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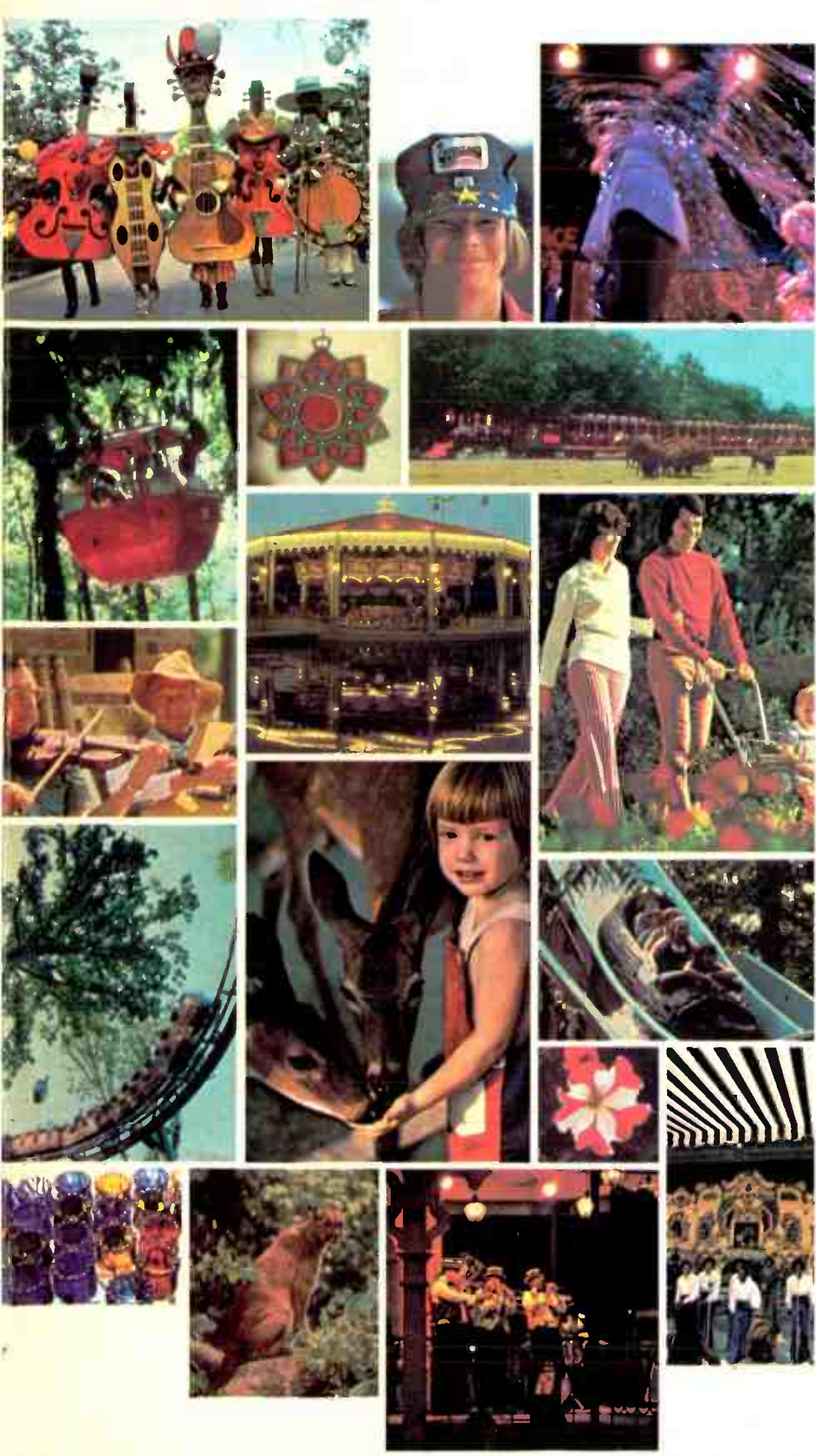
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Letters

Many times I have gone to the newsstand and magazine store especially for *Country Music*. Never have I been disappointed with all your stories, news, film and record and book reviews and everything else. You have a very fine magazine, a sort of *Time* magazine for the country music people.

But problems, large and small are always part of country music. And so, gentlemen, I here tell you my problem. Today I bought the February issue of *Country Music*, being so struck by the beautiful photo of Dolly Parton on the cover. Rushing home to get to the cover story, I hastily neglected to glance through the copy in the store.

Speeding into my driveway, jumping from my car and crashing through my front door, I tore off my coat as I bounded for my reading chair. I flipped the pages to get to the story on Dolly Parton. As usual, I wanted to look at the pictures first. Oh, and how gorgeous they all are. But alas, I saw that one picture on page 24 seemed to be cut in half! Then to my horror I noticed that the piece of paper for pages 25 and 26 was missing! Unfortunately, as I remembered, my copy was the last in the store, so I am unable to go back and return it for exchange. Returning the copy for refund is out of the question.

So, dear sirs, will you please send to me the missing pages? I would appreciate it greatly and I am sure you could not want me to miss even the slightest bit of your excellent coverage on such a beauty as Dolly Parton. You wouldn't want to think of me in my lonely log cabin, listening to my Dolly Parton records, pining for the sights I never saw, would you?

TYLER HILL
CRANFORD, NEW JERSEY

Ed. We have mailed Mr. Hill a complimentary copy, but we must say, in all fairness, that half of Dolly Parton is better than none.

Congratulations on your Waylon Jennings article. I thought it was beautifully done with a genuine "feel" for both the character and the subject matter. A bio piece is tricky to do well and I know because I've done a few. You pegged Jennings right down to toe bones and really made him come alive.

JESS CARR
RADFORD, VIRGINIA

I had been eagerly anticipating your article on the great Waylon Jennings, and I was not disappointed. I have only one minor criticism of Patrick Carr's article—not nearly long enough. Otherwise—*fantastic!*

I've been a "Waylon-freak" for a few years now, and albums like *Ladies Love Outlaws* and *Lonesome, On'ry and Mean* prove that he's getting better all the time. His version of "Good Time Charlie's Got The Blues" makes me shiver.

Your publication gets better all the time as well. Thus far, you've done very well by Johnny Cash, and if you'll give us a lot more Waylon, and a long article on Marty Robbins, I'll be content. I've also enjoyed your features on Vince Matthews and Mac Davis among others.

Keep up the good work. And keep giving us those excellent writers like Mr. Carr, Christopher Wren and Paul Hemphill.

CAROLYN GAIL FULLER
HUNTINGTON, ARKANSAS

Let me begin by saying that country music has long needed a publication that offers fans an inside look at its stars and its history. Your *Country Music* fills that need. Your articles are concise, honest, and informative. Congratulations to you and your entire staff for your fine work from all of us at KBRV. Keep it up.

LARRY A. SHIPLEY
KBRV RADIO
SODA SPRINGS, IDAHO

I would like to see an article in your monthly issue of *Country Music* on the late and great Johnny Horton. It seems the country and western radio stations and fans have forgotten him. But with great hits like "Whispering Pines," "The Mansion You Stole," "North To Alaska," "All For The Love Of A Girl" and so many more, it seems like his name would still be remembered better than it is.

A. C. SHEEKS
JACKSON, TENNESSEE

Thank you very much for your wonderful magazine. To me, it is the same quality magazine as *Good Housekeeping*. I don't like cheap, fakey magazines.

I always read *Country Music* cover to cover not missing a word. Also, I like the articles being all together and not continued in the back.

"Daisy A Day" is one of my favorite songs and I would like to know something about Jud Strunk.

SANDY REICHEL
MAGNOLIA, ILLINOIS

Thank you very much for the article on Tammy Wynette. It actually seemed I was talking to her myself. No matter who will come around, she's my favorite! How about a George Jones story pretty soon?

I sure hope you continue to put in color pictures! Your magazine is the best around as far as I'm concerned!

KENNY PUGH
AMANDA, OHIO

Just a message from a New Englander who appreciates your magazine. How about some articles on some of the *real* people who made Nashville the city it is, such as: Roy Orbison, The Bryants, The Everlys, Bill Monroe, Tommy Strong, and Wesley Rose among others. Keep up the good work!

DANIEL SANGSTER
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

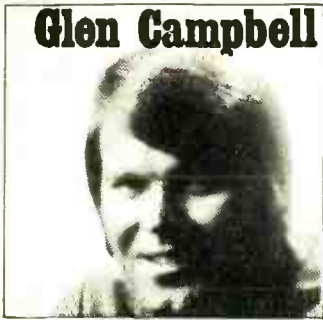
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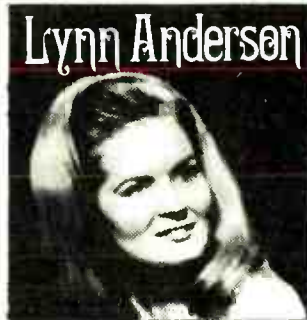
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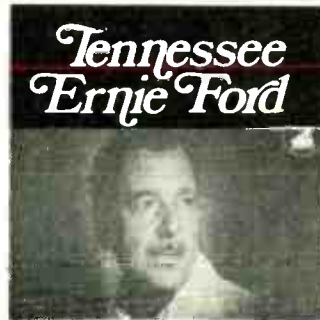
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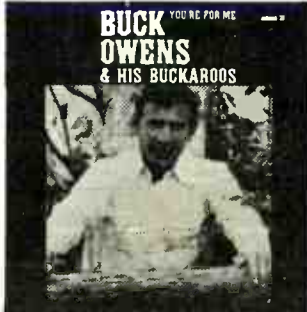
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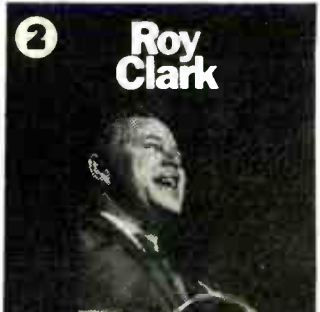
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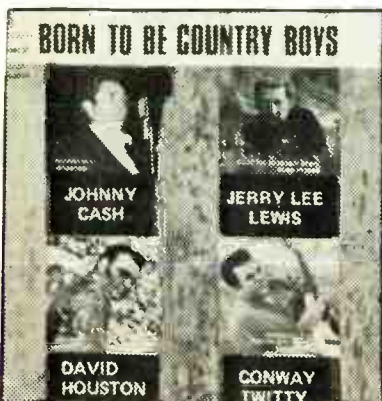


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A Letter from the Publisher

Earlier this month I toured parts of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee. I visited with Terry Gurley at the Capitol Theatre in Wheeling (home of Jamboree, USA), stopped at truck stops along the way for quick meals and conversations with the diners and went to country music concerts to meet with the performers.

I enjoy this type of involvement with the people who enjoy country music. It is an important part of our running the magazine that everyone spends time in the field.

Country music fans almost everywhere are now aware of *Country Music* magazine (although many are miffed because they cannot always get a copy before they sell out). It was quite a kick to be driving through Kentucky at 2 a.m. one day listening to the local country radio show and to hear a disc jockey start talking about our magazine. I stopped at the next pay phone and called him to thank him for the plug. He said: "Don't thank me; it's the best magazine in the business and we are proud to talk about it on our station!"

That made the drive well worth while.

JACK KILLION, PUBLISHER

About This Issue

This issue of *Country Music* should satisfy all those readers who have written to ask us when we were going to do something special on the "Western" aspect of Country & Western.

The interview with Tex was conducted by Kathy Sawyer, whose name first appeared in these pages last February, when she wrote a story about Shelby Singleton; the photos from Tex's movies were supplied by the president of his fan club, Jim Cooper; and our cover photo was taken by Marshall Fallwell.



Marshall Fallwell

A photographer doesn't get the same opportunity as a writer to spend much time with his subject. His impressions are often fleeting; his whole experience with someone may be concentrated into a few moments. I asked Marshall Fallwell what were his impressions of Tex Ritter.

"Being with Tex Ritter is like being with the Old Days themselves," he said. "I remember him when movies were a dime and he and Slim Andrews rode into the sunset just when the popcorn ran out and I had to go home.

"There were many things I wanted to ask Tex Ritter, but this wasn't the time. I had my pictures to take and he was thinking about a road trip to Wichita he and his band had to take that evening—by bus. Times had changed.

"Who was your other sidekick?" I asked him.

"Pancakes," he said, as we walked through the damp grass of his grounds. It was a clear day early this spring and the trees had bloomed a few days before.

"These are Redbuds," he told me, "Texas Redbuds. Beautiful. Beautiful." And he pulled a bough down to look more closely at the small flowers as I took his picture. About thirty yards away, a truck gathered speed and drowned our voices out.

"Seems like they get closer every year," he said."

PETER MCCABE, EDITOR

COUNTRY MUSIC

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Country News (Kris Kristofferson Stars as Billy the Kid)	13
An Interview with Tex Ritter, Champion of the West	KATHY SAWYER 24
<p>As a young man, Tex Ritter started out wanting to be a lawyer. But that, as any fan of the old-time Westerns well knows, is not how things turned out. In this exclusive interview, Tex looks back on the changing times and people he has known during four decades of a career in movies, radio, stage, and Western music.</p>	
Hollywood's Singing Cowboys: They Packed Guitars as well as Six-Shooters	JACK PARKS 34
<p>The idea was simplicity itself: take one "B" Western, add one singing cowboy, and you have a sure-fire hit. Tex Ritter, Roy Rogers, Dick Foran, Monte Hale, Jimmy Wakely, John Wayne (who may have started the whole thing) and Gene Autry, the biggest of them all, rode that wave until television put an end to Hollywood's Golden Age. Jack Parks cherishes the memory.</p>	
Hank Jr.'s Got All the Breedin' He Needs	MELVIN SHESTACK 40
<p>Hank Williams Jr. doesn't sound like his father. He doesn't even look like his father, but since he started out singing onstage at the age of eight, he's picked up the skill to play no less than six instruments and become a singing star in his own right. It's in his blood.</p>	
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<p>Getting away from it all isn't always easy if you can only spare a week or less, so we offer some suggestions for a brief vacation, country style. Trail rides, camping, state fairs and more.</p>	
That New Banjo Magic Has Been There All Along	JERRY LEICHTLING 60
<p>Pop music fans may have just discovered the banjo, but country people know it from way back. But then, how many people know that the banjo dates back thousands of years? Picker Jerry Leichtling tells its history since the first African slaves brought it to America.</p>	
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<p>Recipes from Becky Anderson and Ann Stuckey begin this new feature bringing the country stars' favorite foods into your kitchen.</p>	



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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:
 In the wilds of Canada with Donna Fargo...
 Sincerity has worked well for Bill Anderson...
 Special: Mother Maybelle's career spans half a century.

Down Home and Around

by Dixie Hall

Johnny Cash might be getting estimates on sliced onions...
Harlan Howard has made his annual appearance...
and Nashville's top producers have gone "antique car crazy."

In spite of the soaring prices we are constantly reading about, it appears that country corn is still a successful item on anybody's market. The Hee Haw crew has completed production of next season's series and the show, which is a complete sellout, is now viewed in more markets than ever before. Housewives bemoaning rising costs in the supermarkets should spare a thought for country music entertainers eating 80% of their meals on the road. Considering how well he likes sliced onions, **Johnny Cash** would be well advised to ask for an estimate before taking up knife and fork.

Promoters entertaining the idea of booking **Harlan Howard** will now have to wait until 1974. Ole Harlan, who limits his personal appearances to one a year, has already "done his thing" for this year at a St. Louis benefit for **Carl Phillips**, recently killed in a tractor accident. Wife of the super-songsmith, pretty **Donna Gale Howard** is recovering nicely following sinus surgery performed in Florida by the same surgeon who operated on **Hank Cochran** for the same problem. Can't see that it made Hank any smarter though.

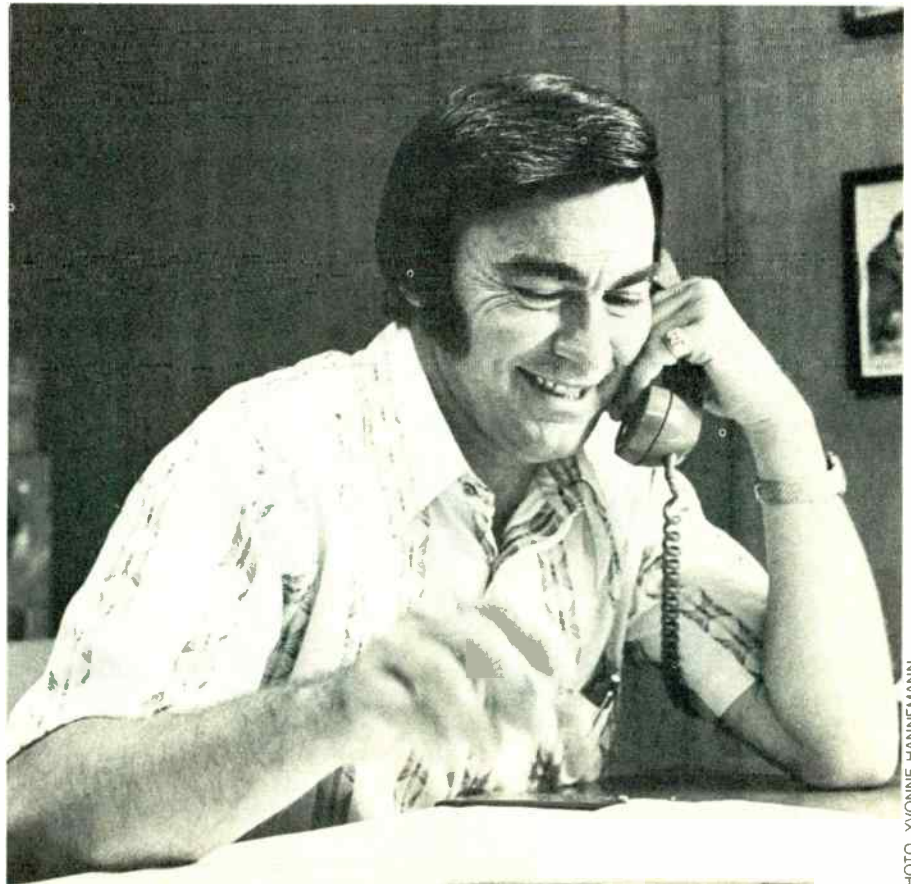
George Jones hasn't gone into the used car business, although he has sold several models to music city producers who have reportedly gone "antique car crazy." At Columbia, **Billy Sherrill** is the proud father of a 1938 Austrian Steyr, the only one of its kind in the United States. **Glenn Sutton** has a 1938 Reo and a 1934 Cabrolet and **Ron Bledsoe** is constantly shining up his classy Rolls Royce. Mercury-Phonogram's **Jerry Kennedy**, whose collector's item is a 1930 Model A, takes such good care of his Cadillac there's usually a line waiting to buy his trade-ins.

Chances of coming up with a super hit recording have always been many to one against, but one group who always were on target were the fabulous **Browns, Jim Ed, Maxine, and Bonnie**. Bonnie, now a doctor's wife living in Arkansas, is continuing to beat the odds having come up with an all male litter of seven basset puppies. Chances of an all male litter are reportedly 10,000 to 1. **Jim Ed Brown**, while not so active in the puppy department is, according to the national country charts, real hot with his "Southern Lovin'," and, girls, we do mean his current record.

Talkin' of puppies... a meeting to conclude negotiations for the re-

newal of the **Bobby Goldsboro** series was momentarily delayed as Showbiz Inc. chairman of the board, **Bill Graham** fished his new basset puppy, **Johnny Reb**, out of the swimming pool at his Nashville home. After drying off and reassuring his long-eared pup, **Bill** hurried to the meeting. The first to sympathize with such a "tail" was no doubt super accident prone **Bobby Goldsboro** himself. It turned out he had just broken his wrist.

Finally, **Charley Pride** was falsely reported killed on his way to the Houston Open. On the course he observed that he might as well have been, for all the success he was having playing under 7 inches of water!

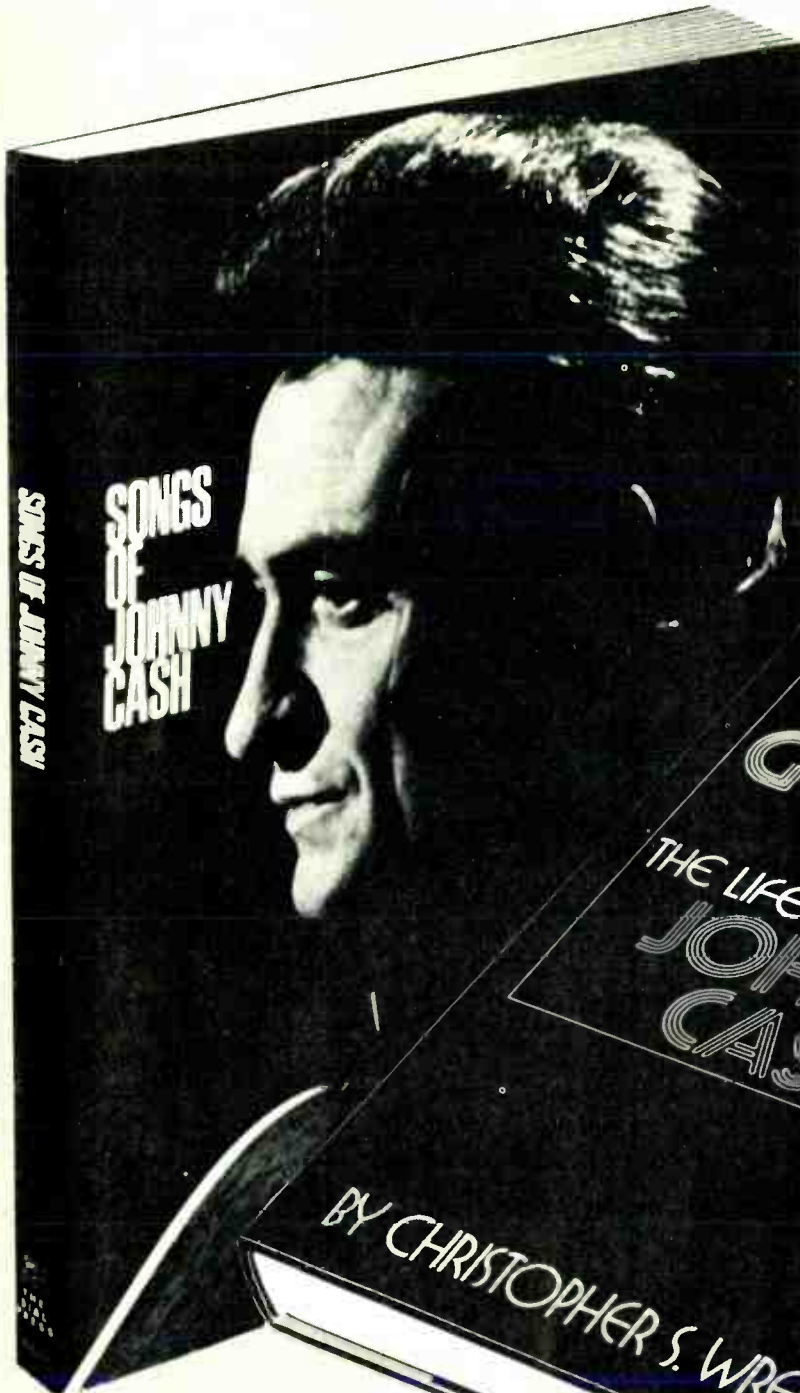


Jim Ed Brown

PHOTO YVONNE HANNEMANN

Keepin' up with Cash.

In his music, Johnny Cash tells us who he is. His honesty, his convictions and concerns, his sincerity, humor, and emotion are expressed directly and clearly. The music is the man. Here are two books that bring that man closer to you. Through the story of his life. Through his music, and the words he writes into his songs. Together they make a fascinating portrait of one of America's most magnetic performers.



WINNERS GOT SCARS TOO

The Life and Legends of Johnny Cash by Christopher Wren

An "enjoyable biography that gets to the marrow of the story that lies behind Johnny Cash's 'lived-in' face and his music," says *Publishers Weekly* of this moving, revealing book. Full of the personalities who surround Cash—June Carter, Elvis Presley, Bob Dylan, the great Mother Maybelle Carter, and others—it's his story as only he could tell it. As Johnny talked, Christopher Wren listened. The result is the story of a life that is like its subject: original. A nonconformist who struggled his way up only to almost lose it all through his addiction to amphetamines. WINNERS GOT SCARS TOO is Johnny Cash's story—unvarnished, brave, fascinating. Illustrated with photographs, \$6.95

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People on the Scene

Loretta Lynn meets her idol . . . Tommy Cash teams up with the Blackwoods . . . and Merle Haggard takes a turn towards Dixieland.

Loretta Lynn finally had her long-time wish fulfilled: she got to meet **Gregory Peck**, her favorite actor. MCA arranged the meeting during Loretta's recent trip to California—on her birthday. In the October, 1972 issue of *Country Music*, Loretta told us she has an autographed picture of her idol, hanging over her bed. Peck sent it to her himself after learning how disappointed she'd been at not meeting him when they were both on the MCA lot in California. "It rained and he didn't come out to the set and I left that night. I was sick over it," she said.

As of September 1, **Tommy Cash** will be joined for all his shows by the **Blackwood Singers**. This union of gospel and country came about in January of this year, when Tommy and the Blackwoods appeared on the same bill for three nights. "Tommy heard us," said **Ron Blackwood**, manager of the group, "and then he called me at the office one day and said, 'Hey, man, I'd like to do some stuff with y'all.' It kinda shocked us, really. He said that he liked the kind of program we do—a pop-style gospel show, not the Sunday morning church kind of thing—and he thought we could get together."

The new team will be appearing together during the summer whenever existing individual bookings permit; television shows are in the works now, and joint recordings are planned for later in the year.

Johnny Cash, Waylon Jennings, Donna Fargo, Tammy Wynette, Loretta Lynn—just a few of the faces you'll be seeing on television this summer on "Music Country," the summer replacement for the Dean Martin Show.

Seven hour-long shows of "non-stop music" will be presented week-

ly on NBC, beginning July 12. The shows, with a star-studded cast representing the "old and the new" in country music, will be shot on location in and around Nashville: at Opryland, the Hermitage, at farms belonging to the stars.

July 3rd and 4th will see **Johnny Cash, June Carter, and Carl Perkins** as guests of **The Statler Brothers** at the Happy Birthday USA celebrations in Staunton, Va. The celebrations are an annual affair sponsored by the Statlers, all proceeds going to local charities. Each year the Statlers invite their friends down to Staunton—their home

town—and the small town of 25,000 is stretched to the seams with visitors from all over the Eastern seaboard and the Midwest.

Tom T. Hall is now the proud owner of five head of registered Hereford cattle. He bought them from friend **Jimmy Newman** . . . **Minnie Pearl** recently played the White House with her husband, **Henry Cannon** . . . **Kitty Wells** is joined on her current single by her daughter **Ruby Wright** . . . and **Earl Scruggs** has finished his score for the upcoming movie "Where The Lilies Bloom." The movie was produced by Robert Radnitz, producer of "Sounder."



Loretta and Gregory Peck: a meeting at last.

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Includes: Soft Lips and Hard Liquor
The Lord Knows I'm Drinking
Gonna Drink Milwaukee Dry

RCA KENNY PRICE
30 California Women



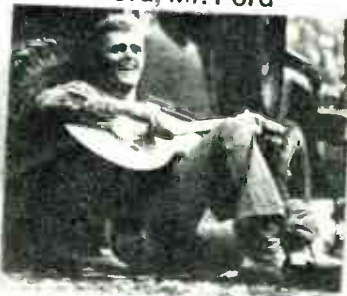
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You Lay So Easy on My Mind
You Can Have Her · 30 California Women

RCA SWEET COUNTRY CHARLEY PRIDE

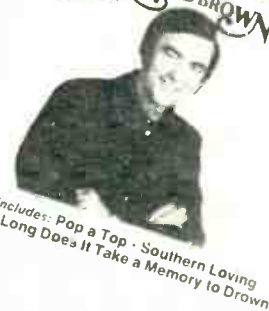


Includes: A Shoulder to Cry On
Along the Mississippi · Pass Me By
The Shelter of Your Eyes

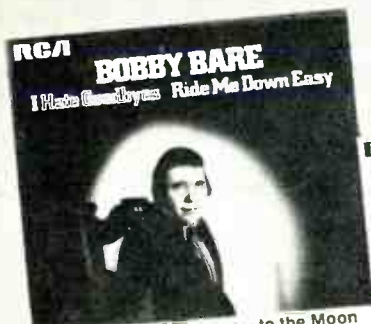
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Lord, Mr. Ford



RCA Bar-None and Pop-A-Ton
JIM ED BROWN



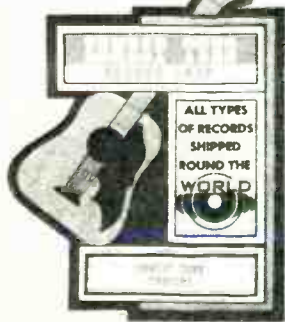
Includes: Pop a Top · Southern Loving
How Long Does It Take a Memory to Drown



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Pick and choose! They're all great!

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Jerry Reed	<input type="checkbox"/> APL1-0238	<input type="checkbox"/> APS1-0238	Bobby Bare	<input type="checkbox"/> APL1-0040	<input type="checkbox"/> APS1-0040
Skeeter Davis	<input type="checkbox"/> APL1-0190	<input type="checkbox"/> APS1-0190	Jim Reeves	<input type="checkbox"/> APL1-0039	<input type="checkbox"/> APS1-0039
Kenny Price	<input type="checkbox"/> APL1-0208	<input type="checkbox"/> APS1-0208	Jim Ed Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> APL1-0172	<input type="checkbox"/> APS1-0172
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Fans of **Merle Haggard** have known for a good while now that an album entitled *I Love The Dixie Blues* has been recorded. But some interesting things have occurred since the first recording sessions.

Haggard has always been a fan of Dixieland music. His natural interest in expanding his music

led to a Dixieland experiment, complete with trumpet, clarinet, and trombone augmenting the efforts of his regular recording personnel.

The experiment worked as far as Merle was concerned. His already sizable road show was increased by the addition of a new trio he dubbed the Dixieland Express. Re-

sponse to the threesome—Johnny McCormick (trumpet), Gene Bolin (clarinet), and Dale Hampton (trombone)—has been enthusiastic at all performances (including the White House). The Dixieland Express does a featured segment of the show and also joins Merle and the Strangers for some numbers.

Furthermore, as release date on the album neared, Haggard got to thinking that in all fairness McCormick, Bolin, and Hampton should be on the album, since they have been accepted so well by the live audiences. A concert booking in New Orleans spurred a quick decision to completely scrap the earlier recording and start from scratch—re-doing the album as a live recording in New Orleans, this time complete with the same trumpet, clarinet, and trombone people saw at the Haggard concerts, as well as audience reaction.

McCormick, Bolin, and Hampton are no longer touring with Merle's show, but as we went to press, the new version of *I Love The Dixie Blues* was scheduled for release in mid-June.

Archie Campbell Hosts a Music City Birthday Party



I recently threw a surprise anniversary-birthday party for my wife, Pudge. Well, it wasn't really all that much of a surprise. You see, every year, we celebrate the anniversary of her "fortieth" birthday. But this year, 'cause I wanted to make it kinda special, I invited a whole bunch of friends—country music stars.

It seemed everybody was a little confused about what kind of a party they had been invited to. It didn't take long to figure out what had happened. The guy I hired to print up and mail out the invitations had gotten everything all mixed up. He had sent out invitations to every kind of party imaginable to all

those different people.

Things really started jumping when **Porter Wagoner** and **Dolly Parton** showed up. They had both gotten "come as you are" invitations. Well, when Dolly got hers, she was taking a bath... so, brother, when she came walking in, the place really livened up! That's one time Dolly could have used her coat of many colors. When Porter found out about the party, he was asleep, so there stood Porter Wagoner in a pair of rhinestone-studded pajamas with the hub of a sequined wagon wheel where his belly button oughta be.

Tom T. Hall showed up next, and what a crew he brought with him. He had ten old dogs, thirteen children and five gallons of watermelon wine. That watermelon wine did the trick... nobody cared what happened then and it's a good thing they didn't. A bunch of folks from the "Hee-Haw" show had gotten invitations to come to a costume party. Were they a sight! **Junior Samples** came disguised as a gallon of moonshine, but nobody even noticed the difference. **Stringbean** wore a white jump suit and a

red toboggan on his head...he was supposed to be a thermometer. **Grandpa Jones** came as a fairy princess, and **Barbi Benton** came as a bunny.

The more people who got there, the more confusing the place got! Music City, USA gone berserk! There was **Mel Tillis** trying to say trigonometry; **Johnny Cash** and **June Carter** singing Tchaikovsky's operatic version of Romeo and Juliet; **Junior Samples** explaining his views on President Nixon's economic policies; **Merle Haggard** handing out "I Support Jane Fonda" bumper stickers; **Jerry Lee Lewis** proclaiming "I am the Killer" while playing "Three Blind Mice" on his Romper Room piano; **Roger Miller** trying to pull a white rabbit from **Minnie Pearl's** hat; and **Roy Acuff** teaching Yo-Yo tricks to **Eddy Arnold**.

From that point on, I don't remember what happened. Pudge and I decided that for her next birthday party we were going to spend a nice quiet evening...like going down to Tootsie's Orchid Lounge and listening to the plaster crack. ■

“If I were to be granted one cookbook for my own kitchen, it would be the SOUTHERN COUNTRY COOKBOOK,” says Madera Spencer, *The Montgomery Advertiser*.

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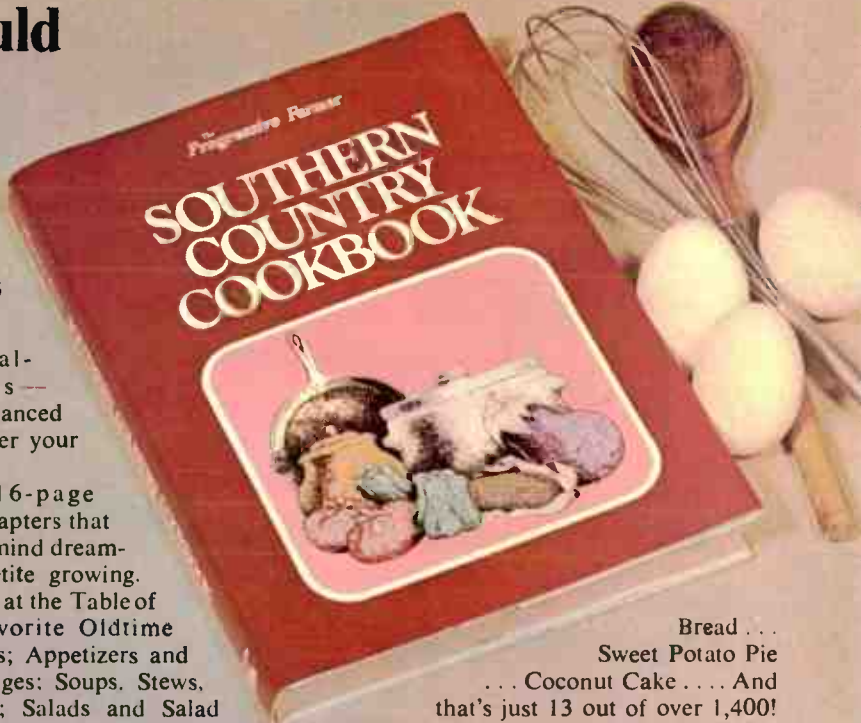
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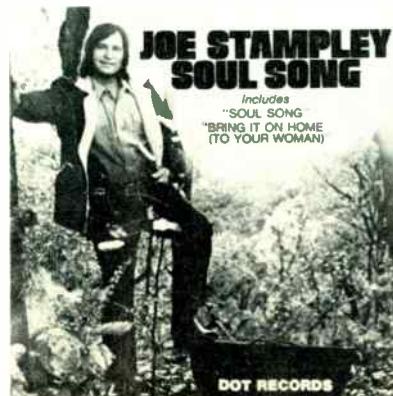
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All Country



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Country News

Kris Kristofferson spent three months on location in a Mexican desert for the filming of Sam Peckinpah's "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid." "It was fun," he said.

Kris Kristofferson Stars As "Billy the Kid"

by Steve Ditlea

A lone figure on horseback slowly rides through the wooden gates of the sun-baked adobe fort. Billy the Kid wearily dismounts his horse and ties it to a nearby corral. He has come back to face his destiny. In another day he will be dead, shot by his old friend Pat Garrett.

The only sound interrupting the wind's steady murmur is the jingling tune his silver spurs play as he makes his way to the water hole inside the courtyard. Suddenly he tenses, reaching for his gun before turning around. But the hand at his back belongs to a member of his gang. Billy relaxes and breaks into a smile.

"I was hopin' it was you, Billy," laughs his sandy-haired partner in crime.

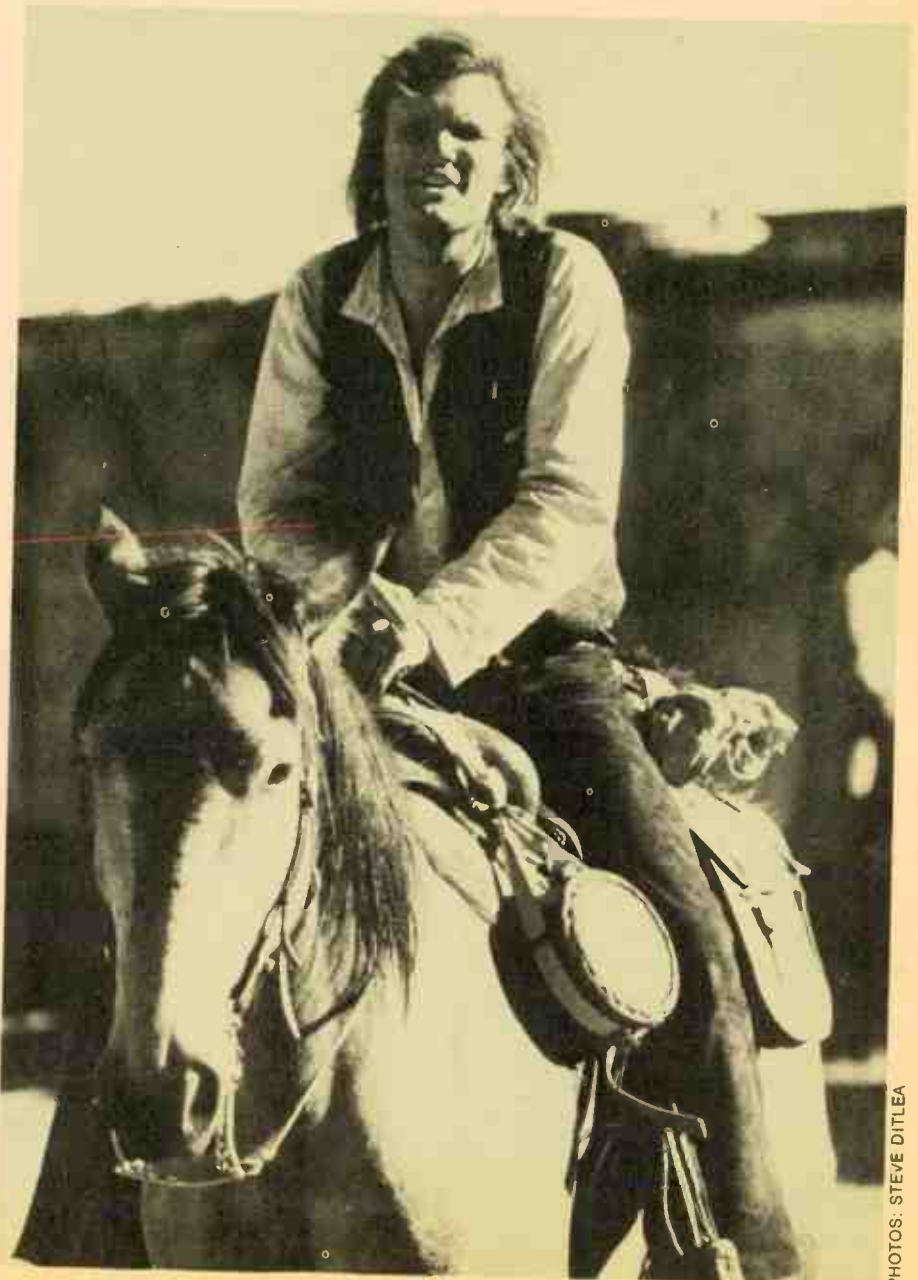
"Goddamn good to see you!" echoes another desperado, in what looks like a Western chimney sweep's outfit.

"Cut!" yells Sam Peckinpah. You can almost feel his eyes blazing through the mirrored sunglasses with leather thongs attached. His grey hair is hardly long enough to fall into his eyes, but the director of MGM's "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid" is wearing a grey bandanna across his forehead.

"Step into my office," he growls at the actor whose lines he cut in on. This chewing out will be in private, on that patch of ground Peckinpah considers his own, right beside his director's chair.

Off to the side, Kris Kristofferson, starring as Billy the Kid in Peckinpah's first big Western since "The Wild Bunch," is dab-

bing at his face with a towel, careful not to smear the pasty red finish on his skin. "I wish Sam would make up his mind how he wants to shoot this," he grumbles. "He just threw in that corny business of reaching for my gun. I know I'm going to have trouble with it. And I hate having to wash my face in that water. Between the water and



PHOTOS: STEVE DITLEA

the make-up and the sun, my face is starting to feel like a potato chip." He dabs at his face again in annoyance.

Kristofferson takes little notice of Peckinpah's one-way shouting match. "Sam will yell at an actor sometimes, just to get a certain reaction, or a look he wants," he explains. "But he once told me, 'I'm afraid if I do it to you, you'll step right up and kill me.' 'You know, you're right,' I said." Peckinpah knew when he'd met his match: Kristofferson was a boxing champ in college, and bears a broken nose from one of his few unsuccessful fights.

"I remember the first time I met Sam," Kristofferson recalled. "I didn't care whether I got the part or not. We just talked for an hour and a half, and I liked the guy. I was surprised after reading everything they write about him. You expect him to be a terror and he turns out to be a pushover."

An 8:30 location call that morning. The forty-mile drive from the bleak Mexican mining town of Durango was uneventful, except for the sight of a fresh mule carcass being picked over by buzzards at the side of the road. The cast and

crew all were ready on time but had to wait for Peckinpah (still groggy with the flu) to arrive. During the three months on location nearly everyone had come down with "unspecified diseases"—including Kristofferson, who was taking huge doses of antibiotics and was temporarily forbidden his favorite vice, alcohol.

"Hurry up and wait," commented Luke Askew, the actor who played Billy's right-hand man. "Yeah, just like in the Army," added Kristofferson, who spent four years in the service and was destined to teach at West Point—until he took a detour to Nashville.

Peckinpah finally arrived on the set, walking every bit like a crusty drill sergeant, and with a vocabulary to match. He carefully inspected his company-size movie-making army of technical specialists and acting privates. Stopping in front of Luke Askew, he immediately barked his disapproval.

"Your hair is plastered down like you're going to pose for some fashion magazine." He spat out the last two words, but surprisingly kept his language from becoming unprintable. Askew quickly mussed up his hair.

While Peckinpah set up his first

shot, Askew talked about the legendary Billy the Kid. "The big cattlemen called him a criminal but the people on the frontier treated him like a hero. They felt he was fighting for them," explained the actor who knew about legends first-hand after co-starring with John Wayne in "The Green Berets."

The twenty-seventh man to play Billy the Kid in the movies, Kristofferson says he read everything he could find about the outlaw. He too had chosen to believe the legend, even though there's enough historical evidence to suggest that William Bonney might have been nothing more than a trigger-happy bully.

"Ever read his letters? There are some interesting parts where he tries to explain that all he ever wanted was what was rightfully his," Kristofferson said. He seemed to identify completely with the character. Even the clothes he had for the part were styled after the dark leather outfit he wears in concert. But at 36, despite his youthful appearance, Kristofferson has a hard time passing for 21, the age at which Billy the Kid was shot. They had to light him and position the camera the way they do for an aging star.



After two quick run-throughs of the scene, Peckinpah called for silence. "Silencio!" repeated the Mexican assistant director. Dozens of crew members, actors and extras instantly froze. The huge arc lights sizzled to life with the acrid smell of electrical fire. Kristofferson killed the Bull Durham cigarette in his hand and mounted his horse. The day's first take had begun . . .

Billy the Kid rides through the gate—he gets off his horse, walks to the water, washes his face and exchanges greetings with his gang. Then he secs her, the girl they call Maria, the last love he'll ever know. She's played by Rita Coolidge, the raven-haired pop singer who is Kristofferson's girlfriend in real life. According to the script, "she looks at him, vulnerable, on the verge of tears." Instead, she seems plain bored. Billy walks toward her to return the St. Christopher's medal she gave him for luck on his journey. She hesitates awkwardly before handing it back to him to keep.

"Cut dammit," Peckinpah hisses in a voice that sounds like rusty razor blades.

"I was waiting for his line," Rita explains plaintively to Kristofferson, pointing towards one of the gang.

"Don't worry about it honey," Kristofferson answers gently. But she does worry—enough to have no problem displaying her emotions to the camera for the rest of the day.

While his first team prepares for the next take, Peckinpah runs across the courtyard to finish a sequence he's been working on for several days. This last shot is a close-up of Bob Dylan, making his film debut as Alias, an enigmatic member of Billy's gang. It was Kristofferson who convinced the famous recluse to come out of hiding and make this movie.

Like a chameleon that can make any style his own, Dylan has obviously taken to his old Western get-up. A little later, Rita Coolidge laughs and confides, "sometimes it's hard to take all this seriously. It's just like kids dressing up and playing cowboy."

After another take which meets with Peckinpah's disfavor, Kristofferson relaxes against a corral post and talks about the infamous director. "Sam's really okay



Rita Coolidge: "Sometimes it's hard to take all this seriously. It's just like kids dressing up and playing cowboy." Rita plays Maria, Billy the Kid's last love.

with actors. He feels the actors are involved in the creative team and he's fighting the business team. It's us against them." At the moment, Peckinpah's private war to do things his way was causing his producer and the studio headaches to the tune of a million dollars.

Five takes later Peckinpah finally has what he wants, but the scene is by no means finished. It will be a long tiring day before they're through. But at this moment, cast and crew happily scatter like schoolchildren at recess when Peckinpah nods to his assistant, who announces: "forty-five minutes for lunch."

Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge walk to the Winnebago camper they share with Bob Dylan, but Dylan's nowhere to be seen. Sensing the presence of reporters, he has disappeared fast as a desert lizard. Kris and Rita step into the trailer's cool green and blue interior, a welcome change from the arid set. Kristofferson orders lunch and talks about his career.

"I don't think of myself primarily as a singer," he explains in a gravelly voice. Even though this is his third movie part, Kristofferson

doesn't think of himself as an actor either. "I can only play something I can identify with. If I had to play a ballet dancer or a nuclear physicist, there's no way in hell I could do it. People that can play everything from a faggot to a lumberjack, they're actors. Like James Coburn, he can do all the moves . . ."

His admiration for his co-star in the role of Pat Garrett is interrupted by a knock at the door. Lunch is brought in. Kristofferson sadly turns down an offer of beer, then perks up. "The doctor says I can drink again by the weekend. Boy, you're gonna see one drunk cowboy."

"For me, acting's like a nine-to-five job," he continues. "You just sit there and wait to be told what to do. If you want to know something, they say 'don't worry about it, that's not your problem.'"

"Still, I am interested in working with Sam, seeing him go through the motions. I would have rather written this thing, than act in it. I was going to write a script last summer, and I'd still like to try it. I don't know if I'll drop out of this movie stuff for a while. It's been too much in a row. I went from



"I remember when I first met Sam," Kristofferson said. "I was surprised after reading about him: you expect him to be a terror and he turns out to be a pushover."

the last one right into this one, and this has been exhausting." His last role was in "Blume in Love," Paul Mazursky's comedy about life in Los Angeles. Kristofferson played a young singer, the same kind of part he had in his first effort, "Coco Pike." Peckinpah's movie is a chance to get away from being typecast—and a shot at film stardom as well.

Another knock at the door: time to return to the set. As they get ready to go, Kristofferson becomes pensive for a moment. "You know, I've been lucky to get into this film thing from left field. I didn't have any schooling in it. I didn't even act in high school plays. I never thought I'd be an actor."

With a smile and a shrug, he walks out into the warm Mexican sun to become Billy the Kid once again.

Two buzzards have started circling over the set, a little close for comfort. Harry Dean Stanton, an old friend of Kris' who first suggested he try his hand at acting, and now a member of Billy's gang, is watching them with a worried look.

"Maybe they can tell Sam's sicker than he's letting on," Kristofferson quips.

Stanton relaxes and tries to seem unconcerned. "I was raised with buzzards," he says with a shrug.

"Hell, I was raised by buzzards," Kristofferson boasts.

The afternoon is filled with tall tales and idle chatter as Peckinpah goes through the process of breaking down the action in the scene and shooting it from different angles. Luke Askew will have to say his lines over and over for a close-up, Kristofferson will be photographed a half-dozen times riding through the gate, and he and Rita Coolidge will exchange looks and smiles again and again until the camera's hungry lens has been satisfied.

The day is starting to take its toll in monotony and fatigue. Like a clock-watcher on any job, Kristofferson is waiting for the evening and a little freedom. He becomes annoyed by small delays, turns brooding and uncommunicative when Rita Coolidge tries to talk to him.

Peckinpah gives the word and his assistant bellows, "it's a wrap!" Kristofferson takes Rita's hand and the two of them walk to the camper to be driven back to their spacious rented house; back to a hurried enchilada dinner prepared by their cook, to meetings with Kris' music publisher and his manager, to a long phone conversation with the scriptwriter to discuss some line changes—and perhaps a brief chance to unwind at the piano.

Time to retire: another 8:30 call tomorrow morning. ■

Wembley Festival Boosts "Country" in Britain

by Peter Carr

LONDON—The International Festival of Country Music enjoys an established place in the British calendar. Held over the Easter weekend in and around the Empire Pool, Wembley, on the outskirts of London, it owes its success to the extraordinary energy of promoter Mervyn Conn. The 1973 festival (the fifth and the most successful) featured exhibitions, record sales, meet-the-star sessions, talent competitions, BBC radio recordings and even a mini-festival of British country music.

Inside the main hall, from 6:30 to midnight each evening, a capacity crowd was served non-stop music. In the United Kingdom, country music devotees suffer from

a sort of collective persecution complex. Because of distance from source, they have never been able to become specialists in their enthusiasm and historically, only big sellers like Johnny Cash, George Jones, Buck Owens and the late Jim Reeves make it onto the shelves of the record stores. This situation is changing, however. No less than 78 country albums were released in Britain during the week of the festival (as compared to 28 during the entire year of 1969). There were three Festival specials on network television and 12 regular country shows on regional television. In the past 18 months, eight local radio stations have been programming country music. This may seem like small potatoes when compared with country music in the United States, but when you take into consideration the fact that Britain is a small country, it's not bad at all. The BBC's televising of the entire festival (it was shown in segments during the weeks following the festival) is especially impressive.

A lot of English country music fans still see the situation as country against the rest, but as each Easter gets bigger and better, the crowd gets looser and happier and the overpowering sense of celebration becomes more attractive. An American audience would also be surprised at the feeling generated as Hank Snow started into "Moving On," as they dragged Ernest Tubb back to encore "Walking The Floor Over You" or as Mac Wiseman, Hank Thompson or Ferlin Husky simply stepped onto the stage. It was legend made flesh over and over.

So what of the concerts themselves? Of the 25 acts on the program, about a third were indigenous and their standard pretty abysmal. In a way it's unfair to expect them to match up to the Americans; they can master the grammar but the colloquial vocabulary beats them every time.

"Country Fever" is the most interesting of the British groups. They sing mostly American material, but invest it with some character, hanging together as tightly as any American band. They lent their skill to George Hamilton IV who sounded secure in their company. He fronts the only regular country show on Bri-

tish network TV and so it's not surprising that he gets to play house hero to the British crowd. As well as doing a spot of his own, he fronted the show, handing over to Del Reeves halfway through the second day.

The first American he introduced was Skeeter Davis, who also holds a place in the affections of the British crowd. There's something about her self-deprecation that contrasts nicely with the glowing self-esteem of one or two of the performers who shared the Wembley boards. She was followed by Jack Greene and Jeannie Seely who closed the first half of the show. There's a strong element of simple and unquestioning sentimentality in British country audiences, and whatever nerves are involved, these two touched them faultlessly. Next up was Jeannie C. Riley, followed by Johnny Paycheck who provided the best music of the night.

Irishman Ray Lynam opened the

Sunday show and he was followed by a mystery group, the Country Beat from Czechoslovakia. This curious cultural connection caused something of a stir in the press box, and a stiffening of backs along the row of Czech officials.

It was Tompall and the Glaser Brothers who quite positively stole that first day's show. The end of their set saw promoter Mervyn Conn standing on his chair, waving them back for an encore of "Where Has All The Love Gone?" while the photographers gathered like flies around the perfect symmetry of their three heads. Their brittle harmonies were a positive delight. Dottie West had a hard time trying to follow them.

The first real flicker of interest after the interval came with the entrance of Ferlin Husky, resplendent in powder blue suit and ruffled shirt. He, too, is a long-awaited legend with a voice that should, by all the normal laws of nature, long since have started to fade. I can

think of few people who could have followed him, but Mac Wiseman managed. He stuck to straight singing, his high tenor ringing around "Wreck of the Old 97," "Letter Edged In Black" and "Will The Circle Be Unbroken." Lovely stuff.

Jim Ed Brown appeared accompanied by the twin fiddling and singing of the Kate Sisters, and Ernest Tubb and Hank Snow provided a fitting conclusion to the celebration.

We have a lot to thank Mervyn Conn for, but we also have much to demand of him. It's entirely right that veteran performers should take their places at the top of any bill he cares to assemble, but there are singers like Kris Kristofferson, Mickey Newbury, Alex Harvey and John Denver and bands like the Nitty Gritty's who deserve a place somewhere. After all, as Johnny Paycheck said: "Nobody can survive on the same thing over and over." ■



25,000 British country fans at the Empire Pool, Wembley (left) saw Tompall Glaser steal the show.



The Days Fly By For Barbara Fairchild

by John Pugh

"I don't know if you've guessed it, but all this has messed up my head a little. I always said to myself, 'When I get a hit record, I want to be ready.' When I got it I found out I still wasn't ready."

Barbara Fairchild's head may be in the clouds, but the rest of her is down to earth. Down in the rolling plains of Nashville, to be exact, where she is kicking up a lot of dust with her record, "Teddy Bear Song." And finding the grass even greener than she had imagined.

"All the changes in my life since 'Teddy Bear'—it's almost unreal," Barbara began. "All of a sudden people are concerned about what I think, important people are calling me, Columbia Records even sent me flowers when I was in the hospital. It's hard to get used to making good money when before I was always worried about paying my bills. When I was a kid in the country the days just crawled by, especially Sundays. Now they just fly by. I'm on the go so much I don't have time to relax. I've got the money to do some of the things

I've always wanted to, but now I don't have the time. They can think of something for me to do 24 hours a day. Like in May, I was home three days. I've waited all my life for a record, so I could work, and I love it, but dragging suitcases, waiting for planes and leaving my bag back at the motel can drive me crazy. But I love being 22. I don't know why; I'm just glad I am what I am. Everything good has happened to me this year: a baby, a hit record. As long as I can remember, this is what I've wanted. It's almost freaky the way everything is falling into place for me so young. It's almost like somebody's watching over me."

Perhaps so. Songwriter Jerry Crutchfield, who gave Barbara her start in Nashville, says, "I've seen many artists that somehow never quite got it together. There would be a lot of behind the scenes excitement over them, but they just never seemed to happen with the public. On the other hand, I've been aware of people in the business that seemed destined to accomplish certain things. I get the same feeling about Barbara. In fact, the second time I met her I told her I would positively guarantee her a record."

Barbara's second meeting with Crutchfield was even more productive than her first. At that time Barbara, with a friend, had come to Nashville from St. Louis to secure a recording contract. She was all of 17. They had been in Music City several days when Barbara's companion spied Crutchfield in a parking lot. "I know him!" she exclaimed. They cornered Crutchfield and chatted with him until he invited them up to his office for a quick listen-to.

"She had one song I liked," Crutchfield related, "so I told her to go home, write some more and come back. But the most impressive thing was Barbara's singing. She was only 17, but she sang with the conviction and experience of someone who'd been around a lot longer. She's the most refreshing new talent I've ever run into. She can handle many types of material. Most girl singers do one thing. Barbara can do several, all just as effective. Her country songs have been compared with Dolly Parton. She's also been compared to Teresa Brewer. She reminds me of a torchy French singer. I think this is the reason for all the comparisons."

"Any time a new artist comes along, he or she is bound to be compared to established singers," Barbara said. "Nobody's ever compared me to Dolly; I get compared mostly to Brenda Lee. In school I admired Brenda, knew all her songs, tried to sing like her until I finally realized the world didn't need two of us. Then I tried to follow Loretta Lynn, Connie Smith and others. Out of all this came what I do."

Out of all this came "Teddy Bear Song," a unique song, which has defied categorization, swept the country, and mystified many insiders—including Barbara. "I really don't know why it was such a big hit," Barbara said. "I wasn't prepared for its being the record it's been. But it's a singable song, a simple song, and there may also be some degree of novelty factor involved. It's like 'Snowbird' in that it's a sad song, but a light feeling."

The same feeling one gets around Barbara. It is easy to imagine her incorporating Loretta Lynn into her singing, because of their remarkably similar personalities and mannerisms. "The first time I met Loretta she said, 'You're my favorite

singer," said Barbara. "She started making such a fuss over me, and this was long before I had had 'Teddy Bear.' She asked me to come to the disc jockey convention and she let me stay with her the entire week. "I don't see Loretta much these

days; one of us is always gone. But I admire someone like that and I hope I can be that way. What scares you is when you see performers who start out loving the public, but change. I hope that never happens to me."



Up And Coming

by Bill Littleton

So far 1973 hasn't come up with any super smash "overnight sensations" to the extent that marked '72, but it is nonetheless a good year for new (read "previously limited exposure") artists. A lot of people know about Ronnie Milsap, for instance, but not nearly so many as those who will be hearing his first RCA release, "(Altogether Now) Let's Fall Apart." Prize Records has a cute item by a 12-year-old Alabama lass named Carol Faust with the title "Paper Airplane." Puppy love might be a humor factor for a lot of people, but kids take it seriously, and in this case it makes for a good record.

The Sgro Brothers have a harmonica treat out on Gemini and the same label is due for a full-course fare for Thumbs Carlisle fans almost immediately. Ken Lauber has produced a bushel basket full of stuff on Happy and Arty Traum and the people who dig the basics should really enjoy this. I've heard the "Brown's Ferry Blues" cut and it's nice—very nice.

Columbia is maintaining a nice

musical balance, time-wise. Their anthology series will have Bob Wills and Lefty Frizzell entries in the near future and if you are a fan of country music's origins I suggest that you ask your friendly neighborhood record man to put you on the reserved list for both albums—they're really something! No synthesized stereo or added-on frills—just good honest reproductions of how those cats sounded back when: the Bob Wills material is mostly early vintage from a variety of sources and Lefty's is a re-issue of a late-forties Jimmie Rodgers tribute.

Columbia Records of Canada has a new album on John Allan Cameron called "Lord of the Dance." In the past there has been considerable discussion about John Allan's records being released in the United States, and this album could be the one to break the ice. I personally have never heard the fellow do anything I didn't like, but I think the American singles market would give priority to "The Streets of London" and the instrumental "Trip to Mabu Ridge." I think the American public deserves to hear John Allan's expansion of country expression. ■

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RCA Records and Tapes

Union Grove— A Changing Scene

by Alan Whitman

For fans of country picking and singing, the do-it-yourself kind, the North Carolina town of Union Grove has long been the place to be on Easter weekend. Here was a chance to get in some serious picking at impromptu jam sessions going on 'round the clock, around cars piled high with empty instrument cases—a repertoire of tunes that everybody knew or could follow, and always room for one more picker. Inside the schoolhouse, the competition for World Champion fiddler, or banjo or mandolin or guitar player, featured the best of the best amateur country picking, the down-to-earth, non-commercial, old-time string music played by folks who grew up with it, and loved it enough to come here at their own expense, hoping to go home with prize money and honors.

Johnny Cash Quiz Results

Winners

Here are the first ten winners selected from the hundreds of responses we received. Each will receive a set of six Johnny Cash albums.

Dorothy E. Sharer
Fulton, Illinois

Carol Blatter
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Cecil K. Steele
Fairfax, Virginia

Kathy Elliott
Guelph, Ontario

John C. Green
Roach, Missouri

LaVerne Juday
Nashville, Tennessee

Stephen A. Szczypien
Hendersonville, Tennessee

Virginia Stohler
Middletown, Indiana

Isabelle Shaw
Des Moines, Iowa

Betty Albert
Madison, Wisconsin

Answers

1. Air Force
2. 1958
3. "Don't Take Your Guns to Town"
4. False
5. *Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison*
6. Johnny
7. Shel Silverstein
8. False
9. 1969
10. House of Cash

But things have changed at Union Grove. Pierce Van Hoy's farm is now the site of the main Union Grove Fiddler's Convention.

The scene, however, resembles a people's fair, a crazy quilt carnival, more than a fiddler's convention. Tents with yellow and green tops, station wagons, old van trucks and converted hearses cover about 400 acres of cow pasture. Beer cans and wine bottles, frisbees, rock music from car stereo tape players; sunbathers, lovers, amateur encounter groups; bikers with guns, girls with no bras, boys drunk, stoned, bored; leather and silver craftsmen; an interminable wandering of almost 100,000 people all obscuring the musicians, the few old time bands, the bluegrass and pseudo-bluegrass groups that have congregated here.

Some of the old folks, the local people who once derived their primary entertainment from the fiddler's convention, still come out on Saturday night if they can get in, but the crowd by then is usually so large that many are turned away.

"Union Grove used to be the number one fiddler's convention, the best," a musician from Tennessee recalls. "A lot of people now, though, younger people mainly, are just becoming aware of this music. They've heard the name 'Union Grove,' and they think it means bluegrass music. That's all they know about bluegrass music, though—that it's done at Union

Grove on Easter weekend, so they come here. But they don't understand the music, and they evidently don't appreciate it. That makes it unpleasant for those of us who have come here for the music."

The people here for the music now are in the minority.

Saturday night, Pierce Van Hoy's tent is filled for the first time. Two hundred bands have faced the judges since noon Friday. All were eliminated but the 49 finalists who will now compete for the title of World's Champion as individual instrumentalists, and as old-time and bluegrass band. Thick, discomfiting smoke hangs heavy in the mammoth tent. The judges, sitting close up in front of the stage, have a speaker especially positioned for themselves so they can distinguish the music from the din that continues unabated for the duration of the show. "The winning band," someone near the stage points out, "seems to be the one that can play the loudest and work against a rowdy crowd. And that's disturbing to an old-time band that plays with great precision."

Following the presentation of the last award, the World's Champion Fiddler for 1973, Buddy Pendleton, comes back onstage for an encore. The applause, missing during his appearance earlier as a finalist, has now found its way from an audience unable to decide on its own whether a performance is good or bad. ■



PHOTO: ALAN WHITMAN

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COUNTRY MUSIC

An Interview with Tex Ritter, Champion of the West

By Kathy Sawyer



What do you remember about where you grew up?

I was born in Panola County, Texas—deep East Texas—about 40 miles from Shreveport, Louisiana. I was the youngest of six children, three boys and three girls. My father was a farmer, a cowboy—everything at one time or another.

I went to school in a two-room school house. It was really only one room but they had it partitioned to make two rooms because on Sunday the partition came down and it was a church. It was about 250 yards from our house and usually the school teachers lived with us because it was closer to the school.

Where did your father's people and your mother's people come from?

My mother's family was named Matthews and they settled in East Texas immediately following the Civil War. I think they came from North Carolina or South Carolina, and stopped maybe ten years in Georgia, then migrated to Texas. My father's people were old settlers. They settled near Shelbyville which was named after Shelby County, Tennessee. Prior to that, they were German. There's always some member of the family that looks things up and supposedly my father's people had fought in the Revolution, when the King of England hired some 10,000 German people to fight in the revolution—he was busy with other things, I suppose. Many of these Germans were in the battle of Trenton. Some were captured, some deserted and came over to the side of the colonies. At the end of that war, George Washington offered them free land on the frontier if they would stay—the frontier at that time of course being Tennessee and Kentucky.

What sort of society did you grow up in?

When I was a boy it was a rather Victorian society. But when my father was a boy every young man would ride horseback for 30 or 40 miles and dance all night, all into Sunday. But by the time I came along, it was taboo. The Baptists and Methodists stopped it. Then, later, after I was in my teens, round dancing came back, but square dancing was still taboo. Later, square dancing became a big thing again.

What do you remember specifically about yourself as a boy? Were you interested in music?

Well, when I was very young, we had the old time singing school that was prevalent in that part of Texas. For three weeks we had this singing school and there were itinerant singing teachers. P.O. Stamps was one of them who taught in East Texas. He later went to Dallas and formed the Stamps Quartet. And the citizens of the community would pay him to conduct the school. I suppose it was the forerunner of public school music.

In high school, did you do any singing?

My family sang a lot. Out of three boys, I was the youngest. My two older brothers were very good singers. There again, it was mostly church music. But usually they wouldn't let me sing with them, because I couldn't sing well enough. I remember once my mother said it would be nice if her boys would sing. So we got up in front of the fireplace and sang about a half a song and the others stopped and said, "Mama would you make him sit down?" About the time we left

East Texas, my voice started changing. I started really singing old cowboy songs as I grew older.

Were you a good boy or a bad boy? Did you do anything mischievous?

The worst thing I would do was when my folks would go visit some relatives and leave us home, they would always say, "Don't go swimming." And that's what we always did—slip off and go swimming. My father had kind of a funny thing—I don't know whether it was good or not. Today, with Dr. Spock, who ruined two generations of children in America, naturally we'd frown upon it. But if you did something like that, he would say I owe you a whipping. So you would go with that over your head. Then when he would get his razor strap out, he whipped us all, and you knew you had been hit. I tell my wife about it today and she thinks it's terrible. Looking back on it, we never did anything too bad.

At what point did you move to Nederland?

When I was 15. I had a brother-in-law down there. My sister had lived there for four or five years and my brother-in-law from Ohio came to East Texas as a telegrapher. My sister always wanted one of the three boys to come and stay with her because her husband was working shift work. I had stayed there several times, so when we moved I knew the kids, because I had gone to school with them. A lot of them were the Dutch kids, descendants of the people that founded the town, and a lot of them were the Cajun kids.

So I grew up with a whole different deal. Beaumont was eight miles away and a large city at that time, 30 or 40,000 which was a large city to us. I'd never seen anything—I'd been to Longview a couple of times. It was a whole different deal. It was flat, near the marsh, no woods like where we were raised.



After 40 years as an entertainer—in radio, movies and plays—Tex Ritter still keeps an active concert schedule.

What did you study at the university?

Pre-law. I majored in Government, political science and economics.

How did you get interested in such sophisticated subjects?

My favorite subjects have always been history and civics. I always liked those subjects much better than the sciences; chemistry, physics and math—they left me kind of cold. I liked biology and botany. I sang in the oratory society for two or three years and also in the choral society. I studied public speaking—I took all the courses I could in that—and debating.

When did you graduate from the university?

1928. I went to law school for one year, and then I went one year later to Northwestern in Chicago. I'd been in New York for a couple of years and then I went back to Chicago to Northwestern.

How did you come to go to New York?

Well, I went to Houston first, trying to sell life insurance and I didn't do too well. I drifted around and went back to my brother-in-law in Ohio. He had always told me that a year or two in the East would be good for a Texas boy, because it moved a little faster and gave you a different outlook. That was what I had in mind, getting a job in New York. I didn't plan on singing, although I had my cowboy songs that I sang, but it never dawned on me during those years that you could really make a living singing, because all I knew was church singing and the quartet in the glee club. I had no idea of ever being in show business. It was during the Depression years and I came to New York in '29 when people were jumping out windows and selling apples and everything else. I had no money. I tried to get a job—one oil company wanted to send me to China, one oil company wanted to send me to Venezuela, but I wanted to stay in New York and study voice. It was pretty grim to see people jumping out of windows—well, I didn't actually see it; but I know I was pretty hungry, real hungry.

How did you live?

Well, I ran into a boy in the subway that I was going to the university with. He was leaving for Texas and invited me to share his apartment until he got back. That kind of saved my life. Then I had a whole suitcase full of books and when I moved I took everything I had—a few clothes and a lot of books. I found a place in New York where I could sell a book, although they didn't pay me much for the books. There was one copy of American Mercury Magazine I had which had been banned in Boston. It had an article about a young lady of ill-repute in a small town—it was called Hat Rack. I think I got two or three dollars for it.

Were you a midnight cowboy?

Well, I never did see that one, but . . . I got in some country shows.

How did you get in those?

Well, there was a western show with cowboy songs, so I went over there and they brought in a lady who they thought was an authority, which she was, and

she said, this boy's authentic. So I sang four songs and understudied the part of Franchot Tone.

What did it do for you?

After that, I went home and when I came back, I got on the radio—WOR, the Lone Star Rangers. During the next few years I was on WINS, then we had a program for children called Cowboy Tom's Roundup. It was an older man, an Indian boy from Oklahoma and me. We did five characters and had a script every day.

Did you enjoy this, or was it just to make a living?

Well, it was a living but I enjoyed it. It was a hobby. Collecting the cowboy songs and singing them was a hobby. At the University of Texas three people had possibly influenced my direction: Oscar J. Fox, who was a composer and a voice teacher, had arranged some cowboy songs; John A. Lomax, the great cowboy collector; and J. Frank Dobie, who was teaching English at the university, but he had a great knowledge of cowboy ballads.

I wanted to ask you about your poker games. Were you a winner?

No, I always lost. When I was a kid, playing cards was kinda taboo. I've gotten away from that and I watched a lot of students play at the university. I knew how to play—I don't know where I learned, but I knew how. There was a group of us in New York who played, and then when I got into radio, there was a different group, with one girl. Her name was Anne Elstner. She was a radio actress, originally from Texas

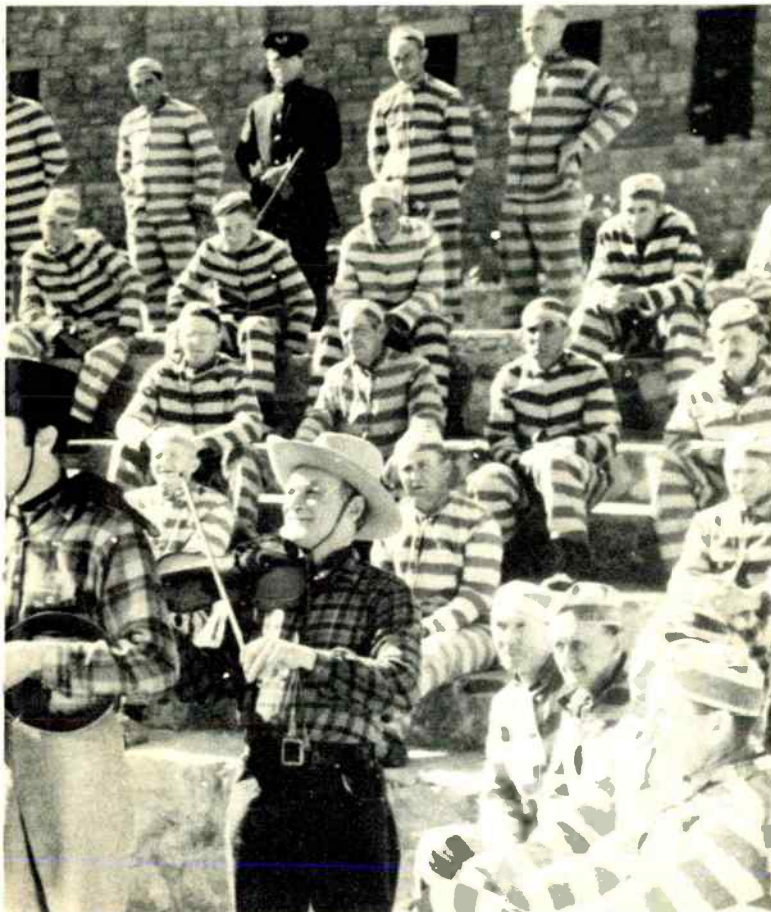


Tex entertains prisoners in the 1941 movie "Ridin' The Cherokee Trail." Did Johnny

and her husband was Jack Matthews. She became Stella Dallas for 19 years—after I left. She now has one of the great restaurants of America in Lambertville on the Delaware River near where Washington crossed the Delaware. It's called the River's Edge. Being from Texas, she was always a great hostess and a great cook. All the waitresses there loved her. She played poker like a man, but we loved her. We usually played once a week and I usually lost. I was a little reckless. When I'd win, I'd usually win pretty big because I used to bluff a lot. But I'd usually get caught, and then I'd lose a lot. If you add it up over the years, it cost me a lot.

There was a group of us who played in Hollywood after I went to make a picture—we played together. Roy Rogers liked to play poker. We played for several months, then he would go out of town. But it would be he and I, the technician, the electrician and the grip. All the grips loved my wife because she was so nice to them. They were the real people, and I preferred them to a lot of the actors and actresses.

It's mostly a social thing. Porter Wagoner, Merle Haggard and me have played. Porter's pretty good. I think the last time I played was four or five years ago. But it's kind of a pity—it gave you a chance for sociability and you'd have a drink or two, and you could learn a guy pretty well in a poker game. Nobody loves to play poker like I do. But I had to quit it—you know how it is when you get married and children start coming along. But every time I'd see Anne and Jack I used to say, hey how about a poker game? I don't think it's any more sinful than going to a bar and drinking at night.



Cashseeit?

Let's get back to New York, when you were on the radio and acting.

After the Cowboy Tom thing broke up, I had a thing on WHN called Tex Ritter's Campfire. It was on once or twice a week. And then I had another show once a week called WHN Barn Dance in 1934. WHN has gone country now. It's a great thing because we've been trying for years to get to New York.

I was in a couple of plays, aside from "Green Grow The Lilacs," that later became "Oklahoma." It was a folk play of Oklahoma at the turn of the century, while it was still a territory. It was beautifully written. "Oklahoma" still kept the dialogue and the prose had a rhythm to it, kinda like poetry. They followed the book rather closely, except they extended the ending a little. It was done in sets that turned; first the living room, and then the smoke house, and then the hayfields. Then when they changed the scenes we were out there singing cowboy songs. And then the girls did one segment and the boys, we did two. But instead of the square dancing, they put in the ballet; and the cowboy songs were scored by Richard Rodgers. They followed the book pretty closely. That was a nice era.

After "Green Grow The Lilacs" I was in a couple of more ill-fated things, the revival of "The Round-up" which has been a play. Then I was in a thing called "Mother Lode," a play about the discovery of the city of San Francisco. It wasn't too long after that when I went to Hollywood to make a Western.

How old were you then?

Middle twenties. I was 29 for three years and then I went back to 28! That lasted for about 14 or 15 years. I made about 78 pictures of westerns and then I made different little pictures, altogether about 85 pictures.

How did life in Hollywood suit you?

When I arrived in Hollywood, I lived in an apartment for the first year or two and then I bought a place in Van Nuys. I had a place for stables and in the back of the stables there was an 80 acre field where I raised squashes. In front of my house, a little to the right, there was a 50 acre walnut orchard. And then about two or three blocks from my house was a stream; it was a perfect place to exercise a horse, which I used to ride every morning.

In between my house and the lot in later years, they built a grade school. My youngest son went there for a while. That meant I had to ride through the schoolyard. Then the squash field became a subdivision and I couldn't work my horse in the arena out by the barn because the people would come and hang over the fence.

Then the walnut orchard in front became a subdivision. Shortly after that, they cemented the lot—big sidewalks—so it was no good to ride there anymore. It was a great thing in those days for the people who lived in San Fernando Valley. The organization is still going and I remember I was there when it started and I attended a few meetings. The Home Trails of San Fernando tried to get the sub-dividers to leave the horse trails, so you could ride. If it hadn't been for that organization I don't know what would have happened to the horse lovers of the valley.

Subdividers don't pay any attention to anything. They took down all the trees, and that's one thing I



Caught by the bad guy in "Where The Buffalo Roam" (1938), Tex the good guy goes for his gun.

love about Opryland. They left the trees. That's the first thing I said to Dorothy, my wife. I said, they left the trees and I thought it was marvelous because it takes a while to grow a tree—as the song says, "Only God can grow a tree."

How did you feel about Westerns then?

I was always a movie fan, but I never did attend as many Westerns as most people did, for the simple reason that we never had a theater in my little town of Nederland. To see a picture, we'd have to go to Beaumont. But I remember my favorite was Hoot Gibson. With most of the kids my age, Tom Mix was a favorite. Some of them liked Buck Jones and some of them liked William S. Hart. But my favorite was Hoot, who later became my dear friend, and I always valued it because he was my favorite as a teenager because he did comedy westerns. The rest of them were always so solemn to me. So I decided I'd have a few laughs in my pictures and I liked that about Hoot. He was a great cowboy and a great western star.

I had been raised with guns, but with shotguns. I had no experience with a revolver or a pistol. I had used one in New York in an act, but it was a little .22. That's all you could shoot on a stage in New York. But I had a man to work with me on my pistols for a week every day. He was an Oklahoma outlaw. He had spent some time in Leavenworth. His name was Al James. He died just a few years ago at almost 100 years of age. He wrote a book which may interest you, Kathy. When he came out of prison, he wrote a book with O'Henry, called "Through the Shadows." O'Henry was in the same prison because when he was

a young man, he had left his home in Greensboro, North Carolina and went to Austin, Texas and worked in a bank that had to do with Federal funds. Of course, after he got out of prison he went to New York and became a great short story writer. Then he ran for governor and almost got it in Oklahoma. But those old timers... Emmet Dalton who died in Hollywood about a year after I got there; I wanted to meet him, but he was in a coma. He was the youngest one—Emmet Dalton. The Daltons were the real outlaws of Oklahoma. They didn't think much of Al because he robbed one bank or train and he got caught on his first job. But he was a marvelous young man. Sometimes Al would go to the bank with me to get a check cashed, and he'd wait in the lobby. I'd ask him how he would go about robbing this bank if he had to—where would he station his men? In some of the pictures we had him playing the judge—he was very short and sandyhaired, but very brilliant. He taught me my gun work and he didn't have a trigger on his pistol. The trigger was filed off; so you had to pull the hammer back, you had to "fan" it.

Did you ever get hit hard in a fight?

Yes, in my first picture I did. We were mixing it pretty hard and I was fighting with another heavy, and he hit me on the chin and almost knocked me out, just as the scene was over, and they heard the blow from the camera angle. The director walked up to the actor—I forget who he was at the moment—and said, "I guess he hit you, but it's his first picture, you know." I was holding my chin and a little guy named Shorty Miller who I'd known in New York was

in my picture and he said, "You're the one who got hit," and I said, "I sure did." So he went and he said, "Mr. Mott, Tex is the one who got hit." And he said, "Fine! Next scene!"

What was the attitude toward Westerns at this point?

There hadn't been any made since the talkies came in around 1926. The Westerns hadn't really started to be made until about 1933 or 1934, a series with Hopalong Cassidy starring Bill Boyd. About a year later Autry started the singing Westerns and they were well received. But there was a dry run there, I don't know why. But the talkies were successful and so was Gene Autry. So Gene really opened the way for me and Roy Rogers and all the rest of us singing cowboys.

Who were some of your leading ladies?

My first one was a girl named Joan Woodbury, then Marjorie Reynolds. My first picture was with Rita Cansino, who was later Rita Hayworth. Jinx Falkenburg, who later went to New York—Jinx was my leading lady. Jinx was very tall which was why she never really made it in Hollywood. I think she would have, but she was tall and no leading man liked to be dwarfed. In our pictures when we had scenes, it didn't matter to me but she played barefoot. She was the Anne Murray of the early forties and late thirties.

Tell me about how you met Dorothy.

I had a friend out there named Horace Murphy, who had been a comedian in my pictures, and he had

worked a picture with her and Buck Jones. He told me what a nice girl she was, and he said, "You gotta meet this girl." And then a boy named Hank Worden introduced me to her and she later got in one of our pictures. She played a pioneer woman who was killed later in the picture, but at least it gave my producer a chance to see her. And then after that, she was my leading lady.

Tell me a little more about your courtship. When you met her, did you ask her out right away? Was it love at first sight?

I don't know. I liked her all right. The first date we had I think we went to a football game. I always liked to sit out in the bleachers so I could get a little sun in my face. And she tells that I didn't offer to buy her a hamburger. Then when I did take her out to dinner, it was usually a drive-in. So she thought I was a cheap sort of a fellow. But I was in a hurry. You can eat pretty quick in a drive-in and then you have more time up on Mulholland Drive!

Was she hoping to become a famous actress?

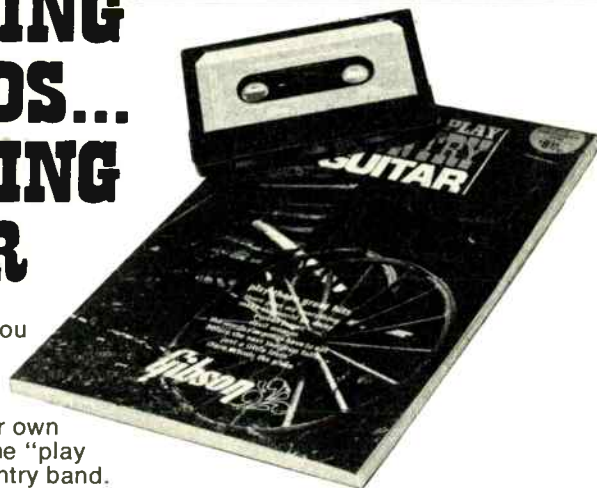
Well, I guess so, but after we married she didn't seem to care to do it anymore. But she did a lot of modeling after that and fashion shows.

What were the road tours like?

All during my first two years of touring in cars, I saw cars along Route 66 with mattresses on top of them and refrigerators tied on the back—people moving from the Dust Bowl to California. Shortly after

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my first picture was released, I started touring. And for many years after a picture was over I would start touring and I would be booked. At one time when I left California, I had six carloads of people. I had Slim Andrews with me and Cannonball Doug Taylor who you see a lot in the movies these days.

Were you one of the people who enjoyed traveling—enjoyed getting out on the highway, or was it hard on you?

Well, I never did admit it, but I really enjoyed it. I never found it difficult at all, even at its worst. Naturally you'd lose a little sleep, but I always enjoyed it because you meet people in different towns and I enjoyed the stage more than the pictures—well maybe not the pictures, but maybe more than the television and radio—that's the part I liked the best because an audience does a little something to you. There's a chemistry there that the others don't have. I'm kind of a tourist.

With people you can't get bored. You can get bored making love; you can get tired of whiskey; you can find fault with anything. But being from the rural part of the country, my philosophy whenever I came to a new town was always that there were interesting things in this town, that there is beauty here. I hate to use the words I heard in New York so many times—"boy you're really in the sticks"—in other words, in New York if you got above the Bronx, you were in the sticks. The truth of the matter is that New York is about the least American of all the cities. I never did like that. I always thought that it was all part of the country and that it was all beautiful.

While you were touring, did you get in any of the Hollywood glamour circles?

No. That was the heyday of Louella Parsons, and I didn't participate. What I used to do, when I wasn't touring, was get together with a bunch of the western guys. I spent a lot of time with people not in the business. I had met people in New York and Hollywood, and that's all they could talk about—show business. So, many of my friends in Hollywood were not in the industry.

And then I spent a lot of time up in the High Sierras 280 miles north of Hollywood and I got in the mining business. I couldn't lose enough money in Hollywood—I had to find some other way to lose it. I was in that for a year. I got more holes in that country than all the gold in Fort Knox. But I loved it because it got me out in the open, instead of attending all the Hollywood parties. Then the children started coming along and we were active in the parent-teachers groups. My wife was always very active. She became active in the United Cerebral Palsy and ended up being the national officer.

Do you want to talk about recording in New York?

There again, Gene Autry was the one that was selling. By this time he was in Chicago with WLS National Barn Dance and I went there and recorded four songs. I believe it was in 1933, or maybe in the fall of 1932. I remember they gave me \$100 for the four sides. No royalties. It was just me and my guitar, and one of them was kind of a hit. It was "Rye Whiskey."



Tex married Dorothy Fay Southworth, his co-star, on June 14th, 1941.

I recorded songs for Decca like "Makes No Difference Now," "Nobody's Darling But Mine," and songs that Jimmie Davis recorded but they used me to cover his songs on a different label. He was on Decca and I was on Vocalion, I believe. Then I went to California. We weren't always as conscious of phonograph records in those days, as we are now. Capitol Records was formed around 1940. I hadn't recorded for about a year then, so I went with Capitol when they started and I've been with Capitol ever since. So I would say that I've been with Capitol 32 or 33 years. I don't know how old Capitol is, but I was with them when they started. I go with the building. Come to think of it, when you speak of country music today, I suppose I would be called a pioneer. Of course Jimmie Rodgers was back in the twenties and I think Autry started about 1930 or 1931. But they were the two big sellers.

Can you pick out your biggest hits?

Well, I would say "Green Grow The Lilacs," "Jealous Heart," "Moon Over My Shoulder," "High Noon," and "Boll Weevil." "High Noon" was not the largest seller—though maybe it's the best known.

How did you get into "High Noon"?

I had a phone call from Mr. Tiomkin. I went to his house and the picture had already been finished. Really, if the truth were known, I think it was edited. They had it cut. They showed me a few scenes from the picture and told me what it was about. Ed Washington wrote the lyrics and Tiomkin scored the picture. The

picture won four awards including the song.

Have you had occasion to hear or see Disney World where they have an animated grizzly bear that imitates your style singing "Blood On The Saddle"?

It's my record, really. The man kept asking me, he said they wanted to do this thing in Florida in Disney World where they have the All American Jamboree and they wanted to do "Blood On The Saddle." And I said, "How much?" And they said, "Well, we really didn't want to pay anything." And I said, "Well, that publicity tastes pretty good with whipped cream and sugar on the top of it." I finally signed the thing giving them permission, but I never even got a letter of thanks.

Do you sing the way you sing because that's the only way you can sing?

I suppose so. I started out as a young singer. I was a bass in a quartet in the beginning. I think my voice was lower when I was younger. You sing so many years alone and you try sometimes to sing higher than you should. I know in a lot of my early pictures, they kept putting the key too high for me, and they would say, well this key is too low. So finally I just put my foot down and said, that's where my voice is. It's a bass.

You've broadened your interests since you've been in Nashville into business and politics, and kept up show business, too.

Some eight years ago I moved to Nashville. I had

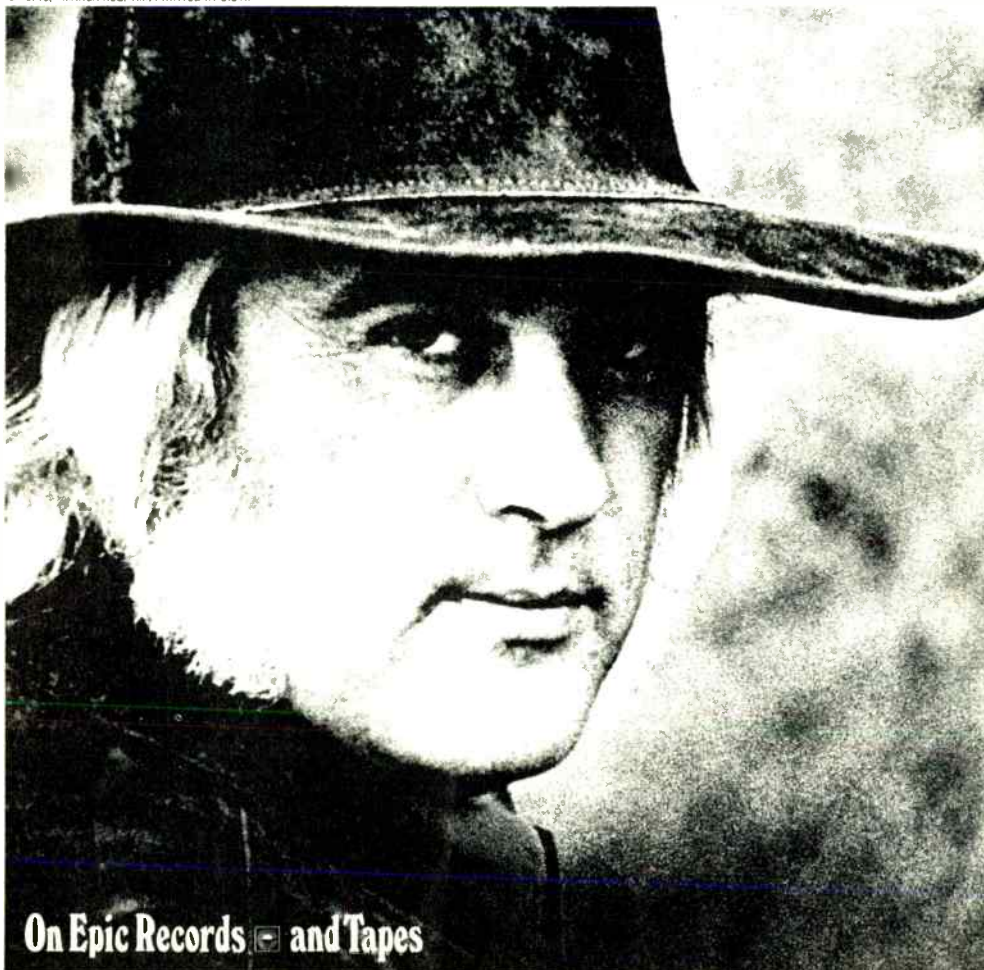
been coming in and out of here for a number of years. About all I had left in California—I hadn't made a picture in some 15 years—was my family. I was being booked out of here on my personal tours and I kept a car here and my musicians lived here. They would meet me in different places. I would fly back to the Coast and they would meet me in another town a week later or whatever and all of my activities were kind of centered here. Then they called me to join the Grand Ole Opry. So I came and then my family came two years later.

But politics—I've always been interested in politics, but I had never considered running for anything myself. Then people from East Tennessee came to my house on a couple of occasions and asked me to enter the race for United States Senate, so I did that. It was a great experience and I don't regret it at all.

What sort of things did you want to do, if you had been elected? Were there any projects especially close to your heart?

Well, I think in the field of drugs I felt rather strongly about that. I've known a couple of people who've been sent to the pen for taking pills, and I didn't quite agree with that. Some of the states lump marijuana in with hard drugs, and I didn't believe in that, and I said so, which may have lost votes, but I thought a marijuana user's sentence should be rather lenient, especially in first, second and third offenses, as opposed to the hard drug. I always felt we should try to do something to help the drug users instead of being unmercifully cruel to them. The person who

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The Most Beautiful Girl
You Never Really Wanted Me



sold the drugs, his sentence should be more severe.

I felt very deeply, and worked in Washington on quite a few different occasions, on copyright laws, not only more for the composer and the publisher—they get some—but the artist, the musician, the arranger and the record company I feel deserve a little cut of the pie. Those were the two things that I felt I had a little knowledge on.

In what ways has the country changed as you see it over the years?

I don't think it's changed as much as a lot of people think it has. I think the values are still there. Some of the young people have protests, but it's nothing new. Tom Paine protested against England. We've had student revolts down through the years. I feel that when the smoke clears away, the values are still there; right is right and wrong is wrong. But they ask you what is right and what is wrong. The pendulum swings. We have an age of permissiveness now in movies, stage plays, more so than before. But the pendulum will possibly swing the other way. I think people are possibly getting a little sick of four letter words and nude people in the movies and sexual acts performed in the movies; that's not what we have lived 300 or more years in this country to arrive at.

Is there anything you regret not having done yet and that you intend to do?

Well, I don't think anyone is ever satisfied with his accomplishments. I just don't think too much about it because you can't undo it. It seems like the days are short and the nights are long sometimes. I just always feel grateful for good health and friends.

Some of the greatest accomplishments in the world have been performed by old men, so you're never washed up. You can always accomplish something. But you'll never do it if you retire and just sit. Certainly not. When you do that, you die.

When I was a kid, the kids would eat after the the adults finished. They would talk and eat and talk and eat. Then the things would be cleared away—this was not the family; this was a big gathering with all the relatives—and then we would eat. Then we'd go out on the front porch. The men would talk and pick their teeth and pitch horseshoes. Then they'd dwindle away and some of the older men were left—maybe grandfather or a great uncle—just sittin' and lookin' into the distance.

You couldn't wait until you got old because you wondered what great thoughts they were thinking. And you'd say well, I hope someday that I can be a grown man and sit on the front porch and gaze into the horizon and think these great thoughts. Then when you get older you do that. You sit on the porch and look into the horizon and you think exactly what they thought, those great profound thoughts. You know what they were? Nothing. Ha! ■



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Hollywood's Singers They Packed Guitars A

by Jack Parks

There they both were—Gene Autry and Roy Rogers, and they were squaring-off for a knock-down, drag-'em-out fist fight. And when it was all over, Gene had the upper hand and was pointing a gun at Roy. Roy had no other choice. He started singing.

It didn't happen in real life, but it wasn't some kind of crazy publicity stunt either. Even a publicity man would be hard pressed to come up with something as wild as a fist fight between Roy Rogers and Gene Autry. But it did happen—in a 1930s film called “The Old Corral”—before either Autry or Rogers had become undeclared rivals for the unofficial crown of King of the Singing Cowboys.

Almost every studio soon had its own contender for this title, but few even came close to the popularity of these two. Ken Maynard was the first screen cowboy to open his mouth and sing, instead of relying only on the more conventional spoken words like, “Smile when you say that, pardner.” In a 1930 film called “Songs of the Saddle,” he sang four original songs; and in subsequent films, he smoothly worked songs into the plots—usually by singing them around the campfire and often accompanying himself on the fiddle. Maynard's was not really a singer's voice. But it was pleasant enough, and what's more, the time was right for the singing cowboy to make his appearance on the screen.

With the release of Al Jolson's “The Jazz Singer” in 1927, it was only natural that sound would be added to Western films just as it was being added to every other kind of film—from newsreels, to short subjects, to comedies.

About the same time that sound was being introduced into the Western, the second-rate, quickly filmed



COURTESY OF GENE ANDREWSKI

Three singing cowboys take a break from straight shootin'. Left, Gene Autry and Jean Heather in “The Old Corral.” Bottom right, Dick Foran sings for some four-footed friends.

Western was also gaining popularity. It was called the “B” Western, and it soon became much more popular than its more expensive and time-consuming counterpart, the “A” Western, which had Hollywood-type stars like Gary Cooper or Jimmy Stewart. A third ingredient also set the stage for the rise of the singing film cowboy. It

was the Legion of Decency's crack-down on sex in films.

Nat Levine, a producer at Republic Studios (which had the reputation for the fastest-paced and consequently most popular “B” Westerns at the time) struck the money-making chord. He decided to combine the “B” Western's break-neck paced, no-time-for-sex

Singing Cowboys: As Well As Six-Shooters



tune even by humming, and he had had someone else's humming dubbed in over the soundtrack. But because of his popularity the studio wanted to turn this humming cowboy into a singing one, with somebody off-camera playing the guitar and somebody else off-camera singing—all while Wayne mouthed the words and faked strumming the strings on his guitar. Wayne decided this was all getting too much for him, and he told Republic's president Fred Yates that he wanted no part of it. Autry was being considered by Levine, and Gene—new to Hollywood—went to Wayne for advice. Wayne told him not to do what he had done, but to get himself a good lawyer.



COURTESY OF CULVER PICTURES

the Last Round-Up." Above right, Roy Rogers serenades Dale Evans in "San Fernando Valley."

plots with the pleasant, but innocent interludes provided by a cowboy who sings. After considering a Broadway actor who could sing but not ride a horse, and a Hollywood actor who could ride a horse but not sing, Levine picked Gene Autry who could sing and ride but not act.

Rumor or legend has it that the

American cowboy of all time, John Wayne, was in at the beginning of the singing film cowboy. Wayne had done a film in which he played a character called Singing Sandy (who, for some reason despite his name, hummed when he got mad) and film fans wrote in wanting to see the character again. But Wayne hadn't really been able to carry a

Nat Levine eventually put Autry into a 1935 Ken Maynard film and cast him as the "tuneful cowpuncher." It was a small part but the heavy fan mail indicated that the public wanted more of the "tuneful cowpuncher"; and the singing film cowboy leapt into music and film history.

Rival singing cowboys from competing studios sprang up overnight as quickly as Autry was pushed into popularity. Warner Brothers leapt in almost immediately and eventually ended up with ten singing cowboys under contract at one time—a list which included Dick Foran, Monte Hale, Jimmy Wakely, and Tex Ritter. Of all the singing cowboys, Tex Ritter was perhaps unique; instead of singing songs written especially for the film (or in some cases taking an already popular country-western song and writing the film plot around it), he stayed with the more traditional Western songs that he had become noted for from radio and from the stage. But if Tex Ritter was closer to the authentic cowboy, in his songs and in his costume, than Gene Autry, it didn't

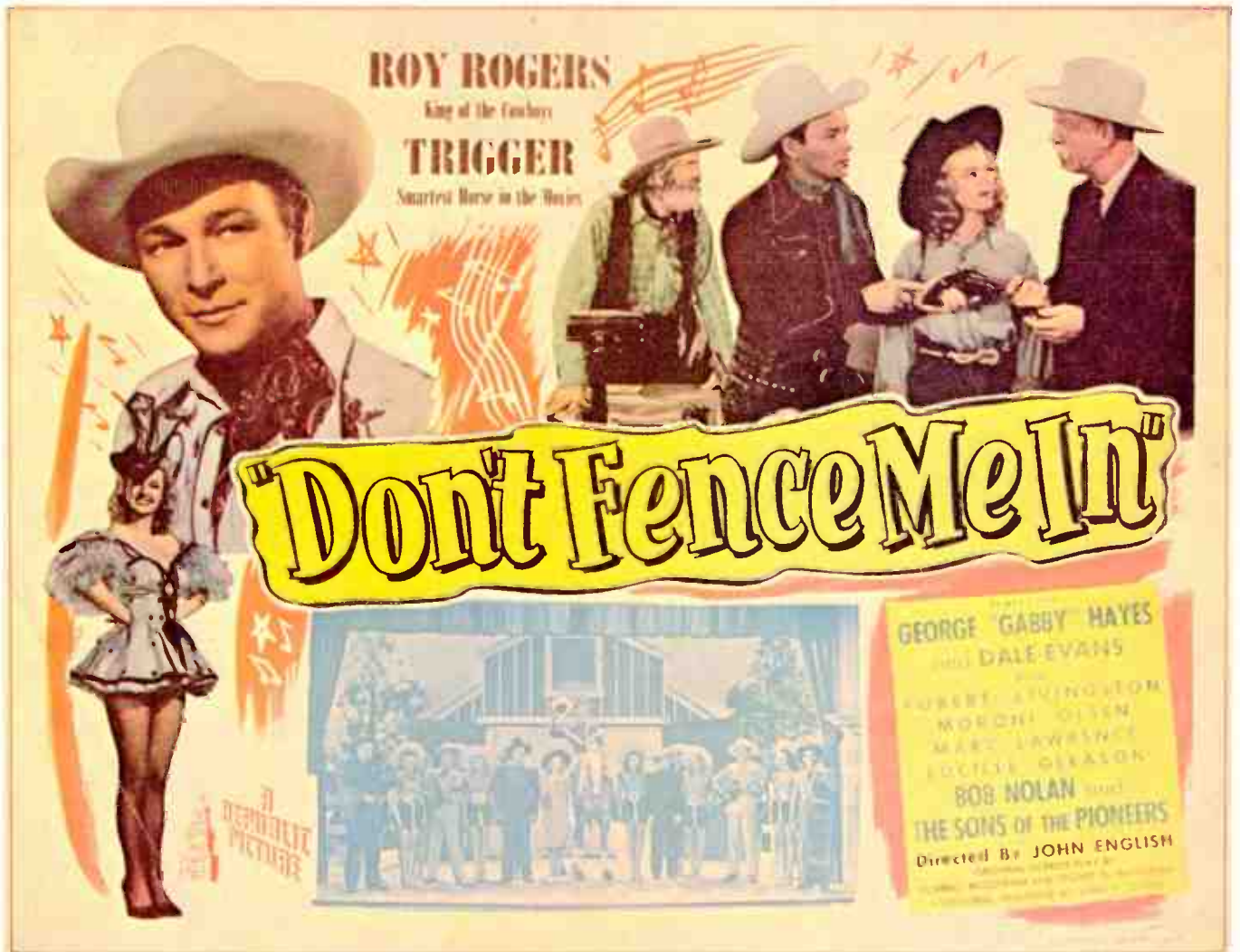
COURTESY OF CINEMABILIA



Gene Autry, center, and a Republic studio director talk to Tom Tyler (the actor who played Captain Marvel) on the Republic set.

seem to make much difference to Autry's fans. From soon after Autry's first starring picture in 1935, "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," to his last films made for theaters in the late forties, he consistently ranked among the "Top Ten" box office money-makers every year—along with the more prestigious names of Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and John Wayne. And if John Wayne was to become America's ideal of The American Cowboy, Gene Autry was to become America's ideal of The Singing Cowboy. Except for Roy Rogers and Tex Ritter, all others were more or less just imitations, fabricated for the most part by rival studios.

Even into the forties these studios tried, but none were able, to duplicate Autry's deceptively simple formula. For one thing, from his very first featured role, Autry was presented as himself, "Gene Autry," a famous radio star. And he was. After a turn-down—but with encouragement—from Victor official Nat Shilkret in New York,



Autry returned to Oklahoma where he had been a graveyard shift railroad telegrapher for the Frisco Lines. This time, he landed a singing job on KVOO, Tulsa, but he kept working on the railroad. Singing wasn't a paying proposition for him yet.

But that changed pretty fast. Within a year he had gained the experience needed for Victor to issue his first record, under the billing of "Oklahoma's Singing Cowboy." He moved to WLS's "Barn Dance" the next year, and the year after that reached national country music prominence when he and his train-dispatcher collaborator, Jimmy Long, had a 300,000-plus hit on their hands, "Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine." By 1934, he was a headliner on Barn Dance and still sang *country* songs. It wasn't until Hollywood and Nat Levine that he really became a *country-western* singer with such songs as "Boots and Saddles," "I'm Back in the Saddle Again," and "South of the Border." The rest was film and music history.

Another ingredient in the success formula of Autry's films was the natural way in which songs were worked into the plot. Going beyond simply stopping the action and singing around the campfire or bunkhouse as Ken Maynard had done, Autry's songs moved the action right along: in "Mexicali Rose" by singing over the radio, he exposes a group of crooked businessmen with the words of the song; in "Tumbling Tumbleweeds" he uses a song to decoy the bad guys into shooting at a dummy rigged and operated to look like him singing.

The characters and the settings were also important to Autry's early and continued success. Usually set in modern times, the availability of modern cars, airplanes, telephones, and of course the radio, all gave Autry almost unlimited variations on the basic "B" Western chase, fast and furious fist fight, and last minute rescue. And since the villains were very often big businessmen from the East or their hired henchmen, the rural virtues of straightforwardness and honesty were easily and clearly shown in a strong light.

But if Gene Autry from Tioga Springs, Texas, was able to establish a film formula for the sing-

ing cowboy which was so successful that no rivals could imitate him, it was left to Leonard Slye of Duck Run, Ohio, Autry's biggest rival, to improve on it. Roy Rogers (then Leonard Slye) had come with his father to California as a migratory fruit picker. Playing at first with a number of Western groups (Uncle Tom Murray's Hollywood Hillbillies, the Rocky Mountain-

eers, the International Cowboys, the O-Bar-O Cowboys, and the Texas Outlaws), he became the lead singer in a group called the Pioneer Trio and was calling himself Dick Weston. In 1934 when Autry was appearing in the science-fiction Western serial "Phantom Empire," the group changed their name to the Sons of the Pioneers.

Rogers stayed with the group for











Jimmy Wakely (with the fancy gun-belt) in "Gun Runner."

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the next three years and did occasional bit parts in Columbia's Charles Starrett Westerns. Somebody at Republic noticed him, and he was signed with the same studio that was starring Gene Autry. So for the next several years, Rogers played and sang a kind of second guitar to Autry's top billing.

Rogers was really being groomed by the studio as another Autry and so, after his first star billing in "Under Western Stars," he did get his own pictures. But even though Rogers' films had their own distinctive style by remaining traditional historical and action Westerns, they were never given as big a production or advertising budget as those of Autry. In addition any new, popular hit song that was bought by the studio to be featured in a film always went to Autry. Friction did develop between them behind the cameras. Autry even quit the studio for a time but came back under a new deal. From then on he and Rogers shared the spotlight at Republic, although Autry probably was still more popular with country-western audiences, until the Second World War.

Autry joined the Army, and Republic put all their money into

promoting and starring Roy Rogers, billing him "King of the Cowboys." But there being a war on and all of that, Republic did hedge their bet. They signed Monte Hale as a back-up singing cowboy—just in case Roy got drafted. He didn't though and so remained secure—with his saddle throne and Stetson crown—as King of the Cowboys.

Unfortunately, as with the rest of the world after the war, things just weren't the same in the tuneful West of the film. Autry returned to movies but went over to Columbia Pictures instead of to his old stompin' grounds on the Republic lot. And the old rivalry between him and Rogers was never really the same. Pictures with singing cowboys were still popular, and they were being made just as well—even though for some tastes they were being made with a little too much comedy and a little too many musical production numbers.

But something else was creeping in in the late forties and early fifties, and as a consequence, first Autry and then Rogers quietly rode not into the sunset but into the television set. Whether it was the returning G.I.s, or the younger generation of kids, or whoever,

somebody wanted to see more obvious sex and more explicit violence in film. The tried and true formula of the musical Western just couldn't take these two new—and completely foreign—ingredients. It was like alkaline water in a desert water hole.

After Iwo Jima or Omaha Beach, who could believe again in a hero who captured the villains with his songs instead of with his bloodied fists? Or who, after they'd seen "Paree" a second time, wanted to again believe in a hero that wanted to loosen the strings on his guitar instead of the buttons on his heroine's blouse?

Even so, for two whole generations there would be the memories. In "Cowboy Buckaroo" Mason Williams expressed it best. And most appropriately with song and guitar:

*I was raised on matinees
on Saturday afternoon
Looking up at
Hoppy, Gene, and Roy
... Oh, boy,
And I grew up thinkin'
the best a man can do
Is be a rootin'-tootin',
straight-shootin'
cowboy buckaroo.*



Roy Rogers and partner howl at the moon in Republic's "In Old Caliente."

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2

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 HANK THOMPSON—I'm Movin' On

JIM ED BROWN—How I love them old songs ever know
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 JIM REEVES—Bimbo
 DEL WOOD—Down Yonder
 STUART HAMBLEN—This Ole House
 PORTER WAGONER/DOLLY PARTON—Just someone I Used To Know
 HANK SNOW—I Don't Hurt Anymore
 JIM REEVES—He'll Have To Go
 SKEETER DAVIS—End Of the World
 CHET ATKINS—Wildwood Flower
 HANK LOCKLIN—Please Help Me I'm Fallin'
 JIMMY DEAN/DOTTIE WEST—Slowly
 JIM REEVES—Four Walls
 HOMER & JETHRO—Baby, It's Cold Outside

JIM REEVES—Missing You
 CONNIE SMITH—Once A Day
 BOBBY BARE—Detroit City
 WAYLON JENNINGS—Brown Eyed Handsome Man
 PORTER WAGONER—Green Green Grass of Home
 HANK SNOW—The Golden Rocket
 JIM ED BROWN—Pop A Top
 ARCHIE CAMPBELL—Tell It Like it Is
 JIM ED BROWN—Morning
 DOTTIE WEST—Paper Mansions
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“Hank Jr.’s Got All The Breedin’ He Needs...”

A conversation with Hank Williams’ son
by the man who interviewed his father 25 years ago.

by Melvin Shestack

The first thing I scrawled in my notebook when I got a good look at Hank Williams, Jr. was: *Why isn’t he a bag of bones like his father?*

He stood about fifteen feet away from me, wearing a neat pair of cream colored bell bottoms and an open-collared shirt. He was shaking hands with some of the backstage people, and then, removing his banjo from its case, he began to pace back and forth, plucking away all the time.

Now Hank Williams, Jr. isn’t fat. That isn’t it at all. It’s just that he isn’t skeletal like his father was. Hank, Jr. wouldn’t be cast as the scarecrow in the Wizard of Oz. Hank, Sr. could have been a serious contender. You know that Hank, Jr. had all the milk and protein he needed when he was a kid. And that’s the way it should be. But the minute I saw him, I broke an oath: *I, Melvin B. Shestack, had solemnly sworn that I would not compare Hank Williams, Jr. to Hank Williams, Sr.*

It was a noble gesture—but impossible in the light of what had happened to me during the past four months. Last summer, I burst into the *Country Music* offices, offering the story I’d been unable to sell for twenty years, my meeting with Hank Williams when I was a writer for my high school newspaper. I sold the story (*Country Music*, January 1973) and my life changed considerably. First, the mail came—in bushels. I heard from several people who were at the same concert and were anxious to have a get-together. Vic Willis, of the great Willis Brothers, was kind enough to point out some obvious errors in my memory. I’ve received pecan cookies and cured



PHOTO: DENNIS KELLY

Virginia hams from fans of Hank’s and I’ve been asked to speak on Hank Williams’ influence on American popular music at colleges. I

his son, little Bocephus, the joy of *his* life. (Anyone who could write a song like “My Son Calls Another Man Daddy” knows the rewards and pains of fatherhood.)

“I’d sure like to talk to you this minute,” Hank, Jr. told us. (I tried to think: What was his father’s voice like? Was it higher pitched?) “But I gotta couple of things to do first. You all come up to my dressing room in ten minutes.”

“Why are you so nervous?” my wife, who is always cool and logical, asked.

I tend toward the dramatic, and Hartford, Connecticut seemed the wrong place to interview Hank Williams, Jr. I had planned to catch a later Hank Williams, Jr. concert in Rochester, New York because that was where I met his father. But circumstances prevented it. Not that Rochester, New York is typical country music country. I mean, Merle Haggard wouldn’t write: “I’m Just An Okie From Rochester” but it was better than being in New England. For a complicated

**... the minute I saw him I broke an oath:
I had sworn I would not compare
Hank Williams, Jr. to Hank Williams, Sr....**

even had one proposal of marriage (my wife didn’t appreciate that one) and an Arkansas farmer offered a weekend of possum hunting, should I ever get down to Crockett’s Bluff. Vern Young, the man who insisted I see Hank Williams all those years ago, read the article and has contacted me, and we’ve made plans for a reunion. I was also made a contributing editor to *Country Music*.

So, Hank Williams had touched my life—and now I was meeting

reason, I felt Connecticut was a damn poor place to encounter the son of “Luke The Drifter.” I was suffering from a case of the long, gone, lonesome blues.

We had arrived early and silently. Bushnell Memorial Auditorium is Hartford’s old opera house, a tarnished but still oddly elegant alliance of American Colonial style and gallic rococo, and haunted by the dim ghosts of now forgotten musical luminaries of the last 75 years.

I thought: "Had Hank Williams, Sr. ever graced these ornate walls?" I doubted it. But the doorman, whose enthusiastic remarks belied his Hibernian grimace, told us: "Sold out. Both concerts."

... I felt Connecticut was a damn poor place to encounter the son of "Luke the Drifter" ...

The hall was empty save for two solitary figures. One, a listless attendant, shuffled through the empty rows of seats, bending occasionally to scrape gum from lifted chair bottoms, the other was a sideman from one of the groups making up the afternoon's show. He was short and wiry and he carried a fiddle. In a Chaplinesque gesture, he waddled to the shadowy center stage, made a deliberate bow to the imaginary, white tie audience, placed his instrument confidently under his chin, and guiding his bow over the strings, filled the vacant hall with strains of Tchaikowsky's "Winter Dreams" motivating the attendant to snap to bewildered attention.

The fiddler stopped in mid-chord. His face reddened as two more denim clad musicians broke the silence, their arms clumsily wrapped around amplifiers and drum cases. Dashing by us, and seeing us for the first time, the fiddler offered an embarrassed: "Just clownin' folks," and calming down, "You here to see Mel (Tillis)?"

"We're here to listen to Tillis and talk to Hank, Jr."

"Hank ain't here yet," he told us. "Their bus is a little bit late."

The stage door opened to admit a smiling young woman. She was thin and dark haired and wore the kind of dark glasses movie stars often wear. I was struck by her thinness and felt I should offer her a candy bar or something. But even if she was hungry, she had a fine reason for smiling. The previous night in Nashville she'd won her first Grammy Award and for the moment at least, she was the happiest girl in the whole USA.

"Who's that guy with Donna Fargo?" someone beside me asked.

The guy was an intense man whose face served as a greenhouse for a tremendous jungle of black whiskers, growing like a rain for-



est, and long enough to leave scratch marks on his new, soft-as-velvet brushed suede jacket. It was Stan Silver, Donna Fargo's manager (and a brilliant one, too, I am informed by very important sources) as well as her husband. With him, carrying a guitar case and sporting what, by the time this is in print, will be a curly red beard, was the great Texas side man, Odell Martin. "I'm lookin' for pickers," he confided to a Mel Tillis bandsman, who knew him. "Gonna put together a group for Donna." Martin's boots are deserving of mention: Scuffed Black Leather, but tipped at the points with an armor plate of tooled Mexican silver. Out of sight!

I was about to join Donna Fargo's well wishers when the "Cheating Heart" Special pulled up next to the stage door. A number of young men in denim entered the back stage; none were Hank, Jr. I was on the lookout for Jerry Rivers, road manager and fiddler, and one of Hank Williams, Sr.'s original Drifting Cowboys. Promoter Abe Hansa collared a man with longish white hair. "This guy's looking for you, Jerry."

During our introduction (I learned that Hank, Jr., had flown to Hartford by plane and would be arriving any minute) I spotted a familiar face. "Who's that?" I asked Jerry.

"He's our driver and jack of all trades," Jerry Rivers replied, ad-

miringly. "We couldn't do without him."

"I mean what's his name?"

"Okie Jones," Jerry told me. "He's been with us five years."

Okie Jones, indeed. This certainly was turning out to be a banner day.

Okie Jones.

Probably no one remembers him much now—outside of Nashville—

"... he's our driver and jack of all trades ... Okie Jones ..."

but when I was stationed at Fort Bliss, Texas, during the last days of the Korean War, Okie Jones was the post celebrity. I was editor of the Fort Bliss *News* and we often took photos of Private Okie Jones with Generals and Congressmen and visiting celebrities. Before being drafted, Okie Jones had recorded a number of hits and everybody at Fort Bliss believed Okie would become a country superstar.

"Okie," Jerry Rivers said, bringing us together. "This fella's here to interview Hank, Jr. and he claims he was in the Army with you."

"Yeah?" Okie Jones said, smiling like a chipmunk. "I'll be darned." He continued his work on the bus as we talked, but he was reluctant to talk about himself. "I drove for Marty Robbins a long time," Okie told me. "But when Marty had his heart attack, I didn't want to

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The true origin of the dulcimore is lost in legend and folklore, but it did come out of Appalachia in the mid-19th century to the musical delight of its inhabitants and all who heard it. The author, founder of the Mountain Dulcimore Society, has hand-crafted more than 600 dulcimores and has played in such prestigious spots as the U.S. exposition at the Montreal world's fair and the Smithsonian Institute.

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just hang around the ranch or nothin' so I joined Hank, Jr. I like drivin' the bus."

"I don't know what we'd do without ol' Okie," one of the Cheating Hearts (Hank, Jr.'s group) offered. "He's just a bag of smiles an' there don't seem nothin' that ever bothers him."

One of the Cheating Hearts passed me, carrying a couple of costumes (bright green, embroidered with red hearts). A Tillis man said, "Now that Donna's on her way, Hank's really got to push his performance."

"Don't you worry none about ol' HWJR," the Williams advocate replied, confidently. "He's got all the breedin' he needs."

Hank's voice, rich and deep, boomed: "Why don't you and your wife come upstairs where it's quiet and we can talk." The dressing room, empty and nondescript, looked like the kind of room always used by criminals in the 1940s second feature movies. The plaster was cracked. There were no curtains

bought a little band of gold./I thought some day I'd place it on your finger,/but now the future looks so dark and cold...

"Did you know that Daddy's album, the one they advertised on TV, has sold one million in three months," Hank, Jr. told us proudly. "That's pretty darn good for a man dead twenty years."

"Did he ever win a Grammy?" my wife asked. Hank, Jr. answered the question with another: "Did you watch the Grammys? Didn't you think Don McLean should've won something?" Someone poked his head in the door. "Tillis is leading off, then Donna, who's gonna use our musicians, and then you end the show, Hank." Hank, Jr. smiled at the face and nodded.

"Do you do many personal appearances a year?"

"Oh, somewhere between 220 and 230 shows a year," he remarked happily. "You don't get the bookings, you're not going to sell records." He went on: "I played my



PHOTO: DICK HOLLART

Hank, a teenage star, with one of the six instruments he plays.

on the windows. The furniture was peeling and a shadeless 75 watt bulb dangled from a single cord.

"Oh, hell, I been in worse than this," Hank, Jr. assured us. "Mostly, I dress on the bus, anyway." (I wrote in my notebook: *Hank, Jr.'s clothes fit so well. Hank, Sr. probably had tailor-made clothes, too, but poor boys don't have tailor-made physiques. Wears rings. Two, one a jeweled "HW" the other a jeweled "JR."* For no reason at all I'm reminded of the words from "Wedding Bells...": *I...I even*

first show at eight with Grandpa Jones, my sister and momma. Between the ages of eight and fourteen, I did about 30 to 50 shows a year. When I was fourteen, I hit the Ed Sullivan show and the Jimmy Dean show. People in the audience always asked for Daddy's songs. 'Let's go, Hank Williams' son.' I didn't think much of my first records. "Standing in the Shadows" was the changeover; that is, I liked it. But I've always worked, ever since I could remember, I worked, and when I didn't work I

played sports and still do, but at school I played sports. And I studied. It was expected of me, and I expected it of myself.

"You know, I play six instruments. And I was taught by the best, like Earl Scruggs. He'd come over and show me a couple of things. People like that. I knew everybody in Nashville, and I still do.

"... You know, I play six instruments. And I was taught by the best, like Earl Scruggs..."

"Boy, I'm country. I play a little rockabilly and rock and roll and I like hymns and all kinds of music, but I'm country.

"Did I say I knew everybody in Nashville? Well, that's not exactly true anymore. There are so many new people. I grew up knowin' the Tubbs and Stringbean and those people. But there are so many new faces and when I see 'em on the street, we just nod. I feel bad. I don't know who they are.

"Do you know, I grew up not knowin' any young people except the girls I took out. I was always



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with older people. I'd go fishin with my father's friends and I still go fishing with them. I fish in Kentucky Lake. I flew down to Mexico to go fishing. I can't wait to take Hank Williams III fishing. He's over two years old now.

"People think I was born in Nashville but I was born in Shreveport. Daddy was with the Louisiana Hayride there, you know. People say, Hank, Jr.'s pretty good, but never as good as his daddy. Well, *Are you out of your mind?* I mean there was only *one* Hank Williams. But I play a lot of instruments and I write songs. I have a new song I'm working on which talks about my life."

(From my notebook: *He smiles through the monologue. His speak-*



PHOTOS: ALAN WHITMAN

"I've always worked, ever since I could remember, I worked."

ing voice is as rich as his singing voice. He's a man with a vocation. If anyone can be said to have been born to the business, HWJR certainly was. He's not sad inside like his father, but why the hell should he be? Why should I expect him to be a carbon copy?)

"I can't think of anything I'd rather do than do what I do. And that's to sing and know other singers and to hunt and fish, except that the singing keeps me from doing as much fishing as I'd like.

"Did I tell you I collect guns? I've got a great collection..." The door burst open and in came a tall, big man with black, curly hair and very white teeth. He was wearing a kingsize blue crushed velvet jacket. "Oh, I didn't know you had company," he said, his voice equal-

ly as deep as Hank, Jr.'s.

"This is Merle Kilgore," Hank, Jr. said. Kilgore smiled. "You got a nice magazine," he said.

"Merle Kilgore," I told my wife. "He wrote 'Wolverton Mountain.'"

"Merle and I wrote a good song on the bus," Hank, Jr. said, picking up his guitar. The strap was of tooled leather and "Bocephus" was cut into the leather. "That's the name Daddy called me. I don't know exactly how you pronounce it. It was Alexander the Great's horse. Anyway, lemme play you this song. We like it. It's called, 'Country Music, Those Tear Jerkin' Songs.'"

Hank, Jr. played and sang a duet with Merle Kilgore, a *private* concert—one of the things that makes my job so special.

"Country music—those tear jerkin' songs

*About life the way it really is
He's not happy at home so he'll
play those old songs
And dance with someone who's
not his...*"

"There's a great jug sound in the cut we recorded," Hank said.

"You bet," Kilgore added. "It's Oswald playing the jug."

Pete "Oswald" Kirby was a regular on Grand Ole Opry in its infancy, a dobro-playing member of Roy Acuff's band who merited top billing along with Clayton McMichen, Eddy Arnold, Chuck Wiggins and San Antonio Rose. "Oswald hasn't done much recording lately," Hank said, "and I invited him to join us for the tear jerkin' song number."

Kilgore interrupted. "He makes the song on the record. You get that record and listen. At the end of the cut, there's a weird laugh—he-he-he-haw, well that's Oswald, doing his number. Anybody who's an Opry fan'll know that laugh."

"He-he-he-haw," Hank, Jr. said.

"What I came in to tell you, Hank, was to get ready for the show," Kilgore said.

"C'mon down to the Cheating Heart Special," Hank said. "I need some help, anyway."

All country music buses are interesting, and each has its own character. We squeezed through the "parlor" with its booths for card playing, reading, or writing songs, through the "dormitory" with only one of the bunks made, and happily, a copy of *Country*

Music sticking out from under a pillow. The back of the bus is Hank, Jr.'s private domain, with a radio and TV set, and a parlor all its own. There were a couple of framed photos of Hank Williams, Sr., and titles of a number of songs are carefully painted on the walls. "What I need you to help me with is to get this on me." He pointed to a handsome black leather shirt. "I work hard to make my hair look good. That's one thing I have in common with Daddy, having thin hair." He laughed, held his hands against his hair and said, "Let 'er go." I carefully lowered the shirt over his head, hoping not to touch his hair. "Perfect," he said. His eyes hit another magazine, which he picked up. "This is a newsletter from Africa," he told us. "I spent a month there hunting. It was wonderful. Here's my picture, right here. That's me. H. Williams of Tennessee.

"You know, I didn't sing for a long time in Africa, and I missed it. I missed singing. And one day,

"... I didn't sing for a long time while I was hunting in Africa, and I missed it ..."

I found this old, 17-dollar guitar and I picked it up and sang for them Africans, country music and they didn't go for it at all. So, I sang that song, remember it—the Witch Doctor—oo-oo-ee-ee-ah—ah—ug—ug—and that sort of stuff. Well, they went crazy. Ate it up. Loved every bit. But I don't think I'll ever be able to go for a month without picking again."

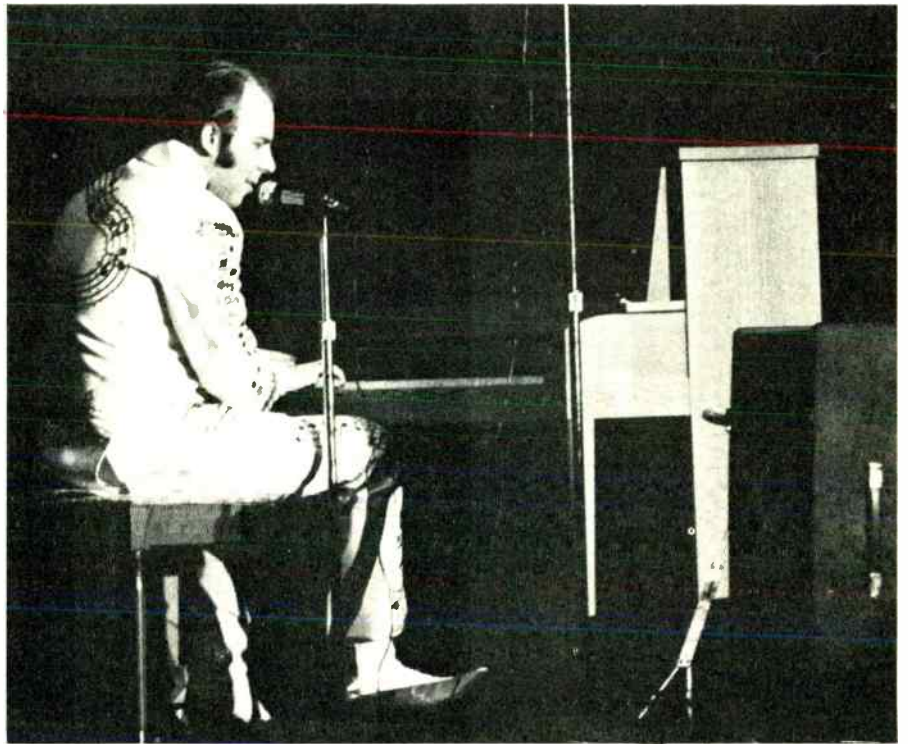
We walked towards the stage door. "After this Northeast tour I have one on the West Coast, and there's special concerts, I occasionally play those, but I won't play clubs. I can't stand playing to an empty room. I like Fats Domino a lot, and in Las Vegas I saw him play to an empty room and it was awful. Not me. No, sir. Not HWJR."

He loped onto the stage, sang "Cheatin' Heart" and the audience loved it. He sang "Eleven Roses" and a couple of other hits and they stamped their feet (these Connecticut hillbillies and Yale students, bless them), and shouted and screamed and sang along. Hank, Jr. played the acoustic guitar, the banjo, the steel guitar, the electric guitar, and then he headed for the

piano and, Jerry Lee Lewis style—no, let's make that Hank Williams, Jr. style, started banging away. He forgot his carefully prepared hair and shook his head as his fingers pounded the keys. I turned to the man next to us in the wings. He

was a security guard in his mid-fifties, portly and gray. "That's the son of Hank Williams," I said.

"Who?" the guard said. "I don't care whose son he is. That boy is really very good. What did you say his name was?" ■



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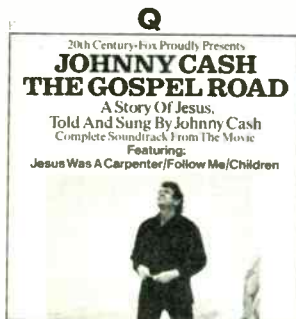


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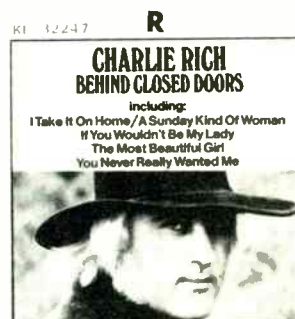
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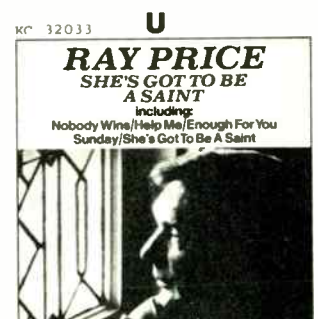
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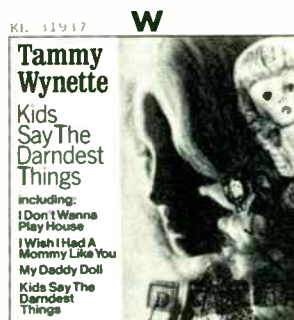
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David Houston has currently been riding high with his latest Epic single, "Good Things" having climbed in leaps and bounds to the top of the charts. This is perhaps one of David's most powerful album releases to date.

Reviews

Charlie Rich . . . Anne Murray . . . Tom T. Hall



Charlie Rich
Behind Closed Doors
Epic KE 32247 (record)
EA 31933 (8-track tape)

It's a pleasure to report that this is Charlie Rich's best album yet. He may be the most versatile performer in country music—Charlie can be as sweet as honeysuckle or as raunchy as a polecat—but before he came to Epic and Billy Sherrill, his records did not do him justice. They tended to reflect only one side of his talent at a time.

Billy has understood what a pair of beautiful instruments he had in Charlie's voice and piano, and he has tried to showcase them both. He's never succeeded better than on *Behind Closed Doors*.

Billy knows how to choose hits and Charlie has more taste than a trainload of Perdue chickens; between them they have picked out eleven terrific songs including two genuine classics—

"The Most Beautiful Girl," which Billy helped write, and "You Never Really Wanted Me," written by Charlie's son Allan. In fact, side one ends with a little Rich Family songwriting festival: Allan's song is followed by a beautiful tune, "A Sunday Kind Of Woman," by Margaret Ann Rich, Charlie's wife, and his own rollicking "Peace On You." Another good song by Margaret Ann ends side two.

Often when you buy a new record, you like it at first, but get tired of it after a few listenings. *Behind Closed Doors* is just the opposite. I have been listening to it several times a day for a couple of weeks and I like it better and better. My only complaints are that it doesn't include enough of Charlie's funky side, and that it offers only eleven songs. However, the first albums in the stores make up for that problem in a rather neat way: they

include a 7-inch "bonus record" with excerpts from four of Charlie Rich's greatest hits ("Life Has Its Little Ups And Downs," "I Take It On Home," "Big Boss Man," and "Nice 'N' Easy").

JOHN GABREE



Anne Murray
Danny's Song
Capitol ST-11172 (record)
8XT-11172 (8-track tape)

Anne Murray represents an aspect of the feminist movement that has my full enthusiasm. No scapegoating, no shootouts—just a lotta love. This philosophy emanates from her music as clearly as lyrics roll from her flawless enunciation and melody floats from her flexible vocal tone. Sadness and the sense of loss have a place in her music (and this album), but it is a melancholy of dignity, never total dejection, never groveling self-pity. It's sheer emotion, packaged in an easy-to-listen-to bundle of good music, as good vocal backing as I've ever heard, and excellent technicians. It's a good—quite possibly a great—album.

Side one starts with the highly popular title tune and continues with two more familiar songs, "Killing Me Softly With His Song" and "He Thinks I Still Care." Two lesser-known numbers, "Let Sunshine Have Its Day" and "I'll Be Home," wrap up

the side, one extolling brotherhood in general while the other proclaims the stability and endurance that love can embrace, regardless of the divorce statistics.

Side two was recorded live at the National Arts Center in Ottawa and depicts another level of love—audience-entertainer rapport. There's no screamin' and stompin', no whoopin' and hollerin', but the applause indicates an appreciative warmth and Anne reciprocates—does she ever! "What About Me" instigates a vibrant pace that flows into a rousing rendition of "I Know" and a building version of "Ease Your Pain." The tempo is velvetized with the beautiful "One Day I Walk" and then we're roused all over again with a new cut of "Put Your Hand In The Hand." It hasn't been all that long since Anne had a smasheroo on that song, but it could happen again—take my word for it! Better yet, listen to the album and decide for yourself.

BILL LITTLETON



Tom T. Hall
The Rhymer And Other Five And Dimers
Mercury SRM 1-668 (record)
MC-8-1-668 (8-track tape)

The general tone of this album is a lot more personal than Tom's previous works. The people and the places

are still there, from Ravishing Ruby the truck stop queen, to the folks back in Olive Hill, to "The Man Who Hated Freckles," but more and more Hall's own feelings appear in the songs, and the isolation of a musician on the road begins to show here and there. In songs like "Spokane Motel Blues," and "I Flew Over Our House Last Night," both of which are really nice, there is a quality of feeling which is new in Hall's songs.

Comparatively, though, the best thing about this album is the *music*. There are some good melodies and good licks on this album. Sometimes it seems that Hall is looking so hard at the world out there, and trying so hard to get all of the stories down, that he occasionally just sets his stories to music rather than finding the melodies that best enhance the songs. In this album, however, Tom T. the artist is in control, telling stories you can't forget in melodies you want to remember.

Even when Tom's songs don't quite come off, they always fail by trying to do the right things. I have always felt that where country music may not always be for the right things, it always *hates* the right things: stupidity, vanity, hypocrisy, snobbery. "The Man Who Hated Freckles" is a pretty good example. It is a broad lampoon of knee-jerk prejudice, and like a lot of lampoons it comes out kinda corny. But whatever you say about the quality of the song you can't fault the quality of the feeling behind it. Nor can you fault this album in feeling or music. It's a good one.

DAVE HICKEY

**Hank Williams/
Hank Williams, Jr.**
The Legend of Hank Williams in Song and Story
MGM 2-SES-4865 (record)
8130-4865 (8-track tape)

Every few years since his tragic death, there have been periodic renaissances of Hank

Williams. A new time of re-discovery is once again upon us, and what better way could he be re-introduced than through the eyes of "little Bocephus" (his pet name for his son, Hank, Jr.), who, in this 2-record set, fondly talks about the father he barely remembers?

The most impressive part of this production is Hank, Jr.'s genuine desire to help make his legendary father seem as real to everyone as the raw emotions expressed in his lyrics and his plaintive voice. He accomplishes this by sharing little anecdotes with us which reveal the different sides of Hank, Sr.'s personality—the religious side which prompted him to write "I Saw the Light," the humorous side in "Move It On Over," and of course the familiar hurting side which is heard in a number of memorable songs. It's



both a painful and a pleasurable experience to relate once again to the gut feelings in "Cold, Cold Heart," "Your Cheatin' Heart," and "Lovesick Blues" (the song that made him a country superstar, but which was ironically one of the few songs he recorded but didn't write). As the son connects the father to us here and now, Hank, Sr.'s universal and timeless appeal is still apparent and makes him even more special. For those who are hearing these soul-stirring sounds for the first time, it should be a moving experience.

Hank, Jr. communicates how he missed having a real father and how he only wishes he could have sung a duet with him. This wish is fulfilled electronically when

Hank, Jr.'s voice is dubbed over his father's in a believable "May You Never Be Alone." CYNTHIA ROSEN



Doc & Merle Watson
Then And Now
Poppy (UA) PP-LA022-F
(record) PP-EA022-G (8-track tape)

Doc Watson is perhaps best known for his ability to take traditional folk tunes and brighten them up with his magic fingers without throwing in any Hollywood licks in the process. On *Then And Now*, he and his son Merle more than live up to this reputation by just playing the *hell* out of some country blues you thought couldn't be improved on. They also pick their way handsomely through some soft ballads and rousing instrumentals. Doc's clear and passionate vocals are uplifting and lend a distinctively joyous spirit to his treatment of the blues and other material.

"Corrina, Corrina" stands out as the star track, featuring some inspired leg-playing by Jim Isabel and the best harmony of the album: add the double guitar leads of Doc and Merle and the song moves better than ever before. Not far behind are two hard drivin' numbers carried by Doc's soulful harmonica and Isabel's drums—"Milkcow Blues" ("Ain't no milk and butter since my sweet little jersey got gone") and Blind Lemon Jefferson's "Match Box Blues."

"Old Camp Meetin' Time," as presented here in foot-stompin', hand-clappin' rhythm, seems capable of challenging "Old Time Religion" for spiritual inspiration. "That's All," a slower reli-

gious number is more reflective ("You better change your way of livin' before the good Lord says 'That's All'"). "Frankie and Johnny" is treated to an upbeat rendition by the Watson guitars while Doc sings the famous story with the kind of authority you'd expect from an eyewitness.

Doc is a quiet showman, but his charm and warmth as a performer come through loud enough even on record. His accompaniment from Norman Blake on dobro and Bobby Seymour on steel pedal is beautifully balanced with the guitar and banjo work of his son Merle. Cleaner pickin' you'll be hard-pressed to find.

SEAN MITCHELL



The Blue Ridge Quartet
"Puts It Together"
Canaan CAS-9729-LP (record) 3-9729 (8-track tape)

The day of the staid, conservative gospel quartet with its lone piano accompanist has long since gone, displaced by groups using all the style and technique of the highly sophisticated country sound to interject interest, excitement, and most importantly, greater popularity into their music. During the 25 years they've been in business, the Blue Ridge Quartet has pioneered this contemporary sound/image, concentrating on closing the gap between country and gospel music.

Their latest album is an example of this. For a gospel album, it is hardly predictable. Listening to the instrumental intro to each song, one expects to hear a modern country ballad. Instead, though, it leads into a

sacred or inspirational song—Blue Ridge Quartet gospel music, light entertainment, easy to listen to, with no heavy message material. They tell good stories, sing praise and worship, relate personal religious feelings or experiences. Seven of the twelve songs, including Laverne Tripp's "It's Worth It All," are Blue Ridge Quartet originals written for this album. The titles are self-explanatory: "Because He Loved Me So," "I'm Going Home Someday," "Where The Roses Never Fade," "I Won't Take Time To Say Goodbye," and more in the same vein. The mood and tempo vary from slow sentimental ballads to up-beat, bouncy, cheerful tunes. The songs never bog down; the album never drags.

Working within the basic quartet four-part harmony structure, each voice—lead, tenor, baritone and bass—is as well-integrated, and yet as distinct, as the shaped notes on a printed page of gospel sheet music. All take turns singing lead, and each voice can be clearly followed from one part to another, one song to the next, with a solid backing of electric lead guitar, steel guitar, and modern country-styled strings in carefully phrased "hillbilly arrangements" that capture the spontaneity and vitality of the material.

The professionalism and polish with which the album is produced serves as a reminder of the advancing state of the art of gospel music as it comes into the mainstream of country music. Its acceptance may be attributed to the efforts of groups such as the Blue Ridge Quartet with the performance they offer here.

ALAN D. WHITMAN

Bobby Bare

I Hate Goodbyes/Ride Me Down Easy
RCA APL1-0040 (record)
APSI-0040 (8-track tape)

Bobby Bare is such a good interpreter of songs that he

often effaces his own personality in his effort to sing the song as the writer wrote it. His new album is no exception to this chameleon effect, but it is on the whole the best album Bare has cut since *Bare Country*, mainly I think because Bobby has taken over his own production. For some reason the production on earlier albums tended to bury his voice, but the sound on this album is crisp, if not inspired.

The material, as usual, is first rate; there are two Billy Joe Shaver songs, "Ride



Me Down Easy" and "Restless Wind," three Jerry Foster-Bill Rice songs, a very good cut of Dallas Frazier and Earl Montgomery's "What's Your Mama's Name" and, a favorite of mine, Mickey Newbury's "Poison Red Berries." I am glad to see that Bare, along with Waylon Jennings and George Hamilton, has discovered that although Mickey Newbury's songs are usually too leisurely for single cuts, they add a lot of class to a country album.

The only complaint I have about the album is that, in his first production, Bare has stressed clarity rather than invention. Bare has gotten good performances from his musicians, but rarely anything more than that.

Overall, though, this is an album full of really good material. It is an album you can play straight through and listen to a lot, but it isn't one of those you take with you to that mythical desert island. I have a feeling, however, that when Bare's production gets as accomplished as his singing and his repertoire, he will make one

of those. I hope so. Maybe it will be a live one so we can hear him tell those funny stories, too. DAVE HICKEY



Tammy Wynette

Kids Say The Darndest Things
Epic KE 31937 (record)
KA 31937 (8-track tape)

In addition to being a spokesman for the common woman, Tammy Wynette has also made a name for herself singing songs through children's eyes. The title tune, her most recent #1 hit, serves as the focal point of a program of 11 heartsongs. Three of them—"Bedtime Story," "D-I-V-O-R-C-E" and "I Don't Wanna Play House"—are taken from previous albums and were also #1 winners. But in the context of this new concept album, they come off sounding fresher than ever.

Of course, there are happy families in Middle America. But Tammy isn't singing about them. Neither is she interested in placing blame for the broken home (though there is a slight slant toward male culpability). Tammy takes the child's basic reaction as her inspiration—it's all that a little soul can stand when Daddy leaves or Mom brings too many daddies home. The sadness is real, and it manifests itself in many ways. Thus, each song becomes its own little scenario within a larger dramatic scheme.

Simplistic? Yes, the song plots are often soap opera thin. But children aren't psychoanalysts, and Tammy is taking the role of a child in each song. What comes out of the mouths of these babes is often more mean-

ingful, and certainly more moving, than professional counsel.

In "Too Many Daddies," the small daughter of a woman-about-town touches the listener when she speaks of the presents Mom's friends bring her: "dirty looks, and dollies, and dollars and dimes." And in "Don't Make Me Go To School," the strongest lyrical message on the album, "the fifth grade blues" really come to life. Broken homes are not places, they're states of mind.

This album probably won't save any marriages. But it does reach out in an entertaining manner while proving, once again, the almost hypnotic power of Tammy Wynette's sob side.

ROBERT ADELS



Lester Flatt
Country Boy
RCA APL1-0131 (record)
APSI-0131 (8-track tape)

Well, it's been a good few years since Lester and Earl went their separate ways. Earl Scruggs, with his sons Gary and Randy, has been exploring the farther reaches of bluegrass. Lester Flatt, as this album clearly shows, has been sticking closer to home.

"The Country Boy" opening track points things in the right direction, telling of how a musician may spend many years traveling, yet never lose touch with his country roots.

But the most affecting cuts on the album deal with growing older. "No Place To Pillow My Head" is about being alone in the world and "I'd Like To Have Papa Show Me Around" is partly sung and done as a recitation, a form at which Flatt excels.

Flatt is backed up on this record by excellent musicians—Paul Warren, long-time fiddler for Flatt and Scruggs, Haskel McCormick and Charlie Nixon, on five-string banjo and dobro, and Roland White, former member of the Kentucky Colonels, is one of the finest mandolinists alive.

The playing time of the album is only 23 minutes, but outside of this drawback the record is a winning one. **JERRY LEICHTLING**



Ray Price
She's Got To Be A Saint
Columbia KC 32033 (record)
CA 32033 (8-track tape)

There's an old country joke that compares a persistent individual to a bad cold,

"'cause he's hard to get rid of." Country music has a number of artists who, like the common cold, just won't go away. It's a pleasant "ill," however—such durability is the very backbone of the art form and the industry it supports.

In all honesty, the common cold analogy isn't too far afield in a discussion of Ray Price. A lot of people several years ago were convinced that he had indeed gone away, at least from the country idiom. Some were those whom Earl Scruggs accuses of trying to hold back the hands of the clock, but others were sincere people who simply had not grasped the full extent of expression in country music.

But Ray Price won't go away. Album after album he gets deeper into what's happening. Simple, giving, living love is the subject of "Sunday" and a complicated version of the same emotion gives substance to "She's Got To Be A Saint." "Goin' Away" is one of those rare tributes to the salve of solitude and "Help Me" is a one-

to-one conversation between Man and God.

The more widely-used theme of loss and loneliness is found elsewhere, in "Turn Around, Look At Me," "Nobody Wins," "Everything That's Beautiful (Reminds Me Of You)," "My Baby's Gone," "Enough For You," "The Sweetest Tie," and "I Keep Looking Back."

The writing talent is praiseworthy (such names as Glaser, Payne, Paulini, DiNapoli, Tomsco, Gatlin, Capehart, Kristofferson, Reneau, Bynum, Houser, Walker, and Tillis), and the interpretation is outasight. Each song is given the same individual touch—a thread of continuity which runs throughout the album—but each piece stands alone.

If you feel the Ray Price virus coming on, there's not much you can do. The symptoms include emotional reactions to such words as "lonely," "sad," and "love" as sung by Ray. You'll feel the quivers and warmth as the ups and downs of love and life are depicted in song. There is no cure, not even temporary relief when you become thoroughly infected, and I hope none is ever found. Don't fight it—just enjoy it.

BILL LITTLETON

I have heard lately.

The first side has three traveling songs (sort of a Hank Snow specialty), including "The City Of New Orleans" and "Crack In The Box Car Door." The best though, is Les Pouliot's "North To Chicago," a wonderful lament about the difficulties of leaving, which kicks off the album. There is also a nice ballad ("It's Over, Over Nothin'"), not usually Hank's best material, and "There's The Chair," a nice word game by Marv's Harris.

Side two isn't quite as successful, mostly because the songs aren't as great. However, "Bob," sung by a spindle bum to a buddy who has become tied to a family and a job, and Red Steagall's "The Texas Silver Zephyr," about a dream that comes true too late, are as good as anything on side one.

The production here sounds more like Ronnie Light's work than Chet Atkins', although it is credited to both of them. Ronnie isn't the biggest commercial success, but I think he is one of the best producers in Nashville, almost always coming up with perfect settings for his stars. He has his share of hits, of course, but not nearly as many as you would expect, given how good he is. On this album he has assembled a first-rate band (Pete Wade, Lloyd Green, Weldon Myrick, Harold Bradley, etc.) and gotten them behind Hank beautifully. **JOHN GABREE**

Other Recent Album Releases

Merle Haggard And The Strangers	Totally Instrumental	Capitol ST 11141
Charlie McCoy	Good Time Charlie	Monument KZ 32215
Mac Davis	Mac Davis	Columbia KC 32206
Porter Wagoner	I'll Keep On Lovin' You	RCA APL1-0142
Jeannie C. Riley	When Love Has Gone Away	MGM SE-4891
Brenda Lee	Brenda	MCA-305
Roy and Dale	In The Sweet By And By	Word WST-8589
The Statler Brothers	Sing Country Symphonies In E Major	Mercury SR-61374
Jody Miller	The Best Of Jody Miller	Capitol ST-11169
Stoney Edwards	She's My Rock	Capitol ST-11173
Nat Stuckey	Take Time To Love Her/ I Used It All On You	RCA APD1-0080
Norma Jean	The Only Way To Hold Your Man	RCA APL1-0170



Hank Snow
Sings Grand Ole Opry Favorites
RCA APL1-0162 (record)
APS1-0162 (8-track tape)

Bud Wendell says on the liner that "this album displays Hank's style at its very best." And it's true: *Hank Snow Sings Grand Ole Opry Favorites* is one of the old Ranger's most entertaining LPs, certainly the best

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Over the last year, Country Music Magazine has received many letters from readers asking if we can supply them with records which they have been unable to obtain. We decided to help, so we've produced our own catalogue that will be appearing in the magazine from time to time, and we hope that you will feel free to use it. If you have any suggestions regarding this selection of artists or titles, please let us hear from you, and, if available, we will include them in our next listing.

Jack Killion, publisher

This listing consists of 516 of the greatest albums and tapes released prior to 1970 with many dating back to 1929. These immortal recordings are generally difficult to find. The catalogue is arranged by artists, listed in alphabetical order. Under the artist is listed the title of the albums and the manufacturer's number. If an 8-track tape is also available we have listed that number alongside. (See next three pages).

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FOLEY, RED	Beyond The Sunset	Dec.	78296	4.98	6-8296
	Golden Favorites	Dec.	74107	4.98	6-4107
	Golden Favorites With Kitty Wells	Dec.	74109	4.98	6-4109
	Greatest Hits	Dec.	75003	4.98	6-5003
	Old Master	Dec.	75154	4.98	
	Songs Everybody Knows	Dec.	74603	4.98	
	Songs Of Devotion	Dec.	74198	4.98	6-4198

FORD, TENNESSEE ERNIE	Book Of Favorite Hymns	Cap.	ST-1794	5.98	
	Everything Is Beautiful	Cap.	ST-583	5.98	8XT-583
	A Friend We Have	Cap.	ST-1272	5.98	
	Let Me Walk With Thee	Cap.	ST-2296	5.98	
	Sing A Hymn With Me	Cap.	STAO-1332	5.98	

HORTON, JOHNNY	Greatest Hits	Col.	CS-8396	4.98	18100106
	Honky Tonk Man	Col.	CS-8779	4.98	
	I Can't Forget You	Col.	CS-9099	4.98	
	Johnny Horton Makes History	Col.	CS-8269	4.98	
	On Stage	Col.	CS-9366	4.98	

HOUSTON, DAVID	Almost Persuaded	Epic	BN-26213	4.98	N1810026
	Already It's Heaven	Epic	BN-26391	4.98	N1810126
	Greatest Hits	Epic	BN-26342	4.98	N1810086
	Loser's Cathedral	Epic	BN-26303	4.98	
	My Elusive Dream	Epic	BN-26325	4.98	
	12 Great Hits	Epic	BN-26156	4.98	
	Where Love Used To Live/My Woman's Good To Me	Epic	BN-26432	4.98	N1810162
	Wonders Of The Wine	Epic	E-30108	4.98	
	You Mean The World To Me	Epic	BN-26338	4.98	

JAMES, SONNY	Astrodome Presents In Person	Cap.	ST-320	5.98	8XT-320
	Best	Cap.	ST-2615	5.98	8XT-2615

JENNINGS, WAYLON 	Best	Vic.	LSP-4341	5.98	P8S-1577
	Country-Folk	Vic.	LSP-4180	5.98	P8S-1487
	Folk-Country	Vic.	LSP-3523	5.98	
	Hangin' On	Vic.	LSP-3918	5.98	
	Love Of The Common People	Vic.	LSP-3825	5.98	P8S-1299
	Nashville Rebel	Vic.	LSP-3736	5.98	
Waylon	Vic.	LSP-4260	5.98	P8S-1517	

Artist	Title	Label	LP No.	LP Price	8-Track Tape No.	Artist	Title	Label	LP No.	LP Price	8-Track Tape No.
LEWIS, JERRY LEE	All Country	Smash	67071	4.98	SC8-67071		How Great Thou Art	RCA	LSP-3758	5.98	P8S-5052
	At The International, Las Vegas	Mer.	61278	4.98			His Iland In Mine	RCA	LSP-2328	5.98	P8S-5052
	Another Place, Another Time	Smash	67104	4.98	SC8-67104		He Touched Me	RCA	LSP-4690	5.98	P8S-1923
	Best	Smash	67131	4.98	SC-8-67131		Separate Ways	RCA	CAS-2611	5.98	C8S-1227
	By Request: More Of The Greatest Live Show On Earth	Smash	67086	4.98			Burning Love	RCA	CAS-2595	5.98	C8S-1216
	Vol. 2	Smash	67118	4.98	SC8-67118		Let's Be Friends	RCA	CAS-2408	5.98	C8S-5050
	Golden Hits	Smash	67040	4.98	SC8-67040		Flaming Star	RCA	CAS-2304	5.98	C8S-5050
	Greatest Live Show On Earth	Smash	67056	4.98		PRICE, RAY					
	Original Golden Hits, Vol. 1	Sun	102	4.98	Sun-T102		Danny Boy	Col.	CS-9477	4.98	18100260
	Vol. 2	Sun	103	4.98	Sun-T103		For The Good Times	Col.	C-30106	4.98	
	She Even Woke Me Up To Say Goodbye	Smash	67128	4.98	SC8-67128		Greatest Hits	Col.	CS-8866	4.98	18-100094
	She Still Comes Around	Smash	67112	4.98	SC8-67112		Love Life	Col.	CS-8989	4.98	
	Together	Smash	67126	4.98	SC8-67126		More Greatest Hits	Col.	CS-9470	4.98	18-100318
							Night Life	Col.	CS-8771	4.98	
LYNN, LORETTA							Other Woman	Col.	CS-9182	4.98	
	Blue Kentucky Girl	Dec.	74665	4.98	6-4665		San Antonio Rose	Col.	CS-8556	4.98	
	Don't Come Home a Drinkin'	Dec.	74842	4.98	6-4842		She Wears My Ring	Col.	CS-9733	4.98	18-100540
	Fist City	Dec.	74997	4.98	6-4997						
	Greatest Hits	Dec.	75000	4.98	6-5000		PRIDE, CHARLEY				
	Hymns	Dec.	74695	4.98	6-4695		Country Charley Pride	RCA	LSP-3645	5.98	P8S-1318
	Writes 'Em And Sings 'Em	Dec.	75198	4.98	6-5198		Pride Of Country Music	RCA	LSP-3775	5.98	P8S-1278
	You Ain't Woman Enough	Dec.	74783	4.98	6-4783		The Country Way	RCA	LSP-3895	5.98	P8S-1308
	Your Squaw Is On The Warpath	Dec.	75084	4.98	6-5084		Make Mine Country	RCA	LSP-3952	5.98	P8S-1338
MILLER, ROGER							Songs Of Pride . . . Charley That Is	RCA	LSP-4041	5.98	P8S-1373
	Golden Hits	Smash	67073	4.98	SC8-67073		Charley Pride In Person	RCA	LSP-4094	5.98	P8S-1401
	Walkin' In The Sunshine	Smash	67092	4.98	SC8-67092		The Sensational Charley Pride	RCA	LSP-4153	5.98	P8S-1452
	Words & Music	Smash	67075	4.98	SC8-67075		The Best Of Charley Pride	RCA	LSP-4223	5.98	P8S-1505
MONROE, BILL							Just Plain Charley	RCA	LSP-4290	5.98	P8S-1536
	Bluegrass Instrumentals	Dec.	74601	4.98			Charley Pride's 10th Album	RCA	LSP-4367	5.98	P8S-1593
	Bluegrass Ramble	Dec.	74266	4.98			From Me To You	RCA	LSP-4468	5.98	P8S-1662
	Bluegrass Special	Dec.	74382	4.98			Did You Think To Pray	RCA	LSP-4513	5.98	P8S-1723
	Bluegrass Time	Dec.	74896	4.98	6-4896		I'm Just Me	RCA	LSP-4560	5.98	P8S-1772
	Greatest Hits	Dec.	75010	4.98	6-5010		The Incomparable Charley Pride	RCA	CAS-2584	5.98	C8S-1208
	I Saw The Light	Dec.	78769	4.98	6-8769						
	Kentucky Blue Grass	Dec.	75213	4.98	6-5213		REEVES, JIM				
	Voice From On High	Dec.	75135	4.98	6-5135		Jim Reeves	RCA	LPM-1576	5.98	
OSBORNE BROTHERS							God Be With You	RCA	LSP-1950	5.98	P8S-1856
	Modern Sounds Of Bluegrass Music	Dec.	74903	4.98	6-4903		Songs To Warm The Heart	RCA	LSP-2001	5.98	P8S-2042
	Ru-Be-Eee	Dec.	75204	4.98	6-5204		The Intimate Jim Reeves	RCA	LSP-2216	5.98	P8S-2014
	Up This Hill & Down	Dec.	74767	4.98	6-4767		He'll Have To Go	RCA	LSP-2223(e)	5.98	P8S-2041
	Up To Date & Down To Earth	Dec.	75128	4.98	6-5128		Tall Tales And Short Tempers	RCA	LSP-2284	5.98	P8S-2040
	Voices In Bluegrass	Dec.	74602	4.98	6-4602		Talkin' To Your Heart	RCA	LSP-2339	5.98	P8S-2037
	Yesterday, Today	Dec.	74993	4.98	6-4993		A Touch Of Velvet	RCA	LSP-2487	5.98	P8S-5018
OWENS, BUCK							We Thank Thee	RCA	LSP-2552	5.98	P8S-1857
	Best	Cap.	ST-2105	5.98	8XT-2105		Gentleman Jim	RCA	LSP-2605	5.98	P8S-5053
	Best, Vol. 2	Cap.	ST-2897	5.98	8XT-2897		The International Jim Reeves	RCA	LSP-2704	5.98	
	Best, Vol. 3	Cap.	SKAO-145	5.98	8XT-145		Moonlight and Roses	RCA	LSP-2854	5.98	P8S-1020
	Great White Horse	Cap.	ST-558	5.98	8XT-558		The Best Of Jim Reeves	RCA	LSP-2890	5.98	P8S-1175
	Tall Dark Stranger	Cap.	ST-212	5.98	8XT-212		The Jim Reeves Way	RCA	LSP-2968	5.98	P8S-1058
PARTON, DOLLY							Jim Reeves Up Through The Years	RCA	LSP-3427(e)	5.98	P8S-2038
	Fairest Of Them All	Vic.	LSP-4288	5.98	P8S-1535		The Best Of Jim Reeves, Vol. 2	RCA	LSP-3482(e)	5.98	P8S-1521
	In The Good Old Days	Vic.	LSP-4099	5.98	P8S-1455		Distant Drums	RCA	LSP-3542	5.98	P8S-1158
	My Blue Ridge Mountain Boy	Vic.	LSP-4188	5.98	P8S-1483		Blue Side of Lonesome	RCA	LSP-3793	5.98	P8S-1242
	Real Live	Vic.	LSP-4387	5.98	P8S-1601		My Cathedral	RCA	LSP-3903	5.98	P8S-1300
PRESLEY, ELVIS							A Touch of Sadness	RCA	LSP-3987	5.98	P8S-1339
	Elvis	RCA	LSP-4776	5.98	P8S-2054		The Best of Jim Reeves, Vol. III	RCA	LSP-4187	5.98	P8S-1551
	Elvis Now	RCA	LSP-4671	5.98	P8S-1898		Jim Reeves Writes You A Record	RCA	LSP-4475	5.98	P8S-1675
	The Wonderful World Of Christmas	RCA	LSP-4579	5.98	P8S-1809		Something Special	RCA	LSP-4528	5.98	P8S-1746
	Love Letters From Elvis	RCA	LSP-4530	5.98	P8S-1748		My Friend	RCA	LSP-4646	5.98	P8S-1880
	Worldwide 50 Gold Award Hits, Vol. 1	RCA	LPM-6401	24.95	P8S-6401		According To My Heart	RCA	CAS-583(e)	5.98	C8S-1147
	Worldwide 50 Gold Award Hits, Vol. 2	RCA	LPM-6402	24.95			The Country Side of Jim Reeves	RCA	CAS-686	5.98	C8S-1042
	Elvis Country	RCA	LSP-4460	5.98	P8S-1655		Good 'n' Country	RCA	CAS-784	5.98	C8S-1151
	Elvis, Elvis	RCA	LSP-4445	5.98	P8S-1652		Have I Told You Lately That I Love You	RCA	CAS-842(e)	5.98	C8S-1133
	Elvis Back In Memphis	RCA	LSP-4429	5.98	P8S-1632		Young and Country	RCA	CAS-2532	5.98	C8S-1180
	Elvis In Person	RCA	LSP-4428	5.98	P8S-1634		Jim Reeves	RCA	CXS-9001(e)	5.98	
	On Stage	RCA	LSP-4362	5.98	P8S-1594						
	Elvis Back In Memphis, Elvis In Person	RCA	LSP-6020	5.98	P8S-5076		RITTER, TEX				
	Elvis In Memphis	RCA	LSP-4155	5.98	P8S-1456		Best	Cap.	DT-2595	5.98	
	Elvis	RCA	LPM-4088	5.98	P8S-1391		Chuck Wagon Days	Cap.	ST-213	5.98	8XT-213
	Elvis Speedway	RCA	LSP-3989	5.98	P8S-1335		Hillbilly Heaven	Cap.	ST-1623	5.98	
	Elvis' Gold Records, Vol. 4	RCA	LSP-3921	5.98	P8S-1297						
	Paradise, Hawaiian Style	RCA	LSP-3643	5.98	P8S-1165		ROBBINS, MARTY				
	Elvis For Everyone	RCA	LSP-3450	5.98	P8S-1078		By The Time I Get To Phoenix	Col.	CS-9617	4.98	18100428
	Girl Happy	RCA	LSP-3338	5.98	P8S-1018		Devil Woman	Col.	CS-8718	4.98	
	Roustabout	RCA	LSP-2999	5.98	P8S-1143		Drifter	Col.	CS-9327	4.98	
	Kissin' Cousins	RCA	LSP-2894	5.98	P8S-1142		I Walk Alone	Col.	CS-9725	4.98	18-100546
	Elvis' Golden Records, Vol. 3	RCA	LSP-2765	5.98	P8S-1057		It's A Sin	Col.	CS-9811	4.98	
	Fun In Acapulco	RCA	LSP-2756	5.98	P8S-1141		Marty Robbins	Col.	CL-1189	4.98	
	Girls! Girls! Girls!	RCA	LSP-2621	5.98	P8S-1139		Marty's Greatest Hits	Col.	CS-8639	4.98	18100096
	Pot Luck	RCA	LSP-2523	5.98	P8S-1138		More Greatest Hits	Col.	CS-8435	4.98	
	Blue Hawaii	RCA	LSP-2426	5.98	P8S-1019		My Kind Of Country	Col.	CS-9445	4.98	
	Something For Everybody	RCA	LSP-2370	5.98	P8S-1137		My Woman	Col.	CS-9978	4.98	
	G.I. Blues	RCA	LSP-2256	5.98	P8S-1169		The Song Of Robbins	Col.	CS-9421	4.98	
	Elvis Is Back!	RCA	LSP-2231	5.98	P8S-1135		Tonight Carmen	Col.	CS-9525	4.98	18100284
	50,000,000 Elvis Fans Can't Be Wrong	RCA	LSP-2075(e)	5.98	P8S-2093		What God Has Done	Col.	CS-9248	4.98	
	Elvis' Golden Records	RCA	LSP-1707(e)	5.98	P8S-1244						
							RODGERS, JIMMIE				
							Never No Mo' Blues	RCA	LPM-1232	5.98	
							Train Whistle Blues	RCA	LPM-1640	5.98	
							My Rough and Rowdy Ways	RCA	LPM-2112	5.98	
							Jimmie the Kid	RCA	LPM-2213	5.98	
							Country Music Hall of Fame	RCA	LPM-2531	5.98	
							The Short But Brilliant Life of Jimmie Rodgers	RCA	LPM-2634	5.98	



Artist	Title	Label	LP No.	LP Price	8-Track Tape No.	Artist	Title	Label	LP No.	LP Price	8-Track Tape No.
JIMMIE RODGERS (cont.)						WAGONER, PORTER					
	My Time Ain't Long	RCA	LPM-2865	5.98			Always, Always	Vic.	LSP-4186	5.98	P8S-1481
	The Best of the Legendary Jimmie Rodgers	RCA	LSP-3315(e)	5.98			Best	Vic.	LSP-3560	5.98	P8S-1567
	This Is Jimmie Rodgers	RCA	VPS-6091(e)	5.98	P8S-5145		Best, Vol. 2	Vic.	LSP-4321	5.98	P8S-1587
SHEA, GEORGE BEVERLY							Bottom Of The Bottle	Vic.	LSP-3968	5.98	
	Inspirational Songs	RCA	LSP-1187(e)	5.98	P8S-126R		Cold Hard Facts Of Life	Vic.	LSP-3797	5.98	P8S-1404
	The Best of George Beverly Shea	RCA	LSP-2932	5.98	P8S-1061		Duets With Skeeter Davis	Vic.	LSP-2529	5.98	
	Crusade Soloist George Beverly Shea Sings Billy Graham's Favorites	RCA	LSP-3346	5.98			In Gospel Country	Vic.	LSP-4034	5.98	
	George Beverly Shea Sings Southland Favorites	RCA	LSP-3440	5.98			Just Between You & Me	Vic.	LSP-3926	5.98	P8S-1304
	George Beverly Shea Sings Fireside Hymns	RCA	LSP-3522	5.98			Just The Two Of Us	Vic.	LSP-4039	5.98	P8S-1375
	Surely Goodness and Mercy	RCA	LSP-3864	5.98			Me & My Boys	Vic.	LSP-4181	5.98	P8S-1471
	Whispering Hope	RCA	LSP-4042	5.98	P8S-1614		On The Road	Vic.	LSP-3509	5.98	
	How Great Thou Art	RCA	LSP-4120	5.98			The Porter Wagoner TV Show	Vic.	LSP-2650	5.98	
	I Believe	RCA	LSP-4208	5.98			Slice Of Life	Vic.	LSP-2447	5.98	
	These Are The Things That Matter	RCA	LSP-4308	5.98			Soul Of A Convict	Vic.	LSP-3683	5.98	
	There Is More To Life	RCA	LSP-4402	5.98	P8S-1713		W. Dolly Rebecca	Vic.	LSP-4305	5.98	P8S-1550
	Amazing Grace	RCA	LSP-4512	5.98	P8S-1732		Y'All Come	Vic.	LSP-2706	5.98	
	I'd Rather Have Jesus	RCA	LSP-4597	5.98	P8S-1821	WELLS, KITTY					
	The Best of George Beverly Shea, Vol. 2	RCA	LSP-3904	5.98	P8S-1331		Greatest Hits	Dec.	75001	4.98	6-5001
	George Beverly Shea	RCA	CAS-568(e)	5.98			Seasons Of My Heart	Dec.	74075	4.98	
	Tenderly He Watches	RCA	CAS-653(e)	5.98			Together Again	Dec.	75026	4.98	
	The Lord Is My Shepherd	RCA	CAS-718	5.98		WILLIAMS, HANK					
	Ivory Palaces	RCA	CAS-2174(e)	5.98			The Unforgettable Hank Williams	MGM	E3733	5.98	
	Take My Hand, Precious Lord	RCA	CAS-2281(e)	5.98	C8S-1065		Wait For The Light to Shine	MGM	E3850	5.98	
	Evening Prayer	RCA	CAS-2349(e)	5.98			Hank Williams' Great Hits	MGM	SE3918	5.98	M83918
	I Am Not Alone	RCA	CAS-2445	5.98	C8S-1111		Let Me Sing a Blue Song	MGM	SE3924	5.98	
	May The Good Lord Bless And Keep You	RCA	CAS-2515	5.98	C8S-1170		Wanderin' Around	MGM	SE3925	5.98	
SNOW, HANK							I'm Blue Inside	MGM	SE3926	5.98	
	Hank Snow Souvenirs	RCA	LSP-2285	5.98			First Last And Always	MGM	SE3928	5.98	
	Together Again	RCA	LSP-2580	5.98			The Spirit Of Hank Williams	MGM	SE3955	5.98	
	I've Been Everywhere	RCA	LSP-2675	5.98	P8S-1207		14 More Of Hank Williams' Great Hits	MGM	SE4040	5.98	
	Songs of Tragedy	RCA	LSP-2901	5.98			On Stage—Vol. 2	MGM	SE4109	5.98	
	Reminiscing	RCA	LSP-2952	5.98	P8S-2001		The Very Best Of Hank Williams	MGM	SE4168	5.98	
	Hank Snow Sings Your Favorite Country Hits	RCA	LSP-3317	5.98	P8S-1041		The Very Best of Hank Williams—Vol. 2	MGM	SE4227	5.98	
	The Best Of Hank Snow	RCA	LSP-3478(e)	5.98	P8S-2006		The Startling Realism of Hank Williams				
	Hits, Hits and More Hits!	RCA	LSP-3965	5.98	P8S-1337		Sr. & Hank Williams, Jr.	MGM	SE4267	5.98	
	Hits Covered By Snow	RCA	LSP-4166	5.98	P8S-1488		Life to Legend	MGM	SE4680	5.98	
	C.B. Atkins and C.E. Snow By Special Request	RCA	LSP-4254	5.98	P8S-1524		24 of Hank Williams' Greatest Hits	MGM	SE4755-2	5.98	
	Hank Snow Sings In Memory Of Jimmie Rodgers	RCA	LSP-4306	5.98	P8S-1565	WILLS, BOB					
	Cure For The Blues	RCA	LSP-4379	5.98	P8S-1609		And His Texas Playboys	Dec.	78727	4.98	
	Tracks and Trains	RCA	LSP-4501	5.98	P8S-1708		King Of Swing	Kapp	3523	4.98	K8-3523
	The Singing Ranger	RCA	CAS-514(e)	5.98			Living Legend	Kapp	3587	4.98	K8-3587
	The One and Only Hank Snow	RCA	CAS-722(e)	5.98	C8S-1167		Mr. Words & Mr. Music w. Duncan	Lib.	7194	4.98	
	The Old and Great Songs by Hank Snow	RCA	CAS-836(e)	5.98			Time Changes Everything	Kapp	3569	4.98	K8-3569
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	Travelin' Blues	RCA	CAS-964(e)	5.98			Together Again w. Duncan	Lib.	7173	4.98	
	My Early Country Favorites	RCA	CAS-2160(e)	5.98		YOUNG, FARON					
	My Nova Scotia Home and Other Early Hank Snow Favorites	RCA	CAS-2257(e)	5.98			Best	Mer.	61267	4.98	MC8-61267
	I Went To Your Wedding	RCA	CAS-2348(e)	5.98			Greatest Hits	Mer.	61047	4.98	
	Memories Are Made Of This	RCA	CAS-2443(e)	5.98			Here's	Mer.	61174	4.98	MC8-61174
	Lonesome Whistle	RCA	CAS-2513	5.98	C8S-1168		Occasional Wife	Mer.	61275	4.98	MC8-61275
	The Legend Of Old Doc Brown	RCA	CAS-2560	5.98			Wine Me Up	Mer.	61241	4.98	MC8-61241
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	Campfire Favorites	Vic.	LSP-3714	5.98	P8S-1279						
	Cool Water	Vic.	LSP-2118	5.98	P8S-1062						
	Down Memory Trail	Vic.	LSP-2957	5.98							
	Favorite Cowboy Songs	Vic.	LPM-1130	5.98							
	Legends Of The West	Vic.	LSP-3351	5.98							
	Lure Of The West	Vic.	LSP-2356	5.98							
	Tumbleweed Trail	Vic.	LSP-2456	5.98							
THOMPSON, HANK											
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	Gold Standards	Dot	25864	4.98							
	Salutes Oklahoma	Dot	25971	4.98							
	Smokey The Bar	Dot	25932	4.98							
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	Family Bible	Dec.	74397	4.98							
	Greatest Hits	Dec.	75006	4.98	6-5006						
TWITTY, CONWAY											
	Conway Twitty	MGM	GAS-110	4.98							
	Country	Dec.	74913	4.98	6-4913						
	Greatest Hits	MGM	S-3849	4.98							
	Hello Darlin'	Dec.	75209	4.98	6-5209						
	I Love You More	Dec.	75131	4.98	6-5131						
	Today	Dec.	75062	4.98	6-5062						
	Next In Line	Dec.	74724	4.98	6-4724						
	Sings	Dec.	75172	4.98	6-5172						
	To See My Angel Cry	Dec.	75172	4.98	6-5172						
	You Can't Take The Country Out Of Conway	MGM	S-4650	4.98							

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Country-style Summer Vacations

by Carol Offen

If your vacation plans are still up in the air, consider a few ideas that appealed to us. They were selected particularly because they won't take too big a bite out of your wallet, and can be managed even if you can only get away for a week. Some are even suitable for weekend trips. This is not intended to be a comprehensive guide, but only a list of interesting suggestions.

Trail Rides

If you want to *really* get away from it all this summer, a trail ride will take you through majestic mountain country where you'll sleep in tents and enjoy evening meals by campfire. Most trail groups supply everything you need except bedding. They'll provide a suitable horse whether you're a tenderfoot or an experienced rider. Here are a few we specially recommend:

Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies is a non-profit organization now celebrating its 50th anniversary. There are seven rides scheduled this summer, four in July and three in August. They'll explore the exquisite Palliser Pass area of Banff National Park, Alberta, Canada. Riders leave together from Banff in a chartered bus. Each seven-day ride costs \$170 per person (that includes membership in the society). Rides are limited to 40 persons, with a trail guide accompanying groups of ten. Reservations must be made in advance. Write to Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, P.O. Box 6742, Station D, Calgary, Alberta T2P 2E6, Canada.

The Wilderness Society, an American non-profit conservation group, sponsors 76 "wilderness" trips. Besides horseback rides, there's hiking with packstock, backpacking, canoe and raft trips. Their brochure lists eleven summer horseback trips (two dates for each): through Pecos wilderness in New Mexico; several through Montana and Colorado; Banff National Park; the Cascades of Washington; Yellowstone National Park. No more than 16 riders are allowed on each tour. Prices vary with each trip; they run somewhat higher than the Canadian tours—from \$220 for a six-day trip to \$385 for an 11-day ride. Apply early. For details on these and other wilderness trips, write to: Trip Department, The Wilderness Society, Western Regional Office, 4260 East Evans Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80222.

What if you love to ride, but your mate hates horses? A trail director in Idaho has an answer: one family member may ride horseback while the others follow in car, camper, covered wagon or buggy. The ride follows the Nez Perce Indian Trail used by gold miners in the nineteenth century. The group will pan for gold, fish, hunt, ride through ghost towns of the West.

A rider on a seven-day trip pays \$175 (\$150 if you bring your own horse). If other family members prepare their own meals in the camper, there's no charge. There are several tours scheduled this summer. If you want to take a fifteen-day round-trip ride, double the price. For details, write to Emmett Cleaver, Box 585, Elk City, Idaho 83525.

Campgrounds

Private campgrounds are mushrooming, along with sites operated by National Park and Forest Services and state parks. No matter whether you plan to pitch your tent or retire in style in a recreational vehicle, you'll have plenty of campsites to choose from.

Kampgrounds of America (KOA) is the largest privately-owned, public campground system (almost 700 units in the United States, Mexico and Canada). You can make reservations (with an advance deposit) for any KOA Kampground at any other unit. Rent a trailer for overnight use on the grounds, or hook it up and drive away at under \$10 per day. KOA services include free hot showers, utility hook-ups, coin-operated laundries, groceries, recreational facilities and tourist information. Daily rates start at about \$2.50 per night; the average is \$3.75 per family.

The KOA Handbook for Kampers



PHOTO: WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

and Kampground Directory is available free at any KOA Kampground. For a special bonus edition, send \$1 to KOA Handbook, P.O. Box 1138, Billings, Montana 59103.

The National Park system has 92 areas that provide camping facilities, most on a first-come, first-served basis. Daily entrance fees range from \$1 to \$3 per private passenger vehicle; special recreation fees, usually at rates comparable to private campgrounds in the area, range from \$1 to \$4 per night. You can get a directory to *Camping in the National Park System* by writing to Public Inquiries Section, National Parks, Washington, D.C.

The United States Forest Service administers 154 National Forests and 19 National Grasslands. For booklets on camping or backpacking ("advanced



PHOTO: THE WILDERNESS SOCIETY

camping") in the national forests, write to The Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C. 20240.

If you're headed for the big theme parks, you'll have no trouble finding campsites nearby. There are at least ten within a half-hour's drive from



PHOTO: HOWARD MARSHALL

Bluegrass Festivals

Here are our picks for the best in bluegrass festivals this summer:

For a good mixture of traditional and progressive styles, you can't beat the 7th Berryville Blue Grass Music Festival in Watermelon Park, Virginia (July 5-8). The setting is perfect, with the Shenandoah River running through the stage area. There are plenty of campsites and good swimming; motels are nearby. East of Berryville, off Route 8, it's just 50 miles from Washington, D.C.

If your taste is thoroughly progressive, head for an 849-acre site in the wilds of West Virginia, at Glenville (July 26-29). Go to Minnie's Farm and Country Roads Ranch, off Routes 119 and 33 near Parkersburg. There's quite a lineup, including Earl Scruggs Revue, The Osborne Brothers, Mac Wiseman, the New Grass Revival, Doug Kershaw & Cajun Revival Band and Bluegrass Alliance/David Bromberg. Advance 3 or 4-day ticket, \$15; 2 days, \$14 and 1 day, \$7. Write to Festival '73, Dept M, P.O. Box 186, Fairfax, Virginia 22030.

The bluegrass festival will be held Labor Day weekend: the 9th Original Bluegrass Festival at Camp Springs, North Carolina. The annual bluegrass awards will be presented here on Sunday night. You'll hear traditional and progressive, with The Osborne Brothers, Jimmy Martin, Mac Wiseman, and scores of others. It's at Bluegrass Park, off Highway 87, midway between Burlington and Reidsville, North Carolina. No advance sales.

Opryland, for instance. "Hermitage Landing," with 200 sites, is just 12 miles from the park (Briley Parkway to I-40 East, Percy Priest Exit). You'll find sandy beaches, swimming pools, lots of recreational facilities for \$4 to \$6 per night. KOA has two campgrounds nearby with another under construction: south, on Interstate 24 to Smyrna Exit 70 east, 2½ miles west of Smyrna; north, on Interstate 65, ¼ mile south of Exit 23 on Dickerson Road, Goodlettsville, Tennessee. Both KOAs charge \$3.50 per night for two. Approaching Opryland from the west, you'll find Montgomery Bell State Park, near Dickson on U.S. 70. Opryland, ten miles east of downtown Nashville just off I-40, is open daily through Labor Day, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Walt Disney World, 20 miles southwest of Orlando, Florida, has its own elaborate Fort Wilderness camping area, with more than 500 sites. There are mini-buses and old-fashioned steamboats to take you back and forth to the park area for no extra charge; the camping fee is \$11 per night. Disney World is open daily during the summer from 8 a.m. to 1 a.m.

If you're on the West Coast and plan to visit Disneyland in Anaheim, California, forget about "roughing it"; local laws prohibit tents. If you have a travel trailer or camper, however, you can make camp at Vacationland, a recreational vehicle park, or at a KOA, both across the street from Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom. Vacationland's summer rates are \$6 for two, 75¢ for each additional person. Advance reservations are advisable. Write to Vacationland, 1343 S. West Street, Anaheim, California 92802. The KOA charges \$6.50 per night for two; 50¢ for each additional person. Exit I-5 on the Santa Ana Freeway onto Ball Road. In the summer, Disneyland is open every day, 8 a.m. to 1 a.m.

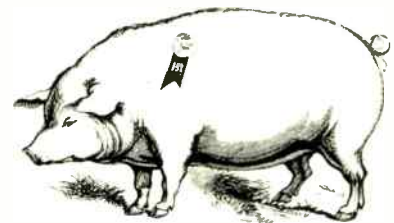
State Fairs

State fairs are a good bet for finding top country entertainment. Here are a few next month with especially good line-ups.

Minnesota State Fair (August 28 to September 2): This fair assembles one of the best country shows around. Opening night features a "Country & Western Show" with Bill Anderson, LeRoy Van Dyke, Donna Fargo, Tommy Overstreet and Jerry Clower. On Sunday, September 2, there'll be two evening performances of "The Charley Pride Show." General admission is \$1.50; \$3, \$4 and \$5 for reserved seats. For information or tickets, write to Minnesota State Fair, State Fairgrounds, St. Paul, Minn. 55108.

Iowa State Fair (August 17 to 26): This year's theme is Hawaiian and the fair is featuring a model Hawaiian village. There's music nightly with "Country Night" on August 23. Two shows will star George Jones and Tammy Wynette and Jerry Clower. Write to Iowa State Fair, State House, Des Moines, Iowa 50307.

Wisconsin State Fair (August 10 to 19): It's billed as "The Happiest Time of Year" and, to insure that, they've introduced several new attractions. The biggest is an International Village with an outdoor stage, featuring free entertainment with folk songs and dances of many lands. There's only a general admission charge; grandstand seating is free. On August 13, there'll be two evening shows featuring Charley Pride. The fair is held in the Milwaukee suburb of West Allis.



Stock Car Races

NASCAR 1973 Winston Cup Grand National Schedule
(Awards subject to change.)

		Estimated Posted Awards
July 4	Daytona Beach, Florida "Firecracker 400"	\$105,335
July 8	Bristol, Tennessee "Volunteer 500" (laps)	39,925
July 15	Trenton, New Jersey "Northern 300"	40,875
July 22	Atlanta, Georgia "Dixie 500"	98,855
Aug. 5	Irish Hills, Michigan "Yankee 400"	84,375
Aug. 12	Talladega, Alabama "Talladega 500"	135,025
Aug. 25	Nashville, Tennessee "Nashville 420" (laps)	33,180
Sept. 3	Darlington, South Carolina "Southern 500"	126,110
Sept. 9	Richmond, Virginia "Capital City 500" (laps)	34,000
Sept. 16	Dover, Delaware 500	84,650
Sept. 23	North Wilkesboro, North Carolina 400 (laps)	33,775
Sept. 30	Martinsville, Virginia 500 (laps)	52,480

NASCAR plans special events to commemorate its 25th anniversary this year. For information, write to NASCAR News Bureau, Post Office Box K, Daytona Beach, Florida 32015.

The New Banjo Magic Has Been There All Along

by Jerry Leichtling

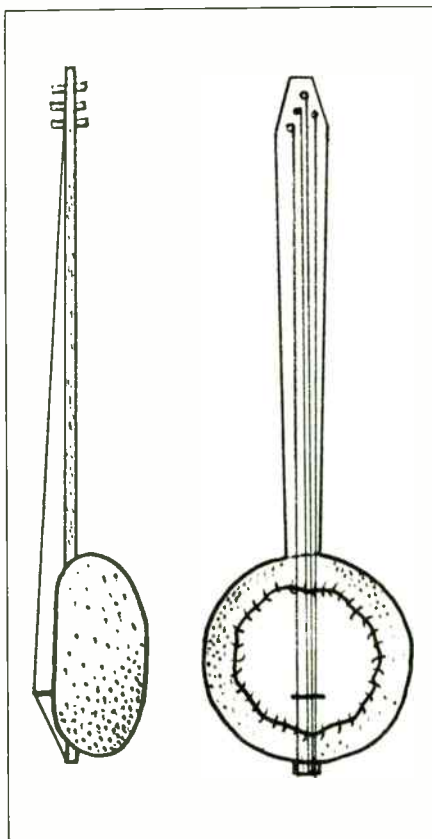
A fantastic instrument! Totally distinctive, yet incredibly versatile, it can be bone simple or astonishingly ornate. It has been tremendously popular, yet at times it has faded deep into obscurity. And the modern five-string banjo that is currently topping the record charts—though most people think of it as a native of the American South—is basically as old as the hills.

Like every stringed instrument, it owes its existence to some nameless Ancient who once stretched dried grass or vine over an empty gourd shell. For thousands of years, banjo-type instruments have been played in Asia and Africa (where the Indian sitar and the Arabian rebec and numerous other second cousins to the American banjo are still played). The banjo, though it has been refined greatly, is still a very simple instrument.

It arrived in America with the first black slaves to be brought from Africa. They knew how to make stringed instruments, and they fashioned them from whatever materials were available. Thomas Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia" (written in 1781) noted: "The instrument proper to them (the slaves) is the Banjar which they brought hither from Africa and which is the original of the guitar, its chords (strings) being precisely the four lower strings of the guitar." The Banjar or banjo (it had eight or nine different spellings) flourished, but it was not until about 1830 that a fifth string was added, thus introducing the instrument we know today.

Joel Sweeney, a wealthy Appomattox, Virginia planter, was the man credited with the invention. He used an empty cheesebox with sheepskin stretched over it, and added a fifth tuning peg halfway up the neck. The banjo neck at this

time was completely fretless and the sheepskin (or "head") was tacked to the side of the cheesebox like a tambourine head. Early banjoists made use of this similarity to the tambourine by evolving playing styles in which the strings were plucked and the head slapped simultaneously, producing a loud, effective rhythm. Partly because of



An early American gourd banjo

this the banjo became a favorite instrument for dances. Later on, to give it even greater resonance, brackets like those used on snare drums replaced the tacks, allowing the head to be stretched and tightened.

The banjo became very popular. Groups like the Christy Minstrels and Billy Whitlock's Virginia Minstrels featured it. Banjos went West with the wagons, down the rivers

on steamboats and off to war with the soldiers.

The banjo grew not only in popularity, but in musical sophistication. Frets and wire strings (or gut strings of consistent tonal quality and lighter gauge) appeared; the neck was shortened and complicated finger-picking patterns were introduced.

In the time between 1880 and the turn of the century, banjo clubs and orchestral societies sprang up all over the country. Serious composers began writing music for banjos and the works of classical composers were attempted as well. (It got *really* crazy there for a while with an occasional operatic soprano singing banjo-accompanied arias.) Banjos became more and more ornate with fancy carving and engraving and pearl-inlaid fingerboards.

But in the countryside, away from the colleges and large cities, the banjo held an important and beloved place. In those days—even today in some places—a fiddle and a banjo constituted a band, the first real banjo tunes being adaptations of traditional jigs, reels and hornpipes played in combination with the fiddle. Guitars were rare and banjos were fairly simple to construct, so the banjo became the primary accompaniment to vocal music, helping to preserve traditional music in the South. Distinctive new tunings were created to accompany the modal, or "mountain minor," ballads. (You can hear this type of rough, homespun singing and playing on records by men such as Hobart Smith, Roscoe Holcomb, Clarence "Tom" Ashley and Wade Ward.)

Around 1900 changes occurred in popular music. Jazz was being heard, and the five-string banjo gave way to the four-string *tenor* banjo—played with a pick or plec-

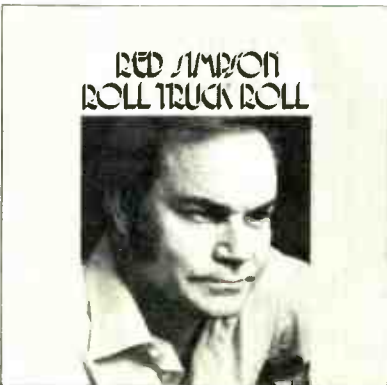
trum rather than the fingers—which was used for a “chunka, chunka” rhythm effect and occasional single-string solos. It was played loud because it had to compete with brass and reed instruments such as the trumpet and clarinet. Weird crossbreeds came into being at this time—the banjeurine, which had an oversized head and short neck; the mandolin banjo, an eight-string hybrid; the guitar banjo of either six or twelve strings; the bass banjo. Around this time the five-string banjo began its extended leave of absence from the city. Basically, only the rural South kept the instrument alive.

The chain of events that led to the banjo’s prominent role in the country music of today began shortly after the First World War. In 1922 the first country music record was released; famed Texas fiddler Eck Robertson played “Sally Good-in” and “The Arkansas Traveler”; other country records by people like Gid Tanner and the Skillet Lickers and Vernon Dalhart quickly followed. In April 1924, radio station WLS in Chicago presented the first country music radio pro-



PHOTO DAVID GAHR

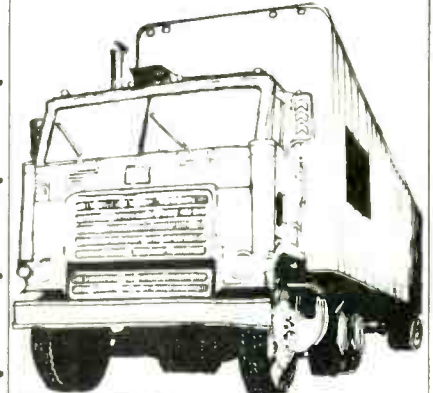
Earl Scruggs (left) created the modern 5-string banjo technique.



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gram—"The National Barn Dance." But November 28, 1925 is the true big day in country music history because The Grand Ole Opry broadcast its first show that evening on WSM.

The first real star of the Opry was old "Uncle Dave" Macon. Born in 1879 in Cannon County, Tennessee, he started playing banjo at the age of 11. For 37 years "Uncle Dave" entertained family and friends, became known all over the South and continued on the Opry until just before his death in 1951.

In the late thirties Bill Monroe formed his Bluegrass Boys and gave a name to an entire category of music. In 1945 Earl Scruggs, the most famous name in the history of the banjo, joined the band. Bill Monroe had other fine banjo players before Scruggs, but Scruggs advanced the art of the banjo greatly. He invented the rolling banjo style used most often today in bluegrass and country music, and in 1951 he invented a new type of banjo tuning peg to quickly raise or lower the pitch of a string.

All of today's premier banjoists play some variation of Scruggs picking. Don Reno, Ralph Stanley, Larry McNeeley, Eddie Adcock, Lee Spector, Don Stover, Doug Dil-

lard and Bobby Thompson—to name but a few of today's best—are all indebted to him. Bill Keith, who played with Bill Monroe in the early sixties, invented his own style of picking called (logically) "Keith picking," and followed Scruggs' lead by improving upon the tuning pegs invented by Scruggs.

Right now the banjo business is booming. Helped in part by the tremendous success of the "Dueling Banjos" record from the movie "Deliverance" (although the current boom started before that), music stores are selling banjos as fast as they can re-stock.

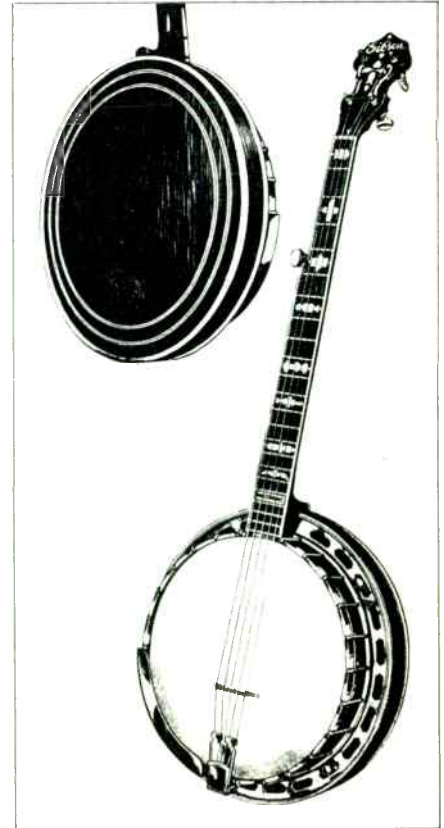
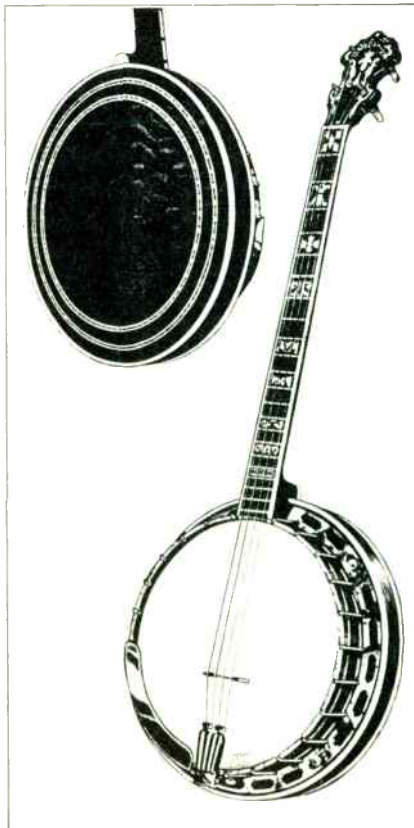
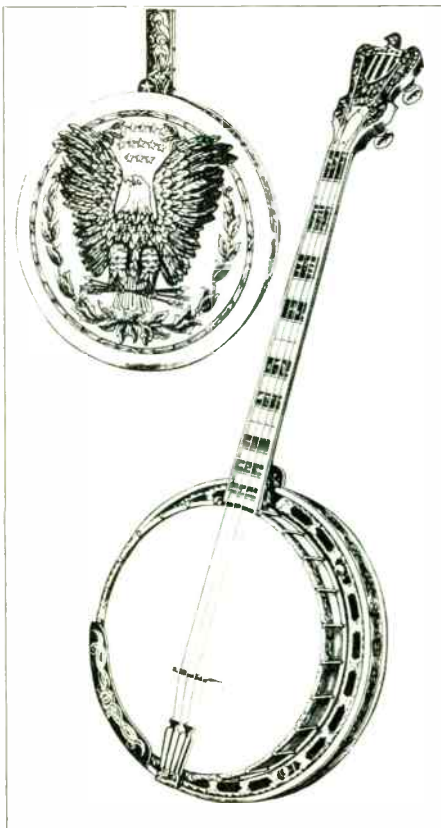
Gibson and Vega are the most prestigious of the modern banjo manufacturers. Gibson, whose banjos are all in the higher price range, has a six-month backlog of orders, and their "Mastertone" models, in production since the 1920s, are highly-favored bluegrass banjos that can cost as much as \$2600 (yes, and they actually sold one in March) for a hand-carved, pearl-inlaid, gold-plated model. The Vega company—now a subsidiary of the Martin guitar company—offers models ranging in price from \$280 to \$2400. Their business is bubbling over too, and deservedly so. Ode banjos (distributed by the Baldwin company,

which also distributes Gretsch guitars) are also first-class instruments. As for lower-priced banjos, Harmony, Hohner, Epiphone and Fender are worth considering.

My first banjo was a Harmony that I picked up in a pawn shop for \$26. It had no resonator (the amplifying device that closes off the back of the banjo), but I bought one later and painted a rose on the back to give it the look of one of those superb professional jobs. I wish I knew where it was now—I sold it to move up to a better instrument—because I sure would like to see that rose again. A first banjo is like a first love. ■



A Gibson "mandolin banjo" hybrid



Three Gibson banjos from the 1930s. Left, a fabulous gold-plated, custom-made \$550 "All American" tenor model. Center, the PB-4 plectrum banjo (with special rim and tone chamber). Right, a \$100 RB-35-string.



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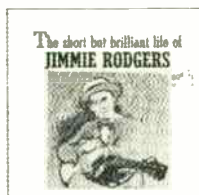
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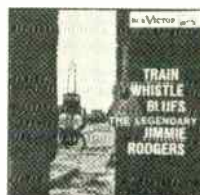
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Includes Never No Mo' Blues; Daddy and Home; Blue Yodel No. 4; You and My Old Guitar; Prairie Lullaby; Blue Yodel No. 6; Dear Old Sunny South by the Sea; Jimmie's Mean Mamma Blues; Pistol Packin' Papa
LPM-1232



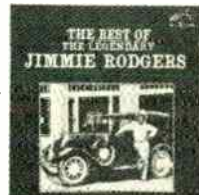
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Includes Hobo's Meditation; 99-Year Blues; In the Jailhouse Now No. 1; I'm Lonely & Blue; Drunkard's Child; Nobody Knows But Me; Years Ago; Blue Yodels Nos. 10, 11; Whippin' That Old TB; Yodelin' My Way Back Home; Everybody Does It In Hawaii
LPM-2634



3

Includes Treasures Untold; Hobo Bill's Last Ride; My Little Old Home In New Orleans; High Powered Mama; No Hard Times; Jimmie's Texas Blues; Ben Dewberry's Final Run; Let Me Be Your Side Track; Lullaby Yodel
LPM-1640



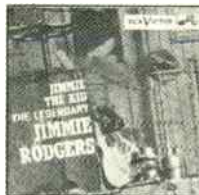
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Includes Blue Yodel No. 1; Roll Along Kentucky Moon; Moonlight & Skies; Any Old Time; Waiting For a Train; Mother, Queen Of My Hearts; Why Did You Give Me Your Love?; Daddy & Home
LPP-3315



5

Includes Sweet Mama Hurry Home Or I'll Be Gone; When the Cactus Is In Bloom; Cowhand's Last Ride; Yodeling Cowboy; Dreaming With Tears In My Eyes; For the Sake of Days Gone By; Soldier's Sweetheart; Gambling Barroom Blues; Sailor's Plea
LPM-2531



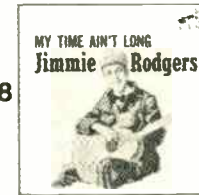
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Includes Blue Yodels 2, 3, 7, 12; Frankie & Johnnie; Sleep Baby Sleep; My Old Pal; Memphis Yodel; Mother, Queen of My Heart
LPM-2213



7

Includes Jimmie Rodgers Last Blue Yodel; Mississippi Moon; Blue Yodel No. 9; My Blue Eyed Jane; Southern Cannonball; In the Jailhouse Now No. 2; Peach Pickin' Time Down in Georgia; Blue Yodel No. 1; Mule Skinner Blues; My Carolina Sunshine Girl
LPM-2112



8

Includes That's Why I'm Blue; Mystery Of No. 5; Land Of My Boyhood Dreams; Why Did You Give Me Your Love?; Mother Was A Lady; Carter Family & Jimmie Rodgers; Why There's A Tear; Wonderful City; Gambling Polka Dot Blues; I've Only Loved 3 Women
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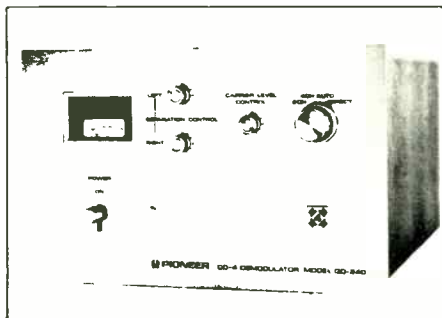
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Hi-Fi Corner

Double Your Pleasure With 4-Channel Sound (Part 2)



Panasonic's SE-5070 Denton quadraphonic system.



The Pioneer QD-40 "demodulator" for "discrete" discs.

Last month we tried to explain what 4-channel, or "quadraphonic" sound is all about; now we'll try to explain what you have to do to be able to listen to it.

The most obvious difference between a stereo system and a quadraphonic system is the addition of the two rear speakers, and if you are converting an existing stereo system to quad, this is your first concern. Ideally, your rear speakers should be the same as the ones in front, but if they're no longer made, or you can't afford another pair, try to get rear speakers with the same kind of sound. If space is a problem, take a look at the new compact speakers made by AR, KLH, and Dynaco, as well as the free-standing models from JBL and Empire that can double as end tables or sculpture pedestals. Fisher is making a new thin speaker, the "Sound Panel" that looks like a picture in a frame and may be hung

on a wall, connected with nearly invisible wiring.

In addition to the speakers, you will need an amplifier to power them. If you are purchasing a complete new system, you can get a quadraphonic amp or receiver from any of a dozen or more companies such as Pioneer, Fisher, Sansui, Toyo, Kenwood, or KLH, with four channels of amplification and all the other controls you'll need for running a quad system. If you already have a decent stereo system that you want to hang on to, you can get a 4-channel conversion amplifier to run the rear speakers, from such companies as Marantz, Sony, Lafayette, and Fisher. These start at about \$80 and run up to the hundreds, depending on power and features. In general you won't need as many watts for the rear speakers as you have been using in your stereo system, because with quad you usually will not play any one speaker as loud as you will in stereo.

In addition to the speakers and amplifier, you will need an important gimmick called a "decoder" if you want to listen to quad records or FM radio. You can get a decoder built into a receiver or an amplifier, or as a separate unit from Sony, BSR-Metrotec, Lafayette, Electro-Voice, Sansui, and others.

The most commonly used method of 4-channel reproduction uses the "SQ" matrix system, developed by Columbia Records, which has the original four channels lumped together as two, so they can be put on records or broadcast like regular stereo. In playback, the lumped signals are fed through a matrix "decoder" which brings the four channel back.

If you want to listen to 4-channel from 8-track cartridge tapes, you will need a special cartridge deck: they're available in a wide range of prices for both home and car use.

Another 4-channel system, "CD-4," has been developed by RCA for disc use, and like the quad tapes, is referred to as *discrete*, because the four channels are not merged into two, but remain distinct throughout the record/playback process. This complete separation is seen by some musicians and listeners as an advantage over the matrix process, which even after decoding suffers some blending of signals. Other people find that discrete 4-channel isolates the sound sources producing a harsh and unnatural effect. In theory it is probably best to have as much separation as possible available to the music makers, and let them adjust the separation and blending as they like it.

At this time discrete discs require a more expensive decoder (here called a "demodulator") than matrix systems, and work best with high-price phono cartridges with extended high frequency response. Additionally, discrete quad cannot be broadcast by an FM station under current FCC regulations, while matrix can.

It appears that the matrix and discrete forces will co-exist for at least a couple of years, with the ultimate winner being decided by record availability.

Even if you don't like much of the quad record material available now, you can get a lot of use from a quad system in faking 4-channel effects from stereo recordings. Some of the sounds can be downright startling, and you can have a lot of fun digging through your old records to see how they sound when rejuvenated. ■

CORRECTION—Back when we were talking about record players, we said that "centrifugal" force drew the tone arm in towards the center of a spinning record. It should have read "centripetal" force.



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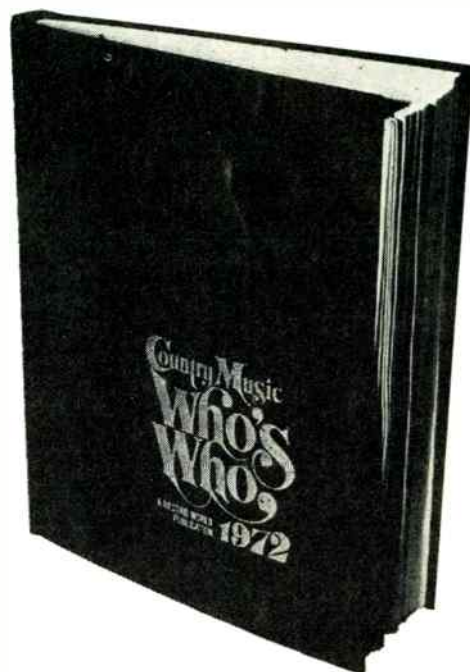
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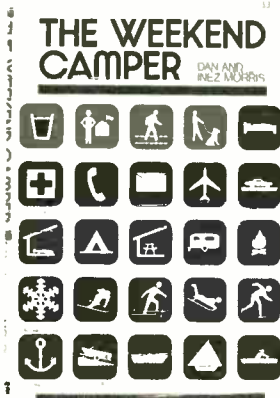
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Books

The Weekend Camper
by Dan and Inez Morris
Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.95 (soft-cover) \$5.95 (hard-cover)

It used to be that camping was something indulged in only by those with hearty spirits and rugged constitutions. Sleeping bag and backpack were about all you needed. Times have changed. Today, there are luxurious recreational vehicles affording all the comforts of home in the middle of nowhere.

Overnight or weekend camping is a good introduction to camping, and easy



on the budget. *Everyone* can be a weekend camper, the authors of "The Weekend Camper" insist in their opening chapter. With this book as a primer, it's particularly easy. It tells you what to take, how to choose equipment, how to set up camp—even advice on "things to take along that will keep the children (and you) occupied."

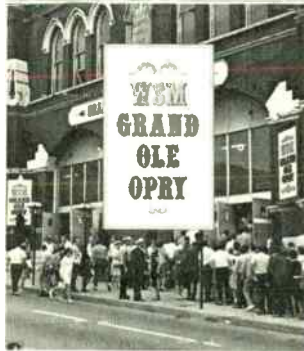
This is an invaluable how-to for beginners, and even offers a few pointers for experienced campers on guarding the environment. CAROL OFFEN

WSM Grand Ole Opry: Stars of the 70's
Chappell & Company, \$2.95

Songbook enthusiasts should be delighted with this new series on the stars who've graced the Grand Ole Opry through the decades. The soft-cover book is essentially a songbook with a few bonuses: a brief history of WSM, introductory text and full page photos on eleven stars.

This edition, volume one, includes Tom T. Hall's "Old Dogs, Children and Watermelon Wine," Loretta Lynn's "Coal Miner's Daughter," Dolly Parton's "Coat of Many Colors" and other favorites. Each performer personally selected the two songs included.

WSM GRAND OLE OPRY PRESENTS
STARS OF THE 70'S



The introductions are sketchy—they could hardly be called biographies—but provide a nice background for the music. CAROL OFFEN

The Cowboys (Vol. 1 Old West Series)
By the editors of Time-Life Books
with Text by William H. Forbis
Distributed by Little, Brown and Company, \$9.95

Time-Life books are professional, slick, full of information and exquisitely produced. They are sometimes too slick, too beautiful, without feeling. When I learned that the latest series of *Time-Life* books was called the "Old West"



I thought, "ho-hum." When the book came to our office for review, I looked at the brown-padded cover, tooled and embossed in a Western-saddle design, and decided to take it home to skim.

Instead, I stayed up until the wee hours, reading every word. It is as wonderful as Dodge City and as thrilling as the gunfight at O.K. Corral.

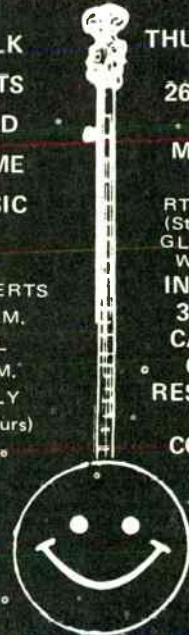
The illustrations are fantastic. I am terribly impressed by the whole job. I only wished it was longer and had more than 250 terrific pictures. If you can afford only one book on the Old West, this is the one. MEL SHESTACK

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The Country Hearth

by Ellis Nassour

Country cooking is one of the great experiences of life. What can compare to cornbread, barbeque ribs, pecan pie, fried catfish, homemade buttermilk biscuits, crisp Southern fried chicken, chili, oven fresh bread, sweet potato pie, boiled jumbo Gulf shrimp, and on and on.

"The Country Hearth" will bring some of these traditional foods to you in the form of recipes from your favorite country music stars and their families.



PHOTO ELLIS NASSOUR

Becky Anderson knows how to spoil Bill with her down-home cooking.

Becky Anderson (Mrs. Bill Anderson)

Bill Anderson spends weeks at a time on the road. His wife Becky often flies out to a one-nighter town and travels on her husband's show bus for a few days. On occasions like these, she finds out how spoiled he is, she says.

"All he does is complain about the food. He'll say, 'Well, honey, it's just not as good as what you fix back home.' That's a nice compliment for a wife to hear. I guess, since Bill is away from home (Old Hickory, Tennessee) so much, I try to make things especially comfortable and pleasant for him when

he comes back to Nashville to tape his TV show, record his albums, and to see me and the two girls. Like any other man, the best way to impress Bill is with some good home cooking."

Bill Anderson's favorites:
CHILI

2 lbs. ground beef (or chuck)
1 6 oz. can tomato sauce
1 No. 2 can red kidney beans
1/2 teaspoon oregano
1 chopped small pepper
2 chopped small onions
4 tablespoons chili powder
1 cup of water
Salt, to taste

Brown beef, pepper and onion (no shortening needed) on medium heat. Drain off fat. Add chili powder, oregano, tomato sauce, beans, and water. Simmer three to four hours. Serve with crackers, or mix in seasoned croutons.

PARTY CHEESE BALLS

1 8 oz. package cream cheese
3/4 cup crumbled blue cheese
1 cup shredded sharp cheddar cheese
1/4 cup minced onion
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 cup crushed walnuts or pecans

Let cheeses stand in mixer bowl until soft. Blend in onion and Worcestershire sauce at mixer's low speed. On medium speed, beat till fluffy, frequently scraping side and bottom of bowl. Cover. Chill three to four hours. Shape into one large ball, chill again until firm (about two hours). Roll in crushed walnuts or pecans. Serve with plain or seasoned crackers.

Ann Stuckey (Mrs. Nat Stuckey)

Nat Stuckey is a very lucky man—because he's a Texan, *he says*. But the real reason is that, in addition to being a very successful singer and songwriter, he married a real 'sweet thang' from Louisiana who's not only beautiful but a fantastic cook. Ann Stuckey believes in organization and, she says, because of that she gets a lot of work done.

She is head bookkeeper, private secretary, fan club administrator, and manager of Nat's two publishing companies, in addition to being chief cook and bottle washer.

"As far as food is concerned," Ann says, "Nat is easy to please, as long as you stick a plate of pinto beans and cornbread in front of him. He has his own recipe for Texas style pinto beans and he won't let me near the stove when he's brewing them. Do you know what he drinks with the beans? Milk. Heaping glasses of cold milk!"

Nat Stuckey's favorites:
PINTO BEANS

1 small package of pinto beans or brown beans
1 chopped medium onion
2 chopped garlic cloves
1/2 lb. hickory-smoked ham, diced or use two cooked pork chops
Dash of Tabasco sauce
Dash of crushed thyme
1 chopped small green pepper
1 2 oz. can mushrooms (optional)
Salt, pepper to taste
1 tablespoon chili powder, or to taste

Wash beans and place in large pot. Add water to cover beans, then ham, onion, garlic, Tabasco, thyme, green pepper, mushrooms, salt and pepper, and chili powder. Cook about four hours, checking to insure sufficient water level. Stir frequently. Before serving, be sure water has become a thick broth. Serves three to four.

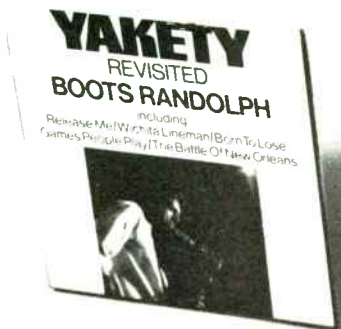
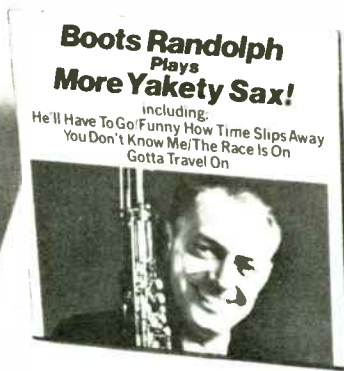
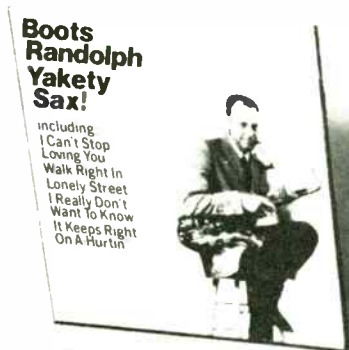
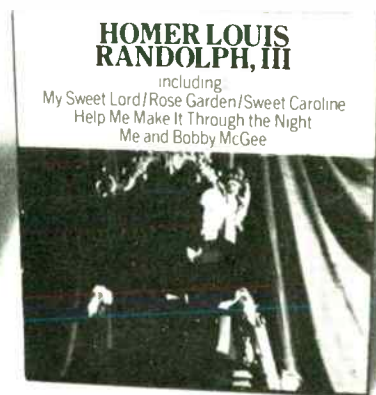
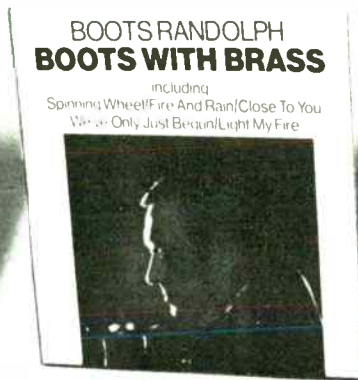
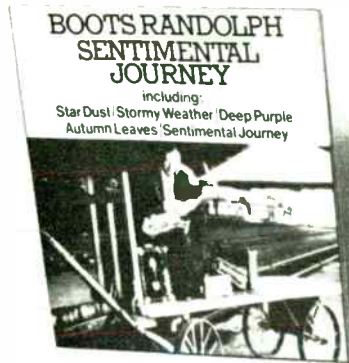
FRIED CORNBREAD

2 cups white corn meal
1/2 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2-inch thick slab shortening
2 cups water, boiling

Mix dry ingredients. Pour in water and mix. Let cool. Then put on skillet of oil till medium hot. Take tablespoons of meal mixture and place into wet hands. Make into patties and place into hot oil. Cook until brown. Turn over till other side is brown. Serve sizzling hot.

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Every day, Tanya Tucker gets bigger.

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"What's Your Mama's Name" is Tanya's second album: the follow-up to the most incredible debut album anybody's ever heard, "Delta Dawn."

In addition to her smash, "What's Your Mama's Name," Tanya's new album is filled with performances and songs that are causing people in the business to agree that nobody's future looks better than Tanya Tucker's.

Fourteen-year-old Tanya Tucker's great new album includes "What's Your Mama's Name" and "Blood Red and Goin' Down." On Columbia Records and Tapes



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