debby Lewis, Kenneth Harrison, Dayle Stanley, Will McClean, Farness Hall, Nancy Schimmel, and a lot more.

All the songs on this L-P have appeared in BROADSIDE magazine, Box 193, Cathedral Station, New York, N.Y., 10025. BROADSIDE comes out about twice a month with 6 or 7 new songs plus articles about the topical song revival and the songwriters taking part in it. The editor is Sis Cunningham, rates are \$5 a year, \$1.50 for a 5-issue trial subs., .35¢ for a single copy.

The notes in this brochure were written by Gordon Friesen.

"They tell me the answer's blowin in the wind,
But I believe the answer's in the minds of men."
From a new song by Len Chandler

(Words & Music by Malvina Reynolds)

LITTLE BOXES

Words & Music by
Malvina Reynolds
© 1962 by author

LITTLE BOXES has proved the most popular -- judged by requests for copies -- of any of the over 200 topical songs already printed in BROADSIDE magazine. It is a healthy example of how a song can still go all over the United States without benefit of payola grabbers, blacklists, little sandhole reviews, gangster-owned jukeboxes, loyalty oaths, T-V wastelanders, et cetera.

BROADSIDE printed it in February, 1963, and BROADSIDE'S editor, Sis Cunningham, brought it to Pete Seeger's attention. Pete Seeger started singing it at his concerts. Author Malvina Reynolds submitted it without success to several of the country's top professional folksinging groups. Lou Gottlieb of the LIMELIGHTERS rejected it saying "Malvina, why do you write such sad songs?"

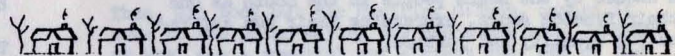
Meanwhile, requests for copies began pouring in by the hundreds to BROADSIDE, and to Malvina and Pete, from people who had heard Pete sing it or had met an enthused somebody who had heard Pete sing it. Many who couldn't remember the exact title wrote "you know the song I mean, the one all about 'ticky, tacky'". A Boston city-planner, fuming for years over today's multiplying boxlike housing developments, ordered his daughter to get the song and learn to sing it. Young performers in various parts of the country added it to their repertoires. A Philadelphia radio m.c. called it "the song of the Century."

LITTLE BOXES is, of course, a happy song in that it rejects the saddening conformity which is stultifying our country. Its charm seems to lie in its outward simplicity, even naivete, in the music as well as in the words.

Malvina Reynolds is a Californian in her middle fifties and has written countless topical songs over the years ("She writes one every morning before breakfast," according to Pete Seeger). "But," she says, "this is the first time anything like this has ever happened to a song of mine."

Little boxes on the hillside, Little boxes made ticky tacky
green one & a pink one & a blue one & a yellow one, And they're
all made out of ticky tacky, and they all look just the same. And the
boys go in-to business and they marry and raise a fam-i-ly in
boxes made of ticky tacky and they all look just the same.

2. And the people in the houses all went to the University
Where they were put in boxes and they came out all the same
And there's doctors, and there's lawyers and there's business
executives
And they're all made out of ticky tacky and they all look just
the same.
 3. And they all play on the golf course and drink their martini dry
And they all have pretty children and the children go to school
And the children go to summer camp and then to the university
Where they all are put in boxes and they come out all the same.
- CODA: And the boys go into business
(Ritard like a And they marry and raise a family
music box In boxes made of ticky tacky
running down) And they all look just the same.

FARE-THEE-WELL
(My Own True Love)By Bob Dylan
© 1963 by author

Oh it's fare-thee-well, my darlin' true, I'm a-leavin' in the
first hour of the morn. I'm bound off for the Bay of Mexico, Or
maybe the coast of Cal-i-forn. So it's fare-thee-well, my
own true love, We'll meet an-other day, an-other time; It's not the
leavin' that's a-grievin' me, But my darlin' who's bound to stay be-
hind.

Though the weather is against me and the wind
blows hard
And the rain, she's turnin' into hail
I still might strike it lucky on a highway
goin' west
Though I'm travelin' on a path-beaten trail.

CHORUS

I will write you a letter from time to time
As I'm ramblin' you can travel with me too
With my head, my heart and my hands, my love
I will send what I know back home to you.

CHORUS

I will tell you of troubles and of laughter
Be it somebody else's or my own
With my hands in my pockets and my coat collar high
I will travel un-noticed and unknown.

CHORUS

SIDE I, Band 2: FARE THE WELL

(Words & Music by Bob Dylan)

Bob Dylan first ran away from home when he was ten years old, taking along his harmonica and guitar. Like in the song, he became stranded 900 miles from home. He heard that lonesome whistle blow when the cops picked him up and shipped him back by train.

"I got walloped, but not hard enough to make me stay," Bob says. "I took off again at 12, and five times after that, getting caught and walloped each time. But when I was 18 I finally made it." That was three years ago.

"Home" is Hibbing, Minnesota (his parents and a younger brother still live there). Hibbing is northwest of Duluth and was founded in 1893 for the miners digging ore on the fabulous Mesabi iron range. When the deeper ore played out the town was moved over bodily to make way for the world's largest open-pit mine. That was in 1917.

When he talks about Hibbing today, Bob remembers mainly the misery brought to his town by the Eastern mining interests through their ruthless exploitation of workers and ore. Referring to the exploiters as "he", Dylan says,

"You shoulda seen what he did to the town I was raised in -- seen how he left it. He sucked up my town. It's too late now for the people -- they're lost. When will it be too late for him?"

FARE THE WELL is a song not only about Bob Dylan and Hibbing, Minnesota, but about all Americans, East and West, North and South, who are having to leave their distressed hometowns because "he" has sucked them dry.

(Words & Music by Bertha Gober)

This is one of the many songs that have come directly from the Civil Rights battleground in the South. It ranks with such songs of the Freedom Fight as "This Little Light of Mine", "Ain't Gonna Let Segregation Turn Me Around", "Keep Your Eyes on the Prize -- Hold On", and even with the over-all theme song of the whole integration struggle -- "We Shall Overcome".

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"NEVER TURN BACK is a slow and deeply moving song that was sung by thousands at the funeral of Medgar Evers... It has a soft persistence which is characteristic of this whole freedom movement." -- Pete Seeger.

Bertha Gober is an Albany, Georgia, teenager who was arrested there a number of times after she was expelled from Albany State College because of her freedom activities. While in jail following her second arrest on Dec. 10th of 1961, she wrote her first song, "Oh, Pritchett, Oh, Kelly" (Pritchett is the Albany police chief, Kelly the mayor).

Her second song also had a jailhouse premiere. Here is how Cordell Reagan of the FREEDOM SINGERS tells it.

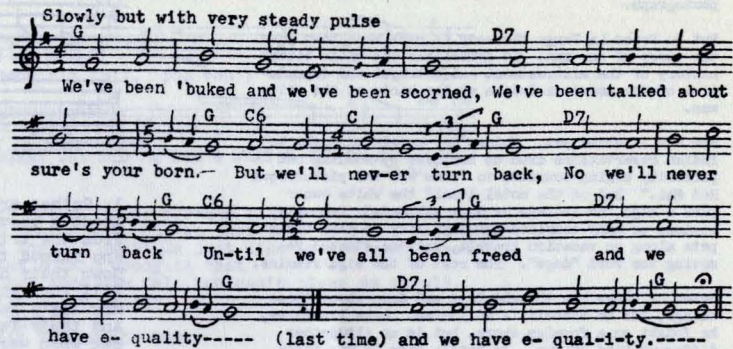
"One night while we were in jail, we heard little Bertha Gober of Atlanta crying with frustration. But next morning she showed up with a new song, called WE'LL NEVER TURN BACK. And that song decided me to help organize the FREEDOM SINGERS."

The full impact of this song comes when one starts thinking of the things the American Negro people have determined they will never turn back from -- dynamiters of Sunday School children; police; police dogs and police horses; governors; slaving white hoodlums; state troopers; sniper-killers in the night; senators; fire-hoses and teargas bombs; shotguns and stinking jails; murderers; congressmen; electricity-charged cattle prods in the South and "long-tongued liars" in the North; blood-stained saps in the hands of sadistic prison guards; not to mention hesitating Kennedy's and blind f-b-eyes.

NEVER TURN BACK

By Bertha Gober
(c) by author, 1963

(Bertha Gober is the Albany, Georgia, teen-ager who wrote "Oh, Pritchett, Oh, Kelly" (see Broadside #17) in jail in December of '61.) -- "This song 'Never Turn Back' is a very slow thing. Has a soft persistence which is one of the most wonderful things about this whole freedom movement." -- Pete Seeger



We have walked through the shadows of death
We've had to walk all by ourself
But we'll never turn back
No, we'll never turn back
Until we've all been freed
And we have equality.

We have served our time in jail
With no money for to go our bail
But we'll never turn back
No, we'll never turn back
Until we've all been freed
And we have equality.

We have hung our heads and cried
Cried for those like Lee who died
Died for you and died for me (Same tune as 1st two lines)
Died for the cause of equality
No, we'll never turn back
No, we'll never turn back
Until we've all been freed
And we have equality
And we have equality

BROADSIDE #30

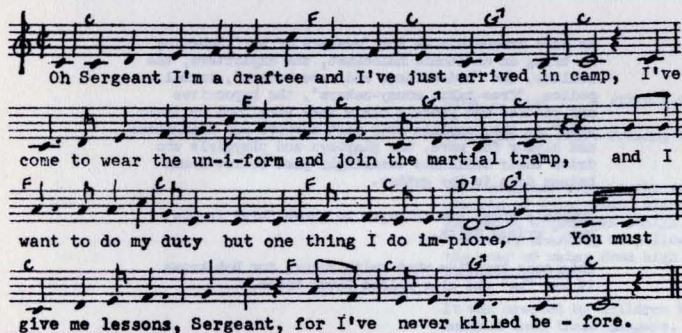
The bomb exploded at 10:22 A.M. The pastor was hurled from his pulpit by the force of the blast. A yawning hole opened in the wall of the church. Splintered timber, chunks of plaster and fragments of stained glass windows showered down upon the worshippers who were scattered about the floor amidst upturned pews in eerie disarray.

In the basement, the horribly mangled bodies of the four little girls lay buried under the rubble. The head of little Denise McNair, who had taken the full blast of the explosive, was severed from her body, the rest of her was cut up in little pieces in the shambles of rubble that once was a Sunday School class.

THE WILLING CONSCRIPT

by TOM PAXTON

© 1963 Cherry Lane



To do my job obediently is my only desire
To learn my weapon thoroughly and how to aim and fire
To learn to kill the enemy and then to slaughter more
I'll need instructions, sergeant
For I've never killed before.

Now there are rumors in the camp about our enemy
They say that when you see him he looks just
like you and me
But you deny it, sergeant, and you are a man of war
So you must give me lessons
For I've never killed before.

Now there are several lessons that I haven't
mastered yet
I haven't got the hang of how to use the bayonet
If he doesn't die at once am I to stick him with it more?
Oh I hope you will be patient
For I've never killed before.

And the hand grenade is something that I just don't understand,
You've got to throw it quickly or you're apt to lose your hand,
Does it blow a man to pieces with it's wicked, muffled roar?
Oh, I've got so much to learn, because I've never killed before.

Well, I want to thank you, sergeant, for the help you've been to me,
You've taught me how to kill, and how to hate the enemy,
And I know that I'll be ready when they march me off to war.
And I know that it won't matter that I've never killed before,
I know that it won't matter that I've never killed before.



SIDE I, Band 4: THE WILLING CONSCRIPT

(Words & Music by Tom Paxton)

Tom Paxton wrote his first song three years ago at the age of 22 while sitting in a typing class at Fort Dix. He already knew how to type, having had classes in the subject in high school and university back in Oklahoma. But the all-knowing United States Army insisted he take the course anyway, and who was a draftee to go arguing with the wise heads running the Pentagon.

Tom's mentor and fellow Oklahoman, Woody Guthrie, once summed up his own career with the new famous remarks "Let me be remembered as the man who told you something you already knew." But the typing teacher at Fort Dix had never heard of Guthrie; all the draftees who could do 80 words a minute were left on their own. Tom, being one of these, utilized the time to write a song.

It was the first of some 130 or so he has written. They range into every field -- children's songs like "Going To The Zoo", Guthrie-type ballads like "Train To Auschwitz", cowboy and rodeo songs, ballads of the old school that could easily fit into Professor Child's collection.

It would be a fitting climax if one could say that the song Tom wrote that afternoon in typing class at Fort Dix was "The Willing Conscript." But it wasn't. That was a song for children, all about a marvellous toy with big buttons and blinking lights that chugged up on you from behind, going "bop" and "zip" and "wh-r-r-r".

I never knew just what it was
And I guess I never will.

SIDE I, Band 5: IRA HAYES

(Words & Music by Peter La Farge)

Ira Hayes is a true story. Ira was one of the U.S. Marines shown raising the Stars & Stripes on Iwo Jima's Mt. Suribachi in the famous World War II photograph.

But to Peter La Farge the song is much more than just the story of one man. It symbolizes the whole bitter history of the mistreatment and betrayal and degradation of the American Indian at the hands of the white man.

Nor has it ended yet. Modern day motels adjacent to Indian reservations drum up business by sending out publicity urging tourists to "come see the picturesque Red Man." But on the motel itself the white owner puts a sign "no Indians or dogs allowed." Recently, because so many tourists nowadays like to take their pets along on vacation travels, they've started removing the word "dogs". The rest of the sign remains.

Peter La Farge has thought long and deep about these things, for he himself is an Indian. Like Ira Hayes, he fought on a foreign shore, but in an altogether different kind of war. In Pete's case it was Korea, where at 19 he had 90 men under him, won five battles stars, was wounded, was shipped home to have a woman on a San Francisco trolley screw up her face in disgust at the sight of his uniform and say,

"Is that stupid thing still going on."

"Skipped years -- wasted years. We were fighting a war we shouldn't have been fighting in the first place. There were no heroes in Korea."

How could there be heroes when the whole "thing" was a case of American boys being sacrificed wholesale to save the skin of one of the most despicable characters in modern history, Syngman Rhee, ruthless butcher of school children (apparently we didn't learn nothing, for we went right ahead and got messed up with more of the same -- only this time an entire cockroachnestful of them -- the Diem-Nhuts).

Since Korea, Pete has been a rodeo rider, actor, organizer, guitar player, singer, songwriter.

The late Cisco Houston was Pete's teacher. "He spent endless hours with me, going over 'Ira Hayes' word by word, line by line, verse by verse." Pete still considers it his best song, although he has written many others; he has recorded three Folkways L-P's, notably "As Long As The Grass Shall Grow", songs about his own Indian people.

BALLAD OF IRA HAYES

words and music
by Peter La Farge

RECITATION

1. Gather around me people, and a story I will tell
About a brave young Indian -- you should remember well,
From the tribe of Pima Indians, a proud and peaceful band,
Who farmed the Phoenix valley in Arizona land --
Down their ditches for a thousand years the sparkling water rushed,
Till the white man stole their water rights and the running water
Now Ira's folks were hungry
And their farm grew crops of weeds,
But when war came, he volunteered and forgot the white man's greed.
(S.D.S.)
2. They started up Iwo Jima hill, two hundred & fifty men,
But only twenty seven lived to walk back down again;
And when the fight was over and Old Glory raised,
Among the men who held it high was the Indian Ira Hayes. (S.D.S.)
3. Ira Hayes returned a hero, celebrated through the land,
He was wine and speeched and honored, everybody shook his hand.
But he was just a Pima Indian -- no money, no crops, no chance;
At home nobody cared what Ira'd done, and when do the Indians dance?
(S.D.S.)
4. Then Ira started drinking hard, jail often was his home,
They let him raise the flag there and lower it as you'd throw a dog
He died drunk early one morning
Alone in the land he'd fought to save,
Two inches of water in a lonely ditch was the grave for Ira Hayes.
(S.D.S.)
Yes, call him drunken Ira Hayes,
But his land is still as dry
And his ghost is lying thirsty in the ditch where Ira died.

BROADSIDE 11-12

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SIDE I, Band 6: WHO KILLED DAVEY MOORE?

(Words & Music by Bob Dylan)

"The same guy who sucked up my town wants to bomb Cuba, but he doesn't want to do it himself -- send the kids. He made all this money, but what does he do to earn it? Take away his money and he'd die. Punch him in the gut enough times and he'd die.

"He's a criminal, a crook, a murderer."

This is Bob Dylan talking to reporter Jack A. Smith in a recent interview for the National Guardian. The "he" Bob talks about represents the ugly forces

he sees around him -- the "masters of war" scheming to bring on an atomic holocaust, the exploiters, the wealthy, the "red-baiters and race haters", brutal police, "free-takin money-makers", the hypocrites and phonies who piously claim they have "God on their side" as they explain away past horrors and slaughters and clamor for more, the playboys and playgirls who drive their Cadillacs uncaringly past fellow human beings down in the gutter.

"Dylan's songs are attempts to punch 'him' in the gut," writes Smith.

This song typifies what Smith means, for Bob knows it was "he" who also killed Davey Moore.

WHO KILLED DAVEY MOORE?

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(c) 1963, Bob Dylan

Tune slightly screwed up by Pete Seeger

("I think this is one of Bob's best songs. He sings it in kind of a hoarse chant; hardly more than two notes of the scale, one high and one low, like in the first two lines. I found myself unable to do it this way, though, and had to weaken and use two more notes. I hope people will be able to hear him singing it on an LP soon. Meanwhile, though, it would be worthwhile trying to figure out a way to do it yourself. These notes give hardly more than a hint of what you might use for melody or chords." -- Pete Seeger)

But the crowd woulda booed I'm sure, At not ^{getting} their money's worth
Too bad that he had to go, but ^{there} was pressure on me too, you know
No, it wasn't me that made him fall, You can't blame me at all
WHO KILLED DAVEY MOORE? WHY DID HE DIE & WHAT'S THE REASON FOR?
(a.v.s.)

2. Not I, says the angry crowd, Whose screams filled the arena loud
Too bad that he died that night, But we just like to see a good fight
You can't blame us for his death, We just like to see some sweat
There aint nothin wrong in that
No, it wasn't us that made him fall, You can't blame us at all.
WHO KILLED DAVEY MOORE?
WHY DID HE DIE
AND WHAT'S THE REASON FOR?
3. Not I, says his manager, Puffing on a big cigar
It's hard to say, it's hard to tell, I always thought that he was well
Too bad for his wife & kids he's dead
But if he was sick he shoulda said
No, you can't blame me at all, It wasn't me that made him fall.
WHO KILLED DAVEY MOORE?
WHY DID HE DIE
AND WHAT'S THE REASON FOR?
4. Not I, says the boxing writer, pounding the print on his old typewriter
Who says boxing aint too blame, There's just as much danger in a
Boxing is here to stay / football game
It's just the old American way
No, you can't blame me at all, It wasn't me that made him fall.
WHO KILLED DAVEY MOORE?
WHY DID HE DIE
AND WHAT'S THE REASON FOR?
5. Not I, said the man whose fists, Laid him low in a cloud of mist
Who came here from Cuba's door, Where boxing aint allowed no more
I hit him, yes, it's true
But that's what I was paid to do,
Don't say murder, don't say kill,
It was Destiny, It was God's will.
WHO KILLED DAVEY MOORE?
WHY DID HE DIE
AND WHAT'S THE REASON FOR?

SIDE I, Band 7: I AIN'T A-SCARED OF YOUR JAIL
(Born in the Negro Freedom Struggle)

This song was born in the spring of 1963 in the streets of Birmingham, Alabama, U.S.A., amid the explosion of teargas shells, howling of white hoodlums, snarling of police and police dogs, and the roar of water from high pressure firehoses aimed at human bodies.

It was created by children to sustain them as they marched into these dangers. They found that the tune of "The Old Grey Mare" fitted the rhythm of a new dance step popular that spring among American teenagers, a kind of hesitation step, starting with a twist, then a step back and a step forward. So they sang and danced into the arms of the police, who hauled them away by the hundreds to overcrowded prisons and finally open-air stockades.

The tune is quite an old one; new words were also written to it in a previous civil war; then the new song was called "Old Abe Lincoln Came Out of the Wilderness".

From Birmingham the song has spread to wherever the Freedom Fight is being waged, with new words and local names inserted to fit the situation.

(Words & Music by Tom Paxton)

There must be something in the drinking water on the old Creek Indian stomping grounds in east central Oklahoma. From virtually the same patch of blackjack and dogwood in that area some 50 miles southwest of Tulsa have come, successively, Woody Guthrie, Ernie Marrs, and now Tom Paxton.

Tom played guard on the highschool football team at Bristow in Creek county and one of the worst beatings they ever took was at the hands of Okemah, Woody's old home town in adjoining Okfuskee county.

Word that Woody was making his way to glory east in New York City apparently never did get back to the homefolks. Tom didn't hear of Woody until 1957 when a fellow student at the University of Oklahoma in Norman happened to play a Guthrie record for him.

"Woody has been a constant source of inspiration ever since I started writing and singing songs," says Tom now. "Not only to me, but to a whole lot of others."

"In fact, no living writer of these kind of songs can claim he is not influenced by Woody Guthrie -- except those grinding out folkum.

"Woody, above all, gave us courage. He taught us that we can't run far enough or fast enough if we're going to be honest in our writing. He taught us there comes a time when we've got to stop and say, 'Whoa, I've run far enough.'"

The Guthrie influence shows strong in Tom's words and music and style of guitar playing. But it is much more than imitation; Tom has an ever-present individuality all his own. Like Woody's, his output is varied, and like Woody, he has written a lot of songs for children.

He describes "What Did you Learn in School Today?" as a children's song -- for adults.

Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall

Reprinted from SING OUT!

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
© 1962 Witmark Music Inc.

Where have you been my
blue-eyed son? Where have you
been my darlin' young one? I've
stumbled on the side of twelve mis-ty moun-tains
walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways
stepped in the middle of seven sad forests
been out in front of a dozen dead oceans
been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard
And it's a hard, hard, hard,
hard, hard, hard, It's a hard rain's a-
gon-na fall.

What have you seen my blue eyed
son?
What have you seen my darlin'
young one?
I saw a new born babe with wild wolves
all around it;
I saw a highway of golden with nobody
on it;
I saw a black branch with blood that
kept drip-ping;

What did you hear my blue eyed
son?
What did you hear my darlin'
young one?
I heard the sound of a thunder that
roared out a warning;
I heard the roar of a wave that could
drown the whole world;
I heard one hundred drummers whose
hands were a blazing;
I heard ten thousand whippers and
cobsides listening;
I heard one person starve, I heard
many persons laughing;
I heard the song of a poet who died in
the gutter;
I heard the sounds of a clown who cried
in the alley;
I heard the sound of one person who
cried he was human.
And it's a hard, hard, hard,
And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall.

Who did you meet my blue eyed
son?
Who did you meet my darlin'
young one?
I met a young child beside a dead pony;
I met a white man who walked a black
dog;
I met a young woman whose body was
burning;
I met a young girl, she gave me a
rainbow;
I met one man who was wounded in love;
I met another man who was wounded in
hatred.
And it's a hard, hard, hard,
And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall.

I saw a room full of men with their
hammers a-bleeding;
I saw a white ladder all covered with
water;
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues
were all broken;
I saw guns and sharp swords in the
hands of young children.
And it's a hard, hard, hard,
And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall.

By Tom Paxton
(c) 1963 by author

1. What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine?
What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine? I
learned that Washington never told a lie; I learned that sol-diers
seldom die; I learned that every-body's free, & that's what the teacher
said to me, and that's what I learned in school to-day,
That's what I learned in school.

BROADSIDE #27

2. What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine? (twice)
I learned that policemen are my friends,
I learned that justice never ends,
I learned that murderers die for their crimes
Even if we make a mistake some times,
And that's what I learned in school today
That's what I learned in school.
3. What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine? (twice)
I learned our government must be strong,
It's always right and never wrong,
Our leaders are the finest men
And we elect 'em again and again,
And that's what I learned in school today
That's what I learned in school.
4. What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine? (twice)
I learned that war is not so bad,
I learned about the great ones we have had,
We fought in Germany and in France,
And some day I might get my chance,
And that's what I learned in school today
That's what I learned in school.

SIDE II, Band 2: A HARD RAIN'S A-GONNA FALL

(Words & Music by Bob Dylan)

This song, which is really a long poem set to music, is considered by many to be Bob Dylan's masterpiece -- so far. There undoubtedly will be other Dylan works to challenge it, since he is only 22.

"Hard Rain" means different things to different people. Some see it merely as a protest against atomic fallout; to others it carries a much deeper meaning -- they see the "hard rain" as the burning hell the American people will have to pass through in order to correct the many things wrong with our society (a foretaste of which the Negro people are encountering as they struggle for democratic rights guaranteed them a hundred years ago).

The lyrics reveal Bob Dylan as a true poet. It is on the basis of "Hard Rain" that some critics have compared Dylan to Lorca, the Spanish poet murdered by the Franco Fascists a half dozen years before Bob was born. Others note a strong influence of the American Beats. Still others compare it to the work of Bertolt Brecht, Bob's favorite poet.

Woody Guthrie, of course, is Bob's greatest teacher, as he himself has said many times. Almost a forerunner of "Hard Rain" is the long, recently-discovered Whitmanesque poem by Woody, "My Freedom Fire", printed in the August issue of the magazine MAINSTREAM.

But it is safe to say that no Guthrie character could wander as far as Dylan's "blue-eyed son" without running across the union activity.

"I saw a young man walking that picket line,
I saw a young woman carrying a union sign."



(Words & Music by Gene Kadish)

Except that Pete Seeger didn't become his greatest influence until recent years, Gene Kadish would make a good candidate for the "Seeger Congress" our country may happily enjoy one of these years. Pete has always said that he owes whatever success he has had to the kids to whom he sang in summer camps when he launched out as a soloist. Many of these youngsters became students at colleges and universities, where they saw to it that Pete was booked in for the concerts which are the foundation of his career. Now they are being graduated and Pete expects a goodly number of them to win seats in the U.S. Congress; even conceivably win a majority, in which cases he anticipates being invited to sing and play his banjo from the Speaker's rostrum.

(And what will the Blacklisters do then, poor things).

Though only 22, Gene Kadish has already had his baptism of fire under the political guns. He was president last year at the University of Chicago of the fighting liberal campus political party, POLIT. He also served on the Student Government and was one of 12 members of that body "recalled" for having sent a telegram to President Kennedy criticizing his actions at the time of the Cuban crisis. To bolster this kind of background he attended the University of Chicago Law School before getting his degree from U.C. this spring.

Somehow he found time while on the campus to edit the university yearbook and to take part in dramatics and musical comedy revues. And this past summer he and two others, Cindy Whitsell and Dave Steinberg, have been performing a club act in Chicago. They all play instruments and some of them sing, but basically they're actors and topical improvisation is their forte.

"I must admit," says Gene, "that my greatest influence in recent years has been Pete Seeger. However he (at least by himself) was not a major part of my first introductions to folk music. For years I listened to the 78's my parents have of Robeson, the Almanac Singers, Josh White, R. Dyer-Bennet, etc. etc. But I wrote 'The Submarine Called Thresher' actually with Pete Seeger in mind, hoping he would sing it."

WILLIAM MOORE THE MAILMAN

(Words by Seymour Farber. Music, Peter Seeger)

Two kinds of songs are rising in great numbers out of the heroic struggle of America's twenty million Negro citizens for their long-denied civil rights.

First, the songs being created by the Negro people themselves in the heat of the seemingly endless battle.

Secondly, the songs being written by sympathizers outside of the South. 'FREEDOM SONGS' SWEEP NORTH said a recent headline in the New York Times over a story by Robert Shelton telling of the mushrooming popularity of songs about the integration struggle written by Northerners. And said Time in a follow-up article:

"All over the U.S. folksingers are doing what folksingers are classically supposed to do -- singing about current crisis. Not since the Civil War era have they done so in such numbers and with such intensity..."

Already there exists a large body of this second category of integration songs, and new ones are being added almost daily by such singer-songwriters as Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Len Chandler, Bill Faier, Peter La Farge, Tom Paxton, etc. But these kind of songs are being written not only by folksingers, but by people in all walks of life -- high school and college students, poets, workers, housewives, professors, lawyers.

WILLIAM MOORE is representative of this second group of songs. The author of the lyrics, Seymour Farber, is an attorney. He was born in New York City in 1930, was educated in the New York City public schools, New York University (B.A. 1951), and Harvard Law School (LL.B. 1954). He is now engaged in the general practice of law in San Francisco.

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BROADSIDE #25

LATE
APRIL
1963
PRICE
35¢

Thought for Now

Submarine T is built to withstand sea pressures up to X feet. It undergoes major structural repairs and replacements. It is necessary to test it to see if it will function properly. The tests include a dive to a depth of X feet. Would anyone with

THE SUBMARINE CALLED

THRESHER

By Gene Kadish © 1963

Briskly

1. 'Twas on a bright & sun-ny day not too long a-go The
2. The fastest deepest submarine was caught beneath the brine And

wind blew strong the sea broke white but all was still be-low; The
caught were all her sailors a hundred twenty-nine; A-

sub-mar- ine called Thresher was on a deep sea dive, She
mong them were two brothers and Shaffer was their name, Their

dove be- low her safe-ty range and crushed her crew a-live. The
mother kept a midnight watch but still they died in fame.

Thresher was a nu-cle-ar sub with mo-dern guns and gear, But

none of her de-signers— could make her re-appear.

NEW YORK POST

Cold-War Toll

One hundred twenty-nine lives sacrificed on the altar to the god of war. That should have been the headline to a tragic story. Forty five million dollars criminally wasted—with money so desperately needed for domestic purposes. How long is the immoral wasting of this country's wealth and lives of men to go on?

SAUL GOODMAN.

3. Well if it's best & biggest too
And if it's made for war
Just like the ship called
Thresher
We'll make a million more
But hope this loss will bring
to pass
A day we'll live to see
When ships are all designed
to sail
Together peacefully. (Refrain)

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1963.

Alabama Jury Refuses to Indict
In Murder of Hiking PostmanGadsden Grocer Is Freed in
Slaying of Freedom Walker
on Way to Jackson, Miss.

GADSDEN, Ala., Sept. 13 (UPI) — The Etowah County grand jury refused today to indict Floyd L. Simpson for the murder of William L. Moore, who was shot from ambush while attempting a freedom walk through the South.

The slaying of the Baltimore postman became a cause celebre among integrationists, and others took up the walk he left unfinished.

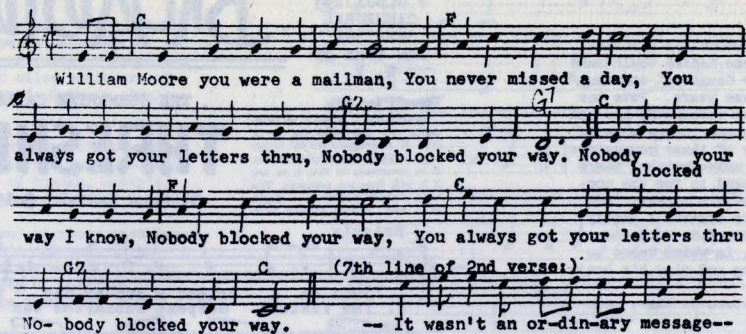
Mr. Simpson, a 40-year-old grocer, was arrested in connection with the crime two days after Mr. Moore's body was found near a lonely roadside park about 13 miles from here last April 23. The arrest followed a ballistics test by the Federal Bureau of Investigation on bullets found in Mr. Moore's body and a gun belonging to

Mr. Simpson. The results of the test were never made public. Mr. Moore's body was found tangled in a sandwich-board sign he carried protesting segregation. A diary found nearby contained a notation saying that two men in the Gadsden area had stopped and questioned him about his religious and political beliefs. It said that one had predicted he would never reach his destination alive. The two men were never positively identified.

Mr. Moore, a white man, was on his way to Jackson, Miss., to deliver a letter he had written to Gov. Ross R. Barnett, urging moderation on the race

issue. His route took him past Mr. Simpson's grocery, and Mr. Simpson reportedly talked with him.

The grand jury that heard the case convened Monday. Mr. Simpson, the father of six children, had been free on \$5,000 bail.



2. One day you had a message
You felt you had to shout
It wasn't an ordinary message
Took you beyond your route.
Took you beyond your route,
I know
Took you beyond your route
It wasn't an ordinary message
Took you beyond your route.
3. The message dealt with brother-
hood
And love and friendship too
It wasn't a regular message
So they wouldn't let you thru.
They wouldn't let you thru,
I know
They wouldn't let you thru
It wasn't a regular message
So they wouldn't let you thru.

4. They stopped you, William Moore
I know
But your message did get thru
For they can kill a man for sure
But not his message too.
But not his message too,
I know
But not his message too
For they can kill a man for sure
But not his message too.

(v. 5, last half of tune only.
Suggest playing first half as
interlude.)

5. Your message did get thru,
I know
Your message did get thru
For they can kill a man for sure
But your message did get thru.

/BROADSIDE #28/



SIDE II, Band 5: BUSINESS

(Words: translated by Walter Lowenfels from the
French of Guillevic.
Music: Peter Seeger)

From time to time someone protests that topical songs
always seem to be about workers, minorities, the
oppressed, the underdog -- okay, here is a song that
takes care of that. Messrs. Guillevic, Lowenfels
and Seeger have combined to produce what truly stands
as a singing love sonnet to Big Business, the Fat
Cats. BUSINESS has proved popular not only with folk-
singers but also with jazz performers. Even the
"thrushes" in the night clubs are learning to their
surprise that the Wall Street and Madison Avenue men
they have been trying to beguile all these years with
throaty titillating sexy stuff have a love superior
to that of their love for sex -- namely, for PROFITS.

It is a commentary on something or other that this
loving paean to big business should come largely
from the labor of Pete Seeger and Walt Lowenfels;
both had to work under the handicap of distractions
caused by nervous Huacs and F-B-Eyes. A West Coast
editor recently described Walt as the "dean of the
dispossessed."

Walt says about himself:

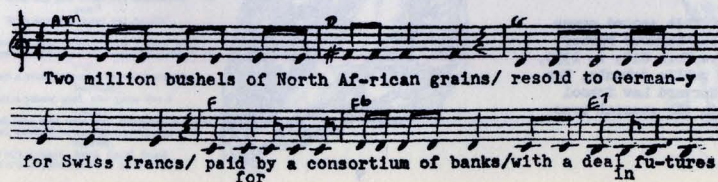
"My last book, WALT WHITMAN'S CIVIL WAR (Knopf, 1960),
was a Book-Of-The-Month Dividend Selection. My se-
lected poems will be out soon, and were recorded re-
cently by the LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. Other forthcoming
books: (1), THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL, conversations
with East Germans (a chapter from it, Eisler on
Schoenberg, was in a recent SATURDAY REVIEW); (2),
TWENTIETH CENTURY MODERNS: An Anthology of U.S. Avant
Garde Poets.

"About BUSINESS: Guillevic, a French poet who usual-
ly writes in a very advanced style, came out in 1954
with a book of 31 sonnets. This was about the same
time that I went through a neo-classic period and
wrote a book called SONNETS OF LOVE & LIBERTY. "Busi-
ness" is translated in strict sonnet form from
Guillevic's original. Pete's success in using the
strict and classical sonnet form as a song form in-
spired the development of a song cycle of six sonnets,
entitled LOVE SONG OF THE RESISTANCE, of which "Busi-
ness" is a part. Pete left on his extended world trip
before the music could be completed; perhaps another
composer can be found.

"Songs I have written with Lee Hays include "The Lone-
some Traveller", "Wasn't That A Time", "The Rankin
Tree", etc. I was one of the Paris Expatriates of the
20's and 30's and I guess I am known more as an avant
garde poet than a folk song lyricist." ... Walter
Lowenfels.

Business

Translated from the French of Guillevic by Walter Lowenfels
Music by Peter Seeger



that the Stock Exchange/ unloads for coffee, Brazilian up-lands/
destined for Paris. Before the whole deal sinks/ the checks written in in-
delible inks/ outrace Atlantic's winter hurricanes/ At last the
coffee arrives, al-so the wheat/ Needless to say the deal was a success/
can deny that all of us have gained?/ Our benefactors? Three
trusts. They compete/ for honor, glory, power-- and-- of course/
profits where all happiness is con- tained.

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BROADSIDE #28

SIDE II, Band 6: PUNCH PRESS OPERATOR

(Words by Bernie Packer. Music, Peter Seeger)

Bernie Packer knows the insides of industrial shops; he's spent his whole working life in them. Born in 1919, he came to Cleveland, Ohio, at the age of three and has lived there ever since. Graduating in 1936 from a technical high school where he specialized in machine shop, he pounded the streets for over a year looking for a job. "From 1938 to 1939," he recalls, "I worked at many small shops in the city, no job lasting more than a month. Got my first real job late in 1939 at a large auto and aircraft parts manufacturer going great guns doing government work."

"I worked on the turret lathe, hot header, and groove grinder."

The shop had a typical company union and Bernie was involved almost immediately as a CIO organizer attempting to oust the phoney group. There was a period of one week during which he was thrown bodily out of the shop three times by company goon squads. But he kept coming back and finally saw the day when he faced the company president in a showdown across a table before the War Labor Board in Washington.

In April of 1942 he was drafted into the Army and served three years with an Air Force Bomber Training Group.

Returning to Cleveland, he got a job in a small shop where he learned the Tool and Die trade. He works now as a Tool Designer at a large fabricating shop. Since he has to follow his jobs from the building of the die to the tryout on the press, he still spends a good portion of his time in the tool room and the press room.

"There's hardly a man in the press room that hasn't been clipped or hasn't seen someone get his fingers cut off by that bloody guillotine called the Punch Press. Safety rules are lax and rarely enforced. I've worked in many places where old clunkers, which should have been junked years before, 'repeated' and injured the operator. The things you see and the stories you hear make you sick to the stomach."

(A "repeater" is a press with controls so worn out it will strike twice or more in swift succession where the operator only intended one stroke).

Bernie is married and has two daughters, both folk-song enthusiasts. He himself plunks on the mandolin and loves work songs; "The No. 1 record on my all-time list is Pete Seeger's *Industrial Ballads*." When he runs across a new work song, "I latch onto it and gobble it up eagerly. That's one reason I'd like to see some more enterprising lads sing about their jobs and struggles." Recently he has written the lyrics to a musical with a shop theme and is looking for someone to write the music.

Some of his beliefs? "I believe in equality for all races and freedom for all men. It follows, then, that I support all freedom organizations and all peace movements."

"I believe that some of the big union heads who have lost all their fight and have become soft should be booted out and replaced by militant men who are ready to fight for the interests of the worker. This is a job for the little guy down below to do, and I've got great faith in the working man."

"When he moves, he'll move mountains. And the time will come, just wait and see."



BROADSIDE #s 9 & 10, July 1962 - Box 193 N.Y.C. 25, N.Y. 35¢

SONG OF THE PUNCH PRESS OPERATOR words: Bernie Packer
tune: Peter Seeger

I got a job in a factory- Feeding a beast that don't like me- It
don't give a damn about how I feel- Long as I feed it a ration of
steel- And pity the man that knows the grief that comes with the
bite of that monster's teeth. CHO: Watch yer mitts at the start/
the stroke- It's a repeat killer & will "go for broke"- It
should have been melted twenty years back but it feeds the boss
& he loves that snack- Oh beast, spare my hands- I'll use them
to slay you if I get the chance.

2. There aint no guards to slow up a man
Keep yer foot on the pedal and yer eye on the ram

If yer hand should slip, why, the boss don't shout
He buys new fingers as he throws you out
There's plenty of slaves to feed the jaws
And the press don't stop when there aint no cause (repeat)

3. There aint one man out on the press
That wouldn't quit if jobs weren't scarce
But a man has to have a daily meal
And the press must be fed it's cold rolled steel
While deep inside remains the dream
That makes us the masters, not the machine. (repeat)

CHORUS

(Words & Music by Phil Ochs)

Phil Ochs, at 22, stands tall in the school of young songwriter-performers who are laboring to put American song back on the main track. He was born in El Paso, raised mainly in New York and Ohio. Won a short story prize at 15 while attending Staunton Military Academy in Virginia. Graduated in the same class with Barry Goldwater's son Mike. Papa Barry, who graduated from the same military school in his own time (this should explain something about Goldwater's affinity to the South), spoke at Phil's graduation and shook Phil's hand as he was given his diploma.

Phil escaped from the Confederacy and followed "the drinking gourd" North to Ohio State, where he majored in journalism for three years. While there he was managing editor of the school humor magazine, SUNDIAL; also edited a dorm newspaper in which he discussed such topics as politics, religion, current events, etcetera. His roommate, Jim Glover, a guitar picker, offered to teach him the instrument. Phil learned the basic rudiments and played with Glover for six months in a group called "The Sundowners".

Quit college in February of 1960 and drifted down to Florida, where he teamed up with a young Negro songsmith from New Orleans to write rock n' roll stuff. Wrote his first topical song in September of 1961: it was called "Ballad of the Cuban Invasion" and would make Barry Goldwater want to take back his handshake; has written close to a hundred songs since; Phil's "Ballad of William Worthly" is one of the features of the first BROADSIDE L-P.

Phil got his first professional singing and playing job in a Cleveland bar starting at \$30 a week. Came to New York in August of 1962 and made a kind of a living for months passing the basket at a coffee-house called The Thirdside. First appeared with Pete Seeger at a rally held in New York in support of the striking coal miners in Hazard, Kentucky (Phil sang a Hazard song he had written with about two days' notice). He has sung with Bob Gibson, the Smothers Bros., the Tarriers, Paul Clayton, New World Singers, and the Knoblick Upper 10,000.

Phil's main influences are Bob Gibson, Pete Seeger, and Bob Dylan.

Pete has said of the chorus of LOU MARSH "it has beautiful poetry and deep compassion rarely equalled".

THE BALLAD OF LOU MARSH

Words & Music by
Phil Ochs
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1. ON THE STREETS OF NEW YORK CI-TY — WHEN THE HOUR WAS GETTING LATE — THERE WERE YOUNG MEN ARMED WITH KNIVES & GUNS, YOUNG MEN ARMED WITH HATE, AND LOU MARSH STEPPED BETWEEN THEM AND DIED THERE IN HIS TRACKS FOR ONE MAN IS NO ARMY — WHEN A CI-TY TURNS ITS BACK AND NOW THE STREETS ARE EMPTY AND NOW THE STREETS ARE DARK, SO KEEP AN EYE ON SHADOWS & NEVER PASS THE PARK FOR THE CI-TY IS A JUNGLE WHEN THE LAW IS OUT OF SIGHT, AND DEATH LURKS IN EL BAR-RI-O WITH ORPHANS OF THE NIGHT.

2. There were two gangs approaching
In Spanish Harlem town
The smell of blood was in the air
The challenge was laid down
He felt their blinding hatred
And he tried to save their lives
But they broke his peaceful body
With their fists & feet & knives.
Cho.

3. Now Lou Marsh lies forgotten
In his cold and silent grave
But his memory still lingers on
In those he tried to save,
And all of those who knew him
Now and then recall
And shed a tear on poverty
The tombstone of us all. Cho.

BROADSIDE #27