

THE BROADSIDE

OF BOSTON

Volume II, No. 23

Cambridge, Massachusetts

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FOLK MUSIC AND COFFEE HOUSE NEWS & TEN CENTS



YUP! ANOTHER CHANGE...

FOLK CITY U. S. A. IS ON THE AIR AT A NEW TIME
ELEVEN P. M. TO ONE A. M. EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

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JAN. 24 SONGS OF
WOODY GUTHRIE

BROADSIDE

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258 Harvard Street
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Phone: 491-0766

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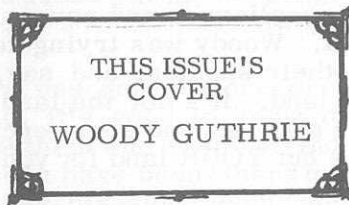
Managing Editor	Jill Henderson
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Feature Writer	Dick Waterman

Publisher	Dave Wilson
W.H.Y.H.	Lynn Musgrave

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WOODY GUTHRIE

"Hey, Woody Guthrie, but I know
That you know. . .
All the things that I'm a-sayin' and
Many times more. . .
I'm singin' you this song, but I can't
Say enough. . .
'Cause there's not many men done
The things that you done. . .

Bob Dylan ("Song To Woody")

When I heard that a program was being prepared to honor the music of Woody Guthrie, it rather reminded me of comedian Dick Gregory saying, "I love National Brotherhood Week. That's when the people who avoid me the rest of the year call up and want to buy me lunch."

Thankfully, the work of Woody Guthrie doesn't suddenly appear before the public for a week or a month or a year and then vanish into a

musical land of limbo. It has remained because Woody's songs are meant to be sung. Sung well or sung poorly but sung by everyone who is thankful in some small way that a guy named Woodrow Wilson Guthrie came down the road and the rails and had the words and music for their thoughts.

* * *

"Oh we ramble and we roam . . .
And the highway is our home . . .
It's a hot old dusty highway . . .
For the Dust Bowl Refugee . . ."

("I'm a Dust Bowl Refugee")

* * *

Woody Guthrie was born in the little town of Okemah in Okfuskee County, Oklahoma. Little is known of his early years but it probably wasn't too long before the restlessness that characterized his later life took a firm hold and sent him out to the open road.

He bummed his way back and forth across the Southwest, never staying too long in one place and always with ears and eyes open to the world around him. He found music everywhere - in the rattle of trash cans in the alley, a little boy trailing a stick against a picket fence as he ran by and the sounds of the people.

Times changed, towns changed, and the faces changed but Woody never forget the sound of his people. They cursed, they courted, they sweated, they had good times . . . and bad times.

* * *

"I was down and out and didn't have a dime
I was down and out and didn't have a dime
I was down and out and didn't have a dime
Every man gets a little hard luck sometime

("New York Town")

* * *

As he wandered - sometimes walking, sometimes hitching a ride and sometimes catching an empty freight train - Woody lived a life that was never confused with angelic. In a time of bar room brawls, cold jails and not-so-cold women, Woody had his share of each. And always he remembered with thoughts that later were his songs.

Sometime during the late 1930's, Woody ended up in California where he had a radio program