May 1976, One Dollar

COUNTRY MUSIC

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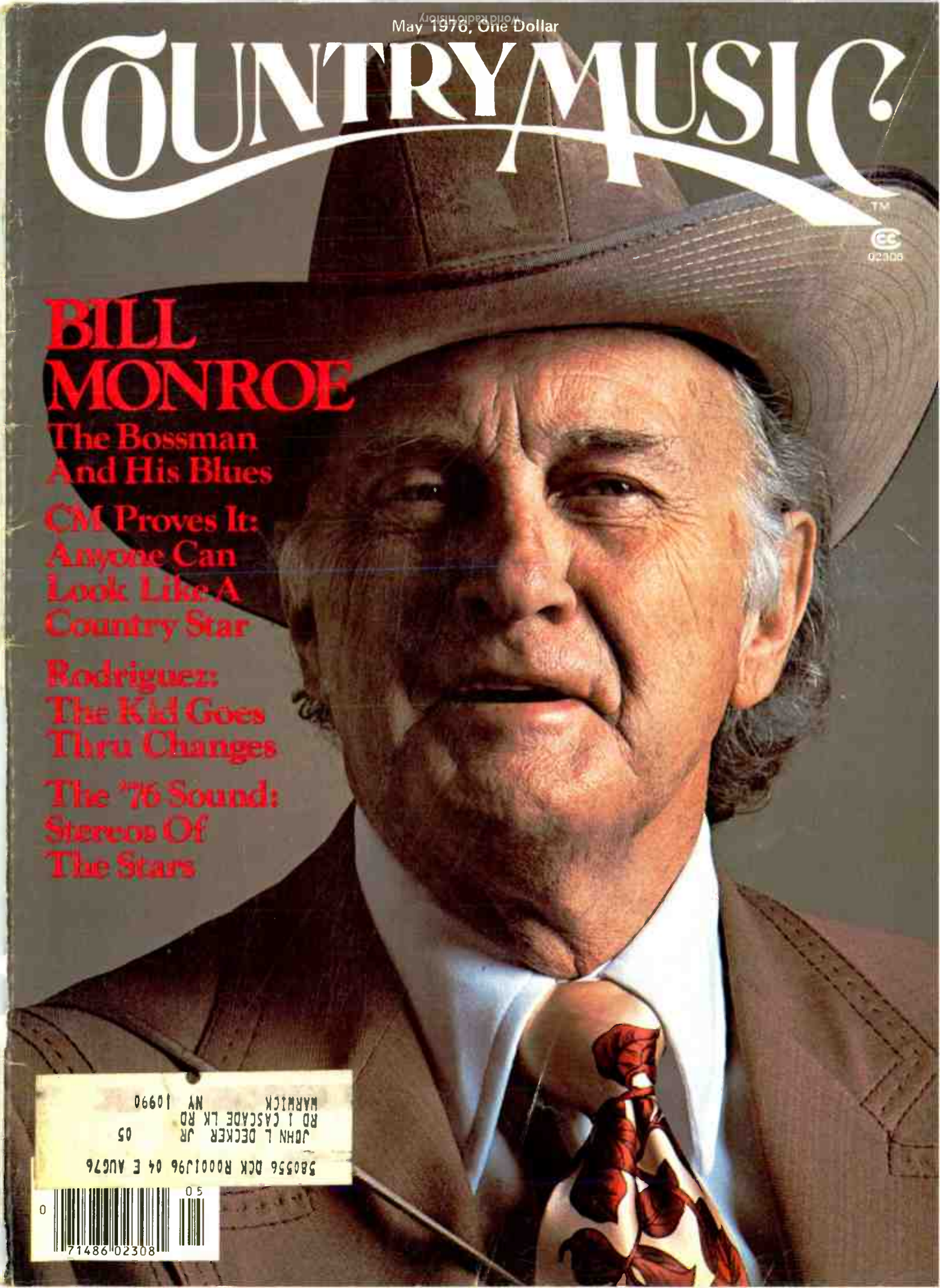

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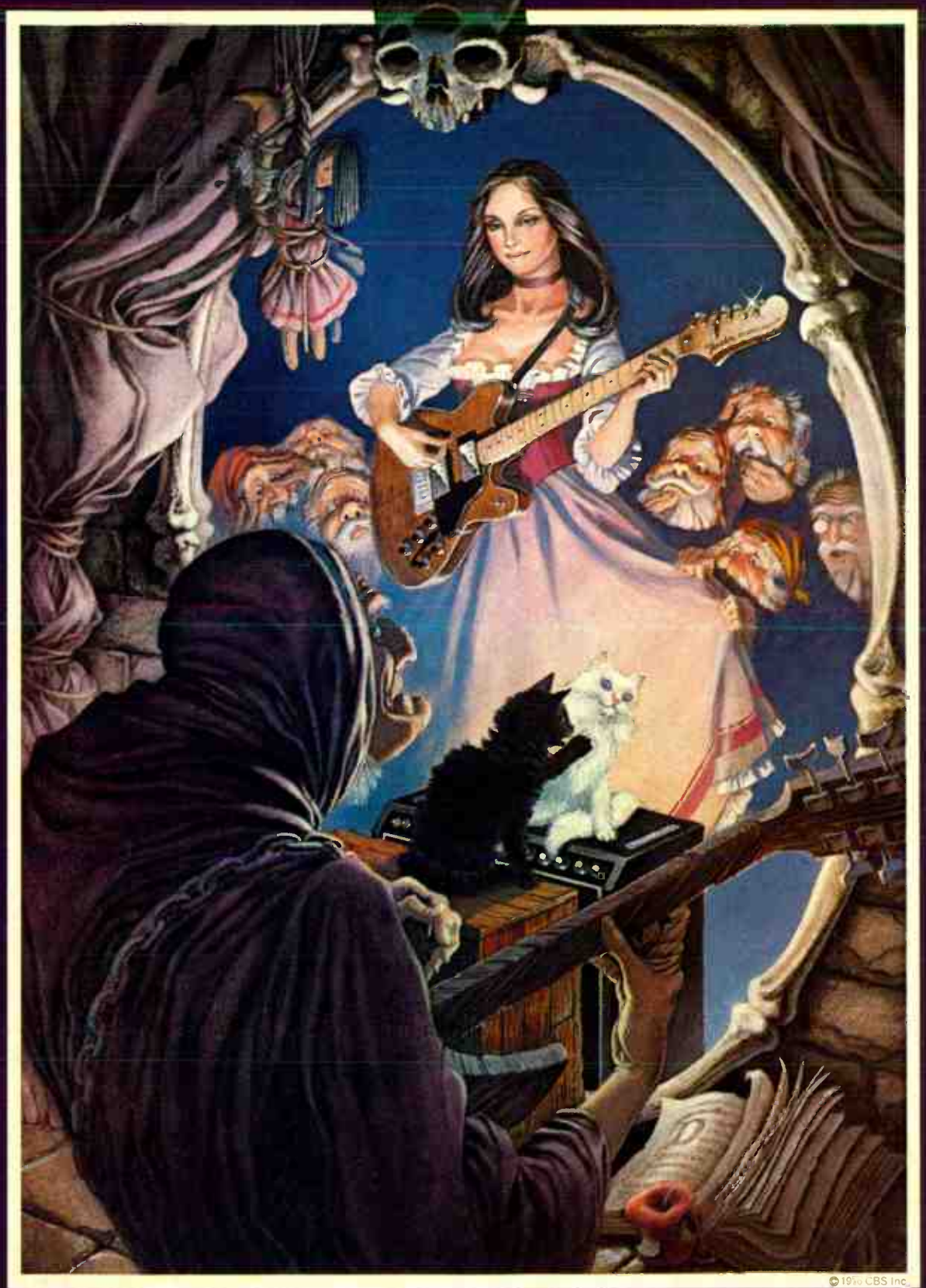

Mirror, Mirror on the wall,
Who plays fairest of us all?
The Mirror answered as always:
Queen, thou art fairest that I see;
But o'er the hills in forest green
Snow White really makes the scene,
And she plays fairer yet than thee.

"There must be a secret to Snow White's sound!" glowered the Queen, "but I'm all in the dark."

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"And of course," the Queen sang out...

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COUNTRY MUSIC

Volume Four, Number Eight, May 1976

COVER PHOTO: LEONARD KAMSLER
AUDIO '76 COVER: LEONARD KAMSLER

Letters

Your news story regarding Hank Williams Sr., (February COUNTRY MUSIC) being moved from his resting place for showing his body off was very revolting and upsetting. What's with the people who claim to love this legend's music? I say that he should be left where he is.

People know his body is gone, but they keep digging it up. I ask you: Would Roy Acuff's dead body be moved and re-moved? Hell no. It would not!

So why Hank?

LLOYD L. THOMAS, JR.
LUCASVILLE, OHIO

Long ago, in the days of battery-powered radio, there was a duo who were featured in broadcasts from Nashville —Little Jimmy and his father, Asher. I believe that Asher was Asher Sizemore. Evidently these people have slipped into the shadows of history as I have heard or seen no mention of them in a long time. "Little Jimmy" has been confused with Little Jimmy Dickens but they are not the same person. The Little Jimmy that I am referring to was, when he was on radio, a very young child. (Battery-powered radios—we have them now of course—but I am talking about the old wet batteries which we took out of the car or truck to power the radio on Saturday nights.)

Can you tell me more about Little Jimmy and his father?

JAMES E. BOLEN
CLEVELAND, MASS.

I am curious, flagrantly curious, if you or your readers can aid me in finding out whatever happened to a country singer named Dave Rich. As I recall he was played often in the late 50's, possibly recording for RCA. He was often described by the South Texas DJ's as "the boy with the pedal steel in his throat" which is to say he slurred and larrupped his lyrics in a manner to put Wynn Stewart and Marty Robbins in the corner, muttering, no doubt. I recall the name or basic theme of only one of his hits . . . "It Didn't Work Out, Did It?" I am interested in whatever happened to him and would like to know where to acquire any of his records. Am also curious as to the fate of Melven Endsley, the wheel-chair ridden songwriter of roughly the same era, taken under wing by the same Mr. Robbins, I believe.

J.E. BROWN
OAT WILLIE'S CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS
AUSTIN, TEX.

If any of you can help Mr. Brown or Mr. Bolen let us hear from you—Ed.

In reference to Michael Goodwin's review of the Statler Brothers' recently released recordings, *Holy Bible: Old Testament* and *Holy Bible: New Testament* (March 1976 COUNTRY MUSIC):

HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING???!!! Your review was so unfair, even if it was done in jest.

Most of the songs on these tapes were written by the boys, and as they have told their fans, they have spent approximately eight years compiling this material. (How long does it take Hank Williams, Jr. to copy another one of his late father's songs?) Each song by the Statlers has a unique story to it, a true story, put into words and music which their fans are greatly enjoying, and will continue to enjoy for years to come, Mr. Goodwin!!

NORMA R. KONIARSKI
HAMMOND, IND.

I usually only read *Rolling Stone* but I picked up a copy of your magazine at the local 7-11 store this week. For years I've been amused at the hard rock fans putting down each other's favorite groups. I thought country music fans would be more sophisticated, but apparently I was wrong.

Okay, so John Denver isn't "pure" country. So what? Why start a civil war over it? I'm into a type of music usually referred to by rock critics as "country-rock," (Gram Parsons, Emmylou Harris, Eagles, etc.) but if Lawrence Welk wants to be called country-rock it's okay by me. You Hank Williams fans don't own the copyright to the term "country-western." If John Denver wants to be called country, if he feels more secure with a country label, that's his business. If you don't like his music, don't buy his records.

KAREN OAKLEY
ROCKFORD, ILL.

It seems whoever wrote the news article on the Gospel Music Awards (February COUNTRY MUSIC) didn't know much about gospel music. Wendy Bagwell who won the award for the best backliner notes on a gospel album was referred to as "her." Wendy is not a she but a he!

JOE T. MASSEY
SAN FRANCISCO, CA.

Sorry Joe, Wendy. Our mistake—Ed.

Willie Nelson's "phases and stages" were elucidated nicely by a perceptive Patrick Carr in the February issue. Recognition of this red-headed stranger has been a long time coming. Brand Willie, Waylon, Tompall, and Jerry Jeff, renegades, gypsies, or outlaws, but nevertheless brand them intellectually superior to their peers.

JIM MORRIS
CHAPEL HILL, N.C.

I must point out an inaccuracy in "Steel" (January COUNTRY MUSIC) in which you state "Steel Guitar Rag" was written by Leon McAuliffe. I'd like you to be aware of a black artist named Sylvester Weaver who recorded that song in 1923 (acoustically) and again in 1927 (electrically). No steel guitar is used on the record which is done solo in Spanish. So this song was stolen from the blacks; and Leon had no part of it, except to use the song.

The music is not what it used to be. How can Campbell, Jennings, Fender, Denver, Rich, Presley, etc., be given space in your magazine? To me, country music died in 1955.

PAUL KOSKUBAR
STURGEON BAY, WIS.

Are you missing half the joy of your guitar?

IF YOU'RE LIKE a lot of people who've taken up the guitar, you went out and bought your guitar with high hopes. You probably bought a little instruction book to go with it, figuring all you had to do was to learn a few chords... and that with a bit of practice, you'd sound pretty good.

But maybe now you're finding that what you've learned isn't enough. Being able to strum some chords and sing a few songs is nice, of course—but you get tired of the same few songs after awhile. You'd like to be able to play other, harder songs . . . to play melody along with chords... to say things with your guitar that you feel inside, but haven't got the musical skills to express.

If this is the way you feel, we'd like to help you get the skills you need. We'd like to teach you to play the guitar the right way... by note as well as by chords, and by notes and chords in combination.

We'd like to teach you to read music, too—so you won't be limited to just a few simple songs that you've memorized. We'd like to help you get the freedom and fulfillment you *should* be getting from your guitar—instead of frustration from not being able to play the way you want to.

In short, we'd like to teach you the same kind of things you'd learn if you went to a good, thorough private teacher. The big difference is that you teach yourself to play with the U.S. School of Music courses. By mail.

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People on the Scene

LORETTA WINS HER LAWSUIT
LADIES ARE FURIOUS WITH JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ
IS ROY ACUFF A NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE?

by AUDREY WINTERS

Linda Diann Patterson, left, won Johnny's heart, and Tom T., top center, was best man. Meanwhile, Roy Acuff, top left, is celebrating 39 years with the Opry, Porter Wagoner, bottom right, quit the road, and Loretta, right, won her lawsuit with the Wilburns.

It's taken five years but **Loretta Lynn** has finally been released from her management contract with the **Wilburn Brothers**' Wil-Helm Agency. The suit was first brought in 1971 when the Wilburns filed against Loretta, claiming that she breached her contract with their agency. Attorneys for Loretta then filed a counterclaim saying that **Doyle Wilburn**'s public dunkenness had damaged her career and asking for $500,000 damages. Meanwhile, Loretta joined **Conway Twitty** in forming their own United Talent Agency, which has been booking the pair since 1971. In the final ruling, Chancellor Ben Cantrell ruled that the conduct of Doyle Wilburn over a three-year period constituted a breach of contract. The Wilburns' Sure-Fire Music still owns Loretta's publishing however, so there's a ways to go before the coal miner's daughter is completely free of ties with Doyle and Teddy.

Johnny Rodriguez has broken the hearts of women all over the country. He married long-time sweetheart **Linda Patterson** of Convers, Ga., Feb. 17.

Johnny met Linda at ex-manager Happy Shahan's Alamo Village in Brackettville, Texas, several years ago and the two ran into each other later aboard a Southwest Texas flight where Linda was working as a stewardess. **Tom T. Hall** served as best man at the ceremonies in the Brentwood, Tenn., United Methodist Church and later hosted a reception with his wife Dixie at Fox Hollow.

Meanwhile, Johnny's secretary reports that there are more than a few broken hearts out there. "These women are just plain mad," she says. "They say they will never go see his shows or buy his records and think he is throwing his career away." Come on, ladies, have a heart!

Bicentennial country: IBM is planning a big exhibit for the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington. Called "America on Stage," the exhibit will feature many country music artifacts including **Jimmie Rodgers**'s lantern and cap, gowns worn by **Dolly Parton** and **Loretta Lynn**, **Minnie Pearl**'s hat, **Kitty Wells**'s gold record and a telegram from President **John F. Kennedy** which is supposed to be the first official recognition of country music from a President of the United States. . . . The **Statler Brothers** are getting into the spirit too. They've painted their bus red, white and blue with stars on the top. . . . And The **Blackwood Singers** are sporting stars and stripes on their outfits which are accented with red, white and blue rhinestones. Must have done some good because the Kansas Fair Buyers bought a bunch of Blackwood dates.

Porter Wagoner is quitting the road. He's disbanded the Wagonmasters and has let go of comedian **Speck Rhodes** and girl singer **Barbara Lea**. Though he's going to remain active in all his other enterprises, including the syndicated TV show, song publishing, the Opry and record producing, he

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN

Her newest album
Produced by John Farrar

COME ON OVER

includes
Don't Throw It All Away

MCA RECORDS

says he's just tired of traveling back and forth to road dates. He's been doing it for 20 years, after all.

Hank Williams, Jr. is entering the hospital for more plastic surgery on his face soon, but in the meantime, he's working closely with his late mother's lawyers and some say Hank's interested in buying the house that belonged to Hank and Audrey so that he can continue their dream of making it into a museum. In addition, Hank Jr. played guitar on sessions for **Ray Price** who's doing an album of Hank Sr.'s songs. Ray started with Hank in the business, but this is the first album of Hank's songs that he has recorded.

Ever since he played there in 1965, hard-core Austin music fans have been waiting for **Bob Dylan** to come back. Well, he finally did, escorted by **Kinky Friedman** (former chief of the Texas Jewboys), and Austin was thrilled. Dylan and Kinky were discovered eating dinner at Matt Martinez's El Rancho Restaurant the day after Bob had done a surprise encore at a **Joni Mitchell** concert. Word is that the two were approached by two brave young ladies by the names of Cookie and Marci, who offered their house for an after-hours party. The traveling troubadours took them up and joined in a party which included Austin artist-in-residence **Jim Franklin**, actors **Timothy Bottoms** and **Dennis Hopper** and **Joni Mitchell**. The next night, Bob got together with **Doug Sahm**, famous Austin energy source, before going on down to Mexico with Kinky. So now there's talk once again that Dylan's going to play Austin—reckon they'll have to wait another 10 years?

The Statler Brothers go Bicentennial.

Grandparents this month include **Charlie** and **Margaret Ann Rich** whose daughter Renee gave birth to Margaret Suzanne Kerber in Memphis; **June Carter** and **Johnny Cash**, parents of Mrs. Jack Ruth, who checked in with a son; and **Dorsey Burnette** who has a namesake in Dorsey William Burnette, born in Burbank, Cal. . . . And both **Barbara Mandrell** and **Connie Smith** are expecting. Barbara's friends, including **Tammy Wynette**, **Dolly Parton** and **Minnie Pearl** gave her a baby shower, and Connie's doctor has told her to expect her fifth (child) on the fourth (of July). . . . **Freddy Fender** and wife Evangeline lost the child they were expecting this summer. Our sympathy to the Huertas.

Romance for **Roger Miller**? Well, there are rumors in Music City that Roger, who has just moved his offices into **Faron Young**'s new building, has married **Mary Arnold**, girl singer with **Kenny Rogers** and **the First Edition**. Sources close to Roger, however, say that the romance hasn't gone *quite* that far yet, that he's just dating Mary. Meanwhile, Roger's ex-wife Leah just inherited a million dollars from her Texas oilman father who passed away. Well!

Our **Tammy** and **George** reporter says that this month, Miss Wynette and Mr. Jones are saying they won't remarry, that they're friends, and so forth. Makes good material for between-songs patter on stage. One of George's favorites: "I guess you all know by now that ole Tammy left me for a football player. He's with the New England Patriots. I told her 'Looks like you could've at least picked a winner.'"

Roy Acuff's been with the Opry for 39 years now and he's just been voted "National Salesman of the Year" by the board of directors of the Sales and Marketing Executives of Nashville. Roy's tenure on the Opry has given rise to a new joke. Goes like this:

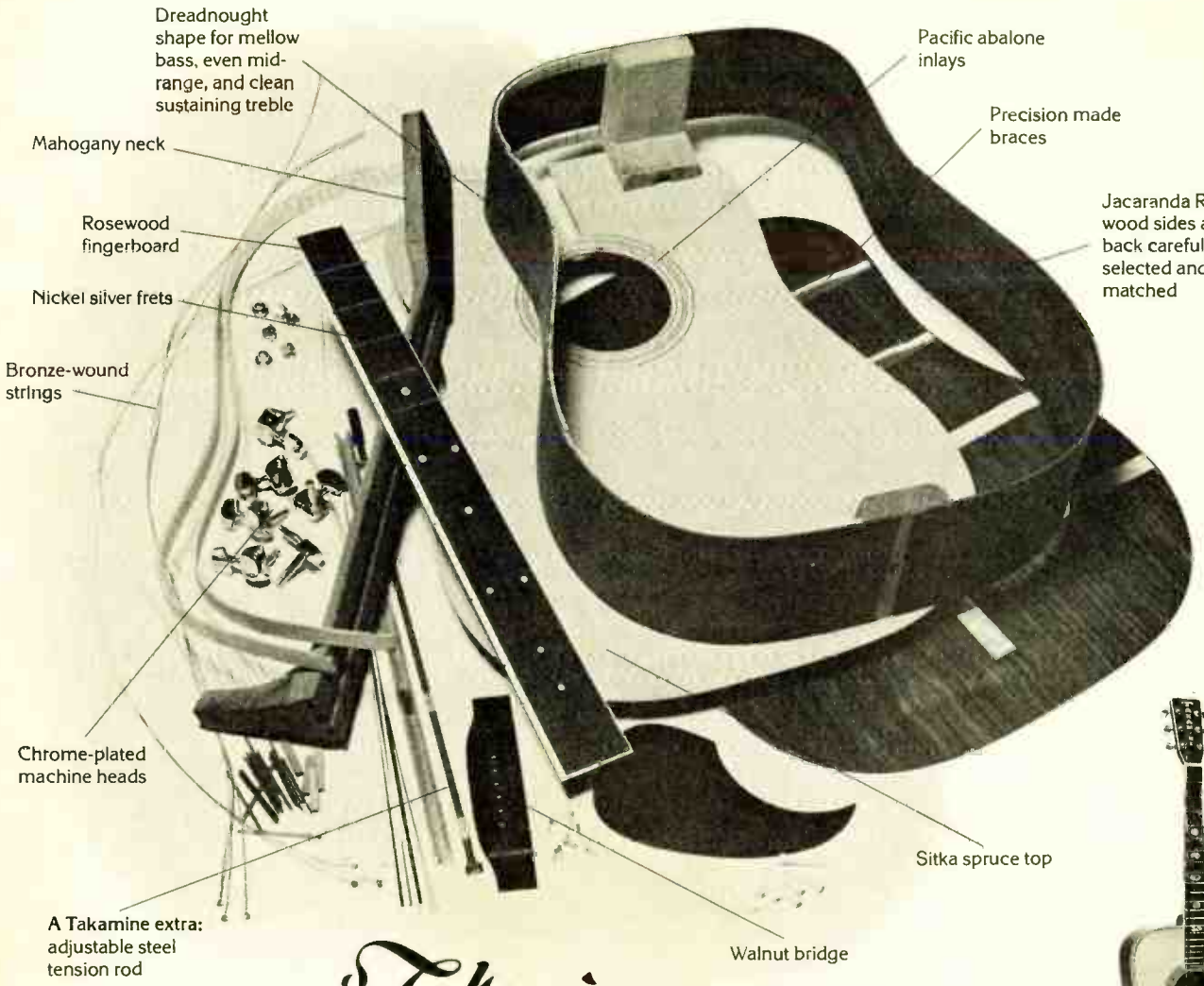
"Did you hear they caught Johnny Paycheck stealin' antiques?"

"No kidding!"

"Yeah, they caught him tryin' to carry Roy Acuff outa the Opry last night!" ■

What we found when we took apart a great American guitar.

How to make a Takamine.



We set out to build a great guitar. So we used a great guitar as our model. We took it apart, examined its materials, techniques, craftsmanship. What we learned, we build into every Takamine.
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Hillbilly Central

Stoney Edwards; Waylon and Jessi

THE OAK RIDGE BOYS GO TO RUSSIA
BILLY SWAN GOES TO DENMARK
PORTER WAGONER GOES TO LUNCH

BY HAZEL SMITH

Well here you be again. The lady with the ear, the mouth, and the pen tellin' you all, all youd'a missed had it not been for Ms. Hazel . . . . . .

Music City's a'chatter about the matter of the friendship of **Muhammed Ali** and **John Jay Hooker** number two. Now John Jay will be remembered as prez of the ill-fated Minnie Pearl Fried Chicken that so many good ole hillbilly singers and country music fans invested in and lost. And will also be remembered as the unsuccessful gubernatorial candidate for two terms in Tennessee. Thinkin' back over the friendship, it is interesting to note that the late John Jay Hooker number one was the attorney appointed by **Bobby Kennedy** to prosecute **Jimmy Hoffa** and did! Hmmm . . . So the music world turns to a different tune.

Scene, Hall of Fame parking lot. **Tompall**: Whatcha been doin' Faron? **Faron**: Workin' the road. **Tompall**: If youda' had it blacktopped, you wouldn't have to have worked so hard. **Faron**: What? You &§%$#★! . . . And them's the kinda words that WWVA Wheeling West Virginia, will not use on the air these days.

And **Tompall** played the Palomino to SRO crowds and stayed over to do a guest set at the Roxy where **Waylon Jennings** and **Jessi Colter** were headlining to an audience that included **Led Zeppelin, John Denver, Elton John** and **Ringo Starr.**

Saw **Mickey Gilley** at the Hall of Fame Lounge beltin' a few songs and puttin' a few under his belt . . . Me and **Cal Smith** had lunch at the Hall of Fame but not together . . . Me and **Porter Wagoner** had lunch at Marchetti's but not together.

Dr. Hook and producer **Ron Haffkine** in Music City recording at Glaser and appearing at the Exit/In to turnaway crowds every night. The star-studded audience included **Mel Tillis, Sarah Johns, Billy Joe Shaver, John Prine,** BMI's **Frances Preston, Roger Sovine, Del Bryant,** and of course, me.

I saw **Chet Atkins** at the airport. I saw **Billy Grammer** at the airport. I saw **Sarah Ophelia Colley Cannon** at the airport lookin' like she was a fur piece from Grinder's Switch wearin' a full-length mink coat.

In my life I've had three heroes. **Clark Gable** who is in heaven, **Frank Sinatra**, who's comin' to Music City to record, and **Bill Monroe**, who has a song I wrote included on his new MCA lp, titled "Thank God For Kentucky." Just call me Ms. Poet.

While **Henry Kissinger** was in Russia makin' peace, the **Oak Ridge Boys** was over there singin' the praises of the Lord. And that's what I call mixin' the affairs of church and state!

What hillbilly lost his car? What hillbilly left the motor of his car runnin' with the keys in the ignition and himself locked out? What hillbilly moved a pinball machine from the front to the back of the Burger Boy abusing the ceiling to some extent as well as the pinball machine?

Music City is saddened by the death of **Skeeter Willis** of the famed Willis Brothers. A Grand Ole Opry member, he and his brothers were **Hank Williams's** first band and later appeared with **Eddy Arnold.**

Shel called me from Key West to say he was warm and havin' a good time. I ain't havin' a good time and it's cold here!

Super songwriter **Harlan Howard's** gonna make a phonograph record and he's gonna go to Europe mid-March for a month, attend the Wembley Festival mid-April in London.

I understand that the black swan himself, my friend **Billy** that is, while over the seas will also appear in Denmark, Sweden and Germany. Swan's just recorded his next Monument single titled "I Don't Want To Burn Your Vineyards, I Just Want To Taste Your Wine." Daughter **Planet** along with Mama **Marlou** accompanied Daddy on his last excursion, and will go along on this one and that little booger won't be two years old til May! Planet honey, I ain't been outa Music City since September!

Can't believe that country music hasn't grown up enough to program **Stoney Edwards's** "Blackbird" on Capitol Records just because the song refers to two old country niggers on a tobacco farm in North Carolina. If country music is truth—and I believe it is—then this song is just as true as the Good Book. 'Cause that's where and how I was born and raised, on a poor red dirt farm in Caswell County. **Chip Taylor** flat wrote and produced the gospel according to Ms. Hazel and according to my country Mama and brothers who are still beatin' the clods and sun and drought tryin' to make the beastly crop turn into foldin' money.

Wonder if General Motors is tryin' to get a Chevrolet into the White House. . . .?

Well friends, put a country lp on the stereo, rare back with your favorite beverage, smoke, or whatever and thank God for country music, *Country Music* Magazine and Ms. Hazel.

And that is the Gossipel accordin' to me. ■

when I planned to **retire before fifty**

this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Haikey

Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it for a small amount of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount. (Today, less than $1500 starts a Duraclean dealership.) I could work it as a one-man business to start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop or other overhead. For transportation, I could use the trunk of my car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits). And best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible —I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it *lifts out* the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

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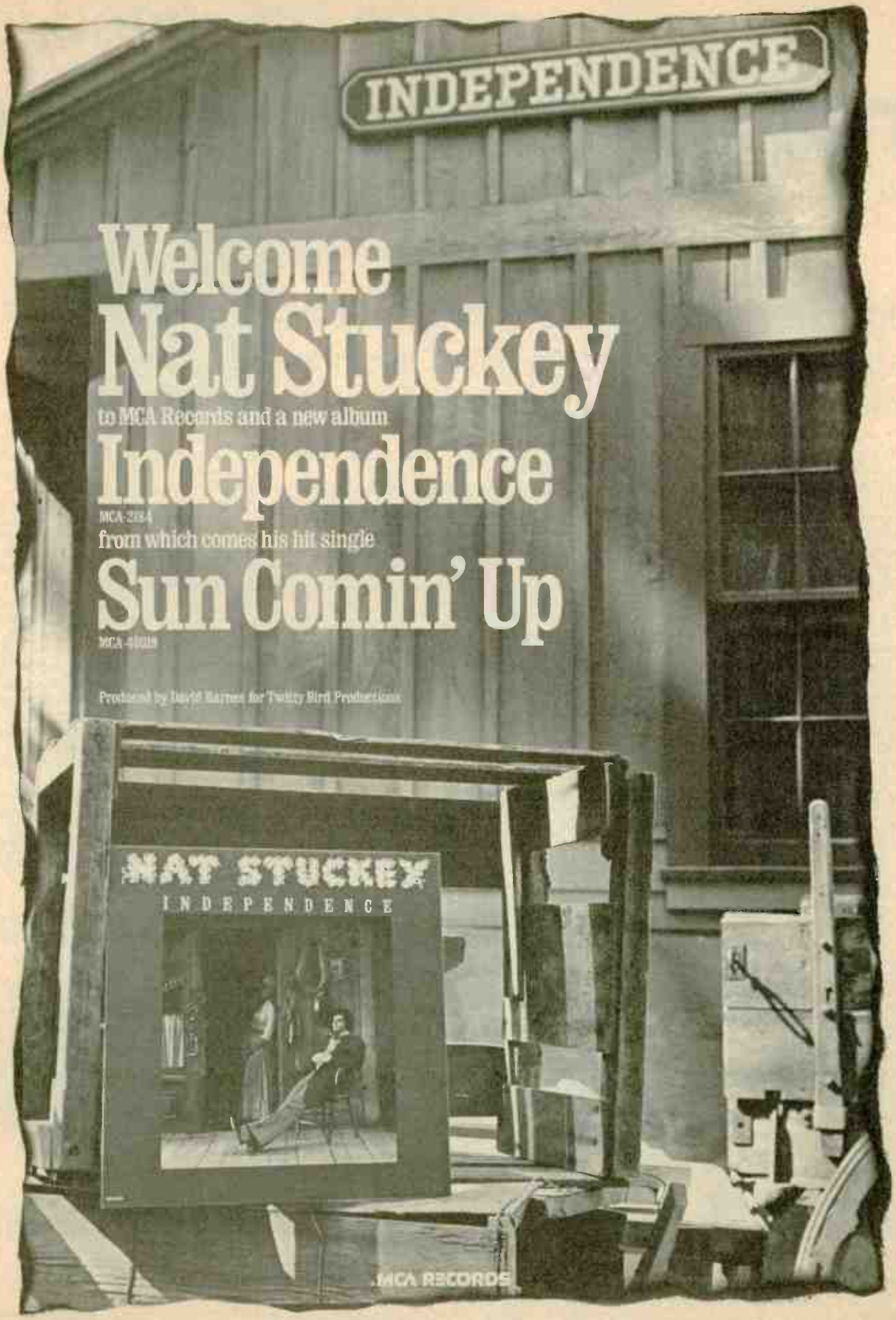


LESTER AND CHESTER TEAM UP ON ALBUM

During the last week of February, RCA released a guitar album that should stand as a milestone in the history of guitar music. Titled *Chester and Lester*, it contains some great guitar picking as well as some funny patter, by two of that instrument's all-time greats—Chet Atkins and Les Paul.

Chet, of course, needs no introduction to country music fans. Les Paul, however, is probably unknown to younger fans, except those who are familiar with Gibson's electric, solid-body Les Paul guitar. Yet, back in the 1950's, Les and his wife, Mary Ford, (they're now divorced) sold 50 million records. Their string of hits included "How High the Moon," "Vaya Con Dios," "Bye Bye Blues" and "Mockingbird Hill." Their records topped the charts not only in the United States, but in Holland, the Philippines, Japan, Mexico, Germany and Russia, to name just a few places.

The hits were made with multiple-recording techniques which Les pioneered, and which the industry now uses so routinely they are hardly noticed. On repeated runs of the same tape, Mary Ford would record the vocal lead and harmonies while Les did various guitar runs. The sounds were all blended in the final record to give the effect, in some cases, of a full orchestra and chorus. Les even did the sound editing and engineering, using equipment he designed.

Making *Chester and Lester* with Chet Atkins was not Les Paul's introduction to country music, for Les was a country star years before he went pop. Starting in the late twenties, he made numerous recordings and appeared regularly on country shows in such places as Springfield, Mo., St. Louis and Chicago. He sang, played guitar and played harmonica under the name Rhubarb Red. "I idolized a singer and guitar player named Pie Plant Pete," says Les. "Pie plant is rhubarb, so I called myself Rhubarb Red."

Photo: Arthur J. Maher

Legendary guitarist Les Paul in his Mahwah, N.J. studio.

Aside from being well liked by fans, Rhubarb developed a reputation as a funny-man which he still carries with pride. One morning, for example, he was doing a morning show on WJJD, Chicago. When the announcer failed to show up for the 7 o'clock news, Rhubarb Red took matters into his own hands. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said. "For the next 15 minutes you're going to be listening to the latest news," whereupon he put the microphone in the tickertape machine. After 15 minutes of ticking, the boss appeared and said, "Well, that's the end of you."

"I got fired a lot for doing things like that," says Les.

Getting fired didn't hurt his career, however. He continued to get work, had a hit vocal record of "Because, Just Because" (1930) and enjoyed quite a bit of success as a country songwriter. Fans in their middle age may remember Lee Moore's hit record of "The Cat Came Back," or Kenny Roberts' hit, "I Never See Maggie Alone." Les wrote both those songs, and others.

While pioneering in the recording and broadcast of country music, Les

Paul also pioneered the blending of country with other music forms. Thus he helped to initiate today's controversy over just what is and is not country music. Chicago, at the time he worked there, was a mixing ground for all types of music. After a while, Les was drawn to playing jazz guitar. "I'd play country in the morning," he recalls, "then play jazz at night." Later, he simply went commercial, playing whatever seemed most likely to sell. In 1934, he began phasing out the name Rhubarb Red, and quit using it altogether in 1936.

In the late thirties he formed a non-country trio in which no less than Jimmy Atkins—Chet's older brother—also played. From that point until his phenomenal success in the '50s he appeared with such artists as W.C. Fields, Bing Crosby, Fred Waring, Fred Allen and the Andrews Sisters.

In the thirties and forties, he unwittingly influenced the career of one Chester Atkins, who makes no bones about idolizing Les and borrowing from his style. "He's one of the greatest guitarists around," says Chet, and adds, recalling their recording sessions which took place last May in Nashville, "working with him on this album was like working with a tiger or taking on a whirlwind. He keeps you laughing so much. I was worn out—not from playing but from laughing."

Incidentally, the first good guitar Chet Atkins ever owned was an indirect gift from Les Paul. Once, while Chet visited his brother, Jimmy, in New York, Jimmy gave Chet a Gibson L-10 guitar. Les Paul had designed that model for Gibson and somewhere along the line had given that particular example of it to Jimmy to give to Chet. "The sound was just fantastic," recalls Chet.

But getting back to country vs. non-country, Les today seems to give the whole subject very little thought, if any. "When I write a song," he says, "I just write the way I feel. If it happens to fall in a country vein, I do a country thing."

Nevetheless, this great musician may appear once again as Rhubarb Red. His huge stock of recorded material includes 50 songs he considers country—not just guitar music, but also harmonica. So *Chester and Lester* may have been not only a milestone, but a reincarnation as well.

ARTHUR J. MAHER

What's Wrong With This Picture?

There are two Roy Clarks in this picture. One of them's supposed to be a glass "likeness," as it's an award from *Guitar Player* magazine. Can you find the real Roy?

FREDDY GOES PLATNIUM

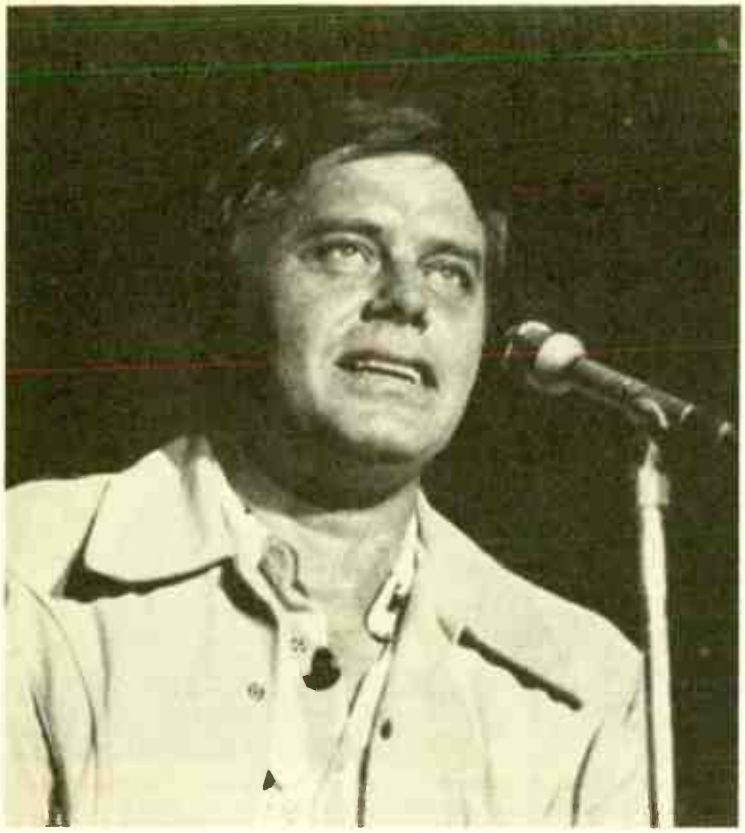
Photo: Skipper Gerstle

In the music business, they call it a "monster." That's what "Before The Next Teardrop Falls" was for Freddy Fender and this is Mrs. Vivian Keith, co-writer of the song with Ben Peters, presenting Freddy with a platinum record (for a million sales) to prove it.

BATTLE FOR HANK'S SONGS STILL DRAGGING THROUGH COURTS

Attorneys for Fred Rose Music have filed a notice of appeal to the U.S. Court of Appeals in Cincinatti after having been denied a motion for a new trial in a suit involving ownership of the copyright to Hank Williams's songs.

The suit has actually been going on for several years and is being pressed by Hill and Range, Inc., a New York publishing house which secured copyright renewal rights to the songs in 1968 from Mrs. Billie Jean Berlin, Williams's second wife. Last summer, a federal judge ruled that the copyrights to the songs belonged to Mrs. Berlin rather than to Fred Rose Music and Mrs. Audrey Williams, as Mrs. Berlin was Williams's wife at the time of his death in 1953.



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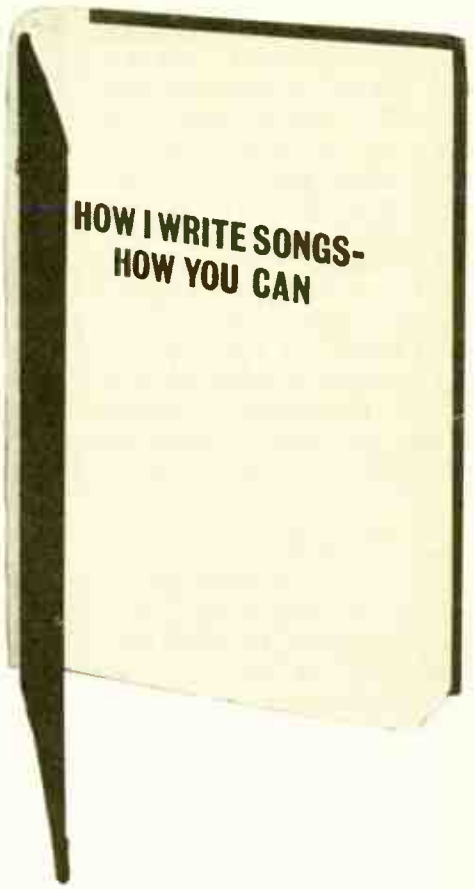

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BY TOM T. HALL

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PAPAGO INDIANS ARE CHICKEN SCRATCHING...

Photo: D.L. Guss

A crowd of over two hundred jams into the Lucky Dollar, a South Tucson bar, to dance to "chicken scratch"—the Papago Indian's answer to country music.

We've just left the main village on the Papago Indian Reservation near Sells, Arizona, and we're heading east to the Lucky Dollar, a Papago bar in the town of South Tucson. Tonight we'll hear two bands, The Papago Raiders and Cisco. Both play "chicken scratch" music, a non-traditional form of Indian popular music which resembles an orchestrated Eastern European polka, with turkey-in-the-straw pacing, a strong bass line, some *oom*pah *oom*pah, and is heavily Mexican in influence. Chicken scratch music is as close to an Indian form of country music as one is likely to find. The name comes from the peculiar (to outsiders) manner in which the music is danced, resembling a chicken scratching the ground, and—when danced outdoors—sounding like it too.

The crowd of two hundred has a sprinkling of blacks and Chicanos, three or four very self-conscious Anglos, and the rest, Papago. Most of them have driven the sixty miles in from Sells, as they do every weekend, or else come over from the closer San Xavier Reservation. Everyone crowds into the two rooms, some sitting at the bar or lining the two pool tables in the front room, while the dance floor is packed with couples chicken scratching. It is loud and raucous in here, beer flowing into mouths, on clothes, and on the floor. There's an occasional fight and employees are constantly mopping up messes around tables and dancers, but mainly it is cheerful Saturday night looseness.

Cisco, a shy hospital cook in his mid-thirties, plays saxophone in his band, which also includes accordian, drums, bass and lead guitar. His accordian player, Legal Services worker Frank Joaquin, explains that chicken scratch songs have no names. "When they request a song, usually they'll whistle or hum and we'll play it by ear." Cisco continues: "Last Saturday somebody wanted us to play 'Jesus Christ Superstar' and we said, 'how does it go?'. They whistled a little and we played it. They liked it, so I guess we did all right." He beams a sense of accomplishment.

The bar closes at one a.m., but most chicken scratch dances are on the reservation, and run from dusk until dawn. "They used to play all day, but now with electricity we play all night instead. Usually we take two breaks," Cisco says with a shy grin. "One at midnight when they feed us and another at four to stretch out. Sometimes at sun-up they'll pass the hat so we'll stay longer. Once we played until the sun was directly overhead," he recalls. "And we never repeat a song, there's enough to keep us going all night. When it gets close to sunrise you start remembering songs you should have played, and you try to squeeze everything into the last hours." All-night dances often attract a thousand of the eight thousand Papago who live on the reservation.

The biggest chicken scratch event of the year is the "battle of the bands" at the Salt River (Ariz.) National Indian Trade Fair; last year The Molinas won $500 in the competition. This year Mike Enis and Company won top prize money. Both groups record on Canyon Records, a small (100 different albums and tapes) Phoenix concern which records Indian culture exclusively, both traditional and non-traditional.

Back at the Lucky Dollar things are going noisy and well. Bar owner Carlos Mesa is serving up a pitcher to the adjoining table, and that is when Mary Pablo, a woman twice my age and weight, asks me to chicken scratch with her.

"How do you chicken scratch?" I ask, understanding little of the shuffle I've been watching for an hour.

"It's easy," she yells over the Papago Raider's music, dragging me onto the packed dance floor. "Just go two *this* way and two *that* way." As chicken scratch goes from a curious phenomenon to an awkwardly enjoyable dance step, I start to feel like an amusement-park bumper-car shoved from all directions.

It's great fun, as Cisco mentioned earlier at Sells, tracing the step and its elusive history. What's hardest for Cisco to figure is when the music started. He knows an eighty-year-old man who used to dance it as a child, but before that the history is fuzzy. As he relates this, Peabody, the resident Basset hound named for the Rocky and Bullwinkle cartoon character who traveled through time in his "wayback machine," has curled up at his feet. "Hey," Cisco exclaims. "Maybe we could all get in the 'wayback machine.' Then we could discover the *real* chicken scratch!"

TOM MILLER

...AND OYOTUNJI YORUBA CUTS A SPIRITUAL

Country music crossed America's ethnic barriers a long time ago. We have performers who are black, Mexican, Indian, Japanese, and Jewish—but Yoruba? Isn't that an African tribe in Southwest Nigeria? Yoruba goes country?

Yes, yes, and yes. Fact is Augusta, South Carolina, country bluesman Larry Jon Wilson has a new album coming out and the percussion on one number called "Sheldon Churchyard" is provided by five members of the Oyotunji-Yoruba tribe. Except that this tribe is from Beaufort, South Carolina.

Larry Jon doesn't know what an African village is doing in South Carolina, but he knows that the group is descended from Nigerian people. "I ran into them at the Hilton Head Festival," says Larry Jon. "They worked as a troupe there and their sound is *so* authentic. It was gravy, just gravy, that they lived so nearby. They're great musicians and when we got the idea to use them on the session, Rob Galbraith (Larry Jon's producer) and I just drove down and came back with five of them."

Moreover, the tribe lives on land formerly owned by the Sheldon Church in Beaufort County. "Yoruba is the language they speak," says Larry Jon, "and they feed themselves by handicrafts and such. They've given up city conveniences like electricity, and they're deeply religious."

The Yoruba played on only one cut of the album, which is called *Let Me Sing My Song For You*. Larry Jon says they used a bell, three handmade toms, and a gourd wrapped in net with stones interwoven into the net to give a castanet effect.

Yoruba goes country. It's true.

Photo: Jimmy Thomas

Country bluesman Larry Jon Wilson at a recording session with Yoruba—that's chief Elemosa at left.

Country Quote

"Never get above the people that you're playing for."
—Bill Monroe

NEW YORK'S WHN: The Real Story

In this spot in the April issue of *Country Music*, writer Mary Sue Price managed to convey the impression that radio station WHN-AM, the third largest radio station in the USA, had failed in its effort to market country music on the streets of New York. Fortunately for the now-furious WHN and unfortunately for *Country Music* (which must now own up to the egg on its face), such is not the case.

In fact, the case is completely the reverse: WHN's pleasantly countryish, sometimes country-country programming—your basic mass-appeal Countrypolitan format—is now riding at number two in the New York 25-to-49 age group ratings. The latest figures from ARB, the Bible in such matters, show WHN with 1,430,000 listeners. WHN has defeated *all* other stations—rock, Beautiful Music, ethnic, classical, all-news, you name it—to the top behind WABC-AM, which is the biggest commercial radio station in the world. WHN, with about half WABC's listeners, is placed third in the United States. It is certainly by far the biggest country station in the world. In the past year, it has grown almost beyond belief.

What's more, you must have to be kind of deaf not to notice it on the streets. Imagine you're in New York . . . you're taking a cab down Broadway, which is International City. The black cab driver has "The Pill" on the radio. Then you're eating pasta, and the waiters are crooning along with Glen Campbell. Then you go to the Chinese laundry, the Puerto Rican deli, the Port Authority Bus Terminal, and you get John Denver back-to-back with the Eagles, Willie Nelson, Hank Snow, Freddy Fender, Dolly Parton . . . all of which is very interesting. *Is* "soft" country in New York appealing across class, race, creed or whatever lines? Seems so. *Is* there anything else an adult New Yorker can tune in to if he wants a mellow sound that won't put him to sleep like Beautiful Music will and he's too old to bear the constant strain of rock & roll? Doesn't seem so, Disco Boom notwithstanding.

The point here—and it sure is a strange one when you think about the traditional country radio scheme of things—is that WHN has not only succeeded in New York, but has also managed to cater to the musical vacuum of the inner city—that phrase, now ominous with racism and class prejudice, which really means a non-white dominated population—almost as well as it has (naturally enough) penetrated the suburbs and the white working class fringes.

WHN's brass points out that bankers from Darien also tune in, and they're proud of it. What it means is that by careful programming and promotion, WHN has succeeded in removing any trace of hillbillyism from its image, and has therefore won a truly mass audience.

The station is three years old, dating back to the time when there was *no* country in New York, but its massive success came recently, beginning with the installation of Neil Rockoff as General Manager Storer er Broadcasting, WHN's parent company. Rockoff hired new people—Ed Salamon as Program Director, Dale Pon as Director of Creative Services, and others—and went to work.

Listener request lines (thought to be too cumbersome by many radio people) were installed and used heavily in programming decisions. A print and poster ad campaign showed Olivia Newton-John, Glen Campbell, Linda Ronstadt and other certified big-time crossover artists beneath the words "There's a lot of good in this country" ("Did we go with Ferlin Husky? No!" says Rockoff). Callers were invited to participate in the calling business with cash prizes—during the worst of the city's fiscal problems, they were offering a month's rent—and man-in-the-street interviews spread the point that *everyone* could be into WHN's kind of country, no blame, no questions asked.

Meanwhile, the programming stabilized around a cautious and very prudent mass-appeal arrangement of 35 certified country and country-pop current hits at any given period plus a reserve of about a thousand past hits, relative weight being an almost exact 50/50 between "old" and "new" material—but *all* hits. Constant listener research (WHN gets about 30,000 listener requests a month, and tabulates every one of them) backstops Salamon's policy of taking only records which have already won out in smaller radio markets. "We don't make hits, we play them," says Salamon. If he plays a record that satisfies his every criterion and the listeners don't put in those calls, it goes off the air.

The end result was that WHN jumped from fourteenth place in the ARB ratings for October/November of 1975, to second place in October/November of 1976.

Naturally, WHN's go-with-the-numbers policy, as commercially sound as Fort Knox, offends the hell out of purists, bluegrass freaks, Kosmik Kountry devotees, people who don't get their kicks from hearing the same song twenty times a day and don't have the option of switching to another country station (there isn't one), and Mary Sue Price, whose conclusion in the April *Country Music* that WHN couldn't market country on the streets of New York had more to do with what they are marketing as opposed to how well they have marketed it. But while WHN may not be filling the hearts of very discriminating country fans with glee, they are spreading the Sound around, providing country music where before there was none and doing an awful lot for what we call the Country Music Industry. They *have* scored those numbers—an unprecedented success—and they have gone further than anyone else towards convincing Madison Avenue (literally on their doorstep) that there's a viable market in the Countrypolitan Sound. This is significant beyond New York because Madison Avenue and its branches in Chicago and Los Angeles supply about four of every ten advertising dollars on country stations across the USA, and those dollars will probably flow more freely now that WHN has actually realized the Impossible Dream (long dreamed by the CMA and other boosters) that country music, sufficiently adapted, could be the biggest thing since the can opener with people who really aren't country at all. *That* is the real significance of WHN's success. That's why, in Rockoff's words, "we should get bouquets from WWVA."

And now, with things somewhat straightened out, we leave WHN and their solid gold proposition with apologies, congratulations, and (from me) the personal hope that when they get into FM—which they'd like to do—they'll come through for New Yorkers with a wider, less religiously commercial range of country music.

PATRICK CARR, EDITOR

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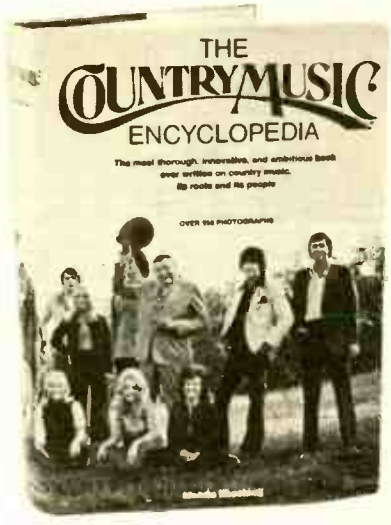

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Photo: Ron McKeown

Coe's Still In Trouble

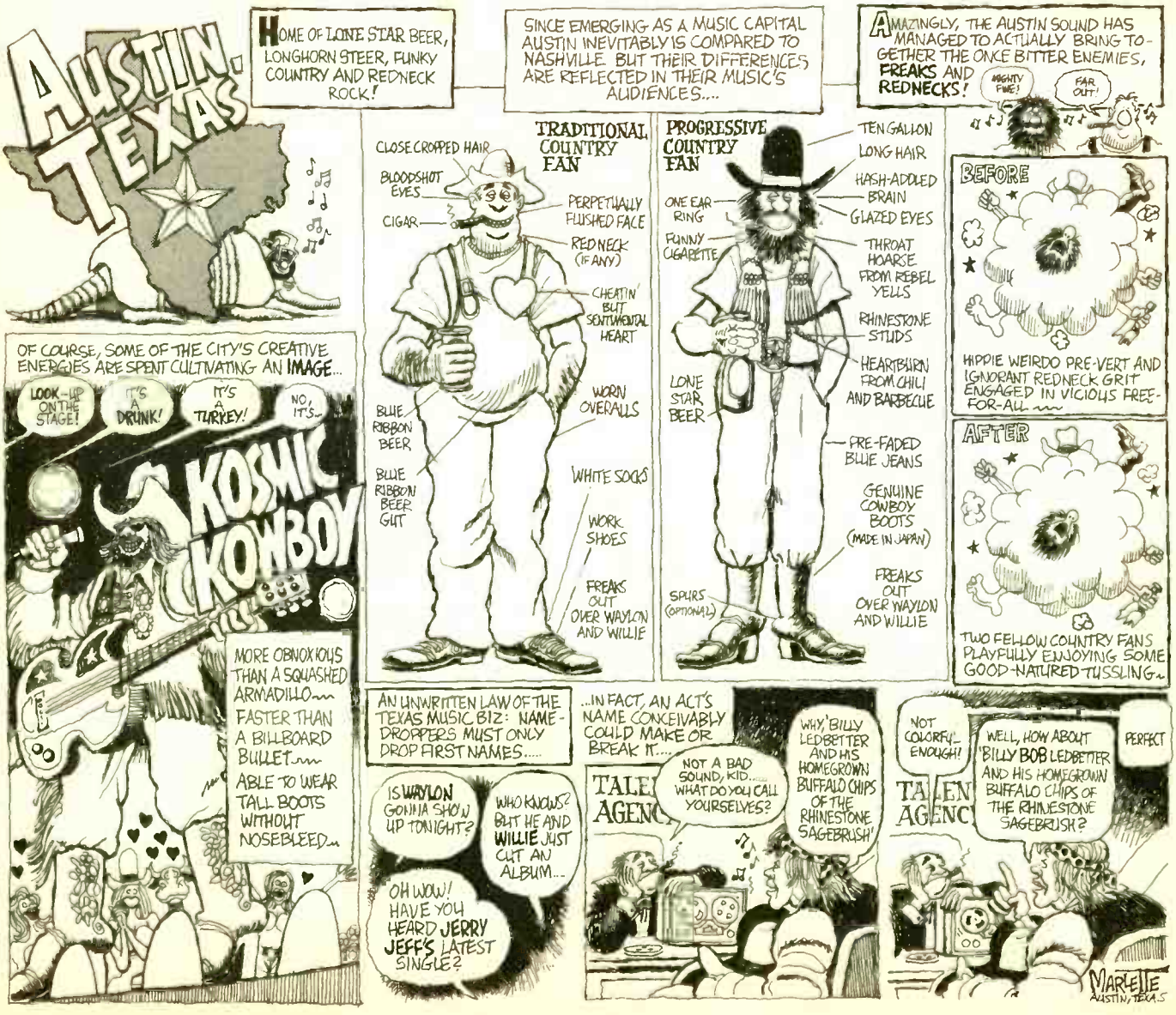
It's been nothing but trouble, trouble, trouble for press-plagued David Allan Coe (see February *Country News*) these past few weeks.

First off, the Rhinestone Cowboy was slapped with a misdemeanor assault charge in Houston and was fined $250 by Harris (Tex.) County Criminal Court Judge Charles Coussons. The fine was the result of an incident which occurred Nov. 29 at Dean Scott's club in Houston in which truck driver Larry Monk, 29, said Coe hit him in the face, causing him to fall and injure his right wrist. Coe pleaded no contest to the charge, but still faces a $1 million lawsuit filed by Monk, who claims that his wrist was permanently injured.

Meanwhile, back in Nashville, Coe was slapped with an arrest warrant filed by Mrs. Joel Vradenburg who says Coe gave her and her nightclub-owner husband a bad check for $300 in payment for some saddles he bought. The Vradenburgs added that Coe had not paid them $5,000 for some Appaloosa horses he bought from them, and that the horses had been taken out of the state.

To top things off, Coe's brand new touring bus was attached by the Davidson County Sheriff's office, which would give no details as to why the action was taken.

Coe, who has been working on his *Longhair Redneck* album at Pete's Place in Nashville, had no comment.



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Daddy Bluegrass and his blues

by Martha Hume

The sun is beginning to set in Nashville and the big yellow and red sign that says "Hall of Fame Motor Inn" lights up, casting its neon glare into my motel room. My friend and I are talking the time away until Bill Monroe calls to take us to dinner.

"Now, Martha I want you to get him to tell you about when he was growing up in Rosine," says my friend. "You know he was cross-eyed and he never did talk and he would run away and hide in the barn when strangers came, and I think that's why he's so shy and why people think he's so stuck-up. It's just didn't nobody look after him when he was little."

"Well," I answer, "we'll just have to see what he'll say. I mean there's lots of things he's told you that he might not tell me. You're his friend and he doesn't even know me except for that one time I met him."

Actually, I'm not sure whether Bill Monroe will tell me anything. I've heard all the stories about him, about how hard it is to get him to talk and about how he might just take a notion to snap your head off. As a matter of fact, nobody I know, except for my friend in Nashville, has ever had anything good to say about Bill Monroe personally, although everyone respects his music and his position as "The Father of Bluegrass Music." It isn't exactly easy to interview a legend, especially if that legend turns out to be hostile.

"Let's get him to take us somewhere nice, like the Peddler," says my friend. "I've been trying to get him to take me there forever. We can have a steak."

As I am wondering whether he's going to take us anywhere at all, or show up, for that matter, the phone rings. My friend picks it up, talks for a minute, face falling all the time.

"That man's out at Shoney's Big Boy clear out on the interstate. He wants us to meet him out there now."

I knew it. He would pick the one place in town where it's practically impossible to make a decent tape, what with all those dishes rattling and muzak playing and the food comes so fast that dinner's over in 30 minutes. Well, there's nothing to do except go. If he wants to eat at Shoney's Big Boy, then we eat at Shoney's Big Boy. We grab our coats, pull out onto the interstate and head south. I start reviewing my knowledge of Bill Monroe lore.

Born, Sept. 13, 1911, Rosine, Ky. Mother died when he was 10, father died when he was 16, went to live with his fiddling Uncle Pen, met black blues player Arnold Schultz, moved to Indiana to work in the oil refineries; joined brothers Birch and Charlie in a touring WLS square dance troupe; he and Charlie begin performing as the Monroe Brothers, move to North Carolina, record for RCA's Bluebird label, split up in 1938; Bill forms Blue Grass Boys; join Opry in 1939, get first encore ever given at Opry; start touring with Opry shows; gets own tent show, then adds exhibition baseball team, becomes famous in the forties, career slows down in fifties, picks up with the beginning of bluegrass festivals in the sixties, now recognized as a musical genius and "Father of Bluegrass Music." We always call him "Daddy Bluegrass." I feel like a walking history book.

Our particular Shoney's is in a shopping center, with one of those great big parking lots where I'm sure I'll be killed someday by a hot-rodding housewife scratching out from the Kroger store. We pull up beside Bill's maroon Pontiac station wagon, and go inside.

Bill Monroe is sitting with his back to the door in a booth toward the rear of the restaurant. The place is filled with suburban families and their screaming kids and the clatter and the muzak is as loud as I had expected.

I reintroduce myself to Mr. Monroe, start making some desultory conversation and order a Big Boy, fries and a Coke. Maybe it will be easier if we talk about a neutral subject at first. He has a farm out near Goodlettesville.

"Do you have a tobacco base out on your place?" I ask.

"Got it leased out this year."

"Oh. Well we have a little base up in Kentucky. Just six tenths of an acre, but it put us all through school. They go by weight down here now don't they, I mean instead of by base?"

"Yeah, I believe they do."

"Oh. Well how're things out at your place? I hear you've been doin' a lot of work out there."

"Well, I got a bulldozer out there, makin' some new pasture for the cattle this summer."

"What you gonna sow in the pasture?"

"Probably fescue mostly."

"Oh. That's real good for cattle."

My hopes of getting the world's best interview with Bill Monroe are sinking slowly in the West. I get out the tape recorder anyhow, put it where the clatter seems the least serious, make lame assurances that he'll soon forget it's there, just talk like you usually do. Darn! I've forgotten my questions.

"I guess you haven't been playing much lately. I mean in the winter and all, there aren't many festivals. . . .?"

"I played 9 dates so far in January."

"I bet Bill plays more dates than anybody on the Opry, don't you Bill?" My friend is trying to come to the rescue.

"Probably so," answers Bill Mon-

PHOTO LEONARD KAMSLER

roe, staring off into the distance.

* * *

He looks distinguished sitting there, back straight, silver hair, eyes straight ahead. He drums his fingers constantly against the formica table top as if in time with some rhythm in his head. He fidgets from side to side, looks like he's going to bolt any minute. But eventually he begins to talk. His conversation centers around the past, the past where there were no cars, no Shoney's Big Boys, no electric guitars. It all seems so out of place, to be in this model of American fast food expertise, talking about 1911. Bill Monroe doesn't notice. Once he lets his mind drift back to the land, the past, to Rosine, he doesn't seem to notice his surroundings. And come to think of it, if Bill Monroe's been playing music since 1939, he must have eaten dinner in thousands of places like this. He's probably as at home here as he is out on his farm. He's telling us about fox hounds.

"I love fox hounds, you know. I love to hear 'em run as they give their mouth. A lot of people don't understand. There's lots of dogs that's got wonderful mouths. They got a high tenor voice or a deep sharp, or they'd be a turkey—you know, one that barked like a turkey—or some had screamin' mouth. Put 'em all together, it makes a wonderful sound. I keep about 15 dogs now. Late in the evenin' we have some races. A lot of things like that has helped me, give me ideas about things."

The little boy who listened to those fox hounds fifty years ago was skinny, shy, the youngest of 8. His mother died when he was 10 years old.

"I was alone a lot of my life, you know when I was a kid. And nobody to play with. I started to work when I was 11 and there wasn't a lot of playtime for me, but going to school or somethin' like that and maybe they (his brothers and sisters) would be out workin' someplace and the evenin' would be lonesome, you know. Well, that's in my music, that part of it. And that was where a touch of the blues went in it, the feelin' of it. How I was feelin' years and years ago. There's many times, I believe, when the blues does you good. It ain't only the colored folks has the blues; there's many a white man that's had 'em. I've had 'em, many, many times. And they's times that I have 'em today."

The blues must have come often to Bill Monroe. After his mother died, he was left with his father, already an old man, and his older sisters and brothers who probably weren't too interested in their shy kid brother.

"They didn't nobody look after you did they Bill?" gently asks a friend. His answer is slow, and more is implied than is spoken.

"No," he answers. "I guess they'd see that I had clean clothes, you know, for the weekend. To go to school. But they had their own life to live and I guess that they thought that that might have come first. So they was gettin' married, some of 'em and datin' girls, datin' boys. So I stayed home with my father. That's what leads back to where me and him would listen to the fox hounds, you know, and it'd be on a Saturday night. But he was up in the late 'sixties, goin' on 70 years old and that's probably all he wanted to do. My mother had gone. And he would never marry again—didn't want to. So to hear a good pack of fox hounds was what he loved. I stayed close to him and there wasn't nothin' to be scared about. 'Cause he was the most wonderful father in the world and a straight honest man, truthful. I don't guess you could be any closer than me and him was. I had the feeling in me that he was a wonderful man and I was proud to be his son."

Bill's father died when Bill was 16. The family moved in with relatives.

"Father and Mother died and all of 'em left home. Some was stayin' with one uncle and some with another. My sisters, I believe was stayin' with my uncle that I was named after, Uncle William. And up at another uncle's they was havin' measles and things, and I couldn't stay there. Uncle Pen, he was by hisself and he was lonely and would like for me to stay there, so that's where I stayed. He was a crip-

pled man and needed help carryin' water and wood. I stayed there probably three years. I worked in the timber and hauled cross ties."

Uncle Pen—Pendleton Vandever—was an itinerant trader and fiddler of some note. It was while he was living with his uncle that Bill Monroe formed the core of what was to become his music. Uncle Pen knew lots of old-time fiddle tunes—tunes which Bill remembers to this day—and helped his nephew learn the all-important sense of timing that was to distinguish his music. It was also during this time that Bill met Arnold Schultz, a black fiddler and guitarist, who introduced him to the musical blues. By the time his Uncle Pen died and he went off to Indiana to work in the refineries with his brothers, Bill Monroe had learned the basic elements that he would use to form his musical style, but it took almost 10 years for that music to take shape.

Between the time he left Kentucky and made his first appearance on the Opry, Bill worked in East Chicago, Indiana, and ended up practically supporting his older brothers, Birch and Charlie, as well as several sisters. Then the three brothers joined one of WLS Radio's traveling road shows as square dancers. Birch returned home, and in 1934, Charlie and Bill formed the Monroe Brothers. They worked their way through Iowa and Nebraska, then south to the Carolinas where they made their first recordings for RCA's Bluebird label. Although the pair was quite popular, personal differences came between them, and in 1938, they split up. Charlie formed his own act too, and was quite popular for several years, but he was never to gain the fame of his younger brother.

What happened was that in 1939 Bill Monroe, accompanied by his first band of what he called "Blue Grass Boys" joined the Grand Ole Opry. That first band was composed of Art Wooten on fiddle, Cleo Davis on guitar, Amos Garen on bass, and Bill Monroe on mandolin. An early picture of the band shows a young, almost funny-looking Monroe, dressed in jodpurs, riding boots, white shirt, tie and hat, eyes still crossed, mouth tight, already intense, with a smiling group of young men behind a WSM

PHOTOS: JOHN LEE

The Father of Bluegrass music at 64. Today, Bill Monroe has fame, fortune, respect and a solid place in the history of American music. It wasn't always this way. The town which now advertises itself as the "Home of the First Family of Bluegrass Music," didn't know Bill Monroe existed when he was growing up there 60 years ago. The man who now performs with such confidence once hid in the barn from strangers. And all of that is still a part of Bill Monroe: just listen to his music.

microphone. Bill looks alone.

That first appearance on the Opry was historic. Few people have ever gotten the reaction that Bill Monroe and his Blue Grass Boys got that night. The number they performed was a new version of Jimmie Rodgers's "Muleskinner Blues." But instead of the usual, mournful, atonal, monotonous rendering that the song got, this band provided a driving, solid beat, and emotion that had not been there before. When it was over, Bill Monroe got an encore.

"When I first started, I knew that was the music I wanted. When I started on the Grand Ole Opry, I'd come up from North Carolina and South Carolina, and I knew that the blues was really getting ready down there, that they loved it, and I knew if I got a 50,000 watt station, I was pretty sure that they would accept it."

Accept it and like it they did—overwhelmingly. Bill Monroe was an overnight sensation. The only real competition he had came from Roy Acuff, but since they performed in different styles, there was no conflict between the two. Monroe and his band started touring with the Opry road shows six nights a week, returning to Nashville on Saturdays. Later, Bill got his own tent show and added an exhibition baseball team.

The number of famous musicians who did time as Blue Grass Boys is legion. Art Wooten was his first fiddler, Dave, "Stringbean" Akeman the first banjoist. Then came Earl Scruggs, Lester Flatt, Chubby Wise, (who composed what many feel was the best band), Cedric Rainwater, Jimmy Martin, Carter Stanley, Don Reno, Mac Wiseman, Sonny Osborne, Charlie Cline, Vassar Clements, Kenny Baker, Byron Berline, Roland White, Howdy Forrester, Benny Martin—in short, enough musicians to form an orchestra; certainly enough to form a movement.

And a movement is exactly what was formed. Flatt and Scruggs had their Foggy Mountain boys, Jimmy Martin formed the Sunny Mountain Boys, Carter Stanley went back to the Stanley Brothers and the Clinch Moutain Boys; Sonny Osborne joined brother Bob with the Osborne Brothers; Don Reno, with Red Smiley, performed as Reno and Smiley; and later Berline and White formed a modern bluegrass group, the Country Gazette. In short, the Blue Grass Boys became a training school for bluegrass musicians. The Bill Monroe style imprinted on all of them, became a branch of American music, separate from country, folk or pop.

Today Bill Monroe reigns as the king of his music, the instructor, the inspiration for a whole generation of American musicians. The years have metamorphosed the shy, ugly kid into a master musician, respected by all, feared by many, a true father figure. Like a father, Monroe is probably misunderstood by his "children."

Today, Bill Monroe is in a position which allows him to survey the scene he has created with some detachment. The big question everyone asks him is "who will carry on?" While it looks doubtful that anyone will have to carry on for quite a while—Monroe, who does not smoke or drink, is strong as a horse—he does think about the question. He's looking for someone.

"I guess they's a good many people that could carry on. I think they will. I just hope that they'll have a lot of willpower and treat their fellow man right. And stay with the music and do it right. And never get above the people that you're playin' for and never get above the way you was raised. Stay down, like a man should stay. It takes willpower to lead on. I've always had the willpower. I can be feelin' bad and that willpower won't never give up."

Meanwhile, he is looking ahead. He has projects in mind, which he doesn't talk about, of course. He's the sort of man who would never talk about anything publicly until he could spring it full-blown and perfect with a single stroke. And he's beginning to think back, to look at what he's done, to decide if it's good.

"I believe that if I had an audience here, a thousand people, and it was a gospel program, I believe that 90 percent of the people would just as soon hear me sing "Footprints In The Snow." And I can't believe the Lord would think I would be doin' wrong if I did. There's a number that'll touch you and there's nothin' leadin' you the wrong way."

It is a strange comment. I don't quite understand. It's as if Monroe is trying to justify his life before God.

"And I think that He knows that all the people need to get sung to gospel. But I think that there's thousands and thousands here that ain't ready and I think that He knows that 'Footprints In The Snow' would be good for 'em. Bluegrass has got a meanin' to touch

your heart. I think that the melodies, if there wasn't a word in 'em, I believe the Lord would wonder if that wasn't a gospel song. I really think that. And that's why I'm so proud of this music. You couldn't keep me from havin' willpower."

Bluegrass, to Bill Monroe, is a mission. It has a purpose. It is more than music. I think this is what he's saying.

* * *

The after-dinner coffee is getting cold and bitter. The lights at Shoney's seem bright. But it feels comfortable now, comfortable to be with Bill Monroe. I hadn't expected that. I had expected a hard man, maybe even a mean man; but Bill Monroe is neither. I *like* him and I respect him—there is something about Bill Monroe that seems special. He probably is a genius, but that's not it. It is, perhaps, that he seems honest, that he has come to terms with life, that he decided what he wanted to do and did it, a quality which I feel is admirable because I know so many people, myself included, who have no idea what to do with themselves. I tell him this.

"Well," he answers, "why don't you let nature kind of take its course, you know, and be a fine lady, a decent lady, a lady that can talk to a man or a woman. It's pretty near staying in the middle of the road. And you get so much out of life when you treat your fellow man right. There's no use arguing, life is just what you make out of it. I think that's what any person should do—man or woman."

Bill's life, whether he's playing his mandolin or working on his farm, seems to be made of whole cloth—there are no compartments. He treats his farm hands the same way he treats members of the Blue Grass Boys. If you work with Bill Monroe, you do things exactly the way he tells you to; if you don't want to do them that way, you can go someplace else, no hard feelings. That, simply, seems to be his rule for life.

"I don't let any man shove me faster than I want to go . . . or get me on the wrong track. But if it's going to go, my answer's right quick . . . I'm not going to go along the way they want to go. But the other man can decide his way too. I do ask people for their advice. I like to see what they would say before I make up my mind. I don't say I'll take their advice, but if it was good, I would take it. But if I didn't take it, I'd still listen to what they had to say about it. I always treat the other fella right . . . as long as he plays his part right . . . and you try to be friends.

"It's like a lot of people playing music. You know, when they get on stage, they get wrapped up and they let it run away with them. I've planned ahead in the way of . . . how I thought this man was, how to keep him under control and keep him in his place. Maybe the next man wouldn't be as hard, wouldn't be any trouble to handle him. Then, if there's another come along, why he'd have to toe the mark too."

"Is that why they called you Bossman?"

"Oh, they've called me a slave driver. And I say, well, maybe I was a slave driver, but if a man's going to work for you and you want him to play music, he'll have to do what you say."

"But doesn't that really take a lot of self-confidence?"

"Yes, it does. Through my life, there's been very few that's argued with me."

"Musicians or everybody?"

"Everybody."

"Is that because you wouldn't let them?"

"No, it's just because, in talking with them, I stayed ahead of them, or just kept them under control, you know, the way I thought it should be to get along. There's no trouble to handle people, you know, to do that, if you know what you're doing and stay ahead of them. And it ain't wrong. It's in order to keep them on the right track."

"You felt like you were doing the best for them?"

"That's right. It was best for both of us."

We are getting ready to leave, Bill Monroe to go back to his small apartment in Nashville, to his music, to his work on the farm, me to go back to New York, a place separated not only by distance, but by time as well. Both places are equally isolated from modern America.

"Let me ask you a question," says Bill Monroe. "If you were in my place, would you have handled the people the way I have handled them, and kept them under control, all the way, and led them the way you thought they should go?"

A week ago, I would have answered "no." Today, when I stop and think, having seen how alone that way has made the man, and understanding, a little, the certainty and direction such a course requires, and what has been created, I'm not sure.

I am speechless. ■

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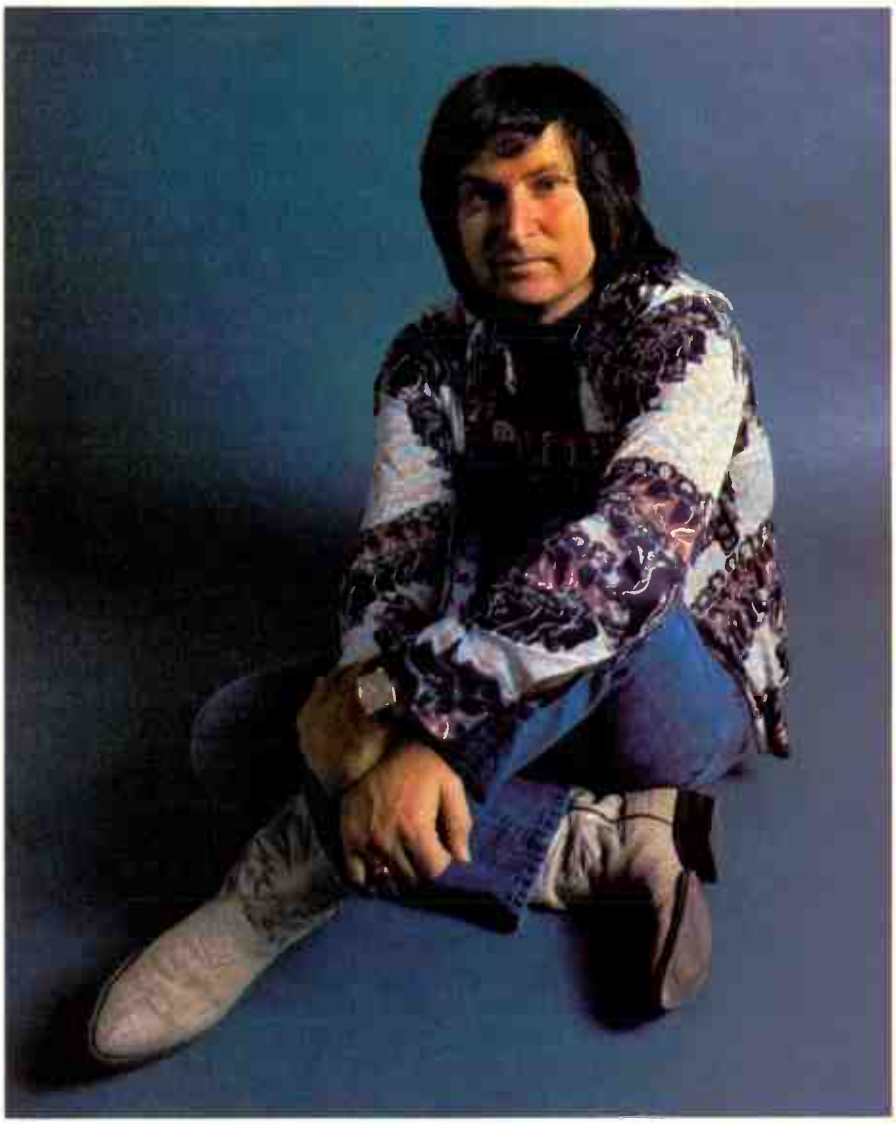

PHOTOS: LEONARD KAMSLER

Picture Joe Stampley: talkin'on the CB, checkin'out the Smokies that are waitin'on down the road. The silver-blue Lincoln Continental is eating up the Interstate between Nashville and nearby Franklin, and Joe's looking to put the hammer down and get home to a bowl of wife Jo Ann's reputedly devastating chili.

"Anybody got a break for One Turnip Green," he drawls into the microphone. "Cm'on."

The little radio continues its incessant, mindless chatter.

"Watssit look like down Franklin way?" Joe drawls again, getting deeper and deeper into a swamp witch and hog jowls Louisiana wail. "Cm'on."

"Good buddy, this here's the Music City Snowball," the radio blurts, "and you're clear on down to that old Franklin exit. So hammer down and have a good day. Cm'on."

Joe gooses the Lincoln and hauls toward the Franklin exit, some 25 miles distant. After fiddling with the radio a few more minutes, he shuts the little blabbering box off.

"Sometimes," says the man who helped catapult truckers and CB titterings into a national mania, "I can't stand that thing."

Now picture Joe Stampley again, this time without a bagful of preconceptions and a handy layman's guide to understanding trucker talk. What emerges is an entirely different picture. Somewhere beneath that good-old-boy aluminum siding lurks the real Joe Stampley—a surprisingly complex artist who ponders Elton John and worries no small amount about his own success; a very successful country singer who is very definitely not in with Nashville's in crowd.

In fact, he doesn't even like Nashville. When Joe decided to move from his home town of Springhill, La., to Nashville last year, he gave all the standard reasons—which boil down to being closer to the money-making apparatus. After several months in Music City, though, he's chafing at the bit.

He gestures to a magnificent brick house standing on a small hill, a perfect overlook on the 25 acres. With an early morning snowfall already beginning to melt off, the house and grounds look like a Norman Rockwell painting.

"Nice, ain't it?" he asks me as we head up the semicircular drive. When I agree, he adds: "It'd be a lot nicer in Springhill. I've still got plans for my dream house in Springhill that were drawn up eight years ago; remind me to show them to you."

* * *

Eight years ago, however, the plans might as well have called for the dream house to be built on the moon. Joe's rock and roll group, the Uniques,

Joe Stampley's loves include kids, dogs, old cars and music, but not Nashville. He still misses Louisiana.

> "I wouldn't be afraid to get on stage with any performer I know."

were rapidly coming to the end of their rope, and their lead singer and guiding light was already beginning to look for greener turf to keep him out of Springhill's box factory. Besides, Joe had already had a sweet taste of success when his "All These Things" became a modest hit, and he was ready for more.

"Actually, I cut my first record when I was 15 years old. I sounded like a 12-year-old," Joe grimaces.

In 1965, though, Joe had met up with Al Gallico, at the time a fledgling manager, and had started writing songs for him. When the Uniques started to go sour, Gallice already had a new direction charted: country music.

"What it was, was that my records were just doing better on the country charts than on the rock charts," Joe says. "Gallico put my group on Paramount Records, and we had three singles that did absolutely nothing. I put out four country singles and the fourth was a top ten country hit."

With "Soul Song" Joe was off and running—almost half-a-million records sold before the ballad slid off the charts. He followed up "Soul Song" by putting 11 of his next releases in the top-10, and his acceptance as a country artist was cinched.

And last year, to celebrate his changing labels, Joe Stampley launched a trend.

"But my Lord, can you believe the number of CB songs on the radio?" Joe says, twisting his face into something between a grimace and being forced to swallow a whole peeled lemon. "That's all I hear anymore—CB,CB,CB."

For which, I tell Joe, he has no one to blame but himself. It was, after all, that low-down Stampley drawl on "Roll On, Big Mama" that opened the floodgates for the endless deluge of "10-4s" and "good buddies" that now threatens to drown us all. But "Roll On, Big Mama" was something else again—the quintessential trucking song; a ready-made classic on the level of "There Ain't No Easy Runs." The melody sticks like well-chewed bubblegum, an endlessly repeating four-minute tape loop lodged in your mind. If you're unfortunate enough to hear "Roll On, Big Mama" on the first leg of a long trip—as I was—expect to spend hours upon hours just driving to the echoes.

Joe Stampley, of course, just plain didn't like the song.

"I came in for my first studio session after I switched record labels—from Dot to Epic—and my producer, Norro Wilson, said he had a song for me," Joe says, still relishing the story after the millionth telling. "I said nope—can't hear me singing that."

But Norro did hear it—trucks growling in the early morning, smoke pouring from double stacks while the diesel roar merged with the dinosaur bellow of the airhorns, finally sliding into the steady rhythm of the highway falling beneath 18 wheels.

"I can hear you singing the hell out of it, "cut it."

"I'm glad as hell I did," Joe says. "You know, though, usually the songs I hate the most that he makes me cut are the ones I end up liking the most."

Coming from a lot of performers, that last statement might seem a little odd. In a city where some performers' egos are matched only by their royalty checks, an admission of dependence on anyone else is guaranteed to draw stares. But Joe Stampley the singer is acutely aware of his place as one-third of a delicately balanced trio, with Norro Wilson, the producer, and Al Gallico, the manager, holding down the ends of a musical *menage a trois.*

"I've got a producer and I've got a manager—I'm a singer," he says in a refrain that ends up in virtually every Stampley interview. "It's my producer's job to get me material to sing. It's my manager's job to keep me working. My job is to sing what they put before me. A lot of people who try to produce and manage themselves,

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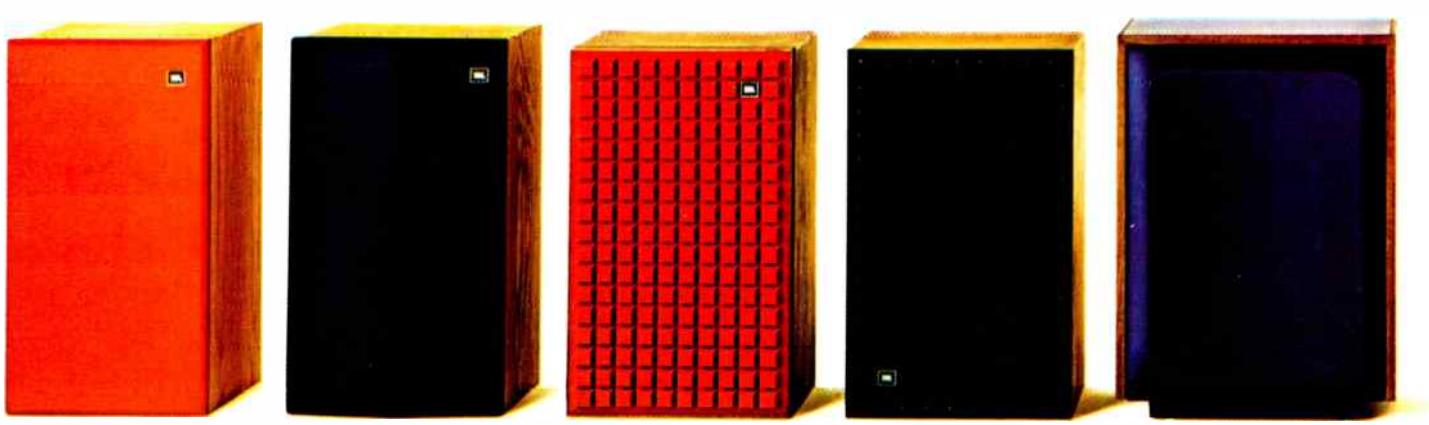

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they become their own worst enemies."

Joe Stampley is acutely aware of one other thing, and that is he's not a superstar. A success, certainly—11 top-10 records in the last five years will qualify anyone as a success. But he's aware of an invisible barrier that separates the really big stars—the Twitties, the Riches, the Haggards, the Cashes—from the also-rans, and more than anything else he'd like to step through that barrier.

* * *

We're sitting in Joe's music room, his sanctum away from Jo Ann and the three kids. The fire in the fireplace has burned down to glowing coals, and we watch through the window as Joe's kids roll what's left of the mushy snow into a midget-sized snowman. They tap on the glass, and we wave and smile. We've exhausted most of the standard interview material—yes, Joe is very happy when he's on stage performing; no, he isn't surprised at the recent upswing of country music popularity; yes, he's on the road over 150 days a year—and we have finally gotten around to that invisible barrier.

"I just believe that a lot of times it does take the right record to get you established as, what do you want to call it, a super star," Joe says. "To get your name really nationwide big, you've got to have a million seller."

And that means a crossover with substantial rock airplay—"Roll On, Big Mama," which was a big country hit, sold less than 250,000 copies. Even "Soul Song," with middle-of-the-road crossover play, topped the scales at 400,000 copies.

Not only that, Joe says, but his name is hard to pronounce. Something about the name Joe Stampley just doesn't seem to stick. After one concert a woman came backstage and asked if Joe was Jim Stafford's brother, since they had the same last name. At one point he even considered changing his name, but Gallico told him that if he was going to make it, he was going to as Joe Stampley.

"Eventually," Joe says, "One of those songs of mine is going to take off. Look at Charlie Rich . . . To me, he was a success in 1961 when he sung 'Lonely Weekends.' But it took that one silly—well, I guess it's not silly—little song, 'Behind Closed Doors,' to put him where he should be."

Speaking of Charlie Rich, he adds, you've got to listen to something. Joe rummages around and comes up with the *Soul Song* album, slaps it on the turntable and drops the needle on the second cut. "The Most Beautiful Girl" fills the headphones.

"Never did release it," Joe grimaces. "Charlie worked it up off my album and sold two million copies."

But things are getting better—his name is getting around. He's still in a building process, much like his 1937 Dodge that shares his basement with a St. Bernard named Rango. That car may not be quite finished now, but when it is, it's going to be a bear.

"You ask how I'd classify myself—I'd call myself gut-country, and that's giving it all you got," Joe says.

Still, there are times, usually late at night, when he wonders where that song is and how much longer he has to wait for his ticket to the Country Music Hall of Fame. He's confident, Joe is quick to add, and he's thankful to be able to make a good living at what he wants to do, but it's been 17 years since that first record, and 17 years is a long time to wait.

"So I call Norro, and he's got confidence in me. And I've got confidence in myself," Joe says. "I've been in a building process for the last six years 'cause I came strictly out of a rock and roll group and went on my own. I'm sure there's a lot of people who wonder whatever happened to the Uniques: whatever happened to that guy that had that great record 'All These Things.' Well, that guy's singing country music, and they're still listening to rock and roll."

Joe stops talking and looks me in the eye. How would I classify him as a singer, Joe asks. I point out that as the interviewer, I traditionally ask the questions. Joe insists, and I finally fumble out something to the effect that he's a rocker turned country turning a bit back to rock. "Ha," Joe literally shouts, "this time I've caught you."

He rummages around the house and returns with another album. This record, he says, is five years old.

"I want you to listen to what kind of music I was doing then," he says. "I'm still doing the same kinds of music I was then. Right?"

I grudgingly admit the albums have a similar style.

"You see, my time hasn't gotten here yet," Joe says, grinning with glee. "I've been in the same place for five or six years. I'm doing what I want to do, and I wouldn't be afraid to get on stage with any performer I know.

"I'll tell you what, and you can write this down," he adds. "I'd like to think I put 110 percent into a damn song. So there." ■

RODRIGUEZ

The Kid Goes Through Changes

by erla zwingle

"I'm still young and ambitious. I want to go beyond doing the same thing over and over."

Having a good time on Saturday night at Mickey Gilley's club outside Houston is serious business. It's full-bore fun, not for the weak or faint of heart. The place is set sort of off in the woods, and it looks like nothing when you're standing in the dusty gravel parking lot. But from the inside it looks like a funky, squashed-down airplane hangar: huge, rough cement floor covered with tables, and a ceiling so low you feel like you're crawling around on your hands and knees even when you're standing up. It's dark and murky and chilly drafts from the air-conditioning system swirl through a stinging fog of cigarette smoke. The stage, dance floor and bar huddle together for protection in the middle of the room; the outer reaches are open territory for anybody's notion of fun—fist fights, thrown chairs, an occasional knife-thrust.

Frankly, it's not the kind of place you'd expect to find Johnny Rodriguez singing wistful ballads of lost love. But there he was, all 5'6" of him, wearing a butter-soft chamois suit over his trim, muscular, 24-year-old body. Now picture this. He's singing like he always does, kinda teasing the girls while pretending that he doesn't have any idea why they're getting so worked up. The girls are screaming and carrying on every time he takes a breath or holds a note past two seconds, and they're pretending they don't know their boyfriends are getting mad. The guys, meanwhile, are drinking Lone Star beer (at the very least), and picking fights with each other, and pretending the kid onstage doesn't exist and their girlfriends aren't going crazy about him. It was a lot of fun. Everybody was having such a great time that Gilley had to stop the show and take the mike to ask everybody to cool it for a while so the man could do his gig. And by the time Johnny finished his second high-energy, hour-long set of the night his manager was seriously considering sending a look-alike decoy out through the crowd to take the heat while the star sneaked through the back door.

Don't think for a minute that Johnny—or his ex-manager, Happy Shahan—would want it any other way. The two of them have spent three long years making Johnny a performer who creates excitement. In fact, if it weren't for Shahan, Johnny might still be hanging around South Texas drinking beer and creating the kind of excitement that earns a person various tickets, summonses, and an occasional rest in the county jail.

By the time he was 20 Johnny had already checked out the municipal facilities twice—once for the famous goat-rustling incident and once for possession of alcohol by a minor. So he didn't have much to lose when Texas Ranger Joaquin Jackson took him and his guitar up to Alamo Village in Brackettville to meet Happy Shahan. Shahan is a story in himself, but here it's enough to know that he is basically a rancher with overt show-business tendencies. He enjoys promoting talent as a sideline. "Johnny's just a plaything," he cheerfully states. He listened to Johnny pick and sing and he thought the scruffy little Chicano kid had possibilities.

For a while—say, about three years now—everything worked fine. After all, Johnny started his career with a few drawbacks. He only had a high school education, he had no real training, musical or otherwise, and both his father and older brother had died, leaving him the head of a poor but very large family. He probably could have managed by taking a series of laborors' jobs—he'd already spent some time on the Houston docks—while amusing himself and his friends with his guitar in his spare time. He certainly wouldn't have been the first to spend his time that way. But he also had a few advantages: talent, ambition and Happy Shahan.

Shahan, for the purposes of this discussion, had no drawbacks. His advantages, though, were two-fold: he had an uncanny sensitivity to the quirks of human nature and an awareness of how to use them to promote things (vitamins, lamp shades, singers), and he also had a willing and likely prospect in Johnny. He called Johnny his "diamond-in-the-rough," and they both set about cutting and polishing. Shahan spoke, the kid listened. Here's a little of what he heard: "When you sing, I want you to beg, *beg* to those people out in the audience." "Get rid of the guitar. It's a crutch you're using for security and it's keeping you from moving around and getting close to people." "Quit saying 'and-a' and 'but-a,' you don't know how bad it sounds." "When the crowd gets a little too wild, pick up a child. Once they see you holding a baby, they'll never touch you."

Happy couldn't make Johnny a singer, but he sure meant to make him a star. "I believe you can make anybody a star," he asserts. "Pick things that you can glamorize." He pulled every trick he could think of to glam-

PHOTOS: IKE BARUCH

Last summer he began to realize that he was stuck in a rut, although he quickly points out that he sings "gut" songs, too, like "Ride Me Down Easy" and "New York City Snow." But he started to understand that screaming girls aren't enough for a serious performer. "That's the main reason I hire good musicians. That's the reason I have them rehearse all the time, so that they don't hit those wrong notes, and that's why I take care of my health, so *I* don't hit the wrong notes. That way I'll know they're not coming to see me because . . . " His voice trails off.

Last December Johnny finally decided that he and Happy just didn't have the same ideas on why people came to see him. *Cashbox* printed the simple notice: SHAHAN/RODRIGUEZ PART COMPANY. "Happy Shahan, whose personal management has contributed to Johnny Rodriguez's success, has announced that their management agreement has been dissolved, effective immediately." Johnny admitted that he had disagreed with Happy's plans for him; he felt that the crowds all summer and fall had been slow, and he was stuck in a rut of concerts, fairs and rodeos. Maybe it was a 24th birthday present for himself, but Johnny felt it was time to strike out in another direction.

Even though they had a substantial contract still to run—at least another ten years—Happy released his young prodigy, demanding only the management fee still due him at the time. "No hard feelings," both insisted, but they both had pretty strong feelings about his new independence.

"I'm not mad at Johnny, I feel sorry for him," Happy told me on the phone from a convention in Philadelphia. "At my age you expect things like this. We have a saying on the ranch: When the colt quits suckin' it leaves its mother. When they feel they don't need you, they leave you. The problem is he's listening to people who can't buy him a hamburger.

"My greatest enjoyment was watching him develop," Happy went on. He sounded tired, not his usual bluff, energetic self, although it might have been the strain of the convention. He certainly wasn't going to broadcast any of his disappointments. "I told Johnny, I've already received my awards. I knew him when he ate his beans with a knife. People give him advice, but they don't know his problems. He just got himself into a jam and he thought he'd pick on his manager. He's on the skids a little now, but you can't take a kid from zilch and not love him. You build people and you love 'em. We never had a fuss, we never had an argument. But I think he's been listening to the wrong people, and they've got his head in a twist. I told him when he left some of the things he ought to do, and he hasn't done one of them." I asked Happy what he thought would happen to Johnny now. "A lot of people in entertainment have to reach a high, then hit a bottom so they can bounce back again," he commented. "Johnny will do one of two things: Keep doing well, or hit bottom and bounce back. Oh, he'd bounce back. He's got too much pride to stay down."

Johnny, for his part, sounded exhilarated when he talked to me about his big change. He's full of plans, experiments and energy.

"I don't want to do too much at once," he said, "but I'm going to try to spread myself around more. I think I need it. I've scheduled a ten-day tour of Texas, in May, with Asleep at the Wheel and Emmylou Harris. I

want to start a college circuit, too, to reach more kids. I just taped a 30-minute segment for Don Kirshner's Rock Concert TV show with Ike and Tina Turner and Ramsey Lewis. I also want to do a 30-minute TV special of my own this year with one male and one female vocalist as guests, but I don't know who they'll be yet. I've been using the three-girl backup group in some shows, too. And I've been singing songs like "If You Could Read My Mind," and "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow." The audiences clap, they love it. I feel I'm giving the people who come to see me a better show. I've been busy, but I feel it's leading somewhere."

He's trying to be careful, though, and not get carried away with too many/too few, totally wrong decisions. And he's watching expenses. He decided not to buy another bus and truck for his road show, although that was his intention last fall. Now he wants to wait and see how things develop. "I'm trying to touch every base I can, but I'm trying to hang loose, too. I turned down an offer to do a musical variety show they wanted to tape in Nashville. I want to put together an act for Las Vegas, too, but I'm going to wait till I have a big, big record to go in with. I'm going to write more songs, too. The last album only had two of my songs on it. This next album I want to write at least half. I don't feel I've written my best songs yet. I haven't written half of what I'm capable of.

"See, I could have kept on like I was, making money, for a while, but I'm still ambitious and young. I want to go beyond doing the same thing over and over. After a while maybe I'll settle down and coast, but not now."

Ambitious and young, that's for sure. He knows he'll have to get a manager, but he wants to find a "real business manager. Happy had the ranch and all to keep him busy. I want somebody who works just for me."

All of this just confirmed my strongest impression of him: he's young and old at the same time. He still likes to hang out, drink beer, goof off. He eats bologna sandwiches, has a mutt named Scooter and takes pot-shots at his booking agency: "You know why it took the FBI so long to find Patty Hearst? Because she was booked with the William Morris Agency!" But he's also a serious professional, who takes his music and his career very seriously. Seriously enough to leave home once again, in a manner of speaking, and start making his own decisions and taking the consequences. "If I've made a mistake I'll admit it and try something else." He didn't sound like he thought he'd made a mistake.

* * *

It's been a humid, sweltering day around Austin, and the night's going to be just the same. About thirty miles down the turnpike, Johnny's customized bus is pulling into the gritty parking lot of the San Marcos Civic Center.

(Continued on page 64)

Bill Anderson and Mary Lou Turner

No. 1 Single

Sometimes

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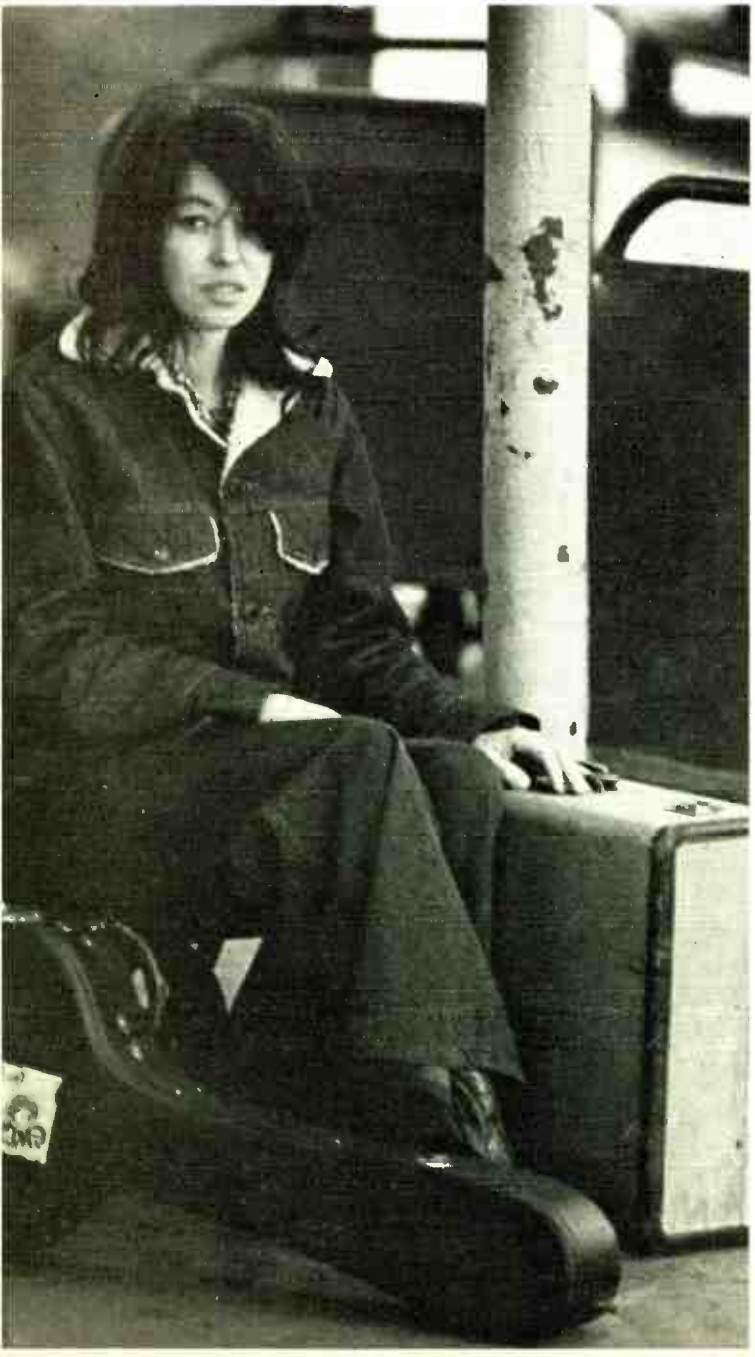
MCA RECORDS

The Instant Country Star

Here's how Country Music Magazine and the Nashville experts turned an ordinary girl into a front-line country cutie.

by Martha Hume



Time was when all a lady had to do to get to be a country star was get to Nashville with her guitar, play a few clubs, pitch a few songs, get discovered and get that recording contract. In those days, girl singers didn't bother with New York hair stylists and elaborate television make-up—all that was for those Hollywood types. Country stars were expected to look nice, of course, but there wasn't any need for specialists to help them with the job. They got that country star look all by themselves.

These days, however, they're calling Music City the "new Hollywood," and Nashville is blossoming with talent of a new kind. You'll find dressmakers, designers, hair stylists, make-up experts, photographers—a whole range of expertise all centered in Nashville, all hoping to get a slice of the country music business. *Country Music* Magazine decided to go to Nashville and ask some of these people to show their stuff, and you can see what they did on these pages.

But first things first. Lynn Hayes, left, has really been in Nashville for a year, and this is the second time she's been "discovered." The first time was back when she was living in San Francisco and working for a veterinarian whose hobby was playing the banjo. He encouraged Lynn to learn the guitar and she started practicing with the aid of a tape recorder. Soon, she started singing along with her guitar, practicing during her lunch hours. One day Lynn's boss happened to turn on the tape. He couldn't believe it was Lynn. She soon was a member of her vet's band. From there Lynn went professional, playing various spots on the coast with her husband, John Hedgecoth. The pair traveled to Hawaii and hence to Nashville, where Lynn's been playing and singing bluegrass at various Nashville night spots. While success hasn't come yet in a big way, she's still in there trying.

Here's Lynn Hayes, our soon-to-be country star, at the Nashville bus station. Who knows how many successes started out here?

PHOTOS: LEONARD KAMSLER

First stop, dress fiting. Ruth Kemp, left, and Lucy Adams, dressmakers for Dolly Parton and her Travelin' Family Band, take Lynn's measurements and decide on materials. Mrs. Kemp made the pattern and did all of the sewing. The design itself is a collaboration between the two.

Her voice is getting better and better, she's overcoming a slight case of stage fright, and with some luck, Lynn Hayes may make it.

Country Music took Lynn back to the Nashville bus station to begin our story. From there, we began to assemble the rest of our cast: Lucy Adams and Ruth Kemp, designers and dressmakers for Dolly Parton and her band, were recruited to work on Lynn's dress. Robert Chapman, owner of Headmaster's Plummery salon and Jessi Colter's hairdresser signed on as official *Country Music* hair stylist. For make-up, we chose Norma Gerson, freelance make-up expert, television beauty editor, and beauty consultant, at one time or another, to almost every star in Nashville (yes, men wear make-up too).

Our first stop was with Mrs. Kemp and Mrs. Adams where Lynn was measured and poked and looked at from all angles. The seamstress' skill was nothing short of amazing. After deciding on a dress made of fire engine red Quiana (a material which drapes nicely and needs little ironing), Mrs. Kemp and Mrs. Adams invented a design on the spot: v-neck, sleeves fitted to the elbow and then flared, full skirt and shirred waist. Then, Mrs. Kemp, working from a rough sketch on notepaper, made the pattern and did all of the sewing. She decided to add the touches of lace and pearl on her own. The whole thing took only 48 hours—we'd like to see a New York *couturier* do that!

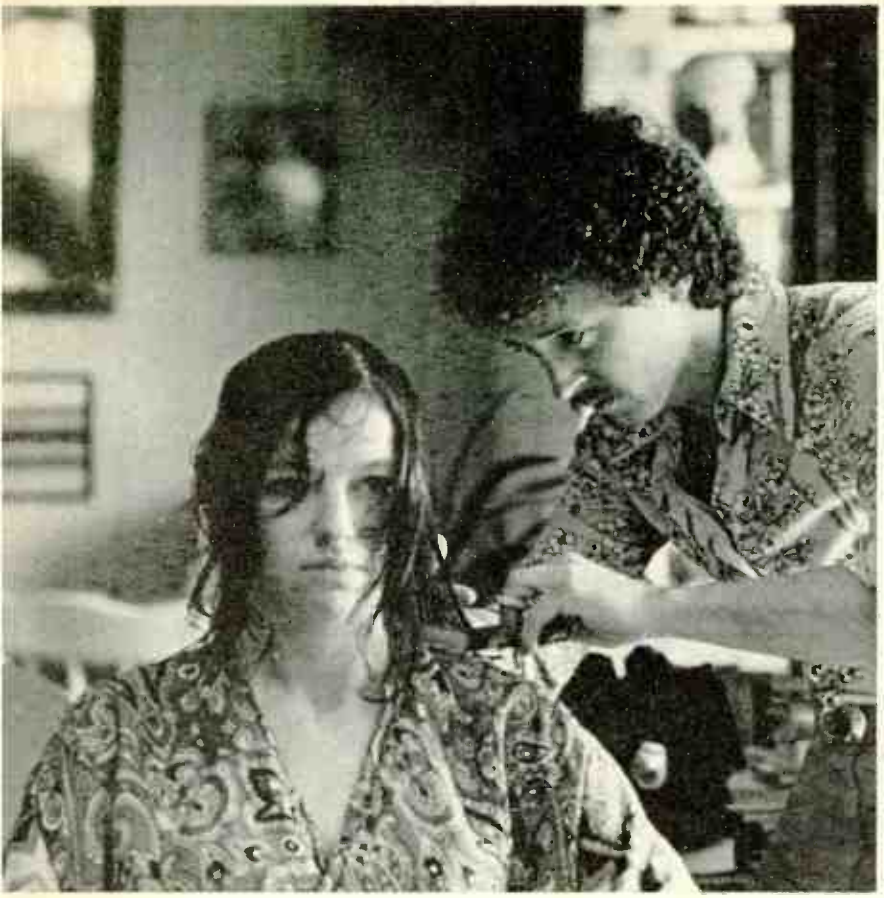
The next day was taken up with dress fittings and shopping for accessories: black strap *peau de soie* slippers, silver dangle earrings, and silver bangle bracelets.

Early Wednesday morning, we went to Robert Chapman's Headmasters salon on Crestmoor Road. Chapman, who is young, cheerful and obviously knowledgeable about his work, has been in business in Nashville for three years. He is celebrating his third year in Music City with the opening of a new Headmasters in Madison to cater to the growing suburban population.

Headmasters proved to be a salon with a difference. Not only do the stylists at the shop care for their clients' hair, but all are trained in the fundamentals of dermatology, which enables them to give advice on skin and hair care from a health standpoint. Chapman and his staff have trained with experts all over the country, and his is the only shop in the nation equipped to provide this kind of service. Headmasters works with local dermatologists, and the shop is strewn with pamphlets from the American Medical Association and books on skin and hair care.

Lynn was getting the works. The first step was to have her hair analyzed to determine the condition of the internal structure of her hair and to test its elasticity and tensile strength. This is done so that shampoo, conditioners, and so forth can be selected to match the precise condition of each person's hair. After the wash and conditioning came the cut.

Cutting Up



Robert Chapman, owner of Headmasters, goes to work with scissors, blow dryer and curling iron. He's responsible for the Jessi Colter look.

Like many of us, Lynn was afflicted with a bad cut. Chapman evened up the loose ends and gave Lynn, who has thin hair, a blunt cut which made her hair look thicker. Then came the blow dry and the curling iron. For the morning session, Chapman merely set the style in with the curling iron, saving the final comb-out for the photo session that afternoon. By the time he was finished, however, Lynn looked like she had mounds of hair.

Then came make-up. Norma Gerson has worked with country music stars for five years. Television shows for which she has done make-up include the CMA Awards Show, "Nashville On The Road," ABC's "In Concert," "The Mike Douglas Show," "Dinah's Place," "That Good Ole Nashville Music," and the Burt Reynolds special.

"It's easy to make someone pretty," says Ms. Gerson, "but not to make them believeable." She tries to approach each make-up job positively, she says. Instead of trying to cover flaws, she looks for good points—like the eyes—and plays them up. The total effect, she continued, should be natural and subtle: a good make-up job should enhance the performer's ability to communicate with the public rather than acting as a barrier.

With Lynn, Ms. Gerson played up the eyes by reshaping the eyebrows, and applying the proper make-up. A make-up base was applied only to the center of the face. Everything was done in a few minutes, but the final effect was like magic. Suddenly Lynn literally sparkled.

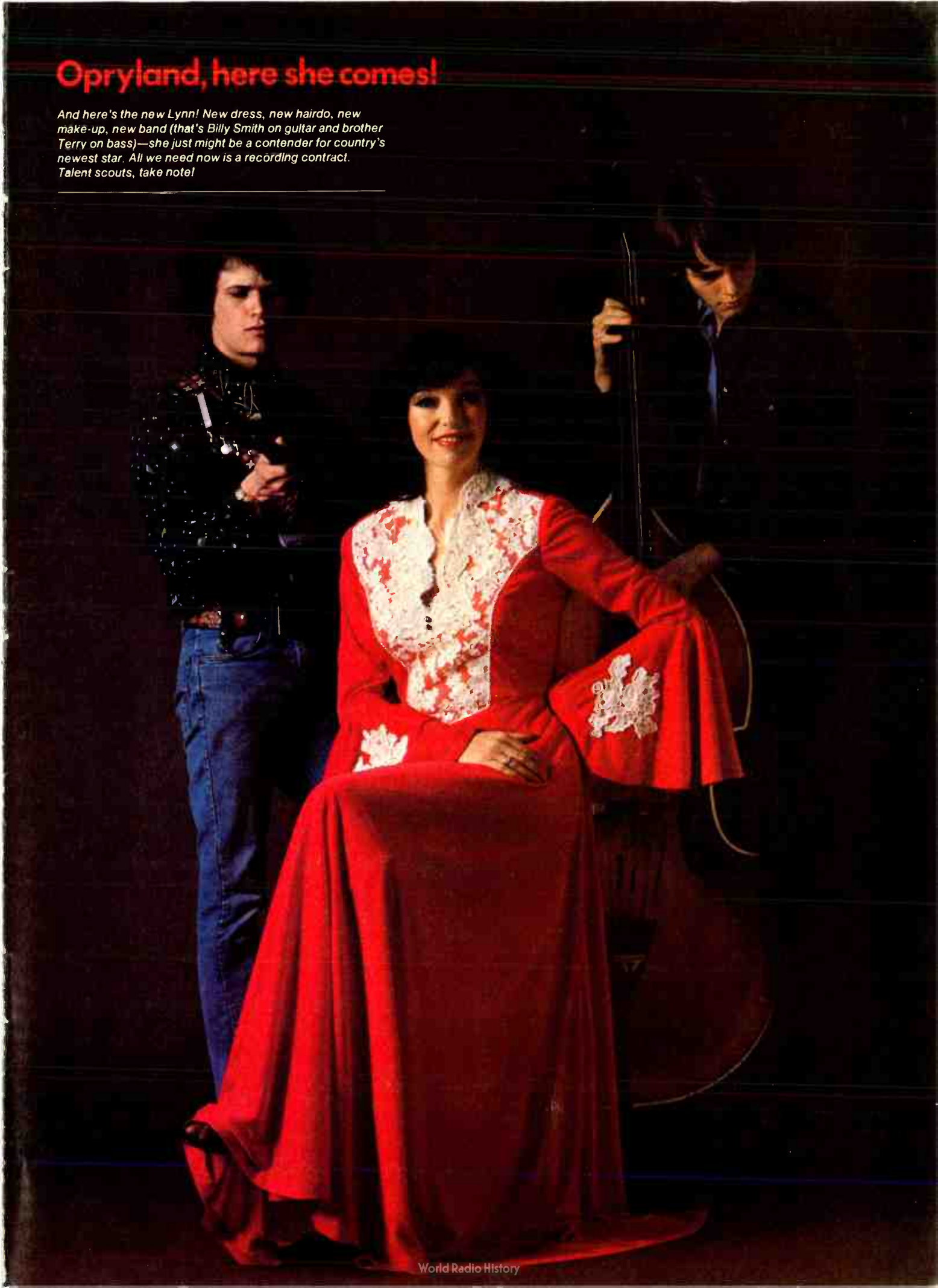
The final photo session came Wednesday afternoon, and everyone was there. Mrs. Kemp came to make final adjustments on the dress, Robert Chapman stood by with brush and hair spray, and Norma Gerson put the final touches on the make-up. You can see the results. ■

Making Up

Norma Gerson, free-lance make-up expert, chose to emphasize Lynn's eyes. She tries for a subtle, natural effect that can help enhance communication between the performer and the audience.

Opryland, here she comes!

And here's the new Lynn! New dress, new hairdo, new make-up, new band (that's Billy Smith on guitar and brother Terry on bass)—she just might be a contender for country's newest star. All we need now is a recording contract. Talent scouts, take note!



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Kris Kristofferson
Who's To Bless and Who's To Blame
Monument PZ-33379 $6.98
PZA-33379 (tape) $7.98

Kris Kristofferson's don't-give-a-damn stance, his concern for social justice, and his undeniable songwriting talents made him the most prominent spokesman for Nashville's underground in the early seventies. Of course, what made Kristofferson so important was that not only did he reject country music's shibboleths, but that he was successful at the same time.

On his last album, *Spooky Lady's Sideshow*, he attempted to examine the ef-

fects of that success. The flaw of the album was not its impetus, but the vacuity of most of its songs. It seemed that on the way to becoming an attractive, sometimes inspired film actor, Kristofferson had lost his ability to write first-rate songs.

Who's To Bless and Who's To Blame provides further evidence of Kristofferson's decline. Though he has returned to more familiar terrain (his songs are once again populated by those snared in their own freedom), his new material, such as "Easy, Come On," "Silver (The Hunger)," and "Stallion," comes off as a vapid retread of his earlier work. His attempts to tackle "large subjects" (the title cut and "The Year 2000 Minus 25") end up as embarrassing bromides on the state of the world. Matters aren't helped by David Anderle's bombastic production (particularly the back-up vocals, which sound like the Mormon Tabernacle Choir).

What's sad and disturbing about this album is that it confirms that Kristofferson is no longer a force to be dealt with and that he has become, at least for the moment, irrelevant.

KIT RACHLIS

Kate & Anna McGarrigle
Kate & Anna McGarrigle
Warner Bros. BS-2862 $6.98
B8-2862 (tape) $7.97

Excuse the gush, but it's the only way I can deal with this hunk of glory. It's like perfect sex, or the taste of an unreal fruit, half fat Washington bing cherry and half the best plum you ever tasted.

These women write songs as good as anybody's, and they sing like no one else. I have not heard two voices

that can surpass their harmonies (which remind me of the best elements of those animated Disney films from the forties). If you want to find out just how beautiful music can be, here's where the buck stops. Nobody's getting out of our house for the next three months without hearing at least one side.

Kate and Anna are from Canada, and have been intimate with traditional music, country music, and old songs in general for most of their lives. Their style is a combination of old-fashioned and brand-new, and draws from the best of both. Their voices sound like water flowing in a happy dream, and the instrumentals are close enough to perfection to reach out and give it a bear hug. And their words! Kate's "Go Leave" has made my woman cry a couple of times.

OK, quick sum-up: This record is like the best part of humanity. No kidding.

PETER STAMPFEL

C.W. McCall
Black Bear Road
MGM M3G-5008 $6.98
M88-5008 (tape) $7.98

In case you've been on Mars the last few months, C.W. McCall is the public relations man responsible for "Convoy," that song that's been getting hourly airplay on just about every radio station except those devoted exclusively to news and weather. You can't escape the song, even if you wanted to. With its story line of 1,000 truckers highballing in formation across America in defiance of highway patrols, weighing stations, and even the National Guard—all of this spoken over a citizen's band radio by the truckers involved—it is just the sort of novelty that periodically captures the nation's imagination.

Using the CB to tell the

story is a wise move, too, because C.W. McCall can't sing a whit, as he'd probably be the first to admit. Hence, there's little beyond "Convoy" to recommend this album. "Black Bear Road" is amusing enough, however, and will sound vaguely familiar to all vacationers. After that, McCall's evocations of American folklore and his more serious songs run out of gas fast.

That such material can become the hottest thing on the charts tends to reaffirm some of our most cherished beliefs. Not only can anyone become President, anyone can get a gold record. Only in America.

JOHN MORTHLAND

Alvin Crow and the Pleasant Valley Boys
Alvin Crow and the Pleasant Valley Boys
Long Neck LP-001 $6.95
8T-001 (tape) $7.95

Alvin Crow is a young Western Swing fiddler who works the Texas club circuit with his band, the Pleasant Valley Boys, much as his mentor Bob Wills did four decades ago. Crow and his band have put out three singles, two on Long Neck and one on Huey Meaux's Crazy Cajun label. And now, thank God, an album.

Merle Travis RETROSPECTIVE

Musicians know Merle Travis as the man who popularized the thumb-and-finger method of guitar playing now commonly called Travis-picking. It is a style so influential that it showed up in Scotty Moore's licks on Elvis's early rockabilly records. Bob Neuwirth, singer, songwriter, and raconteur, wrote that Travis "probably influenced more guitar players than Chuck Berry," and Chet Atkins observed that he'd "probably be looking at the rear end of a mule if it weren't for [Travis]."

Country fans remember Merle as the author of "Sixteen Tons," that song of the coal miner's lot which established the stardom of Tennessee Ernie Ford, and was recorded by over thirty artists on its way to becoming part of folk tradition. With Cliffie Stone he wrote "Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! (That Cigarette)," the 1947 hit which launched the solo career of Tex Williams and gave Capitol Records its first million-seller. Travis also had several hits of his own in the late forties. Yet in 1976 the recorded legacy of Merle Travis has been all but forgotten. Only two of his dozen albums are in print, and the rest, along with

his numerous singles, is the stuff record collectors' dreams are made of.

Travis, son of a miner, was born November 29, 1917, in Rosewood, Kentucky, in the heart of the Muhlenburg County coal fields. As a boy he learned to play banjo, but his interests changed when he heard two guitar-picking miners, Ike Everly (father of the Everly Brothers) and Mose Rager, both of whom played in the flowing style Travis later made famous. He made sure to be wherever they performed, and finally he mastered their style on a homemade guitar, never failing to credit the pair. In 1936, while visiting his brother Taylor in Indiana, Merle began his professional career at a marathon dance broadcast with an impromptu performance of "Tiger Rag." A local band, the Tennessee Tomcats, heard him, and he spent a year with them until he moved to Ohio to join Clayton McMichen and His Georgia Wildcats. In 1939 he joined the Drifting Pioneers on Cincinnati's WLW "Boone County Jamboree," and in 1940 he broadcast as a solo, picking up a number of fans that included young Chet Atkins. A short time later, he and Grandpa Jones joined Alton and Rabon Delmore to form a gospel quartet, the Brown's Ferry Four.

In 1944, after a wartime Marine hitch, Travis moved to Hollywood, where he worked in films and radio, and played local clubs with Porky Freeman, Texas Jim Lewis, and other obscure country acts. He

(Continued on page 54)

Don't get the idea that Alvin and friends are so purist, so esoteric that they can't make commercial music. The Twittyesque "Rear View Mirror" could be a smash hit tomorrow. *Alvin Crow*

and the Pleasant Valley Boys is a set well divided among Texas shuffles, ballads, and thumping, infectious swing. As for musicianship, Alvin's an exciting, no-nonsense vocalist and crisp fiddler of the Wills-Ashlock school, and the Pleasant Valley Boys are solid with skill and energy.

First off, there's the fantastic "Nyquil Blues," an ode to the side effects of that sleep-inducing cold potion, with a Roger Crabtree harmonica solo that sounds like Wayne Raney and Little Walter rolled into one. Leslie Simonds runs an Exxon station in Jamestown, Texas, and he wrote the ballad "Foolish Faith" expressly for Alvin after hearing his records on a local radio station. "Dynamite Diana" is a great truckstop song, though it's not as sharp as the original single. I defy you to keep still through their version of Jesse Winchester's "That's a Touch I Like," with guest fiddler Jesse Ashlock, who stays on for "When I Stop Loving You," a classic Southwestern shuffle.

All of this suggests that

'Rockbottom' Price Sale

1. **JIM REEVES:** Blue Side Of Lonesome/The Talking Walls/Little Ole Dime/Bottle, Take Effect/Don't You Want To Be My Girl/A Letter To My Heart/Waitin' For A Train/I've Lived A Lot In My Time/Yonder Comes A Sucker/I Won't Forget You/I Can't Fly/If You Were Mine/A Railroad Bum/Overnight, and many more!
LP: CXS-9001(e); NO TAPE

2. **FREDDIE HART:** From Canada To Tennessee/Hiding In The Darkness/Juke Joint Boogie/I've Got Heart Trouble/Loose Talk/Caught At Last/Miss Lonely Heart/Oh Heart Let Her Go/The Curtain Never Falls/No Thanks To Her/Please Don't Tell Her/Whole Hog Or None/It Just Seem Like Home/Secret Kisses, many more!
LP: PTP-2066; 8TK: 8T2P-066

3. **CHET ATKINS (Country Pickin'):** Foggy Mountain Top/Wabash Cannon Ball/Yankee Doodle Dixie/Hot Mocking Bird/Oklahoma Hills/April In Portugal/Early Times/Wildwood Flower/San Antonio Rose/Release Me (And Let Me Love Again)/Goin' Down The Road/Kicky/Bandera/Oh Baby Mine/Lonesome Road, more!
LP: CXS-9006; D82-9006

4. **JOHNNY CASH (I Walk The Line/Rock Island Line):** Born To Lose/Cry Cry, Cry/Straight A's In Love/The Wreck Of The Old 97/Remember Me/I Forgot To Remember To Forget/I Heard That Lonesome Whistle/Home Of The Blues/Wide Open Road/Hey Porter/Train Of Love/Get Rhythm/There You Go/Come In Stranger/I Walk The Line/Luther's Boogie, more!
LP: PTP-2045; NO TAPE

5. **PUT YOUR HAND IN THE HAND (The Blackwood Brothers Quartet):** Whispering Hope/Ivory Palaces/Amazing Grace/Just A Closer Walk With Thee/In The Sweet By & By/My Name Is Jesus/Give Us This Day/God Is Just A Prayer Away/Led By The Master's Hand/The Keys To The Kingdom/Bridge Over Troubled Water/Oh Happy Day, more!
LP: CXS-9011; NO TAPE

6. **GRAND OLE OPRY STARS (Grandpa Jones/Minnie Pearl):** You-All Come: Grandpa Jones/I Wisht They Would: Minnie Pearl/Old Rattler: Grandpa Jones/Never Been Kissed: Minnie Pearl/Standing In The Depot: Grandpa Jones/Jealous Hearted Me: Minnie Pearl/Papa Loves Mambo: Jones & Pearl/Pap's Corn Likker Still: Grandpa Jones/Kissin' Games: Jones & Pearl/Sass-A-Frass: Grandpa Jones, more!
LP: DL2-0701(e); NO TAPE

7. **COUNTRY & WESTERN JAMBOREE:** The Last Round-Up: Spade Cooley & Band with Sons Of Pioneers/Beyond The Sunset: Rosalie Allen & Elton Britt with The 3 Suns/Lone Star Rag: Bill Boyd & Cowboy Ramblers/Happy Trails: Roy Rogers & Dale Evans/Home On The Range: Roy Rogers & Sons Of Pioneers/If I Could Only Learn To Yodel: Patsy Montana & Buckaroos/I Feel Like Cryin': Jenny Lou Carson, more!
LP: DL2-0579; NO TAPE

8. **SONS OF THE PIONEERS (Riders In The Sky):** Empty Saddles/Home On The Range/Red River Valley/The Timber Trail/Ole Faithful/There's A Gold Mine In The Sky/Wind/Cowboy Camp Meeting/The Ballad Of Davy Crockett/High Noon/Down The Trail To San Antone/Blue Prairie/Cool Water/Wagons West/Outlaws, more!
LP: DL2-0336(e); NO TAPE

9. **CHAINED TO A MEMORY (Eddy Arnold):** Just A Little Lovin'/That's How Much I Love You/Cuddle Buggin' Baby/Roll Along Kentucky Moon/When My Blue Moon Turns To Gold Again/I'd Trade All Of My Tomorrows (Just For One Yesterday)/Take Me In Your Arms And Hold Me/Wabash Cannon Ball, and more!
LP: CXS-9007; 8TK: D82-9007

10. **ROGER MILLER (King High):** King Of The Road/Do-Wack A-Do/In The Summertime/Little Green Apples/The Twelfth Of Never/If You Want Me To/Chug-A-Lug/Dang Me/Walkin' In The Sunshine/Honey/With Pen In Hand/Ruby, Don't Take Your Love To Town/Green Green Grass Of Home/Dear Heart, more!
LP: PTP-2057; 8TK: 8T2P-057

11. **MONTANA SLIM'S GREATEST HITS:** Old Shep/Rattlin' Cannonball/You Are My Sunshine/Waiting For A Train/The Blue Canadian Rockies/I'm Thinking Tonight Of My Blue Eyes/Streamlined Yodel Song/When It's Springtime In The Rockies/Hang The Key On The Bunkhouse Door/It Makes No Difference Now/Red River Valley Blues, and many more!
LP: DL2-0694(e); NO TAPE

12. **BUCK OWENS (If You Ain't Lovin'/You're For Me):** Under The Influence Of Love/Till These Dreams Come True/I'll Give My Heart To You/There'll Be No Other/But I Do/High On A Hilltop/Whatcha Gonna Do Now/You Gotta Have A License/I Always Get A Souvenir/My Last Chance With You/No Love Have I/You're For Me/Smooth Sailing, more!
LP: PTP-2041; 8TK: 8T2P-041

13. **FAVORITES FROM NASHVILLE:** Vanessa: Chet Atkins/Almost Persuaded: Jim Ed Brown/Cherish: Floyd Cramer/Blueberry Hill: Skeeter Davis/Hey Little Ducky: Sonny James/D-I-V-O-R-C-E: Dolly Parton/She Loved Everybody But Me: Charlie Rich/Cry, Cry, Cry: Connie Smith/The Last Ride: Hank Snow/I Don't Hurt Anymore: Dottie West/Heartaches By The Number: Waylon Jennings, and many more!
LP: CXS-9019; NO TAPE

14. **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF COUNTRY MUSIC:** Look Into My Teardrops: Waylon Jennings/Mule Skinner Blues: Dolly Parton/Levee Walking: Chet Atkins/I'm A Lover Not A Fighter: Skeeter Davis/Anita, You're Dreaming: Waylon Jennings/Gypsy Feet: Jim Reeves/Just One Time: Don Gibson/Carroll County Accident: Porter Wagoner/Little Green Apples: Floyd Cramer/Rings Of Gold: Gibson & West, more!
LP: CXS-9032; NO TAPE

15. **YAKETY SAX (Boots Randolph):** Sleep/So Rare/The Happy Whistler/Temptation/Estrellita/Red Light/Big Daddy/Percolator/After You've Done Gone/Yakety Sax/Big Daddy/Little Big Horn/Teach Me Tonight/The Battle Of New Orleans/Greenback Dollar/La Golondrina/Sweet Talk/Sleep Walk/Blue Guitar.
LP: CXS-9003; 8TK: D82-9003

16. **LYNN ANDERSON:** Flower Of Love/A Million Shades Of Blue/Lie A Little/Games People Play/Okie From Muskogee/Once A Day/Stand By Your Man/No Another Time/Keeping Up Appearances/Wave Bye Bye/Too Much Of You/You've Gotta Be The Greatest/A Hundred Times Today/Paper Mansions, and more!
LP: PTP-2049; 8TK: 8T2P-049

17. **FLOYD CRAMER PLAYS THE BIG HITS:** A Man And A Woman/The Look Of Love/My Cup Runneth Over/A Lover's Concerto/Sunny/I Say A Little Prayer/Seattle/Little Green Apples/What The World Needs Now Is Love/I Got Rhythm/Love Is Blue/Portuguese Washwoman/Are You Sincere/Groovin', and more!
LP: DL2-0128; NO TAPE

18. **THE HYMNS OF TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD:** Amazing Grace/Did You Think To Pray/Sweet Hour Of Prayer/My Jesus, I Love Thee/Jesus Paid It All/Comin' Home/Break Thou The Bread Of Life/My Faith Looks Up To Thee/It Is Well With My Soul/Onward Christian Soldiers/Oh How I Love Jesus/The Church In The Wildwood/Jesus Loves Me, more!
LP: PTP-2050; 8TK: 8T2P-050

19. **ROY CLARK (Roy Clark/Silver Threads & Golden Needle):** As Long As I'm Movin'/You're Always Brand New To Me/I Was Sort Of Wonderin'/I'd Have Never Found Somebody New/The Color Of Her Love Is Blue/Everybody Watches Me/Sweet Violets/If That's The Fashion/Old Lovers Make Bad Friends/Too Pooped To Pop/Goodtime Charlie, more!
LP: PTP-2043; 8TK: 8T2P-043

20. **TOP COUNTRY:** Top stars doing top hits. You'll hear such people as Glen Campbell, Ferlin Husky, Webb Pierce, Patsy Cline, Hank Locklin, T. Texas Tyler, Cowboy Copas, Red Sovine, George Jones, Johnny Horton, Floyd Cramer, and others. Such great hits as: Georgia Rag/Electrified Donkey/It Has To Be Always/Walkin' After Midnight/Brand New Low/Ace In The Hole/I'm Happy That You Hurt Me/Done Rovin', and more!
LP: PTP-2023; 8TK: 8T2P-023

21. **PRECIOUS MEMORIES:** Precious Memories: Skeeter Davis/I Believe: Dolly Parton/Old Time Religion: George Beverly Shea & Cliff Barrows/Oh Happy Day: Blackwood Brothers Quartet/Keep On The Sunny Side: Carter Family/A Gathering In The Sky: Norma Jean/It Is No Secret: Stuart Hamblen/Amazing Grace: Blackwood Brothers Quartet/Will The The Circle Be Unbroken: Statesmen Quartet & Hovie Lister, and more!
LP: CXS-9020; NO TAPE

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LP: CXS-9009; 8TK: D82-9009

23. **THE LEGEND (PATSY CLINE):** Walkin' After Midnight/A Poor Man's Roses/Don't Ever Leave Me Again/There He Goes/Stop, Look And Listen/Love Me, Love Me Honey Do/A Church, A Courtroom, Then Goodbye/I'm Blue Again/Yes, I Understand/Fingerprints/Just Out Of Reach/Then You'll Know/I Don't Wanna/Try Again, more!
LP: PTP-2019; 8TK: 8T2P-019

24. **THE GOOD TIME SONGS OF GLEN CAMPBELL:** A Satisfied Mind/Truck Driving Man/There's More Pretty Girls Than One/Rainin' On The Mountain/Kentucky Means Paradise/Lonesome Jailhouse Blues/Poor Boy Lookin' For A Home/Only The Lonely/Let Me Tell You 'Bout Mary/Through The Eyes Of A Child/Same Old Places, and many more!
LP: PTP-2048; 8TK: 8T2P-048

25. **BLUE SKY BOYS (Bluegrass Mountain Music):** Kentucky/Sunny Side Of Life/Beautiful, Beautiful Brown Eyes/Are You From Dixie (Cause I'm From Dixie Too)/Mary Of The Wild Moor/The Convict And The Rose/The Last Mile Of The Way/The Butcher's Boy/Brown Eyes/My Last Letter/Paper Boy/Little Bessie, more!
LP: DL2-0726(e); NO TAPE

26. **JOHNNY CASH (Big Hits By The The King Of Country):** Country Boy/Big River/There You Go/Home Of The Blues/Thanks A Lot/Next In Line/Folsom Prison Blues/The Ways Of A Woman In Love/Sugartime/Just About Time/Give My Love To Rose/Down The Street To 301/Belshazah/Port Of Lonely Hearts/You Tell Me/Mean Eyed Cat, and more!
LP: PTP-2052; 8TK: 8T2P-052

27. **WHEN MY BLUE MOON TURNS TO GOLD AGAIN (Hank Snow):** Your Last Kiss Has Broken My Heart/The Answer To The Blue Velvet Band/On The Mississippi Shore/How She Could Yodel/I Wonder Where You Are Tonight/Little Buddy/Seal Our Parting With A Kiss/You've Broken My Heart/Linda Lou/Your Little Band Of Gold, many more!
LP: DL2-0337(e); NO TAPE

28. **A DATE WITH FLOYD CRAMER:** Almost Persuaded/King Of The Road/The Three Bells/Red Roses For A Blue Lady/Night Train/Chattanooga Choo Choo/Half As Much/Suddenly There's A Valley/A Taste Of Honey/Half As Much/Don't Get Around Much Anymore/Woodchopper's Ball/Naomi, and more!
LP: CXS-9016; NO TAPE

29. **BLUEGRASS SPECIAL:** Here's a host of great Bluegrass Hits on 2 full records, including Eric Weissberg's "No Title Yet Blues".
LP: DL2-0292; NO TAPE

30. **COUNTRY RAMBLERS (Easy Listening-Country Style):** Snowbird/Rose Garden/Hello Darlin'/El Paso/My Woman, My Woman, My Wife/If I Were A Carpenter/A Wilted Rose/I Really Don't Want To Know/Try A Little Kindness/My Love, and more!
LP: DL2-0468; NO TAPE

31. **50 YEARS OF COUNTRY MUSIC:** Wabash Cannon Ball/Down Yonder/The Great Speckled Bird/It Makes No Difference Now/Mexicali Rose/I Walk The Line/Statue To A Fool/Rose Garden/Slow Poke, more!
LP: DL2-0782(e); NO TAPE

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Alvin and band are probably twice as good live (not a bad idea for their next album). But no matter, for *Alvin Crow and the Pleasant Valley Boys* is the most impressive debut album I've heard in a long time.

RICH KIENZLE

Hank Williams, Jr. & Friends
Hank Williams, Jr. & Friends
MGM M3G-5009 $6.98
M88-5009 (tape) $7.98

Bocephus is never going to be in Sammy Davis, Jr.'s position. When Sammy started out, everybody knew his dad, the famous tap dancer. Today, the son's reputation has so eclipsed Sam-

my, Sr.'s that few remember the elder Davis. No, Hank, Jr., is never going to overshadow one of the two or three greatest talents country music's ever seen, and I don't think he's ever wanted to, but I do think he embarked on a performing career before he knew what he was doing, got some bad advice and guidance along the way, and now he's fed up.

As a measure of his rebellion, he has released this album, a radical departure from his past work, which, good as it was, wasn't extraordinary. The first side of this record is straight-ahead Southern rock, of the sort exemplified by the Marshall Tucker Band (whose Toy Caldwell plays on two cuts) and Lynyrd Skynyrd, and includes one of the classic songs of the genre, Toy Caldwell's "Can't You See." The second side is more country, or more mainstream country, I should say, but even here the songs are more personal than ever before. "Living Proof," in fact, is one of the most personal and bitter songs I've heard since George and Tammy's "Our Private Lives," and although it's the song's second album appearance, it is the perfect song to end the album with.

Hank Williams, Jr., really means it. He's had it, and he's striking out for a new territory. His "friends" pick nicely, the tracks cook along (although I do wish, and have since the Tuckers' last album, that Toy would tune his steel), and this album ought to get as much rock airplay as country, which is not to say that country fans won't love it, too. Unless, that is, they're like the drunk in "Living Proof" who feels that Hank, Jr., ain't as good as his daddy and never will be, and who needs people like him, anyway? This is a very exciting album from an exciting performer, and I can only wish young Hank a speedy recovery so he can pursue this direction some more.

ED WARD

Tom Pacheco
Swallowed Up in the Great American Hartland
RCA APL1-1254 $6.98
APS1-1254 (tape) $7.98

Tom Pacheco is no newcomer, but this album represents where he's coming from, 1976. Significantly, Tom's debut single, "Till I First Heard Willie Nelson," is an autobiographical reverie in which he credits Willie and others with changing his musical direction and, to a large extent, his life.

Other impressive storysongs, all produced by the infamous Shadow Morton, are "Jessie Tucker," a true

made his first solo recordings for the Ara and Atlas labels, and in March of 1946 he signed with the fledgling Capitol label. That year he had three hits: "No Vacancy," "Cincinnati Lou," and "Divorce Me C.O.D." These were followed by "So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed," in 1947. His records had a distinctive sound which featured the sassy trumpet and hot fiddle of Cliffie Stone's band over a syncopated beat that was an ideal vehicle for Merle's good-natured vocals.

Unfortunately, this early material has been ignored in favor of his later mining songs. He wrote many of the finest up-tempo honky-tonkers of the forties (some with Stone), and displayed a flair for lyrics not unlike that of Hank Williams. These songs were built on unusual foundations: advertising slogans, as in "So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed"; popular abbreviations, as in "Divorce Me C.O.D."; telephone metaphors, as in "Information Please"; and culinary double-entendre, as in "I Like My Chicken Frying Size." But he could be serious, as he was in his first hit when he sang of war veterans "facin' that terrible enemy sign: 'No Vacancy'."

Not long after Travis signed with Capitol, A&R man Lee Gillette suggested he record an album of Kentucky folk music. Travis balked, saying he knew none. "Write some!" was Gillette's reply. The result was a four-disk 78-rpm album titled *Folk Songs of the Hills* (Capitol AD-50), released in June, 1947. It mixed original songs like "Sixteen Tons" and "Dark as a Dungeon" with rearranged folk songs like "Nine-Pound Hammer." The album's sales were modest, but Alan Lomax and other folklorists sensed its importance. Archie Green devotes an entire chapter to it in his book *Only a Miner*.

Throughout the forties and fifties, Travis worked extensively with KXLA's "Hometown Jamboree," along with Molly Bee and Tennessee Ernie. He also did studio work with other artists, much of it uncredited. Among other things, he sang back-up on Jerry Colonna's "(Why, Oh Why Did I Ever Leave) Wyoming," contributed a blistering solo to Hank Penny's "Steel Guitar Stomp," and played on most of Hank Thompson's records. He appeared in the 1953 film *From Here to Eternity* as a guitar-picking soldier and sang a lowdown "Re-enlistment Blues." The year 1955 saw the release of his first LP, an instrumental set. *The Merle Travis Guitar* (Capitol T-650; recently reissued) featured "Blue Smoke" and "Bugle Call Rag."

In October, 1955, Tennessee Ernie's bluesy version of "Sixteen Tons" was released by Capitol and within eight months it soared to the top of the charts, both country and pop, and stayed there for six months. The media became interested in the song and its author. For a time, Travis was a celebrity, and he was shipped back to Ebenezer, Kentucky, for Merle Travis Day and the dedication of a stone monument to "Sixteen Tons." The old 78-rpm album was re-

packaged with added material as *Back Home* (Capitol T-891) in late 1957.

In 1960 came *Walkin' the Strings* (Capitol T-1391), with "My Old Kentucky Home," "Everly Rag," and a song about the watermark of Travis-picking, "Thumbing the Bass." A re-recorded collection of his forties hits, released in 1962 as *Travis!* (Capitol ST-1664), included "No Vacancy," "Divorce Me C.O.D.," and "Lawdy What a Gal," arranged like the originals, but with a slicker sound and some fine steel guitar work by Curley Chalker. His 1964 album, *Songs of the Coal Mines* (Capitol ST-1956), a continuation of earlier thematic efforts, dealt in greater detail with the harsh realities of mining as reflected in song titles such as "The Browder Explosion" and "Bloody Breatitt County." A song about the coal-patch name for beans, "Miner's Strawberries," provided some gentle humor. *Merle Travis & Joe Maphis* (Capitol DT-2662) was a 1965 guitar tour-de-force.

In 1965 Travis wrote and recorded the title tune and soundtrack for the B-movie *That Tennessee Beat*, and played a minor role in the film. His final appearance on the country charts (indeed, his only appearance since 1948) was with "John Henry, Jr." in 1966. About that same time came *The Best of Merle Travis* (Capitol DT-2662; recently reissued). *Strictly Guitar* (Capitol ST-2938), a 1968 album, attempted to showcase Travis's artistry in a pop context au Chet Atkins. There were two jewels here, however: the sizzling "Cannonball Rag" and the ethereal "Dance of the Goldenrod." He teamed with Johnny Bond for his final Capitol LP, *Great Songs of the Delmore Brothers* (Capitol ST-249), a 1969 tribute to his old friends from Cincinnati. The idea was good, but unfortunately the set was overproduced and some fine performances were ruined in the process.

Travis cut a few singles for Capitol after that, most notably "The Super Highway," a moralistic tale of smug city folks who mock rural poverty. He took part in the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band's 1971 summit meeting, *Will the Circle Be Unbroken* (United Artists UAS-9801), and toured the bluegrass circuit for a time. Early in 1974, he and life-long admirer Chet Atkins recorded *The Atkins-Travis Traveling Show* (RCA APL1-0479), a fascinating if uneven set. Despite the crummy Shel Silverstein songs, hearing the pure Travis guitar complemented by Atkins's Travis-derived style, with jazz and classical overtones, was worth the wait, and "Nine-Pound Hammer" and "Down South Blues" are classics.

Travis keeps close to his San Fernando Valley home these days, and still plays occasional club dates. In 1975 he did some fine Jimmie Rodgers-like tracks for the soundtrack of *Hearts of the West*.

Compared to many country performers, Merle toured and recorded only moderately. But he's influenced the music for thirty years as a master guitarist, composer, and singer. Don't be surprised to see him in the Hall of Fame one of these days.

—RICH KIENZLE

story about a retired trucker who can't handle confinement in an old-age home, "Beer Song," a humorous tale of virus-tainted brew, "Dancing Closer to the Bedroom Door," about a couple's progress from a singles

bar, "To Sing a Country Song," a eulogy for some legendary music-biz victims, and "Last Bike in Town," the saga of an aging biker and the demise of his Los Angeles cycle gang.

Each song has a solid hook, usually unexpected, with no wasted words and much instrumental subtlety supplied by the likes of Byron Berline, Red Rhodes, and Donny Brooks. So move over, Kris Kristofferson, and make room for Tom Pacheco. It's time.

LINDA SOLOMON

Johnny Rodriguez
Love Put a Song in My Heart
Mercury SRM-1-1057 $6.95
MC-8-1-1057 (tape) $7.95

This album stills any doubts that Johnny Rodriguez's transition from gutbucket C&W singer to countrypolitan crooner is complete. From the beginning of his career Rodriguez has injected non-C&W material, from George Harrison's "Something" to Greg Allman's "Ramblin' Man," into his repertoire. On *Love Put a Song in My Heart*, he goes a step further by singing "My Way," Frank Sinatra's self-proclaimed national anthem.

"My Way" clearly marks Rodriguez's path to Las Vegas. But it is his handling of mainstream country material (by Tom T. Hall, Billy Joe Shaver, Larry Gatlin, and others) that shows how he plans to get there. Rodriguez's smooth, tawny-toned voice is superbly suited to ballads, and for *Love Put a Song in My Heart*, as the title indicates, he has chosen nothing but love songs. He glides through them with restraint and dispassion. In the process, he has stripped these songs of any irony or ambivalence, and they have become perfectly scripted, transparent artifacts. Jerry Kennedy's production mirrors Rodriguez's style. Creamy smooth, it has plenty of

back-up vocals and violins, but avoids excess.

Nashville has not lost a rebel. It has gained a matinee idol.

KIT RACHLIS

Tompall Glaser
The Great Tompall and His Outlaw Band
MGM M3G-5014 $6.98
M88-5014 (tape) $7.98

You can change the words
to an old song,
Re-arrange it and make it
swing. . . .

Tompall tips his hand right there, with his long, new version of "Time Changes Everything," which opens like a fifties New Orleans rock and roll song, slides into hot instru-

mental soloing, highlighted by Johnny Gimble's classic fiddle, and even shows off some scat singing. When Tompall does a well-known song, he doesn't just cover it as most singers would, he *interprets* it, takes it apart and puts it back together as thoroughly and imaginatively as Bob Wills himself once did with other songs. It becomes something both brand-new and old as the hills, and it defies classification. I mean, what can you call this stuff—hillbilly juke band bop?

This whole album takes traditional country music

apart and puts it back together again; it's the kind of thing Tompall has been working toward for some time, and is truly the work of a benign madman and some like-minded pickers.

Three other familiar songs ("The Wild Side of Life," "We Live in Two Different Worlds," "Good Hearted Woman") get the same kind of overhaul as "Time Changes Everything." Then there's the new material. With Bobby "Blue" Bland vets Charles Polk on drums and Mel Brown on guitar, it's not surprising that Tompall's one original, "I Can't Remember," would come out a country-flavored blues. But I doubt if anyone was expecting the semi-classical "Tompall in 'D' Ukelele."

As freewheeling and high-spirited as this music is, it's also very carefully thought out and performed, sometimes even a bit too much so for my tastes. But you've gotta hand it to Tompall. He went for broke on this album, and it's a damn tough act for anyone to follow.

JOHN MORTHLAND

Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson, Jessi Colter, Tompall Glaser
The Outlaws
RCA RCA APL1-1321 $6.98
APS1-1321 (tape) $7.98

The Outlaws! Well, hot damn, any album with a title like that and starring the big bossmen of Nashville rebellion, Waylon and Willie, ought to be the progressive country statement of the year. Instead, it's nothing more than the packaging and recycling of leftovers and various sundries of the last five years. With that and the addition of Jessi and Tompall (not coincidently, the other 2/3 of Waylon's Outlaw roadshow), the album tries to explain, without much inspiration, why Jennings and Nelson are the prime movers and shakers behind contemporary country music.

Most of the tracks are from a period when the first seeds of experimentation began to spill into Music City. Thus, a constant clash of traditional and innovative influences dominates each artist's selections, in most instances, finely woven lyrics hiding behind still slick studio concepts.

Pleasant surprises still manage to break through. The newest number, "My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys" by Sharon Vaughan, validates Waylon's position as the modern roper's crooner better than "Honky Tonk Heroes" can; "Heaven or Hell's" existentialism is the equal of Albert Camus; and, if you somehow missed it the first two times around, Willie's "Me and Paul" is worth every bump and bruise a traveling musician who happened to also be an individualist had to sustain.

While I've never quite thought of Jessi as an Outlaw, her *bandita* leanings begin to surface on one song, "I'm Looking For Blue Eyes," her sometimes vulnerable voice burning with the bitter vengeance of a woman scorned but not defeated. Tompall also manages to slip in here with a fair "T for Texas" and "Put Another Log on the Fire," a tongue in cheek male chauvinist's ode.

Especially to the unfamiliar or curious listener who wants to understand what

this Waylon and Willie mystique is all about, *The Outlaws* serves as a basic, though loose-ended, introductory sampler.

But for folks who are already true believers, the real Waylon & Willie duo album remains to be heard.

JOE NICK PATOSKI

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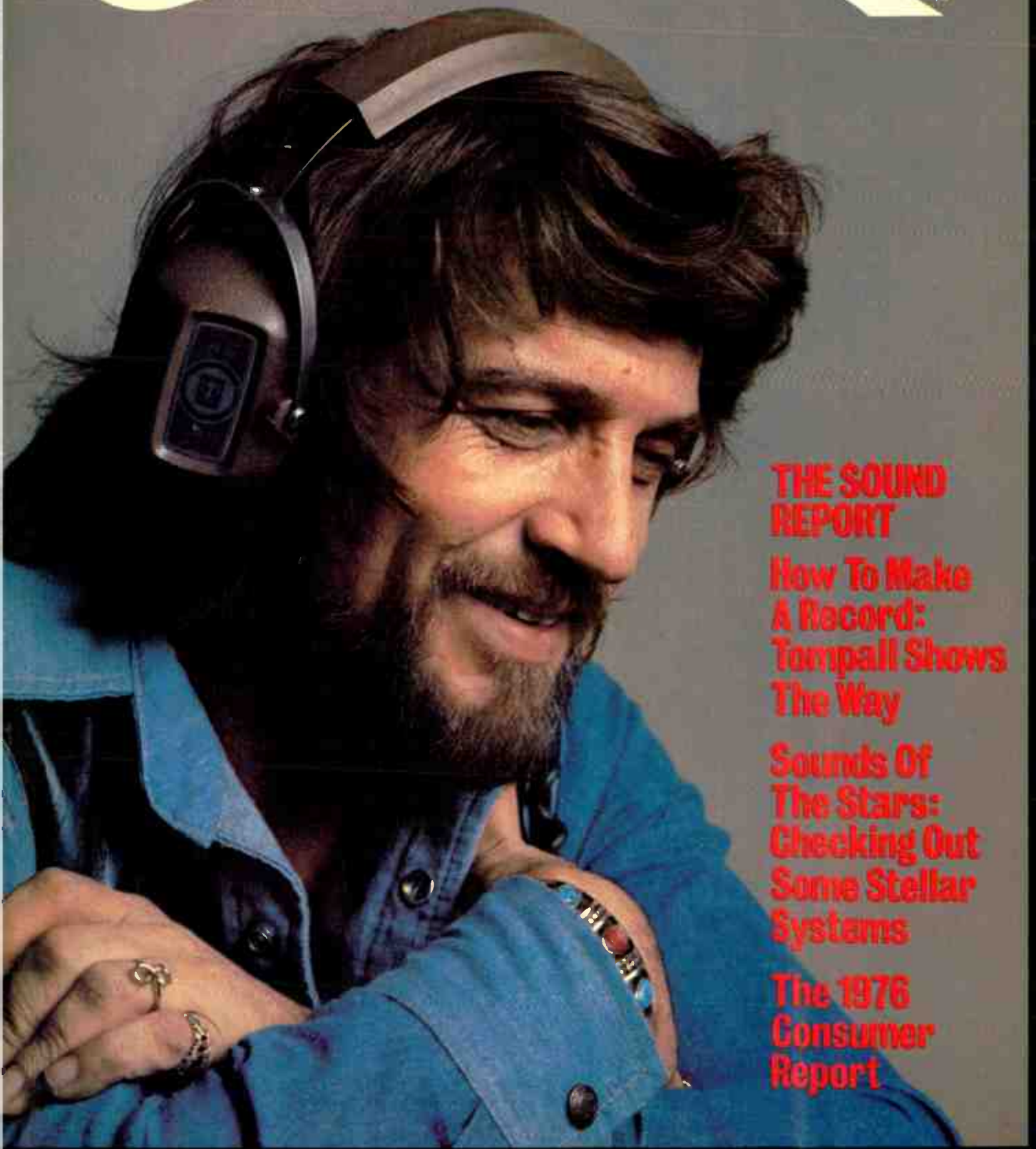

THE SOUND REPORT

How To Make A Record: Tompall Shows The Way

Sounds Of The Stars: Checking Out Some Stellar Systems

The 1976 Consumer Report

TOMPALL'S TIME TUBE

or the ins and outs of making a phonograph record

Demonstration by Tompall Glaser
Text by Roger "Captain Midnite" Schutt
Photography by Leonard Kamsler

About this business of making phonograph records . . . Tompall Glaser, one of the chieftans of the so-called Outlaw gang, sums it up as "a great performance of a great song."

Jack Clement, the producer/songwriter whose adventures trail from producing Jerry Lee Lewis's Sun Records smashes like "Great Balls Of Fire" to the current Waylon Jennings album *Dreaming My Dreams*, says it another way. Tompall recalls the times a few years ago when the Cowboy, recording the Glaser Brothers, had captured that magic on tape and would roll back in his swivel chair by the recording console, lean his head back, look at Tompall through shuttered eyes, and say "that one, Tompall, is for the time tube."

Yes . . . regardless of the principals involved, the type of music or the time and place of a given recording session, this business of making records is far more than just a business. It's an art—perhaps a culture in its own right, with its own goals and rewards, techniques and terms. At this point, we should define some of those terms, beginning with the most important.

Artist: The performer—usually a vocalist, sometimes a vocal group, an instrumentalist, or an instrumental group.

Producer: A term that almost defies definition. Sometimes the producer is the man who gets it all together—hires musicians, recording studio facilities, background singers, arrangers, engineers, and deals with a stack of administrative chores. Other times, "Producer" is the title tacked onto an appointed employee (usually on the executive level) of the record company involved, whose assignment might boil down to holding a stopwatch to time the length of a given tune. But in its fullest, strongest meaning, "Producer" is the title given to the man who sits in the catbird seat and calls the shots, hawks the overall sound created by his musical team, and bird-dogs the Cape Kennedy-like maze of electronic juggling and adjusting that is the lot of the recording engineer. These days, the producer can also be the artist, and vice versa, and the phenomenon of the artist/producer is growing.

Still in definition territory, the rest of the titles explain themselves, more or less. The engineer is the electronic genius at the controls of the massive 16-track recording console. His assistant is the one who handles the chores of setting up microphones, tape machines, amps, headphones, and so on. The pickers are the pickers.

This is 16-track tape, and (top left) the leafy facade of the studio that eats it—the handbuilt, one-of-a-kind Glaser time tube in Nashville.

Before anything can happen, though, there has to be a recording facility.

The studio, its facilities, its engineering talent, even its atmosphere and vibes, are cornerstones of the potential for which artists and producers search when they are scouting for a place to make a record. No two studios are alike, and so you pick the studio to suit your purposes and personality. If you're like the Glaser Brothers, you build your own to your own specifications.

Once the studio has been chosen and booked, the session is ready to roll. The cast—artist, producer (or artist/producer), pickers, backup singers, engineers, a songwriter and arranger if they are to be used—appears, and the engineer and his assistant begin the setting up of the studio. Microphones are placed at strategic points in front of the musicians and their amplifiers, and in the drum and singer booths, if drums and singers are to be used.

There is a special science to this physical setup of a studio session. It goes beyond the electronic thing, and involves a special knowledge of the talent. The engineer learns from experience that such-and-such a picker is going to play better if placed beside (or behind, or in front of) another picker, and he also learns who to keep separated.

Separation is a fundamental in the engineer's vocabulary. Recording is done on 16-track tape in most major studios—there are 8-track, 4-track, and even 2-track tape setups, and a 24-track tape is coming more and more into common usage, but the 16-track is the industry standard—and each track must be dealt with separately. "Tracks" in tape terms means the number of different lines of sound that can be recorded onto one piece of tape. Or in other words, 16-track tape means that sixteen different instruments, voices, or combinations of either can be recorded separately (and simultaneously) on one reel of tape. The singer's voice could be on Track 1; a guitar on Track 2; a piano on Track 3, and so on through the roster

of talent on the session. Each track is a self-contained line of sound—it can be erased and recorded over without changing anything else on the other 15 tracks.

Doubling back to the engineer and the matter of separation: In setting up the studio, the singer and certain instruments—notably piano, drums, and acoustic guitar—must be separated from each other in such a manner that one of these elements does not feed over onto another track cleared for other elements. For instance, the singer's voice must not turn up on any of the instrumental tracks, in case that vocal is redone. The confusion that would result in the final recording is apparent.

Once the studio is set up, the engineers move into the control room, isolated by glass and other materials to avoid sound feeding back and forth between studio and control room (the engineers and producer communicate with people in the studio itself through a microphone hooked up to a speaker in the studio), and get down to the serious nitty-gritty of setting the complex controls of the recording console, which not only control the volume of all the instruments as their signals are fed through the console and onto tape, but also deal with the delicate shadings of tone and clarity and the scores of other highly technical electronic factors involved in getting the exact overall sound the producer or artist is seeking.

With a song in hand, the artists or producer or sometimes the session leader (the musician picked as chief lieutenant in charge of the musician corps present) runs down the song. If it is a song that has been recorded before, the musical aggregation listens to the record. Or the artist may have a demonstration ("demo") tape of the song—a rough recording knocked out with two or three or four pickers and a singer, not necessarily the artist doing the recording. And sometimes the aritst, or perhaps the songwriter, sings the tune accompanied on guitar or piano. The studio pickers listen with pencil and paper in hand, and write down the chord progressions, most often using numbers instead of the chord symbols. These notes look like hieroglyphics to an outsider.

Now the troop is ready to go with the actual recording. Usually the artist and musicians will run through it two or three times as a form of rehearsal, with the dual purpose of giving the engineer time to fine-tune the maze of knobs and levers before him on that control board.

With everything set, the talent prepared, the actual recording begins. At this point in the recording process, there are many and various routines and methods—almost as many as there are people making records. Each producer and artist has his or her own style, own approach, and own routine.

For instance, it may begin with only the rhythm section—piano, drums, guitar and bass laying down what they call a basic "rhythm track." Then more instruments are added. Or perhaps the vocal track is layed down, and *then* other instruments are added.

Essential steps in the making of a phonograph record: Above left, Tompall and his Outlaw Band (note drummer Charles Polk in the soundproof drum booth) lay down the basic tracks. Above right, Tompall adds his vocal, hearing the already-recorded "rhythm track" through earphones. At left, Tompall and engineer Kyle Lehning mix the final 16 tracks of sound on their Dan Flickinger-designed, customized 16-track console. Other studio hardware includes a 16-track MCI tape machine and three Scully tape units (4 and 2-track and mono), Dolby noise reduction units, JBL 4320 monitors, mikes by Beyer, AKG, Sennheiser, Sony, Neuman and Electrovoice, Ampex high-speed tape copyers, EMT metal plate echo chambers, a phaser, a digital delay, and various limiters and equalizers.

The final step: Engineer Mac Evans of Masterfonics, Inc. works the lathe which cuts an acetate master from the finished 16-track tape.

In those early days of making records in radio stations studios, the limited tape recording facilities forced the principals into a process which involved the singer and the band going over and over the song until they all made it through with no mistakes or until it satisfied whoever was in charge. Today's recording procedure is far more sophisticated, and complicated. It covers a far longer period of time—it could easily take a period of weeks to finish one single song.

Once the basic tracks are down—the instruments and sometimes the vocal—the producer turns to the process called "over-dubbing." This could mean adding other instruments not present at the original session, or simply redoing the vocal track to get it exactly the way the producer wants it. Over-dubbing could also mean taking a certain guitar part and re-doing it. Again, this involves those sixteen tracks. Any one of them can be re-done, eliminated completely, or used for a different instrument or vocal.

Once everything is down on that 16-track tape to everyone's satisfaction (or at least to the satisfaction of the man in charge), the recording process arrives at the highly critical point of what is termed "mixing."

Mixing is the process of balancing the sixteen (or less) tracks of instruments and voice or voices at just the desired volume level in relation to each other. For instance, a guitar could be brought up louder at one point; the vocal could be pulled way up so that it stands firmly in front of the background vocals and/or instruments.

It is the mixing that is the final touch of art, the make it or break it point in the creation of a record. It is also a gifted art that is a rare element in the world of music today.

The mixing (usually executed by the engineer under the eye of the producer, though these days it's not uncommon for the producer or producer/artist to know enough about the business so that he can handle the matter personally) can take just as long as the actual recording in all its many stages. It is a matter of endless listening, adjusting, and judging.

With the final mix on tape, the recording process moves out of the studio and into a highly specialized sound lab where an engineer prepares the "master." This is an acetate disk version of the final mixed tape which goes to the record pressing plant to have its groove characteristics transferred onto metal discs, which are then used to stamp out the vinyl disks which show up on radio station turntables and the shelves of retail record stores—in other words, the final product.

About that final product. Tompall talks about it in these words:

"Going back to that statement about the time tube—every record should be made with that kind of dedication and love. Those are the only ones that go into the archives." ■

SOUNDS OF THE STARS

How Music City Hears Itself

research & photography by Leonard Kamsler

TAMMY WYNETTE—First Lady of Country Music, singer, Epic recording artist, at her Franklin Road, Nashville, mansion. Tammy has her sound rig all neatly fitted into a custom Barzilay cabinet with roll-away doors. Her McIntosh MA-230 amplifier sits on top of the Sony ESP reel-to-reel tape recorder so that the heat from its power transistors goes right out the rear vent of the cabinet without damaging the other components in their cramped quarters. Tammy likes to stack up records for relaxed listening, and her Garrard 95 record changer (with a Shure cartridge) does the job.

DON WILLIAMS—Singer, songwriter, producer, ABC-Dot recording artist, in his Nashville office. Don Williams' system is in the big league. First there's his Marantz Model 2275 amplifier/receiver, which puts out a solid 75 watts to each of his Klipsch "Heresy" horn-type speakers (not shown). Actually, the Klipsch speakers are so efficient that he really doesn't need those 75 watts per channel. But then, extra power never hurt. The system is completed with his TEAC A-2300S reel-to-reel recorder and his high-style Sony 4750 transcription turntable fitted with a Shure cartridge.

BILLY SHERRILL—Producer (Charlie Rich, George Jones, Tammy Wynette), songwriter, Epic Records Vice-President, in his Nashville office. Sherrill needs to have a clear idea of what his records really sound like, and he gets it with a McIntosh MA-5100 amplifier feeding a hefty signal to his pair of custom-made speakers. His Thorens TD-150 transcription turntable runs smooth and rumble-free, and his TEAC TCA-40 reel-to-reel tape recorder assures professional quality. This is a system capable of some pretty loud sound: When he wants to be neighborly, he clamps on those Koss 66 headphones.

CHET ATKINS—Master guitarist, producer, and RCA Records Vice-President, in his office at RCA Nashville. Chet goes one better over fellow producer Sherrill with a Thorens TD-124 transcription turntable, big brother of the TD-150. He is also the only one of these Nashvillians who has a separate power amplifier and preamplifier—the McIntosh C-22 preamp and a matched McIntosh power amp. Speakers are Panasonic's SB-300s, and he's chosen Sony for his tape needs—the Sony 250 reel-to-reel machine, and the TC-131SD cassette deck.

JOE STAMPLEY—Singer, songwriter, Epic recording artist, at his 27-acre farm near Franklin, Tennessee. Stampley spins 'em on a Sony PS 2350 transcription turntable, tapes 'em on a Roberts 1790 reel-to-reel recorder, powers it all with his Sony 4650 amplifier, and hears it all on his JBL Lancer 77 speakers or his lightweight Sennheiser earphones.

JOHNNY GIMBLE—Fiddle and mandolin player, session musician, Instrumentalist of the Year, at home in Nashville. Johnny seems to be a Sony fan. The heart of his system is a Sony HP-510A amplifier/receiver, and he's also opted for Sony for his tape systems—the Sony TC-353D reel-to-reel job and the TC-131SD cassette deck. His amp comes with a Dual 1211 record changer built into the top, and his speakers are a local brand—Quest, built by Dottie West's husband.

LINDA HARGROVE—Singer, songwriter, Elektra/Asylum recording artist, "Bluejean Country Queen" in her office at Pete Drake's studio, Nashville. A big chunk of Linda's sound money went into that Revox reel-to-reel tape recorder, which features (apart from excellent sound) ultra-smooth controls and a remote control device which lets her work it from her chair. Her turntable is a Phillips transcription model fitted with a Shure cartridge and a spring suspension system. Footsteps, dancing, or even slight bumps won't make its needle jump. Linda's two Marantz Imperial 5G speakers (not shown) make the most of the clear and powerful signal from her Scott Stereomaster 233 amplifier.

JEANNE PRUETT—Singer, MCA recording artist ("Satin Sheets"), at home in Brentwood, Tennessee. Like Conway, Jeanne Pruett has opted for the face-up mounting method, sinking her system into the top of a breakfront cabinet. What you see there is the face plate of her Zenith 8-track tape cartridge player, her Sony TC-280 reel-to-reel recorder (a real working tool), and her Sony TA-1150 amplifier/receiver which feeds 30 watts of power to each of her Acoustic Research AR-2A speakers. Not seen is Jeanne's sturdy, reliable Pioneer PL-12 transcription turntable.

CONWAY TWITTY—Rock & roll-turned-country star, MCA recording artist, at his office in Hendersonville, Tennessee. Conway's office system is quite big-time. That TEAC A-6100 reel-to-reel tape recorder is a real professional machine which takes studio-type reels and runs at the extra-fast speed of 15 inches per second for super fidelity and easy editing of the tapes (it also has a 7½ inches per second speed for more mundane tasks). The TEAC also has an extra head for playing 4-track recordings, and loads of other fancy features. Conway's top-mounted Sansui 9090 amplifier/receiver is a real powerhouse, well able to run his four wall-mounted JBL 4311 speakers. A Dual 1228 record changer with a Shure cartridge completes this fancy rig.

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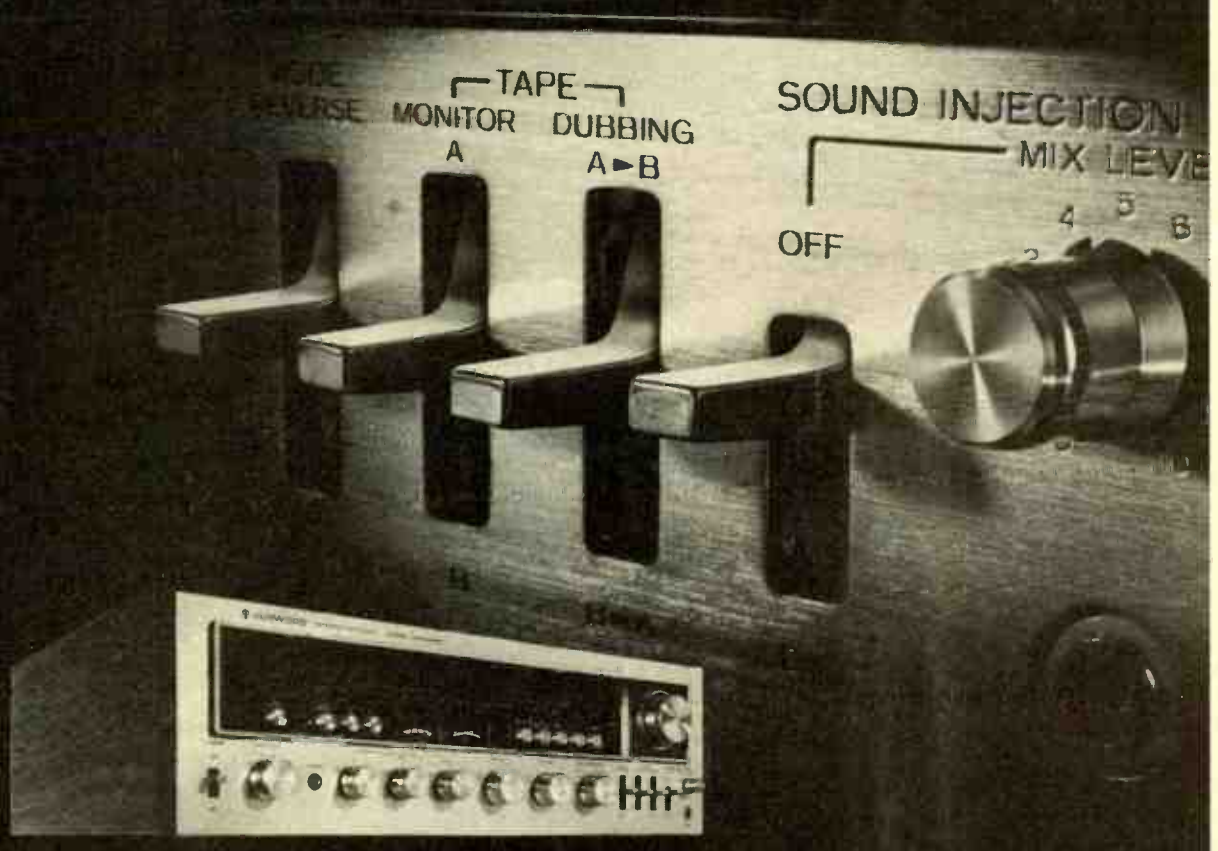

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AUDIO '76: A Consumer Report

by Hans Fantel

If there's one current trend in sound equipment, it's simply that prices are climbing faster than a scared squirrel. It's getting to the point where you can pay as much for a stereo rig as you would for a car. At the big audio trade fair in Chicago, where the industry trots out all the new gear to show it off to the press, I recently saw a stereo system with a price tag of $6000.00. Even. That's what got me wondering about the inflation in sound gear, and I started snooping around to see if there are still any real bargains left.

I admit that the $6000 rig sounded great—but it didn't sound ten times better than what you can get for $600. In fact, it sounded only slightly better. How come? The answer lies in the price structure of audio equipment. Up to a point, performance goes up along with the price tag. In short, you get what you pay for. But beyond that level—around $600 to $800 for a whole stereo system—price goes up a lot faster than any corresponding rise in performance. So you spend a lot more money to get a little more in performance.

In a way, that's good news for the budget-bound. It means that in moderately priced equipment you get more sound per dollar. With this in mind, I tried to pinpoint some of the latest components that do in fact offer outstanding dollar value. This doesn't mean the cheapest. On the contrary: equipment designed to sell cheaply rarely offers real value, and usually sounds terrible. I looked for solid performance at a sensible price. And the good news is that you can still find it—but you have to be picky.

Turntables

Starting up front, I looked at the new crop of turntables and record changers—the first item in the usual component line-up. The trend here is clearly toward single-play turntables—away from automatic changers. This makes sense. After all, how often do you really want to stack up a whole bunch of records on a changer? When it comes to lp's, most people play one side and then flip the record—which a changer can't do. Besides, single-play turntables offer higher quality per dollar. Manufacturers must allocate costs; they can either put it in automation or in basic quality. And if quality on a budget is what you want, single-play units may be your best bet.

In the past, single-play turntables had two drawbacks: firstly, you had to set down the tone-arm by hand, and if you were careless, a bit high, or just plain fumble-fingered, this could be rough on your records or even damage the delicate stereo stylus. Secondly, at the end of the record, you had to jump up to stop the machine from grinding away in the center groove. Today's new generation of single-play turntables bypasses such problems. Most of them feature automatic tone-arm return. At the end of the record, the arm lifts itself off and returns to its resting place. As for setting the arm down, they all have a cue-control. This lets you put the arm anywhere over the record—pick out any track you want to hear—without actually touching down. Only after you flip the cue lever does the arm slowly sink down into the groove, without risking damage to stylus or disk.

The Kenwood KD-2033 transcription turntable: Featuring auto-return and belt drive, this rumble-free unit is one of 1976's best deals.

Many of the better single-play models (complete with arm, base and lid) now sell for about $200. But I've checked out some lower priced models and found that you can get first-rate performers for about $130, give or take a few dollars. Besides, as on all types of components, most stores will allow a discount, especially if you are buying a complete system.

Standouts in this low-cost group include the brand-new **Pioneer PL-115D**, the **Sansui SR-212**, and the **Kenwood KD-2033.** Thanks to their heavy, balanced platters, precision bearings, and smooth drive motors, they run without audible rumble. You can crank up the volume without getting any growls or grunts from these turntables. With a good stereo cartridge (I like **Shure** and **Pickering**) the tone arms will track at less than 1 gram pressure, which means added life to your records. I especially liked Pioneer's clever spring suspension, which puts the whole assembly (platter and arm) on a floating sub-frame so the needle won't jump if the floor shakes. A herd of elephants doing the bump right next to your rig won't faze it—and that's something to consider if you like to dance and your house is unsteady (or if you keep pet elephants).

Of course, the trend toward single-play turntables isn't likely to push changers out of the picture. Plenty of people still prefer them, and they've got plenty to choose. **Dual, BSR,** and **Garrard** lead the field with several excellent models in different price classes, with the **Dual 1225** offering excellent value at $140. Another outstanding design is the **BIC 960**, which has a platter driven by an elastic belt (instead of the usual hard-rubber wheel) to filter out motor vibrations and avoid rumble. It's a fine value at $160, and—like many other changers—can also be used for convenient single-play just by changing the center spindle.

Speakers

When it comes to loudspeakers—the most important single item in any sound rig—recent trends also favor those with limited cash. Small speakers nowadays put out a lot more sound than they used to. Sure, that's not true of all of them. Again it's a matter of

picking the real winners. And again you have a paradox: while prices in general are rising, some of the less expensive models are getting better. So, if you've been going without lunches to save up for a stereo system, here's something to put you back on a regular diet again: I've checked out several new speaker models selling for less than $80 and found that the best of them sound very good indeed. To my ears, the standouts include the **Advent-2** ($74), the **Acoustic Research AR-7** ($75), the **BIC-Ventury Formula 1** ($75), and the **Electro-Voice EV 13B** ($80). All of them will fill a good-size living room with plenty of clear sound without budging into distortion. What's more, they require no more than about 15 watts per channel from the amplifier to do a real job, which is something to keep in mind if your amplifier or receiver is on the puny side. Particularly the BIC-Ventury—thanks to a built-in duct that boosts the lows—will give you nice, punchy bass even if you have a weak-muscled amplifier.

One reason why these economy speakers can do now what they couldn't do before is simply that all kinds of sophisticated engineering know-how has been filtering down to the lower price brackets. But if you hanker for the kind of bass that really hits you right in the pit of the stomach, or if you want the highs spread all around for that feeling of real "presence" you still have to go to some of the bigger and costlier speaker models. The latest trend among the fancier speaker designs is scattering the highs over a broad angle. A while back, most speakers squirted the highs at you in a narrow beam, like water from a garden hose. That's why you had to sit smack in front of the speakers to get the best stereo effect. Now the attempt is to let the highs scatter all over, which is much more lifelike. For example, in the **Bose Model 301** ($96) the tweeters are placed at an odd angle to produce a blend of direct sound (coming right at you) and reflected sound (bouncing off the walls). The result is a "big" sound even in small rooms. The speakers themselves are quite small and can work with amplifiers rated as low as 10 watts per channel.

The latest speaker entries by **Pioneer** feature newly developed molecular film tweeters that scatter clear, crisp highs over a remarkably wide angle to give you that "you-are-there" feeling just about everywhere in the room, and the bass, too, really packs a wallop. Prices start at $150 for the **Model HPM-TM-40,** which has separate bass, mid-range and treble drivers, requires 20 watts of power per channel, and puts out more sound than you'll ever need in a normal-size room. But if you really want to shake the walls—and have the amplifier or receiver to do it with—the **Pioneer HPM-TM-60** speaker will really do it for you for $225.

Sansui's 110-watts-per-channel Model 9090 AM/FM receiver is a beaut: It'll drive anything you want it to, but it'll also cost you. Price is about $750.

Another method for spreading the highs is used in **Sansui**'s new "Linear Motion" speaker line, which achieves sound scatter through a tapered slot in the cabinet just behind the tweeter. This lets the highs spurt out upward and sideways as well as forward. The **Sansui LM 110**, the smallest and cheapest of the series, sells for $250 (per pair) and produces a bright, punchy kind of sound.

One of the more unusual ways to spread the highs is found in the **ESS Model amt 4** ($349). It looks like a stumpy, sawed-off pyramid and uses a unique tweeter known as the Heil Air Motion Transformer. Named after its German inventor, the Heil device consists of tiny metal pleats that move like the bellows of an accordion to squeeze out the sound in all directions. I can't say if this is inherently superior to other tweeters, but I found the sound exceptionally well-defined and clear. Still another fancy speaker in the wide-angle league is the **JBL Aquarius L120**, which radiates sound in a full circle. Looking very spiffy with its Scandinavian styling, it sells for $633 and sounds it.

Receivers/Amplifiers

When it comes to the basic electronic guts of a sound system, there hasn't been much radical innovation. But here, too, it is evident that design advances formerly found only in expensive models are now filtering down to the economy range.

Receivers (that is, amplifiers and tuners combined in a single unit) remain far more popular than separate tuners and amplifiers. This is hardly surprising because many receivers now do a better job of sound reproduction than separate tuners and amplifiers did only a few years ago. The only systems where separate tuners and amplifiers still offer an advantage are those needing enormous power to fill a large space with super-loud sound (e.g., in a discotheque). Even so, today's most powerful receivers, such as the **Pioneer SX1250** or the **Kenwood 9400**, deliver 160 and 120 watts per channel, respectively—and that's more than you're ever likely to need for home listening, even if you live in a barn.

Receivers come in all price and power brackets, suited to every need, and **Kenwood, Pioneer, Sansui**, and **MX** offer excellent buys in every price range. However, it is among receivers that inflation is taking a painful bite from the audio budget. Quality models delivering about 20 watts per channel will set you back some $300, a 50-watt-per-channel receiver is likely to cost you about $500, and the real powerhouses go for $700 and more.

One trend in receivers and amplifiers is the continued popularity of standard stereo equipment over quad. Retailers tell me that quad gear—as far as sales volume is concerned—proved pretty much of a flop. No question, 4-channel sound, at its best, can

The first front-loading, Dolbyized cassette deck for under $200: the Pioneer Model CT-F2121 delivers the goods on a budget.

be more impressive than standard stereo. But the difference is not very great, and most people apparently feel that it isn't worth the extra cost and all that extra hardware.

Cassette Decks

By contrast, what's really booming are cassette decks to be used jointly with a good stereo system. Not long ago, I would have never believed that cassettes could equal standard reel tape in fidelity—and I said so in print. Now I'm eating my words. The new crop of cassette decks has been mechanically refined to the point where you no longer squirm at any of the "wow" and "flutter" that bothered me on many earlier models. What's more, the frequency range has been extended to cover the full range of hearing. Among recent standouts in cassette decks, the **Pioneer CT-2121** is the first front-loading model selling for less than $200, and the **TEAC A-170** is a top performer at the moderate price of $240. Among the fancier designs, the **Akai GXC-75D** stacks up with the best, is packed with luxury features (such as automatic reverse) and sells for $450.

8 Trk. Tape Equipment

Technical improvement has also advanced 8-track tape cartridge equipment to the level of genuine high fidelity. **Akai** and **Wollensack** offer top-fidelity cartridge recorder/playback decks to let you make your own cartridge recordings, either off the air or from phonograph records, and **BSR-McDonald** has a cartridge playback deck to plug into your sound system for only $60.

Portable Recorders

Even battery-powered, portable cassette recorders are getting better, with **Sony, Superscope**, and **Panasonic** leading the way. Most battery portables used to be mono only. But recent stereo models now let you catch your music on the go—taping performances where you find them—in two channels and with very good fidelity.

Summing up the trends, I'd say that prices are definitely up—but so is performance. And with careful comparison shopping, you can still sniff out some real bargains. ■

(Continued from page 38)

It's opening night of the Chilympiad —Austin's chili-eating "Olympics," and booths selling chili and tacos have been set up on the packed dirt floor of an annex. Clouds of pungent steam are billowing out into the crowd.

Johnny is in the bus trying to relax. He's got a sore throat and somebody jokingly passes the El Toro tequila bottle to help smooth it out. He smiles, sips a little, but doesn't talk. Sitting carefully in that soft chamois outfit made from the skin of a doe he shot last year, he senses the eager crowd gathering just outside the curtained bus windows. He's concentrating, getting down inside himself, keeping the nerves at bay. Tonight will be like most other nights on the road, with the screams, the girls clutching at him, the guys grinning admiringly, a little enviously. Everybody else in the bus knows it, too. "Wait'll those girls start chuckin' beer at you," Joaquin drawls. "That suit'll just draw right up into a bikini." Johnny smiles absently. Who knows what they might try tonight?

The Civic Center is nothing, just a big cement floor with four walls and a roof, full of tables and chairs and a platform stage raised about seven feet high along one wall. A few thousand people are already milling around inside, the younger ones jockeying for positions near the stage. The Music City Band has already played a few numbers alone when Johnny gets up. The security men outside brace themselves. The bus door opens and the mass of kids surges toward him. The police instantly surround him and start to half-walk, half-run across the lot toward the backstage entrance, the mob of fans swirling around him. Johnny doesn't look around too much, he just keeps going. "I like singing in a place where I can see people's faces, how they respond, if they're getting off on a song," he said earlier. "But you can't let your mind wander. I've forgotten the words to 'Pass Me By' twice onstage."

Now the band swings into "The Age of Aquarius" from the rock musical "Hair." The spotlights pick him out as he pushes through the crowd. He breaks away from the protective police escort and onto the stage, grabbing the mike and launching right into "Ramblin' Man." Once in a while the girls pause for breath and you can hear the song really well. ■

CB Mania: THE BASICS

Seems that lots of people like to stay in touch, even when they're out on the road. Which explains the sudden boom in CB equipment—those two-way radios that let you talk from your car to your home or office or fellow CB freaks while you're traveling. At the latest count (made last year by the Electronics Industry Association) there were more than six million CB rigs operating in the country, with one out of every 33 vehicles on the road sprouting CB antennas.

CB stands for Citizens' Band—the radio channels set aside for private use—and everyone over 18 can get into the act simply by obtaining an operator's license from the nearest Field Office of the Federal Communications Commission. Look them up under U.S. Government in your phone book. There's no test—all you have to do is pay them four bucks and fill out some forms.

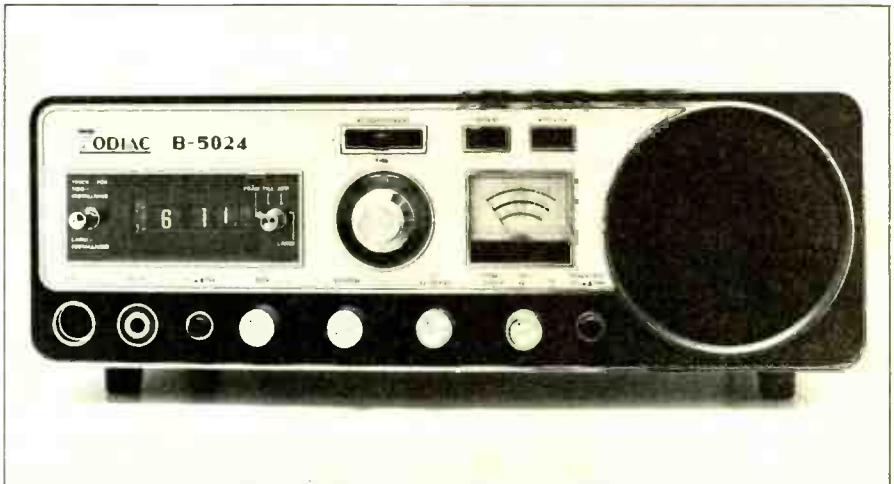
Just what use you make of your CB rig is limited only by your imagination and some laws against bad language on the air. People who drive a lot find it very useful in their daily routine, and it can be a real safety factor if you get in trouble on the road and want to call for help.

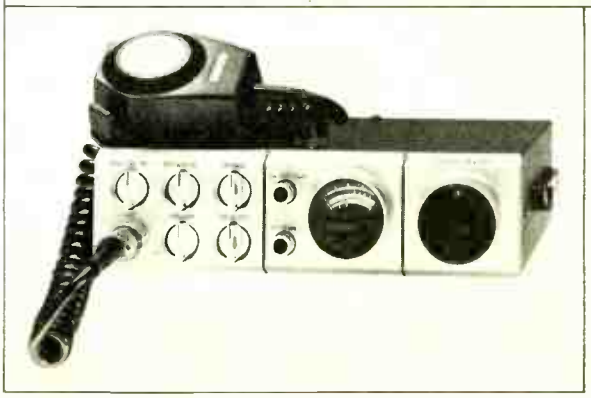
The equipment you need consists of a "base station" at home and a "mobile station" in your car. Each of these is a so-called "transceiver"—a combination transmitter and receiver to send and receive signals. The mobile station usually mounts under the dash of your car and runs on the 12-volt car battery. The base station at home plugs into a standard AC (120 v) outlet. You can pick up to 23 different channels, and by setting both home and car station on the same channel, you and your family can talk to each other at the touch of a button. Or you can switch to Channel 9, which is set aside for emergency use and calls for help. If you have more than one car, you can put mobile rigs in each and keep them all in touch with home base or each other.

The range of CB varies with the terrain over which you travel and the kind of equipment you use. Even though the output power of CB transmitters is limted by law (to 4 watts) you can usually count on an operating radius of about 10 miles in hilly country and 25 miles where it's flat. The kind of antenna you use also affects the available range.

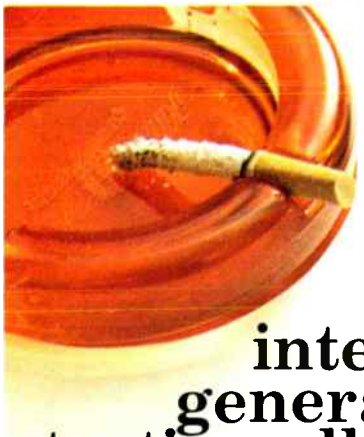
You have a choice between two basic types of CB equipment—AM and AM/SSB. AM-only is a lot cheaper and will suffice in many cases. SSB stands for Single Side Band, which uses more sophisticated circuits that make more efficient use of transmitter power and can reach a lot farther. An AM base station may cost you between $150 and $250, depending on the number of channels and features, and the corresponding mobile unit would run from about $80 to $200. If you want the extra range of SSB, the base station may cost between $300 and $500, and the mobile rig between $250 and $350.

Major manufacturers in this field include J.I.L., S.B.E., Craig, Johnson, Lafayette, and Radio Shack's "Realistic" brand.





Hardware for CB freaks and folks who just want to stay in touch: There's a typical mobile installation (top photo), a home base receiver/transmitter (above left), and one of the many mobile units currently giving Smokey a run for his money (below left).



You work hard when you're recording. It takes time and concentration. And a tape about to run out usually means stopping to interchange reels, rethread, and generally get the feeling that you're starting all over again. The 4070G lets you keep on recording because it records and plays in both directions. With full monitoring capabilities. And for the times when music makes the mood, the automatic repeat function lets you enjoy a favorite tape for as long as you like. The 4070G.

You won't have to worry about running out of tape right in the middle. Just press the button and keep on recording.

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TEAC® 4070G

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Just call (800) 447-4700 or (800) 322-4400 in Illinois, toll free, for the name of your nearest TEAC retailer. He'll be happy to show you the 4070G in action.

Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75