

# BROADSIDE # 32

SEPT. 20  
1963  
35¢

BOX 193, CATHEDRAL STATION, NEW YORK 25, N.Y.

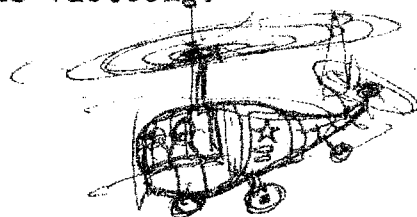
## TALKING VIETNAM

By Phil Ochs  
© 1963 by author

Sailin over to Vietnam, fightin for the flag, fightin for my mom  
Well training is the word we use, nice word to have in case we lose.  
...Training a million Vietnamese...To fight for the American way.

Well they put me in a barracks house just across the way from Laos  
They said you're pretty safe when troops deploy, but don't turn  
your back on your houseboy  
...When they ring the gong...Watch out for the Vietcong.

Well the sergeant said it's time to train  
So I climbed aboard a helicopter plane  
We flew above the battle ground  
A sniper tried to shoot us down  
...He must a-forgot we're only trainees...  
Them commies never fight fair.



Well the very next day we trained some more, burned some villages  
down to the floor, Burned down the jungles far & wide, made sure  
those reds had no place left to hide...Threw all the people in re-  
location camps...Under lock & key...Made sure they're free.

Well I walked thru the jungle, around the bend, who  
should I meet but President Diem. He said, You're  
fightin to keep Vietnam free - for good old Diem-ocracy  
...That is, rule by one family...14,000 American troops  
...Give or take a few thousand.

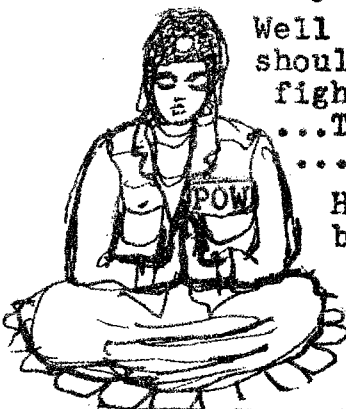
He said, I'm a fine old Christian man rulin this  
backward Buddhist land; It ain't much but what the  
heck - Sure beats hell outa Chiang Kai Chek.  
...I'm the power elite...Me and the 7th fleet.

He said, Meet my sister Madame Nhu  
The sweetheart of Dien Bien Phu

He said, Meet my brothers, meet my aunts  
We're the government that doesn't take a chance  
...You think Kennedy's bad...Families that slay  
together stay together.

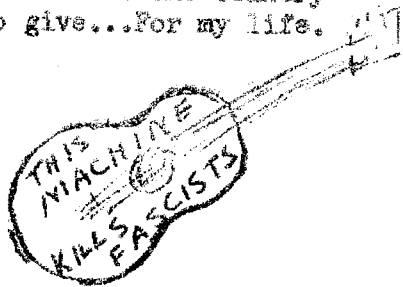
He said the Communists were all around in every  
city, in every town - In every church, in every  
bed - Show me a Buddhist, I'll show you a red  
...That's why we have separation of church &  
state...State in the capital...The church  
in jail.

Continued →



VIETNAM - (Cont'd)

He said, if you want to stay, you have to pay Over a million dollars a day But it's worth it all now don't you see -- If you lose the country you still have me. ...Like I said on Meet The Press...I regret I have but one country to give...For my life.



Protest Urged on Vietnam

Americans' Duty to Speak Out Against Atrocities Stressed

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES:

It seems now, from your correspondent (Issue Sept. 5) that the "special forces" which have been arresting, beating and killing Buddhists, school children, and others in South Vietnam have been doing so with money, arms and training given them by our own C.I.A.

Yet it also seems, according to the same correspondent, that the "regular monthly payment" to these forces is to continue. Indeed, our whole military and economic program in South Vietnam must apparently go on because, in the words of our President, "it would not be helpful at this time" to reduce it.

The recent events in the major cities of South Vietnam are horrible enough. They are scarcely more so, however, than the less publicized but more extensive brutalities and

atrocities which for several years the Government of South Vietnam, in the name of anti-Communism, has been committing against its people in the countryside.

To an American what is particularly disturbing is the silence of most rank-and-file Americans. We seem oblivious to the extent of our own responsibility for what is happening. Apparently we scarcely realize that in a very real sense the Government of South Vietnam is our government, inasmuch as we were its primary creators, and without our massive support it could not possibly do what it has done; indeed, it would long since have collapsed.

The excuse of Germans under Hitler was that they did not know what was happening, and could not have prevented it if they did. We as responsible citizens living in a democracy cannot use this excuse. When will we raise the voice of humanity and justice to say: "This is immoral. It must stop"? DEREK BOBBES.

Philadelphia, Sept. 11, 1963.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1963.

BOUND for GLORY

PHIL OCHS

© by Author, 1963

He walked all over his own growin land From the New York island to the Cal-i-fornia sands, He saw all the people that needed to be seen, Planted all the grass where there needed to be green. And now he's bound for a glory all his own,

And now he's bound for glory. --

He wrote and he sang and he rode upon the rails and he got on board when the sailors had to sail he said all the words that needed to be said he fed all the hungry souls that needed to be fed And now he's bound for a glory all his own and now he's bound for glory

He sang in our streets and he sang in our halls and he was always there when the unions gave a call he did all the jobs that needed to be done and he always stood his ground when smaller men would run and now he's bound for a glory all his own and now he's bound for glory

And it's Pastures of Plenty wrote the Dust Bowl Balladeer And This is Your Land he wanted us to hear the rising of the unions will be sung again and the Deportees live on through the power of his pen And now he's bound for a glory all his own and now he's bound for glory

Now they sing out his praises on every distant shore but so few remember what he was fightin' for oh why sing the songs and forget about the aim He wrote them for a reason, why not sing them for the same? for now he's bound for a glory all his own and now he's bound for glory

F R E E D O M T R A I N

By Will McLean  
© by author 1963

Lincoln bought our tickets on this Freedom Train, \*Yes he did;

Lincoln bought our tickets on this Freedom Train, \*Oh my Lord!

And he'd give his life a-gin for us people with dark skin, Great

God! His life a-gin - Freedom Train, \*Oh my Lord. Lord, Train.  
Freedom

(\*Sung by chorus in group performance, or can be solo throughout)

I'm gonna face this troubled world the best I can  
Best I can  
I'm gonna face this troubled world the best I can  
Yes, I am  
Ain't gonna preach no part of violence  
Walk this land in peaceful silence  
Got my rights to live and die like any man  
Yes, Oh! Yes!

I'm gonna live for peace and honor, Yes I will  
Oh, my Lord  
I'm gonna live for peace and honor, Yes I will  
Oh, my Lord  
There'll be trials and tribulations  
On both sides of this great nation  
Rate is wrong, love is strong and it will stand  
Oh, my Lord.

Now this Freedom Train's a-rolling, get on board  
Oh, my Lord  
Now this Freedom Train's a-rolling, get on board  
Oh, my Lord  
It don't carry no class nor colors  
It just hauls all sisters and brothers  
Ride this train and love all others, Freedom Train  
Oh, my Lord  
Freedom Train.

# MINE SONG

By John Barba  
© by author, 1963

Forcefully with a basic D-DUDU pattern

The musical score is written on four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. Chords are indicated above the staff: F, C, D, F. The second staff continues the melody with chords C, D, G, D, F. The third staff has chords C, D, Dsus4, D, F, C. The fourth staff has chords D, Dsus4, D. The lyrics are written below the staves, with dashes indicating where the music continues. The lyrics are: "Three miners went down to the mine --- to work in the bottom of the mine --- A thunder-like blast and darkness set o- ver the mine ----- and three men re-mained ----- in the mine. -----".



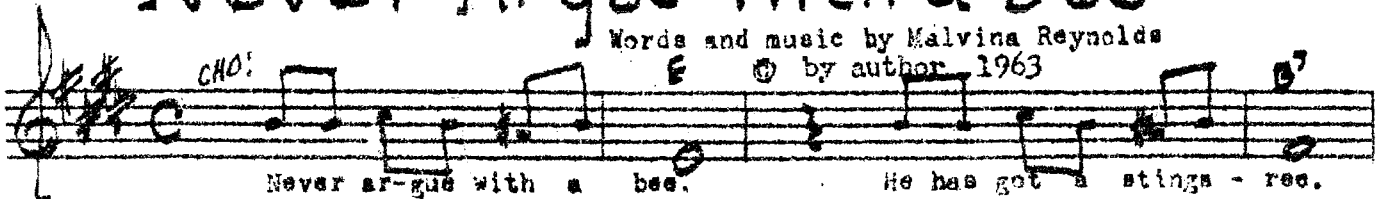
Three men remained in the mine  
Remained in the bottom of the mine  
The days past on and the men grew  
    weak and cold  
How long could they last in the  
    mines?  
How long could they last in the  
    mine  
With the damp & the cold in the  
    mine  
Could they hold out while the res-  
    cuers drilled down to the  
    mine  
Or would death take it's toll in  
    the mines.  
The rescuers drilled down to the  
    mine  
A hole was dug down to the mine  
While the people above watched &  
    hoped & prayed  
For the three trapped men in the  
    mine.  
Fourteen days in the mine  
A hole was cleared down the mine  
Two came up, but one remained in  
    the ground  
One was left in the mine.

Mrs. Throne, your husband's  
    all right  
Mrs. Fellin, your husband's  
    okay  
But for you Mrs. Bova, there's  
    nothing but sorrow & pain,  
Your husband's still down in  
    the mine.  
The joy of the town was brief  
They knew that the third man  
    was dead  
Louis Bova was dead, he won't  
    be back again  
He'll never come out from the  
    mine.  
The clouds formed over the  
    mines  
As the digging ceased over  
    the mines  
And the rains came down, and  
    Louis Bova was dead  
The third man had died in the  
    mines.

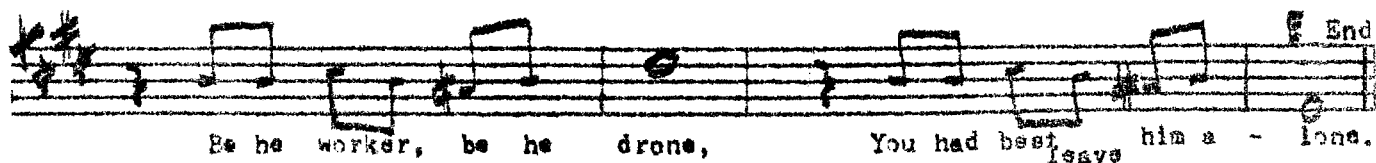
# Never Argue With a Bee

Words and music by Malvina Reynolds  
© by author 1963

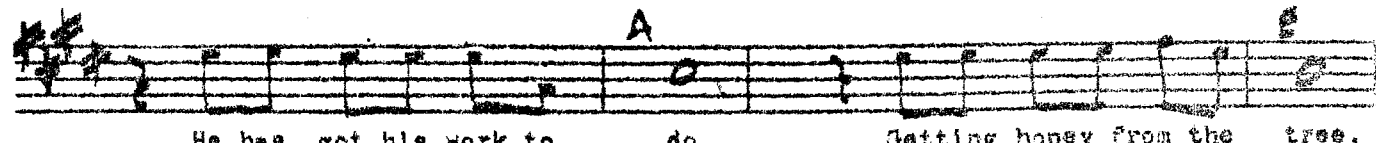
CHO:




Never ar-gue with a bee. He has got a stings - rec.



Be he worker, be he drone, You had best leave him a - lone.



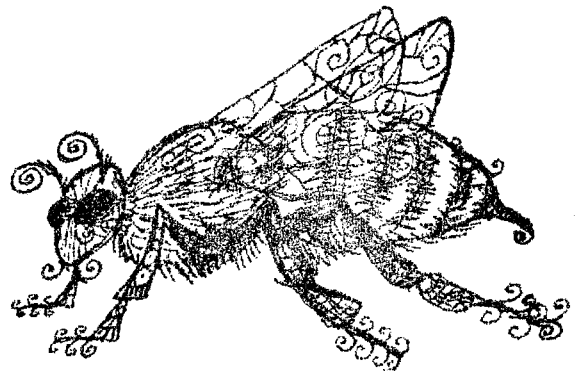
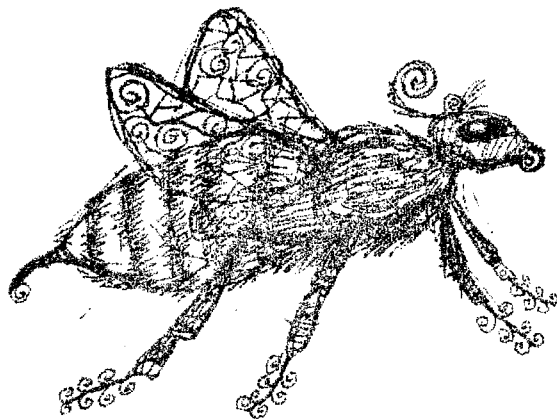
He has got his work to do, Getting honey from the tree,



If you know what's good for you, Do not argue with a bee.

He has got his work to do  
Getting honey from the tree;  
If you know what's good for you  
Do not argue with a bee.  
(Cho.)

Well, a hornet knows his rights  
And it hurts when he alights,  
You will surely get your lumps  
Cause his stinger, it is trumps.  
(Cho.)



And the wasp is very wild  
If you bother with his child  
Let him go where he is bound  
Do not try to mess around.  
(Cho.)

You can get along with bees,  
Call them mister, ask them please,  
Let them work and be content  
But avoid the argument.  
(Cho.)

NEED A JOB

By Len Chandler  
(c) by author, 1963

I went to sleep in school, it made the teacher mad But the  
It was just a dream work-ing on my mind; When the  
teacher did-n't know a-bout the dream I had: I was work-ing  
teacher woke me up I did-n't have a dime, But the teach-er had a  
hard & bringing home my pay, I'd spend a little & I'd put a  
job & she didn't care That the rent was over- due and the  
lot a- way, working in a five & dime from three o' clock 'til  
cupboards bare: The teacher was a square so I left her stand-ing  
nine, I had a job.  
there to find a job.

BROADSIDE #32

It didn't take me long to realize  
That dropping out of school just  
wasn't wise  
I'm looking for a job, I haven't  
found one yet  
Everybody wants a high school  
certificate  
Don't you turn the other way  
Won't you listen when I say  
I need a job.

You're not deaf, I know that you're  
not blind  
You can hear the song I'm singing,  
you can read my sign  
They tell me the answer's blowin'  
in the wind,  
But I believe the answer's in the  
heart of men  
I'm not on my back  
But it's a plain and natural fact  
I need a job.

RALLY SONG

Words: Len Chandler (c) author, 1963  
Tune: Michael Row Your Boat Ashore

Read it in the paper the other day  
Hallelujah  
Things are jumping in the U.S.A.  
Hallelujah  
I'm gonna tell you so you will know  
Hallelujah  
I'm building a coffin for Old Jim Crow  
Hallelujah  
You say he's dying but he dies too slow  
I think I'll starve him just to help  
him go

Tell the butcher, the baker & clerk  
We won't buy where we can't work.  
When men are brothers the whole world  
round.  
Malcolm X won't be around.  
Ross Barnett and Wallace screan  
Their nightmare's the American dream.  
Many good men have fought & died  
So we could be singing here side  
by side.

TALKING TORRANCE BLUES

By Jerry Farber  
(c) by author, 1963

If you ever get to Torrance let me tell  
you what to do  
Get yourself picked up on a 602  
You'll find it's easy to be arrested  
Just mess with a man who's got money  
invested.  
...Tangle with one of them real estate  
fellows  
...Find yourself a tract & sit on it.  
Choose a tract that's reserved for whites  
And come on strong with civil rights  
In Torrance, Montgomery, or Oxford, Miss.  
If you want to get busted, just remember  
this:  
...Love thy neighbor  
...Out here that's a misdemeanor  
...Roses are red, violets are blue,  
in Torrance, love is a 602.  
Well they carry you off to the Torrance  
jail  
And tell you to hurry and get your bail  
Or they'll send you over to a county cell  
And the captain says, boys, you'd be  
better off in hell.  
...Well he's trying to scare you  
...Does a pretty good job of it, too.  
So it's off to the county in a Torrance  
bus  
And you're singing freedom songs & mak-  
ing such a fuss  
That the cops get mean, but pretty soon  
You notice they can't help humming your  
tune.  
...Man, if they'd only learn the words.  
You get to the county at eleven fifteen  
You all walk in & you do the thing;  
It's slow at first but then they start  
to move,  
And by seven in the morning they have  
found your groove.  
... Got you sleeping on stone  
...I'm not saying it's hard  
...But they've busted jackhammers on it.  
Well, all night long you've been  
searched and prodded,  
But whatever they're looking for you  
ain't got it;

So they send you over to this medical  
stud  
Who rolls up your sleeve and takes your  
blood.  
...And you wonder if they've got a  
special needle for demonstrators  
...I mean that was a needle  
...Left a hole you could fish through.  
For breakfast they give you a sandwich  
to eat  
Bone dry bread & a hint of luncheon meat,  
I'm telling you there wasn't much  
And what there was the flies wouldn't  
touch.  
...The flies were off with the rest of  
the prisoners  
...Eating eggs, orange juice, cereal  
...Pickin' their teeth.  
Man you never even come near a bed;  
It's bare little rooms & stale bread,  
Getting sprayed, poked, chained and bled,  
Lying on stone till you're damn near  
dead  
...I mean all the benefits of modern  
penology.  
Now I don't want to put down the county  
jug  
I hear it's not so bad for the average  
thug;  
But they sure as hell don't treat you  
good  
When you're booked on a charge of  
brotherhood.  
You get bailed out around ten of nine  
Your body's kind of stiff but you're  
feeling fine;  
You stop off at home for a shower & a  
nap  
And you go back in on the same old rap.  
...You & them other non-violent  
desperadoes  
...Love thy neighbor  
...Out in Torrance that's a 602.

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## FOLK MUSIC FROM HORSE PASTURES TO CONCERT HALLS

By Josh Dunson

**PHILADELPHIA FOLK FESTIVAL:** With all the satchel-carrying managers and agents crawling in, and around folk music these days, it was a real pleasure to run into a folk festival that is definitely not dominated by them. This is the Philadelphia Folk Festival held this year during the weekend of Sept. 7 at Paoli, Pa., by the non-profit Philadelphia Folksong Society (Box 215, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania). It had traditional musicians as the featured performers with no cow-towing to commercial groups as drawing cards. The only singer with a commercial reputation was Theo Bikel. But the 8,000 who came to see the Saturday night concert were there to hear the blues of Elizabeth Cotten and Mississippi John Hurt and the mountain music of Almeda Riddle and Hobart Smith or the unadulterated interpretations of city people like Mike Seeger, Dave Von Ronk and Jim Kweskin's Jug Band. The Saturday night concert lasted until 3:30 in the morning and would undoubtedly have kept right on going clear into the Sunday morning religious songs session had not the local police begged the singers to stop so they could go home and get some sleep. The performers were having one hell of a time singing and playing, and the audience hung on and forgot that it was shivering in a cold pasture where during the rest of the year horses are bred and raised. Whether it was Almeda Riddle singing the story of the "Orphan Girl" at the daytime ballad session or Hedy West leading 8,000 people in "Miner's Farewell" at night, the Philadelphia Folk Festival was mostly people singing their songs for other people who just wanted to hear them, managers and record companies be damned.

**TOWN HALL HOOTS:** New York City now has its own series of good concerts in the "99¢ Hootenannies" where the wallets of the audience and the artist's self-respect are at least given equal status with commercial considerations. The program notes pretty well say what the series is all about:

THE AIM OF THE 99¢ STUDENTS' AND WORKINGMANS' HOOTENANNIES IS TO BRING TRUE FOLK MUSIC CONCERTS WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL PEOPLE, PARTICULARLY THOSE NOT ABLE TO AFFORD BROADWAY PRICES. THEY ARE INTENDED ALSO TO PROVIDE YOUNG FOLKSINGERS WITH AN OPPORTUNITY TO SING THE FREEDOM SONGS OF THE NEW ERA.

In presenting Phil Ochs, Buffy Ste. Marie and Guy Carawan at the first Hoot in September Producer Norman J. Seaman and Host Peter La Farge fulfilled the pledge to present established concert talent at reasonable prices. "Young Folksingers" Little John Townley and Alex Lukeman made their first major concert appearance and should make plenty more. Phil Ochs introduced a couple of his new songs, TALKING VIETNAM and BOUND FOR GLORY, which struck the audience deeply but in separate ways. There were tears in the eyes of some listeners as he sang BOUND FOR GLORY which is, of course, the story of Woody Guthrie. It is one of the most beautiful of the many fine songs Phil has written... The second TOWN HALL concert, in early October, listed Hedy West, Len Chandler, and Malvina Reynolds as performers... Six more are scheduled, one each month, at the same place, at the same price -- .99¢. They provide an excellent opportunity for students, working people and others with one eye on the budget to hear some of the best of the new songwriter-performers as well as old timers. We hope these concerts are financially successful and become an institution; both the folksinger and the folksong audience will at least have one terrific alternative to the dismal pass-the-hat-basket noise of the New York coffee house.

**SING OUT HOOT:** The "Hoot" as an institution is, of course, irrevocably connected with SING OUT! Magazine, whose latest Annual Hoot at Carnegie Hall was held on Sept. 21. As customary, it was a benefit for the magazine. Each of the multitude of performers and groups was limited to three songs with no encores. Even so,



there simply was not enough time for all the listed performers to appear (perhaps they should consider running these Hoots in sections, or in the style of a regular festival, covering several days, or something). Notable about this year's Hoot was the fact that with certain prominent exceptions -- the bell-voiced ballad singer from Scotland, Jean Redpath, Red Allen's bluegrass from Kentucky, and Georgia-born Hedy West -- the singers and players were New York and Boston residents who had learned rather than "grew up" with their music. Especially exciting were the Jug Bands, the sound of whose homemade instruments and free style syncopation is being brought back to the city audience by the best of the young city performers. Both bluegrass and blues were well represented, notably by the Charles River Valley Boys and John Hammond, Jr. Topical song made its dent also, getting tremendous applause. The banner for this kind of "folksong" was carried by such "BROADSIDE SINGERS" as Pete La Farge, Phil Ochs and Len Chandler (in his review the next day *Critic* Bob Shelton noted that Len Chandler may well become the musical voice of the Negro Freedom Movement). Subjects of their songs were the Negro freedom struggle, Vietnam, Cuba, etc... Much credit should be given Israel Young and Irwin Silber, editor of SING OUT!, for choosing the artists who represent these important trends in today's city folk music. It was an extremely well balanced program in this respect. Perhaps even of more significance was the fact that the artists themselves showed that despite having the great commercial success many of them enjoy -- like Theo Bikel, who served as Host of the concert -- they still remember in their benefit performances SING OUT!, the magazine that was the guiding light of folk music in America during the years when being a folksinger was both a politically dangerous and financially unrewarding proposition.

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NOTES: Speaking of SING OUT!, the newest issue (Oct. Nov. 1963) is out and is as fine and well-balanced as the concert reviewed above: old songs and new songs, articles on new songwriters and older ones, record reviews, festival reviews, etc. Editor Irwin Silber casts an eye in the direction the commercializers are taking folk music, especially the Hootenanny gimmick, and doesn't care much for what he sees, "fast-buck" operators gorging themselves on the "loot" folk music is making available, and jackals swarming in to crunch the stripped bones... MAINSTREAM magazine is out with its special issue on Woody Guthrie. Articles by a couple of guys who knew Woody in the old days, some of Woody's writings in the form of a long hitherto-unpublished poem and selections culled by Josh Dunson from the "Woody Sez" columns Woody wrote for a N.Y. Newspaper back in the 1930's-40's. Plus an article on "Woody's Legacy". The whole thing comes off nicely and presents us with a good picture of Woody as an artist and even more as a human being (MAINSTREAM, 832 Broadway, New York 3, N.Y. -- .50¢)... TALKING TORRANCE BLUES: This blues is, of course, about Torrance, California, where the author, along with Marlon Brando and others, tried to desegregate a lily-white housing development. "602" is the penal code number of a Northern version of the South's laws which make it a major crime to try and buy a cup of coffee or a lousy hamburger... The author is new to BROADSIDE, as is Will McLean, whose FREEDOM TRAIN is one of the very good songs to come out of the Negro Freedom Movement... BROADSIDE BALLADS Vol. 2 is now ready for release. This new L-P is Peter Seeger as a soloist singing some 15 songs which have appeared in BROADSIDE (Folkways, 121 W. 47 St., New York City. \$4.98).

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