Yamaha Musical Products, Box 7271, Grand Rapids, MI 49510

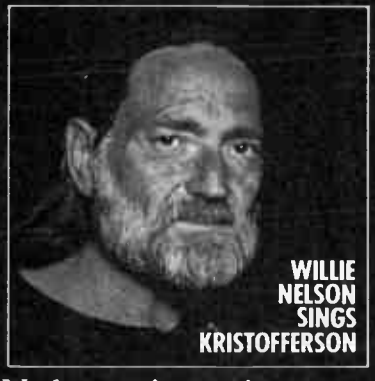
YAMAHA

STRINGS.

Touch the strings
eight generations of American craftsmanship
have made untouchable
in excellence of tone
and durability.

Yamaha's new
phosphor bronze acoustic guitar strings.

He sings 'em. He writes 'em.



Willie Nelson sings the great songs
of Kris Kristofferson.
On Columbia Records and Tapes.

They tour!

Willie Nelson and
Kris Kristofferson on tour
throughout the West.

1/16/80	Amarillo, TX	1/25	Flagstaff, AZ	2/3	Eugene, OR
1/17	Norman, OK	1/26	Phoenix, AZ	2/4	Portland, OR
1/18	Denver, CO	1/27	Las Cruces, NM	2/6	Spokane, WA
1/21	Honolulu, HI	1/29	Tucson, AZ	2/7	Missoula, MT
1/23	Los Angeles, CA	1/31	Palo Alto, CA	2/9	Salt Lake City, UT

Produced by Willie Nelson.

Volume Eight; Number Five, January-February 1980

COUNTRY MUSIC™

 Published monthly except January and July, by Country Music Magazine, Inc., 475 Park Avenue South, 16th Floor, New York, New York 10016. Controlled Circulation paid at Lincoln, Nebraska, Publication No. 441890. Subscription price: one year $9.95 (Additional postage: Canada, Latin America, Spain $2.00 per year. All other foreign $4.00 per year.) Postmaster: send Form 3579 to COUNTRY MUSIC, Box 3560, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

Published by:
Country Music Magazine, Inc.
475 Park Avenue South, 16th Floor
New York, New York, 10016
(212) 685-8200

Chairman & Publisher
Wesley Wood

Vice President Finance
Sal Nastro

Editor
Russell D. Barnard
Managing Editor
Rochelle Friedman
Nashville Editor
Dolly Carlisle
Art Director &
Production Manager
Richard Erlanger
Designer
Gail Einert
Contributing Editors
Bob Allen, Michael Bane, Gail Buchalter, Patrick Carr, Douglas B. Green, Peter Guralnick, Leonard Kamsler, Rich Kienzle, Mary Ellen Moore, John Morthland, Nick Tosches.

Advertising Director
Paul B. Confrey

Direct Response Marketing
Anthony Bunting

Circulation Manager
Henson Lacon

Director: Special Projects
Stephanie L. Volpe

Accounting Manager
George Mankes

New York
Paul B. Confrey
475 Park Avenue So.
New York, N.Y. 10016
(212) 685-8200

Advertising
Nashville Operations
50 Music Square West
Nashville, Tenn. 37203
Jim Chapman
Associate Publisher
(615) 329-0860

West Coast
The Leonard Company
6355 Topanga Canyon Blvd., 307
Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364

South/Southwest
Newt Collinson
Collinson & Company
4419 Cowan Road
Tucker, Georgia 30084
(404) 939-8391

Len Mendelson
Director of West Coast Advertising
(213) 340-1270

Midwest
Ron Mitchell Associates
1360 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Ill. 60610
(312) 944-0927

About This Issue

"In death, as in life, Elvis belongs to us all." So says Michael Bane, on page 68 of this issue, in "Return to Memphis," a nostalgic look at the musical heritage of Bane's hometown and . . . Elvis'.

If anyone wonders why a magazine called *Country Music* and its readers care about Elvis Presley, the progenitor of rock and roll music, that's the reason . . . he belongs to us all. But for you and us, Elvis' connections to country music go way beyond that. From the moment he cut his first record, black blues singer Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup's *That's Alright Mama* and Bill Monroe's *Blue Moon of Kentucky* on the other side, country music . . . white country music *and* black . . . would never be the same and would be inseparably fused in rock and roll. And without that, rock and roll probably *would have* died the death of a fad that the grownups all predicted at the time.

So, while country music fans have particular reasons for remembering The King, most other people do too. In ways often unpredictable. An example is the picture on this page. When I walked out of my apartment yesterday, I saw this car parked there . . . right there on a New York City street . . . with an "Elvis" license plate. So, I got my camera and took this shot.

Immediately following Elvis Presley's death, the staff of *Country Music* began assembling a special tribute issue which was published in December 1977. Every copy put on the newsstands was sold, five times the normal. The articles, written by our best writers, remain among the best material published on Elvis' life and career. We have received, literally, thousands of requests for copies of that issue and for another Elvis issue to be published.

For nearly a year, we have tried to plan an Elvis issue which would do credit to the subject without compromising the quality of our original tribute. In discussing this challenge with several of the writers whose work made up the original, we discovered that they felt what they wrote at the time was still valid, and that forcing themselves to write "something new" would not likely produce better results.

In the wake of more than two years of super-commercial exploitation, we feel that what *Country Music* publishes now on Elvis should be the best we can find. With that as our objective, we set out to create this special retrospective issue on the forty-fifth anniversary of Presley's birth. In meeting our goal of publishing the best material, we found it essential to include some of the original articles, especially: John Morthland's oral history, Nick Tosches' analysis of the birth of rockabilly, Peter Guralnick's personal memoir and Walter Dawson's interview with the legend of Sun Records, Sam Phillips.

We also are pleased to present Peter Guralnick's story about the day "the million dollar quartet" of Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins and Elvis gathered in Sam Phillips' studio in Memphis. Rich Kienzle's extensive review of Elvis' records has also been included in this issue. And, Michael Bane, who was Editor for the first Elvis issue, has written about his nostalgic return to Memphis.

In all, we think this collection will be something you want to read and keep for a long time. We have hundreds of thousands of new readers since the first Elvis issue was published, so we hope they will find this issue particularly valuable. And to our long-time subscribers, hang on to your copy of the 1977 issue of December *Country Music* . . . it is already a collector's item, and we hope this one will be, too.

RUSSELL D. BARNARD

Don't ask a car to do a van's job.

Trucks are what we're all about.

Pity, but one must accept the fact that there are simply some things that a car, or even a station wagon, can't do. And yet, it's some of these very things that a GMC van can so easily accomplish.

For example, some models can be equipped to carry up to 12 people. Take the ball team out to the ball game. Carry the whole crowd to Aunt Delia's for lunch. Then remove the seats and haul a couch and a rocking chair. Maybe two rocking chairs. Or, a GMC can even serve as your very own sanctuary in the wooliest part of your camping trek.

The point? A GMC van can do all that. And more. You can furnish it—and that's what you'd really be doing—any number of ways. For lots of people. For lots of possessions. Or for both.

And, should separation from the familiar environment of the family car cause you undue anxiety, rest assured you can compose yourself with available carlike options. Air. Stereo. Tilt wheel. Cruise Control, and more, for example. Make yourself even more comfortable with options like reclining swivel buckets.

In truth, why settle for just a car when a GMC van can be so much more? You'll find the world looks a lot nicer through that big wide windshield. Try it out. At your GMC dealer's soon.

1980 GMC Van	EPA Est. MPG	Est. Driving Range With Optional Auxiliary Fuel Tank
	15	495 miles

Remember: Compare this estimate to the "estimated MPG" of other vehicles. Your actual mileage and range may be different and will depend on your speed, weather and trip length. Range estimates are obtained by multiplying the EPA estimates by the optional fuel tank capacity rating for GMC vans which is 33 gallons. Estimates lower in California.

GMC is a division of General Motors.

GM

Letters

Backstage At The Opry

As a subscriber to *Country Music Magazine,* I enjoyed your article on how the Opry works, because we have the opportunity to be backstage once or twice each year while in Nashville recording, as guests of some of the what you might say 'obscure' people who are right up front doing their job, performance after performance, yet receive no recognition . . . the backup singers. I believe the Carol Lee Cooper Singers play a real integral part in the success of any song by supplying impromptu background vocals. The spotlight is on Carol Lee Cooper, Herman Harper and Wayne and Claudia Hilton the same as on the featured artist, but the writer of the article did not even mention them as a group. These same people have faithfully been there every performance for many years. I realize giving these singers credit would also entail musician's credits too, but that wouldn't be such a bad idea either. Joe Edwards has been playing the fiddle and guitar for the Opry since age 7, and he is in his 40s now. I call that true dedication to an institution that has become a real legend in its time, and one which will continue to pack people in as long as there is a Nashville.

Thank you for allowing me to express my candid opinion. I really enjoy *Country Music Magazine* and thank you for it, too.
RENIE PETERSON,
PRESIDENT
L.P.S. RECORDS, INC.
BELLINGHAM, WASH.

Jerry Lee Lewis

I was very surprised to read the kind of article you had in the October 1979 issue on Jerry Lee Lewis.

I guess you know that Jimmy Swaggart is Jerry Lee Lewis' cousin.

I have subscribed to *Country Music Magazine* since you began in Sept. 1972 and have all of the back issues of your magazine. I will tear the article on Jerry Lee Lewis out of the Oct. 1979 issue.

I am a Christian and I believe in God. Jerry Lee Lewis was tearing down the church, the Bible and above all, God. The article was unnecessary.

I have enjoyed reading your magazine and have never read such a depressing and self centered article. How can you put an article like that in the same issue with the one on Jerry Clower.

Jerry Clower is praising God and Jerry Lee Lewis is tearing him down. The article on Jerry Lee should have never been printed.

Now, after reading this article I will not ever attend his concerts, buy his records or anything else that has to do with Jerry Lee Lewis.
LYNDA L. BUFFALOE
ADDRESS UNKNOWN

During the past 35 years I have been a free lance writer. Been published in *Prairie Farmer, Readers Digest,* the old *Saturday Evening Post* and many other publications.

I have always loved *country music* and country living. Many of my stories have been published under the byline of "Catfish Pete."

Now down to facts. I am so disappointed in your last issue of Country Music with stories about Jerry Reed and Jerry Lee Lewis. Now really, you have no excuse for the filthy language used in these articles. If I were you I would hang my head in shame for permitting this kind of language to be printed.

If you can't do better please cancel my subscription, I'll never subscribe to it again.

Yours for a clean magazine.
D. EARLE WILSON,
URBANA, ILL.

Janie Fricke

Janie Fricke is without a doubt the most talented artist to come out of Nashville in a long, long time. I have seen her in concert twice in recent months and even if she is a bit "reluctant," as most articles I have read about her indicate, I don't see how she can help but be one of the really SUPER stars of the future.

It seems like NEW talent is never seen on the covers of magazines I am sure there is a reason for this, however, I know that I for one get tired of seeing the same old stars every time I pick up a magazine. I WOULD LOVE TO SEE THE LOVELY AND SUPER-TALENTED MISS FRICKE on the cover of your magazine.
FLOREINE JACKSON
WILCOX, AZ.

Hank, Jr.

I wish to thank *Country Music Magazine* and Michael Bane for the vivid excerpt from the Hank Williams, Jr. book, Living Proof.

Being a Bocephus fan for years, I'm really happy that Hank has finally found "his" place in country music.

We had the opportunity to see him perform last April and, quite frankly, I don't see how anybody could put him down. The man is one hell of a songwriter, singer and musician. His band, the "Bama Band" are all excellent entertainers.

The eighties are upon us and old "Bo" is no longer "Standing In The Shadows," he's carrying on a "Family Tradition."

P.S. A copy of his autobiography has already been added to my collection.
DICK REYNOLDS
ADDRESS UNKNOWN

I think congratulations are very much in order for the none less than spectacular article on Hank Williams, Jr. in the November issue of Country Music. Hank, Jr. has been a favorite of mine since I was in third grade (over eleven years now) and I think it's high time he received the credit he so deserves. He is super.

Also, I would like to read more about talented Eddie Rabbitt. A cover photo would really be nice, too. Eddie is another fine singer, songwriter and performer. I saw him in person at Lanierland Music Park in Georgia back in July '79, and it was one fantastic show!

Again, thanks for the great article on Hank, Jr. I'll be looking forward to more on Hank Jr. and Eddie.
RHONDA COLLINS
GAINESVILLE, GA.

Check page 94 of this issue for some news of Eddie's TV special. A cover story is in the works. ED.

HOHNER INTRODUCES THE FULL-BODIED SOUND OF AGED ALL-WOOD GUITARS.

From aging of the wood to the last handcrafted detail, each guitar in our Arbor Series takes 5 years to make.

Like a fine wine, producing a truly fine guitar requires nature's choicest materials, the mellowing of time, and years of experience in the art

Hohner has handcrafted such guitars in the all-wood Arbor Series dreadnoughts. Their tones are full-bodied like vintage wines, yet these instruments cost hundreds of dollars less than others of comparable quality.

Tops are solid close-grained spruce from Canada and Alaska. Necks are solid Honduras mahogany. The rosewood fingerboards come from Brazil. Bodies are selected mahogany, rosewood and makassa. And all woods are subjected to long aging, making them free of instabilities that can affect long-term performance.

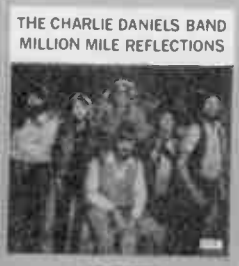
No detail is overlooked. Instead of the celluloid used on most guitars, bindings are natural maple, greatly improving tone and acoustic qualities. The "X" bracing, usually found on only the most expensive guitars, has slim spruce braces hand-scalloped so that tops resonate better. Necks are dovetailed into the body, not doweled. Routing for inlays is deeper to avoid cracking. Trim is handset wood inlay. And fingerboards are solid hand-sanded rosewood with polished nickel silver frets.

The Arbor Series: one of a full line of acoustic and electric guitars made by Hohner. Hear them at your music dealer's now. M. Hohner Inc., Andrews Rd. Hicksville, New York 11802.

THE MOST MUSIC A LITTLE

297655

292987 Engelbert Humperdinck — This Moment In Time
293530 MICKEY GILLEY — THE SONGS WE MADE LOVE TO
293431 FREDDY FENDER — TEX-MEX
295162 Electric Light Orchestra — DISCOVERY
292557 MARTY ROBBINS — THE PERFORMER
292151 NEIL DIAMOND — YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS
REX SMITH — Sooner Or Later
283762 THE STATLER BROS. — Entertainers On And Off The Record
110262 THE PLATTERS — Encore of Golden Hits
219477 SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S — GREATEST HITS
279018 MERLE HAGGARD — A WORKING MAN CAN'T GET NOWHERE TODAY
286922 FLEETWOOD MAC — PENGUIN
273516 GLEN CAMPBELL — SOUTHERN NIGHTS
269209 BOSTON — More Than A Feeling
235580 KRIS KRISTOFFERSON & RITA COOLIDGE — FULL MOON
Frank Sinatra's — Greatest Hits
286963 EMMYLOU HARRIS — QUARTER MOON IN A TEN CENT TOWN
294397 ALLMAN BROTHERS — Enlightened Rogues
285312 LYNN ANDERSON — From The Inside
286732 LINDA RONSTADT — Hasten Down The Wind
BILLY "CRASH" CRADDOCK
296756 BILLY "Crash" CRADDOCK — LAUGHING AND CRYING, LIVING AND DYING



294744

293027 TANYA TUCKER — TNT
292904 ANNE MURRAY — New Kind of Feeling
291815 PROFILE — BEST OF EMMYLOU HARRIS
293951 RICKY LEE JONES
283887 WILLIE NELSON — STARDUST
275743 BARBRA STREISAND — Streisand Superman
291856 THE BEST OF — CARLY SIMON
274498 CHARLIE DANIELS BAND — TE JOHN GREAVE & VOLUNTEER
CARPENTERS — PASSAGE
249953 TANYA TUCKER'S — GREATEST HITS
274894 THE BEST OF — FREDDY FENDER
246868 JIM CROCE — PHOTOGRAPHS & MEMORIES HIS GREATEST HITS
286682 ABBA — Abba's Greatest Hits
285510 SONNY JAMES — This Is The Love
286948 THE EAGLES — Hotel California
271924 CONWAY TWITTY — GREATEST HITS VOL. II
274811 RITA COOLIDGE — Anytime...Anywhere
239525 Barbra Streisand — The Way We Were
Kris Kristoffe
236885 CARPENTERS — The Singles 1969-1973
271809 JIM CROCE — Time In A Bottle
231084 CHARLIE RICH — Behind Closed Doors
222406 MAC DAVIS — BABY DON'T GET HOOKED ON ME

291195

295071 MARSHALL TUCKER BAND • RUNNING LIKE THE WIND
293654 THE KENDALLS — Just Like Real People
287276 GEORGE JONES — Bartender's Blues
295147 Minnie Ripperton — MINNIE
286740 LINDA RONSTADT'S — GREATEST HITS
293837 ELTON JOHN — Madman Across the Water
JOHNNY PAYCHECK — SLIDE OFF OF YOUR SATIN SHEETS
291773 The Best Of Peter, Paul And Mary
252445 THE LETTERMEN — All Time Greatest Hits
260737 HELEN REDDY'S — GREATEST HITS
285866 BOSTON — Don't Look Back
270660 Saturday Night Live — ORIGINAL TV CAST
252940 LINDA RONSTADT — Heart Like A Wheel
285759 JERRY LEE LEWIS — KEEPS ROCKIN'
254102 FREDDY FENDER — BEFORE THE NEXT TEAR DROP FALLS
278648 Captain & Tennille's — Greatest Hits
278697 DON WILLIAMS — COUNTRY BOY

SELECTIONS WITH TWO NUMBERS ARE 2-RECORD SETS OR DOUBLE-LENGTH TAPES. AND COUNT AS TWO SELECTIONS — WRITE EACH NUMBER IN A SEPARATE BOX

295113 295114 DONNA SUMMER — BAD GIRLS
277871 277872 MERLE HAGGARD
212654 212655 BOB DYLAN — Greatest Hits, Vol. 2
274969 274960 BARRY MANILOW — LIVE

297549

295063 JERRY LEE LEWIS
294769 JUDY COLLINS — LIVING
293662 TURNING UP AND TURNING ON BILLY CRASH CRADDOCK
295014 JAMES TAYLOR — FLAG
292912 THE BEST OF BARBARA MANDRELL
293029 Village People — GO WEST
287730 TAMMY WYNETTE — Greatest Hits
293936 CHERYL LADD — DANCE FOREVER
287003 EAGLES — Their Greatest Hits
275727 WILLIE NELSON — To Lefty From Willie
284141 JANE OLIVOR — STAY THE NIGHT
260630 CHICAGO IX — CHICAGO'S GREATEST HITS
284257 PABLO CRUISE — WORLDS AWAY
285742 JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ — LOVE ME WITH ALL YOUR HEART
269605 LOGGINS & MESSINA — BEST OF FRIENDS
276907 LORETTA LYNN — I Remember Patsy
257402 GLEN CAMPBELL — RHINESTONE COWBOY
276840 Statler Brothers — Short Stories

290189 290180 WILLIE NELSON and FAMILY—LIVE
288670 288671 BARRY MANILOW — GREATEST HITS
232603 232604 DICK CLARK — 20 YEARS OF ROCK 'N ROLL
271940 271911 NEIL DIAMOND — Love At The Greek

295170 295171
Deluxe 2-record set or twin-pack tape — counts as two. Write in both numbers.

296061 THE BEACH BOYS — L.A. (Light Album)
293670 OAK RIDGE BOYS — HAVE ARRIVED
292326 CHEAP TRICK — AT BUDOKAN
292821 LYNN ANDERSON — OUTLAW IS JUST A STATE OF MIND
295097 ABBA — VOULEZ-VOUS
292185 JOHNNY MATHIS — The Best Days Of My Life
276428 JAMES TAYLOR — JT
284034 Tom T. Hall — Greatest Hits, Vol. III
295154 KANSAS — MONOLITH
277830 THE KENDALLS — HEAVEN'S JUST A SIN AWAY
275818 Melissa Manchester — SINGIN'...
285981 DAN FOGELBERG & TIM WEISBERG • TWIN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS
257667 THE BEST OF — THE STATLER BROS.
276253 LORETTA LYNN & CONWAY TWITTY — UNITED TALENT
265447 BILLY JOEL — TURNSTILES
283747 THE KENDALLS — Old Fashioned Love
286666 CARLY SIMON — Boys In The Trees
283895 MARSHALL TUCKER BAND — TOGETHER FOREVER
281568 JOHNNY MATHIS — YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE
285304 Tammy Wynette — WOMANHOOD
292169 CHICK COREA — SECRET AGENT
295477 BOBBY VINTON — Spring Sensations

Columbia House

ANY 13 FOR 1 CENT

plus shipping and handling

if you join now and agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming 3 years

MONEY CAN BUY.

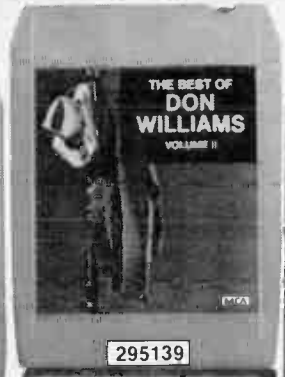
293688

295253 DIONNE WARWICK — DIONNE
290148 GLEN CAMPBELL — BASIC
297093 Johnny Rodriguez — RODRIGUEZ
[illegible] WOMAN — BURT BACHARACH & THE HOUSTON SYMPHONY
295832 PETER FRAMPTON — Where I Should Be
290031 JOHN CONLEE — Rose Colored Glasses
297002 I GOT RHYTHM — Arthur Fiedler
289611 JESSI COLTER — THAT'S THE WAY A COWBOY ROCKS AND ROLLS
296012 SESAME DISCO — VARIOUS ARTISTS
289314 Super Picker Special — VARIOUS ARTISTS

Just for the record

297531

297556 RAY CONNIFF — I WILL SURVIVE
296616 THE KNACK — GET THE KNACK
296749 NANCY WILSON — Life, Love & Harmony
[illegible]085 TAMMY WYNETTE — JUST TAMMY
295089 DIRE STRAITS — COMMUNIQUE
289546 MOODS — Barbara Mandrell
[illegible]8555 JOHNNY PAYCHECK — GREATEST HITS
297663 MARTY ROBBINS — All Around Cowboy
297671 JOHNNY MATHIS — MATHIS MAGIC

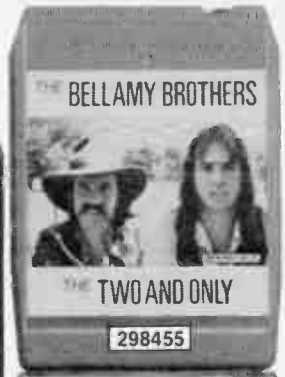


295139

298257 Little River Band — First Under The Wire
297705 MOE BANDY & JOE STAMPLEY — JUST GOOD OL BOYS
295840 KISS — DYNASTY
291286 EMMYLOU HARRIS — LUXURY LINER
291211 Nicolette Larson — NICOLETTE
297440 JENNIFER WARNES — Shot Through the Heart
288472 AL STEWART — Time Passages
297218 JOHNNY CASH — SILVER
293803* LEIF GARRETT
291138 STEVE MARTIN — A Wild And Crazy Guy
288795 CONWAY TWITTY — GEORGIA KEEPS PULLING ON MY RING
[illegible]88597 JIM CROCE'S GREATEST CHARACTER SONGS — BAD BAD LEROY BROWN
285122 ANNE MURRAY — LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY
285080 NAT KING COLE — Love Is Here To Stay
286781 FOREIGNER — DOUBLE VISION
[illegible] DOLLY PARTON — In The Beginning
280545 OONNY & MARIE — WINNING COMBINATION
[illegible]35 Marshall Tucker Band — CAROLINA DREAMS
281097 CAT STEVENS — CAT'S CRADLE
279042 JOHNNY PAYCHECK — TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT
286914 FLEETWOOD MAC — RUMOURS
288951 LARRY GATLIN'S — GREATEST HITS
[illegible]96509 CARLY SIMON — SPY

297044

289017 JOE STAMPLEY — GREATEST HITS
293902 CON HUNLEY
295907 TONY ORLANDO — I GOT RHYTHM
285924 C. W. McCALL'S — GREATEST HITS
291203 The Doobie Brothers — Minute By Minute
[illegible] MOLLY — HATCHET
287292 STYX — Pieces Of Eight
287771 DON WILLIAMS — EXPRESSIONS
287268 Sesame Street Fever — VARIOUS ARTISTS
243642 LORETTA LYNN'S — GREATEST HITS Vol. II
290171 Steve Miller Band — Greatest Hits '74-'78
284844 LARRY GATLIN — OH! BROTHER
284554 RITA COOLIDGE — LOVE ME AGAIN
283325 MICKEY GILLEY — FLYIN' HIGH
279265 CHUCK MANGIONE — FEELS SO GOOD
[illegible]269 BARBARA MANDRELL — Love's Ups And Downs
277491 BILLY JOEL — THE STRANGER
278911 THE OAK RIDGE [illegible] — Y ALL COME BACK SALOON
282129 CONWAY TWITTY — I'VE ALREADY LOVED YOU IN MY MIND
277954 STEELY DAN — AJA
[illegible]315 GEORGE JONES — TAMMY WYNETTE Greatest Hits
285189 Captain & Tennille — Dream
296475 MERLE HAGGARD & THE STRANGERS — I'M ALWAYS ON THE MOUNTAIN WHEN I FALL
297036 BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA — ARTHUR FIEDLER COND. SATURDAY NIGHT FIEDLER



298455

285320 CONWAY TWITTY & LORETTA LYNN — DYNAMIC DUO
[illegible]523 CHICAGO — CHICAGO 13
289009 MARTY ROBBINS — GREATEST HITS VOL IV
290155 THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND — GREATEST HITS
293696 ART GARFUNKEL — Fate For Breakfast
266403 CHARLIE RICH — GREATEST HITS
291005 KRIS KRISTOFFERSON RITA COOLIDGE — NATURAL ACT
260448 DON WILLIAMS' — GREATEST HITS
[illegible] SUPERTRAMP — Breakfast In America
283168 Charlie McCoy's — Greatest Hits
[illegible]270 Don't Cry Out Loud — Melissa Manchester
288332 BILLY JOEL — 52ND STREET
288431 Johnny Paycheck — Armed And Crazy
290247 CAT STEVENS — BACK TO EARTH
[illegible] OAK RIDGE BOYS — ROOM SERVICE
284638 HELEN REDDY — WE'LL SING IN THE SUNSHINE
279281 Paul Simon — Greatest Hits, Etc.
277921 KANSAS — POINT OF KNOW RETURN
282558 CRYSTAL GAYLE — I'VE CRIED THE BLUE RIGHT OUT OF MY EYES
279133 MEAT LOAF — BAT OUT OF HELL
283135 MERLE HAGGARD & THE STRANGERS — ELEVEN WINNERS
277517 TANYA TUCKER — Here's Some Love
279067 THE BEST OF — JOAN BAEZ
285155 ANNE MURRAY — KEEPING IN TOUCH
296996 MANHATTAN — Original Sound Track
282970 WET WILLIE — GREATEST HITS

†Available on records and 8-track tapes only

To join the Club and get your 13 tapes or records just mail the application, together with your check or money order for $1.86 as payment (that's 1¢ for your first 13 selections, plus $1.85 for shipping and handling). In exchange, you simply agree to buy 9 more tapes or records (at regular Club prices) in the next three years.

How the Club operates: every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest...plus hundreds of alternates from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off the regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities in one year.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month or the Special Selection from the hundreds offered, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, simply fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified.

You will always have at least 10 days to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having had at least 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

You'll also have an opportunity to examine the Club's comprehensive annual—"The Year In Music"—filled with stories and photographs of the year's top stars & events. When it's ready, we'll ship it automatically, and you can read it and live with it for 15 days' FREE examination—with no obligation to buy.

The tapes and records you order will be mailed and billed at regular Club prices, which currently are $7.98 and $8.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multiple unit sets and Double Selections may be somewhat higher.)

After completing your enrollment agreement, you may cancel your membership at any time. If you decide to continue, you'll be eligible for our generous, money-saving bonus plan—a plan which enables you to enjoy great savings on all future purchases! And if you are not satisfied for any reason, just return your introductory shipment within 10 days for a prompt and full refund. Your membership will be cancelled and you will owe nothing. So you risk nothing by acting now!

If the application is missing, please write to Columbia Record & Tape Club, Dept. JCC-GB, Terre Haute, Ind. 47811

TAKE YOUR PICK

12" stereo records — 8-track cartridges — tape cassettes

Letters

Emmylou's Child

If Dolly Carlisle cannot correctly name the new daughter of Emmylou Harris, please tell her to turn to that article in *People Magazine.*

What little publicity Emmylou gets should at least be reported correctly if anyone had proofread her article, they may have found that Brian was a strange name for a baby girl.

Oh well, I guess little things like these is what makes Nashville Underground a true "Gossip Column."

D.P. FARRELL
NORFOLK, VA.

We just wanted to see if you were paying attention. Warner Brothers (Emmylou's record company) also caught it and informed us that the baby's name is Meghann Theresa. ED.

Conway Twitty

Your September 1979 issue carried one of the best, most informative articles on Conway Twitty that I have seen in a long long time. The article just happened to coincide with Conway's first northern Nevada appearance, which was a huge success! The casino showroom atmosphere in no way detracted from Conway's warm personality and genuine rapport with his audience. One moment the crowd would be clapping in time with the music, and the next moment they would sit absolutely mesmerized by the sight of this country music legend and his interpretation of tunes made famous by other giants in the music world. Conway's recent *Don't Take It Away* caused near pandemonium! Thank you for your recognition of this man's talents. Conway Twitty is truly a great in the music business and just gets better and better with time.

DEBORAH AMES
RENO, NEV.

I just finished reading *"Conway Makin' Changes"* and think its great. I've been reading *Country Music* for several years and was almost ready to drop my subscription because of no stories about Conway. I'm one of his greatest fans, have most of his records and tapes. I had the privilege of seeing him at the West Virginia State Fair in 1978. My one desire is to meet him in person someday. Thanks so very much for the wonderful story about a wonderful person. Let's have more stories about Conway Twitty.

JEAN McKENNEY
MARLINTON, W.VA.

I like *Country Music Magazine* very much. I was very excited with the September issue, when I read on the cover, Loretta Lynn, Conway Twitty and Charley Pride. That was one of the best issues of *Country Music.*

But I was really disappointed with the article on Conway Twitty. For one thing, why wasn't anything written on his family. I was wondering how many children he has, their ages, etc. Conway is the best male country singer there is. But I personally do not like his new hair style. He does not need changes. With his old hair style, he looked more handsome, and more sexy. The article reads that Owen said, "Conway, I don't think you have a choice. I think you need to do it." Well, Conway, you don't have to change. Even your music can't be beat. So why change it? To me, Conway Twitty is the best, but too many changes will make him lose his fans. So, come on Conway, just stay as you were, you don't need a change of hairstyle or a change of music.

R. HOOVER
MYERSTOWN, PA.

Patsy Cline

You're to be congratulated (and it's about time) your magazine had a story on my idol, Patsy Cline.

Besides her husband, kids and family, I'm Patsy's number one fan and have been since I was ten and a half.

I'm 29 and all my life have been a rock-n-roll fanatic and still am, but in 1961 I heard *I Fall To Pieces* on a local pop station. The minute I heard the song I loved it and have been singing it plus all her other songs ever since.

Patsy HAD talent regardless of who says what. She didn't have to use vocal tricks etc, like I've heard a lot of other singers do over the years. She was and is the greatest and I don't care who disagrees with me.

Patsy dethroned Kitty Wells and if she was alive today, she'd of done the same with Loretta Lynn and anyone else who has been Queen of Country Music. You'd better believe if she were around today, she'd give a lot of singers a run for their money.

Whoever it was years ago, who made the smart remark that Patsy was a beer drinker and cusser (and I hope you read this), I'd give ANYTHING to bust more than your chops. And, whomever it was who cheated her out of some money, you ought to be hung and I'd GLADLY do the job!

In 1974 someone finally got smart and had Patsy elected into the Hall of Fame. She should of been in sooner.

TAMARA SHIELDS
MARION, IND.

The Mandrells

I want to thank Billy Oakey for the great record reviews of Barbara Mandrell's album *Just For the Record* and Louise Mandrell and R. C. Bannon's album *Inseparable.*

I have purchased both albums and agree with Mr. Oakey, 100%. They are really great listening.

JUDY VLCEK
NIANTIC, CONN.

fact: the "Shure Sound" can help you make it!

Take it from Professionals Who Wouldn't Settle for Less

From rock to country, jazz to rhythm and blues, pop to gospel, professional entertainers are finding a Shure microphone that perfectly complements their way of making music. Performers from every corner of the musical world are adding their special sound to the list of great "Shure sounds." And, the Shure mike is giving them everything they put into it.

When the Rolling Stones go on tour, the stage becomes a dramatic scene, filled with equipment, musicians, singing, and strutting. Above all, there is the presence of a superstar, a professional performer who knows exactly how to get his special sound across to the audience: the dynamic Mick Jagger, who does it with a Shure microphone.

Eddie Rabbitt uses Shure for a country performance that's second to none.

Shure is on stage with jazz great Buddy Rich.

And Shure microphones are a critical part of the sensational, sensual performances of Marilyn McCoo and Billy Davis, Jr.

Take a lesson from each of these performers and hear what the sound of the professionals can do for *your* act. If you have questions about which Shure microphone is best for your specialty, ask your dealer, or call the professional microphone specialist at Shure.

professional microphones & sound systems

SHURE®

Shure Brothers Inc., 222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, IL 60204, In Canada: A. C. Simmonds & Sons Limited
Outside the U.S. or Canada, write to Shure Brothers Inc., Attn: Dept. J6 for information on your local Shure distributor.
Manufacturers of high fidelity components, microphones, sound systems and related circuitry.

China Inv

Opryland and Tom T. Hall's house occupied. Co

During a brisk weekend in mid November, a group of distinguished Chinese diplomats discovered what country music fans have always known—that country music speaks, not in the language of one particular nation, but in the language of the heart. In just three days, Ambassador Chai Zemin of the People's Republic of China became an ardent admirer of the Nashville Sound after being introduced to the sights, sounds and stars that make Nashville the country music capital of the world.

Ambassador Chai's visit was the result of an invitation to spend some time in Music City U.S.A. extended by officials of the Country Music Association, who felt the visit might lead to some future cultural exchange tour of China by country performers. Deciding to accept CMA's invitation, the Ambassador, his wife, his assistant, China's cultural counselor, and two interpreters arrived in Nashville on Friday, November 9, for a weekend devoted to learning about country music.

After a brief stop at their hotel, the Chinese diplomats were escorted to a reception and dinner given in their honor by Broadcast Music, Inc. at their Nashville office. There, Ambassador Chai met several music industry executives and dignitaries and country superstar Barbara Mandrell, who performed with her band the Do-Rites following the dinner. The multi-talented, sequin bedecked Barbara charmed the Ambassador with her singing and musical ability. She sang in English, of course, explaining that "I don't sing in Chinese, but I don't need to. Music is music. The words may be different, but it's all the same to the ear, no matter what language."

When the Ambassador expressed an interest in the steel guitar, Barbara exuberantly instructed him in the techniques of playing the instrument. In similar spirit, she later gave him his first banjo lesson.

The Ambassador immensely enjoyed his first taste of country music. He commented to the music executives that, "country music is famous not only here but internationally as well. It reflects the

At the CMA's invitation, Ambassador Chai Zemin of the People's Republic of China spent a weekend in Music

ades Nashville

untry stars surrender without firing a shot.

by Marsha Gepner

City where he picked guitar with Johnny Cash, played banjo with Barbara Mandrell, dined with the Tom T. Halls and played the Opry with Roy Acuff.

way of life for America's working people."

On Saturday morning the Chinese delegation, with representatives of the Country Music Association, visited the Country Music Hall of Fame and Museum. One exhibit of particular interest to the party was Elvis Presley's gold Cadillac. The Ambassador was also impressed with the American folk art mural done by Thomas Hart Benton which covers an entire wall of the Hall of Fame. Representatives of the Country Music Foundation presented Chai with a brief history of country music, translated into Chinese.

A brunch honoring the visiting Chinese Ambassador was given by the State of Tennessee at the governor's mansion, following the Hall of Fame tour. In the absence of Tennessee's Governor Alexander, the Lt. Governor and Speaker of the House acted as hosts. Entertainment was provided by Larry Gatlin and the Gatlin Brothers and Mark Bennet.

After a brief tour of CBS Recording Studios and downtown Nashville, the Chinese group enjoyed an afternoon at the Hermitage, the historic home of America's seventh President, Andrew Jackson. As a special treat, the visitors were served traditional "Old Southern" refreshments of beaten biscuits and country ham, gingerbread, and spice cider.

A highlight of the Chinese visit was attending one of country music's greatest institutions, the Grand Ole Opry on Saturday night. The entourage was seated in the President's box at the Opry (the place where President Nixon sat when he attended the Opry a few years ago). During Roy Acuff's segment of the show, he introduced the Ambassador onstage. Acuff presented Chai with a book about the Grand Ole Opry, and the Ambassador, in turn, gave Acuff a hand painted scroll. When told the scroll was made of bamboo, Acuff joked, "We call 'em fishing poles here."

After Ambassador Chai spoke a few brief words to the Opry audience, he received a standing ovation. He then proceeded backstage, where he was gifted with everything from Goo Goo candy bars to T-shirts.

Although he enjoyed every Opry Act, the Ambassador expressed particular interest in the Stony Mountain Cloggers, a traditional folk dance led by Ben Smathers. When a special dinner at Opryland Park was held following the Opry show, Chai's interest in clog dancing became reality when country comedienne and Hall of Famer Minnie Pearl instructed him in the lively art of square dancing—complete with accompaniment from Roy Acuff's Smokey Mountain Boys.

The Chinese visit culminated on Sunday when Ambassador Chai and his delegation were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tom T. Hall for brunch at their Brentwood, Tennessee farm. Delighted with the hospitality of the Halls and their guests, Chai exclaimed "This is like my home, and I hope to come back again and again."

Surrounded by festive autumn decorations, a huge table in a central location was laden with traditional goodies—country ham and biscuits, fried apples, stewed tomatoes, sausage, cantaloupe, eggs, and grits. The Ambassador, who by now had acquired a taste for Southern cooking, confided to Hall that he particularly liked the grits.

An impromptu jam session began when Johnny Cash began singing to himself after brunch. Hearing the familiar voice of Cash, the other guests grew quieter, and soon the room was silent except for Cash's singing. Tom T. Hall followed suit, performing his hit *I Love*. Jimmy C. Newman then sang some Cajun songs, and Jim and Jesse followed with bluegrass. As the music continued, Ambassador Chai became more and more delighted, dropping his traditional Eastern reserve.

As a special gift to the Ambassador on behalf of the entire country music in-

dustry. Johnny Cash presented his own personal guitar to Chai. June Carter Cash and son John looked on proudly as Cash expressed the feelings of all the Americans attending the party when he said, "There's an old saying that East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet. But I think we can go a long way towards learning to live together and to share with the other."

The Ambassador was visibly touched by Cash's words, and expressed a wish for "continued friendship between our two countries . . . we share many points of common interest, and this calls for cooperation. If we can do that, it would be a big contribution to the world . . . and to the goals of both our peoples." Chai also suggested that a forthcoming tour of country artists to China was "quite possible," and might be "just a matter of time before arrangements can be made."

Before the Chinese group departed, Tom T. Hall gave the ambassador a bag of grits and jars of home canned tomatoes and pickles to take home with him. He also presented Chai with a tape recorded by him and his band—a country version of a Chinese national song *The East is Red.*

As the ambassador and his entourage left, they were presented bouquets of flowers from a group of children. Saying how completely he had enjoyed his visit to Nashville, the Ambassador also mentioned a wish to return again one day.

"I think our people would like country music," he said. And with that, Chai and his wife and fellow countrymen flew back to the formal and ceremonious world of diplomacy and statemanship in Washington.

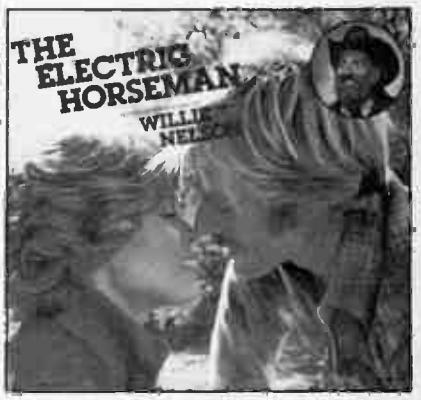
Photo Credits

Cover & Centerfold Courtesy NBC-TV, P. 14 China photos - Courtesy CMA, P. 27-56 Elvis photos - Globe photos, UPI, Black Star, Culver Pictures, Wide World Photos, Krody/Sygma, CMF, RCA, Wendy Lombardi, John Reggero, P. 58 Million Dollar Quartet - Courtesy Peter Guralnick, P. 68 Return To Memphis - UPI, Jeffrey Gross, P. 88 Bob Nolan - Courtesy Douglas B. Green, P. 98 Eddie Rabbitt - Courtesy Kathy Gangwisch.

Goosebump music.

Electrifying music from the soundtrack of THE ELECTRIC HORSEMAN. Starring ROBERT REDFORD, JANE FONDA and, in his film debut, WILLIE NELSON.

Wait ttl you hear Willie perform "My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys," "Midnight Rider," "Mamas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys," "So You Think You're A Cowboy," "Hands On The Wheel." It's music guaranteed to send chills up your spine, everytime.



MUSIC FROM THE ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

THE ELECTRIC HORSEMAN

FEATURING SONGS PERFORMED BY

WILLIE NELSON

ON COLUMBIA RECORDS & TAPES.

Album produced by Dave Grusin and Larry Rosen for Grusin/Rosen Productions.
Side 1 produced by Willie Nelson and Sydney Pollack. Original score by Dave Grusin.

Country Scene

Big Al Downing's No Stranger to Country Music

Big Al Downing puts his feet up on the bed in his hotel room in Gatlinburg, Tennessee where he is about to play a show for the International Hot Rod Association. He laughs, just as he often does when he thinks back on his long, checkered musical career.

"I've always played Merle Haggard and Porter Wagoner, right along side of Sam Cook and Fats Domino." he says. "I didn't care if the audience was all black. I'd just tell 'em I'm gonna play country for the next couple of songs, and if they didn't like it, they could just hold their ears!"

In late 1978, a story-song called *Mr. Jones* seemed to come out of nowhere and edge its way into the top of the country charts, right up there with the likes of Barbara Mandrell and the Oak Ridge Boys. *Mr. Jones* was a moving story of interracial love and harmony amidst poverty and strife. The singer of *Mr. Jones* was Big Al Downing, who at 6'3" and 275 pounds, is the first black solo artist since Charley Pride to make such a dent in the country top 20.

Before finding a home in the country field, this 39-year-old singer had been lurking on the fringes of fame, making a good living as a professional musician for more than 20 years. As a sideman and later as a solo artist, he spent much of this time as a rhythm and blues player, and more recently, enjoyed fleeting success as a disco artist.

If you happen to recall the 1959 Wanda Jackson hit, *Let's Have A Party*, well, that's Big Al you hear playing piano. Unfortunately, Al didn't really get back into the charts again until 1975 when he had his one and only number one disco hit (which was one of the first disco records ever to feature a banjo!) called *I'll Be Holdin' On*.

But throughout all those years spent in bands, first around his native Oklahoma. then on the more lucrative Boston to Washington D.C. club circuit, and later touring Europe, Asia and Africa, playing Army bases, Big Al always held on to the love he had for the country music he first

Country Scene

heard as a child in rural Centralia, Oklahoma where he was born and raised.

"When I was a kid, we used to get work loading hay on these semis going North to Texas," he recalls. "And the truckers from Texas would always have their radios on. Bob Wills, Hank Thompson. . . . That's all I ever heard. In later years, even though I was playing rhythm and blues, I'd always find myself getting back into my country-flavored songs. Nobody ever really liked them," he laughs, "but I just kept on writing them and thinking, one of these days. . . ."

That "one of these days" took about two decades to come around; but finally did come one day in 1975 when Big Al was in a New York studio trying to record a follow-up hit to *I'll Be Holdin' On*. "I owe it to disco that I'm in country," he explains with a grin. "None of the disco songs we were cutting were coming off right, so we took a coffee break. I stayed at the piano and I started playing all of my own songs like *Mr. Jones* and *Touch Me*. By accident, the intercom was on and my producers heard me and they *loved* those songs! They had a meeting later and said, 'let's cut *them*!'

Ironically, the one song out of the tracks they recorded they all believed in was NOT *Mr. Jones*, but another song called *TV Women* ("which is a take-off on all those women's TV shows") which has yet to be released. But it was on the strength of *TV Women* that they put together an album's worth of Big Al's original songs in New York, and then took them to Nashville to "add some country touches to them."

Later in Nashville, music publisher Al Gallico heard *Mr. Jones* and was so knocked over by that song that he personally took Big Al around to the record labels and finally helped him land a contract as a country artist, with Warner Brothers.

Since the release of *Mr. Jones*, country audiences have taken to Big Al with ease and affection. Onstage, he is relaxed and jovial, and he jokes easily with his all-white band. In fact, he defuses the color issue before it can arise, in the most effective way: with his sense of humor.

"We've been touring now since last April," he says, "and as far as anybody sayin', 'Hey man, what's that nigger doin' on-stage?' I haven't heard anythin'. No slur or slang words at all. I just don't think it's there. If the country people like you and you are honest and sincere with them, then they're going to like you one hundred percent."

After years spent knocking around the rhythm and blues circuit, with a brief foray into the disco scene, Big Al does not fail to see the irony in the fact that his country tunes which he kept to himself all those years, were what finally gained him the recognition he's been after all along. "I played my first professional music job in 1954," he laughs. "So when this happened, I figured, 'Well man, it's *about* time!' "

BOB ALLEN

Cowboys on Television

On a recent HBO TV special, Gene Autry was one of the cowboys profiled on "The Singing Cowboys Ride Again" hosted by John Ritter.

Looking for a good cowboy western on television? Well, finally there's good news. You might have thought you heard the last gasp of the wild and wooly west but programming executives at the networks are revamping their schedules because it looks like cowboys are going to make a big comeback in the near future. But, don't expect the old shoot 'em up action.

"The old fashioned "cowboy shoots Indian" can't be aired today," said Avra Fliegelman, vice president and editor-in-chief of the Broadcast Information Bureau, "because you can't have violence

Now we proudly present the new bestsellers on two

Legendary Ladies Of Country Music

Only $11.95

Only $6.95

TAMMY WYNETTE "Stand By Your Man"

Now, Tammy Wynette tells the inspiring life story of her ascent from rags to riches. It's all here: the ups, the downs, the marriages, the divorces, the heartbreak and the joys. In this moving personal account, Tammy describes how she dreamed of a singing career while picking cotton as a child, clung to the dream through an agonizing girlhood marriage, supported her older two children by working as a divorced waterfront barmaid, taught herself singing after work hours at a small-town beauty parlor – and finally fled, penniless, to Nashville to audition for the Grand Ole Opry. Five times wed and still committed to marriage, she tells how she fell in love with the men in her life. But above all, this is the story of her pursuit of happiness – through struggle, personal fulfillment, love, ambition for success, and the mixed joys and sorrows of superstardom. For Tammy's fans, it is a must. For others, it will be a revelation.

JUNE CARTER CASH "Among The Klediments"

"A klediment is mountain talk for treasured persons and things," begins June Carter Cash. And she has many of them to share – from her earliest childhood memories with the famed Carter Family to life with star husband Johnny Cash and their seven children. Warm, witty, intensely honest, June Carter Cash is just about everything you'd look for in a good friend. Now, in her autobiography, she sits back and talks freely, openly, almost as if from across the kitchen table. Sharing personal stories and lessons, treasured photographs, and a generous helping of original poetry, the author not only takes you behind the scenes, but into her thoughts and prayers. Already this brand new edition has been acclaimed in many publications, including the November issue of our own Country Music Magazine. We suggest it is time that you get your copy and get to know the real woman behind one of the most famous names in country music.

THIS OFFER EXPIRES ON MARCH 30, 1980!

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!
Country Music Magazine, Box 157, Rye, N.Y. 10580

.... Send me Tammy's "Stand By Your Man" for $11.95 plus $1.50 post. & hand. (B4C)
.... Send me June Carter Cash's Story for $6.95 plus $1.50 post. & hand. (B4D)
.... You pay postage and handling. Send me both books for $18.90. (B4C/B4D)

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State..... Zip.....

1/280-2

Country Scene

and you can't portray Indians as dumb, bad guys. Have either of these elements in a show and you'll have riots outside of the studios . . . the networks' licenses can be challenged. Coping with the protestors is dangerous and it gets harder every day. The networks are petrified of these protesting groups. To avoid trouble, they require extensive clearances from producers whose shows deal with racism in any way. It's pathetic because action westerns are always popular."

CBS-TV is leading the cowboy rush and it looks like they have struck gold with *The Young Maverick* a western comedy that's an update of the 1957-1962 *Maverick* series that starred James Garner and Jack Kelly. *The Young Maverick* is a light-hearted western about a young Harvard educated gambler who's an ace at getting out of the trouble he encounters while going west. He is supposed to be the nephew of the original *Maverick*. A sexy, independently minded woman and a crusty old US Marshal are entangled in the yarn. The differences in the new and old western scripts reflect what the "nouvea" western is all about. A gambler straight out of Harvard taking a feminist on a cross country jaunt may sound like an unlikely plot for a western but the new westerns are emphasizing characterization and in many cases comedy rather than renegade cut-ups.

"The viewing public no longer wanted any more of this we'll get them at the pass stuff, said John Mantley who was the executive producer of *Gunsmoke* and *How The West Was Won*. "We have become too sophisticated in our tastes."

"We're considering a few other western series because the rating showed renewed interest in them. Why . . . I don't know but, we'll give you cowboys but, no Indians," said one CBS-TV programming executive. "The Indians don't like the old Indian image and neither does the rest of the country."

The new westerns won't be lacking in ethnicity. ABC-TV is working on a pilot called *The Spiegelbergs of Nebraska* which is about a Jewish family from Philadelphia which relocates in corn country in the 1850's. And, based on a successful preview, NBC-TV may present *The Buffalo Soldiers*, a series about an all black 1870's regiment, though no definite decision has been made about when.

What does Archie Bunker, the quintessential bigot say to all this? O'Connor-Becker Productions which is half-owned by actor Carroll O'Connor will be presenting a western series called *Pony Boy* targeted for CBS-TV later this year.

Another cowboy favorite, Tex Ritter, (John's father) was part of the TV special that contained film clips and saddle serenades from various western movies.

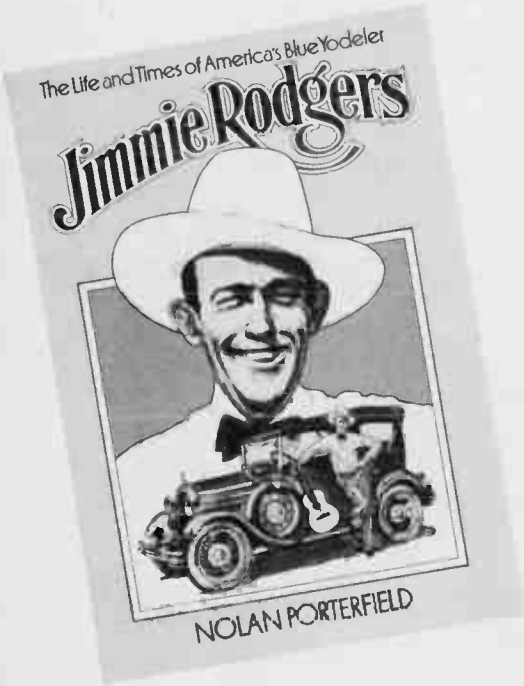
CBS-TV is also considering a series based on *The Chisholms*, a mini-series aired last spring based on a family's adventures as it crossed The Great Plains. "It almost made last fall's schedule," said a CBS-TV spokesman, "but there are no specific plans for it at the moment."

NBC-TV is jumping on the bandwagon. It has had nothing but success with *The Little House on the Prairie*, the only western series now on network prime time. "It is consistently in our top ten," said an official NBC-TV telecast. "Who can help but to love *The Little House*? Last year NBC-TV telecast *The Sacketts*, a western miniseries and *Centennial*, whose early episodes had western locales. Both were hits. Their latest western television movie was a three hour long *Last Ride of the Dalton Gang*, a flashback about the thieving, horsestealing Dalton Gang. The introduction clearly stated that it was not intended to be an accurate recreation of historical fact, "Not that it matters," said the narrator. But, like all good new westerns. *The Last Ride* did have a definite sociological message, it poignantly portrayed the trials and tribulations of a lower class family desperately trying to survive amidst poverty and corruption. The characters all evoked compassion. There were several long and noisy shoot-outs but with few casualties.

ABC-TV is now working on an untitled half hour comedy/western to be

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

PRESENTING TWO REVEALING NEW BIOGRAPHIES ON COUNTRY MUSIC'S TWO GREATEST LEGENDS.



Jimmie Rodgers

America's Blue Yodeler, The Singing Brakeman, The Father of Country Music, first performer to be elected to the Country Music Hall of Fame, f lk hero of the depression days – here is his fascinating, highly readable biography. Porterfield uses interviews with many people who knew and loved Jimmie Rodgers and provides many unknown new facts about his personal and professional life. It's a classic, rags-to-riches, show-must-go-on story of a gallant entertainer who was dying of tuberculosis by the time he was famous but who went on singing till the day before he died. It's the story of an era, too – of the rise of motion pictures, radio, and the record industry, and the decline of live entertainment. In the thirty-five years he lived, Jimmie Rodgers was part of it all, from the grassroots level to the big time. To better understand the music you love, you should not be without this fascinating new biography. HARDCOVER ... 460 PAGES ... ILLUSTRATED ... COMPLETE DISCOGRAPHY.

NOW ONLY $14.95

HANK WILLIAMS

This life story evokes not only the man, but a feeling for his era – the late 40's and early 50's in the South. From Alabama farm town to the Grand Ole Opry and his subsequent plunge from the heights of glory, this privileged biography draws on eyewitness testimony of friends and associates, laying bare more than has ever been tol l of Hank Williams' personal and professional life – his upbringing, his marriages, his artistry, his alcoholism, his tortured soul. Through the red-neck honky-tonks to the top of the charts with songs like "Your Cheatin' Heart", author Jay Caress has shadowed the once, present and future King of Country Music. Here are new insights from those who knew Hank in Montgomery, Shreveport, and Nashville, and a never-before-published account of the night Hank died, events which have been shrouded in mystery for a quarter of a century. There has never been a more complete book on Hank Williams. For this reason we heartily recommend it for every fan who loves the music that Hank was so responsible for creating.

NOW ONLY $10.95

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

Country Music Magazine, Box 157, Rye, N.Y. 10580

... Send me the Jimmie Rodgers' book for $14.95 plus $1.75 post. & hand. (B9I)

... Send me the Hank Williams' book for $10.95 plus $1.50 post. & hand. (B8P)

NYS residents add sales tax. No foreign orders.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

THIS OFFER EXPIRES ON MARCH 30, 1980! 1/280-3

Country Scene

filmed in front of a live audience, along the same lines of *Hee Haw*, now syndicated on local stations. "We're working on dozens of western pilots," said Dick Ghidalia, manager of ABC-TV publicity. "Conceivably some will work out but frankly the plots seem played out, they were done to death in the '50's."

"Americans are Americans and there will always be a place in our hearts for western shows. They were a television staple that peaked in 1959 with 32 series and it will happen again in the 80's. People are getting sick of family sitcoms and police shows and we're getting more and more requests for westerns," said Pat Argue, vice president of public relations for WOR-TV. "We had tremendous success with the *Great Cowboy Movie Series*, a collection of old film clips narrated by Roy Rogers which will be repeated soon."

"We do a variety of shows, so we have to include westerns. They always get a good response, the proof . . . we are continually repeating them." said Ellen Braver, a publicist for Home Box Office. We just ran *Pocket Money*, a contemporary western with Paul Newman and Lee Marvin. One of the things we like about westerns is that unlike the other movies, most are rated PG, so they are good for us."

All westerns including the old black and white series are still popular overseas according to the syndicators. "Certainly in Europe we would welcome more good western series." said John Stringer, the director of commercial operations for BBC. "You just can't get them from anywhere else. " Because the currently popular police and family sitcoms generally don't go over well in foreign countries, they do poorly in the international syndication market and the prestige of American television seems to be taking a nosedive.

But there are over 170 western series still available for syndication including *Bonanza* (some older episodes are sold as *Ponderosa*), *Death Valley Days* and *Gunsmoke* (old ones are sold as *Marshall Dillon*). The most popular titles in the US are *The Lone Ranger*, *Hee Haw*, *The Cisco Kid* and *F Troop*.

Though the networks can't be sure of the fate of the new westerns, they all seem to know the value of airing country music. "We periodically run Johnny Cash specials, of course he's always popular, " said a spokeswomen for CBS-TV. "You can bet we'll also be running *Country Christmas*, which features the stars and their families for the next few centuries . . . people seem to love it. Don't forget the Crystal Gayle special, that's her first." "Our problem is getting enough country music . . . hear that producers in Opryland!" said a spokeswoman for WOR-TV. "We have a lot of success with the 'Music City News Award' out of Nashville." A spokeswoman for Home Box Office expressed the same sentiment. "We did real well with the *State Fair Special* starring Pat and Debby Boone, *The Tulsa Music Festival* and *The Singing Cowboys Ride Again* which consisted of old film clips of country music stars. And, because of popular demand, WNET-TV, an educational broadcast station is bringing back *Austin City Limits*.

"I guess you could say the networks are hearing us," said one cowboy/western, country music fan. "Cowboys will be riding on home screens again."

NANCY TRACTENBERG

Watch This Face: Reba McEntire

When Reba McEntire had her first hit in 1976, *I Don't Want To Be A One Night Stand*, she didn't have any hesitation about hitting the road to tour. Though she lived then—and still lives now—on a cattle ranch near Chockie, Oklahoma, where she was born and raised, she had actually spent much of her early life travelling around.

"I'm a third-generation rodeo brat," she laughs. "My Daddy rodeoed and his daddy before him. I was a barrel racer myself, until I gave it up for singin'. Now I'm married to a rodeo cowboy. So I'm sorta used to travelin'.

"There was four kids, and Mama and Daddy," she adds. "We didn't have the fancy campers and pick-ups they do nowadays. We had an old green Ford, and we'd travel all night. Mama and Daddy would sit up front. Me and Suzy was the smallest, so we'd have to share the floorboards. Alice and Pake got the back seat. That's the way we slept at night. It was fun to me, bein' a kid. I didn't know there was any better way to do it."

In her four years with Mercury Records Reba McEntire has had a number of hits, including *Nothing But The Love Between A Man And A Woman*, *Sweet Dreams*, *Out Of A Dream*, and *Runaway Heart*. She's also recorded successful duets with Jacky Ward such as *Three Sheets To The Wind* and *That Makes Two Of Us*. But even so, when she's not on the road promoting

—THIS IS YOUR LAST TIME TO BUY THESE GREAT ALBUMS AT THESE LOW PRICES—

Record Album $5.98 value - Special $2.98 ea. -8 Track Tape $4.98 ea.

Send Check or Money Order — No C.O.D.'s Add $1.50 to Total Amount for handling and We Pay Postage — FREE CATALOG INCLUDED. Uncle Jim O'Neal, Box A4M-CM, Arcadia, California 91006

PATSY CLINE'S GREATEST HITS
MCA-12 ALBUM $2.98
Walking After Midnight; Sweet Dreams; Crazy; I Fall To Pieces; So Wrong; Strange; Back In Baby's Arms; She's Got You; Faded Love; Why Can't He Be You; You're Stronger Than Me; Leavin' On Your Mind.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-12 $4.98

JERRY CLOWER - MCA-486 ALBUM $2.98
Live In Picayune; Physical Examination; The Plumber; Bird Huntin' At Uncle Versie's; Marcel's Snuff; The Trazan Movie; Rattlesnake Roundup; Aunt Penny Douglas; A Box For Clovis; Marcel Ledbetter Moving Company; The Coon Huntin' Monkey; Marcel's Old Goose; Uncle Versie's Horse; The Chain; Marcel's Hair Growing Secret; Hot Apple Pie; Soppin' Molasses; Newgene's 4-H Trip; What's His Number; Conterfeiters; You're Fixin' To Mess Up.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-486 $4.98

JIMMY DAVIS - MCA-150 ALBUM $2.98
Supper Time; My God Is Real; I'd Rather Have Jesus; Long Long Journey; Oh, Why Not Tonight; Where He Leads Me I Will Follow; When The Master Speaks; Battle Hymn Of The Republic; There Is A Fountain; When I Move To The Sky; Someday There'll Be No Tomorrow; What A Friend.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-150 $4.98

JIMMY DAVIS' GREATEST HITS
MCA-269 ALBUM $2.98
I Wouldn't Take Nothin' For My Journey Now; How Great Thou Art; One More Valley; Someone To Care; Wasted Years; Supper Time; When God Dips His Love In My Heart; Taller Than Trees; Who Am I; Near The Cross; His Marvelous Grace.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-269 $4.98

RED FOLEY - BEYOND THE SUNSET
MCA-147 ALBUM $2.98
Beyond The Sunset; Should You Go First; Peace In The Valley; Steal Away; Just A Closer Walk With Thee; Our Lady Of Fatima; The Place Where I Worship; Someone To Care; The Rosary; Will The Circle Be Unbroken; Old Pappy's New Banjo; I Hear A Choir; When God Dips His Love In My Heart.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-147 $4.98

RED FOLEY - MCA-86 ALBUM $2.98
I'll Fly Away; The Last Mile Of The Way; No Tears In Heaven; Were You There?; This World Is Not My Home; My Soul Walked Through The Darkness; I Just Can't Keep From Cryin'; Lord I'm Coming Home; Only One Step More; Stand By Me; Farther Along; Life's Railway To Heaven.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-86 $4.98

LIONEL HAMPTON'S FAVORITES
MCA-204 ALBUM $2.98
Flying Home; Everybody's Somebody's Fool; How High The Moon; Blow-Top Blues; Midnight Sun; AirMail Special; Hamp's Boogie Woogie; Red Top; Gone Again; New Central Avenue Breakdown; Hey! Ba-Ba-Re-Bop; Rockin' In Rhythm.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-204 $4.98

WOODY HERMAN'S GOLDEN FAVORITES
MCA-219 ALBUM $2.98
Woodchopper's Ball; The Golden Wedding; Who Dat Up Dere; Yardbird Shuffle; Down Under; Indian Boogie Woogie; Blue Flame; Four Or Five Times; Irresistible You; Chips' Boogie Woogie; Las Chapanecas; Woodsheddin' With Woody.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-219 $4.98

LORETTA LYNN - MCA-113 ALBUM $2.98
Don't Come Home A Drinkin' With Lovin' On Your Mind; I Really Don't Want You To Know; Tomorrow Never Comes; There Goes My Everything; The Shoe Goes On The Other Foot Tonight; Saint To A Sinner; The Devil Gets His Dues; I Can't Keep Away From You; I'm Living In Two Worlds; Get What 'Cha Got And Go; Making Plans; I Got Caught.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-113 $4.98

LORETTA LYNN - HYMNS
MCA-5 ALBUM $2.98
Everybody Wants To Go To Heaven; Where No One Stands Alone; When They Ring Those Golden Bells; Peace In The Valley; If I Could Hear My Mother Pray Again; The Thind Man; How Great Thou Art; Old Camp Meetin' When I Hear My Children Pray; In The Sweet Bye And Bye; Where I Learned To Pray; I'd Rather Have Jesus.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-5 $4.98

LORETTA LYNN - MCA-6 ALBUM $2.98
You Ain't Woman Enough; Put It Off Until Tomorrow; These Boots Are Made For Walkin'; God Gave Me A Heart To Forgive; Keep Your Change; Someone Before Me; The Darkest Day; Tippy Toeing; Talking To The Wall; A Man I Hardly Know; Is It Wrong; It's Another World.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-6 $4.98

LORETTA LYNN and CONWAY TWITTY
MCA-8 ALBUM $2.98
It's Only Make Believe; We've Closed Our Eyes To Shame; I'm So Used To Loving You; Will You Visit Me On Sunday; After The Fire Is Gone; Don't Tell Me You're Sorry; Pickin' Wild Mountain Berries; Take Me; The One I Can't Live Without; Hangin' On; Working Girl.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-8 $4.98

LORETTA LYNN - MCA-7 ALBUM $2.98
Who Says God Is Dead; I Believe; Standing Room Only; The Old Rugged Cross; Harp With Golden Strings; If You Miss Heaven; I'm A 'Gettin' Ready To Go; In The Garden; Ten Thousand Angels; He's Got The Whole World In His Hands; Mama, Why.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-7 $4.98

SAMMY KAYE - MCA-191 ALBUM $2.98
Harbor Lights; Walkin' To Missouri; Penny Serenade; Atlanta, G.A.; Roses; Laughing On The Outside (Crying On The Inside); It Isn't Fair; Chickery Chick; I'm A Big Girl Now; Blueberry Hill; Room Full Of Roses; The Old Lamp-Lighter.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-191 $4.98

WAYNE KING - MCA-94 ALBUM $2.98
The Waltz You Saved For Me; Josephine; Now Is The Hour; Near You; Dancing With Tears In My Eyes; Lonesome; That's All; Goofus; Where The Blue Of The Night Meets The Gold Of The Day; Together; True Love; Deep Purple; Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-94 $4.98

TED LEWIS - MCA-258 ALBUM $2.98
When My Baby Smiles At Me; She's Funny That Way; Just Around The Corner; The Sweetheart Of Sigma Chi; The Old St. Louis Blues; Tiger Rag; Wear A Hat With A Silver Lining; Down The Old Church Aisle; I'm The Medicine Man For The Blues; King For A Day; Three O'Clock In The Morning; Good Night.
NO TAPE AVAILABLE

GUY LOMBARDO - MCA-103 ALBUM $2.98
MEDLEY'S: Blues In The Night; The Birth Of The Blues; I Gotta Right To Sing The Blues; Memories; Let The Rest Of The World Go By; My Secret Love; Love Nest; Love Is The Sweetest Thing; Something To Remember You By; The Very Thought Of You; You're My Everything; Kiss Me Again; A Kiss In The Dark; I'll See You Again; By The Light Of The Silvery Moon; Shine On Harvest Moon; Moonlight Bar; As Time Goes By; Bidin' My Time; Breezin' Along With The Breeze; I Want To Be Happy; I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover; Happy Days Are Here Again; April Showers; September In The Rain; I Only Have Eyes For You; If I Could Be With You; It Had To Be You; In A Shanty In Old Shanty Town; Three Little Words; Baby Face; Somebody Loves Me; Don't Take Your Love From Me; What Is This Thing Called Love.
8 TRACT TAPE - MCAT-103 $4.98

JIMMY MARTIN - MCA-96 ALBUM $2.98
Prayer Bells Of Heaven; Goodbye; Give Me Roses Now; What Would You Give In Exchange; Voice Of My Savior; Shut In's Prayer; This World Is Not My Home; Pray The Clouds Away; Lord I'm Coming Home; Give Me Your Hand; Little White Church; God Guide Our Leaders Hand.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-96 $4.98

JIMMY MARTIN - MCA-137 ALBUM $2.98
Singing All Day And Dinner On The Ground; Lift Your Eyes To Jesus; My Lord Keeps A Record; God Is Always The Same; When The Savior Reached Down For Me; Shake Hands With Mother Again; Help Thy Brother; A Beautiful Life; Stormy Waters; Hold To God's Unchanging Hand; Little Angels In Heaven.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-137 $4.98

WEBB PIERCE - MCA-120 ALBUM $2.98
In The Jailhouse Now; Slowly; I Ain't Never; Wondering; There Stands The Glass; If The Back Door Could Talk; Tupelo County Jail; I Don't Care; Alla My Love; Don't Do It, Darlin'; Missing You.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-120 $4.98

MILLS BROTHERS - MCA-188 ALBUM $2.98
Paper Doll; I'll Be Around; You Tell Me Your Dreams, I'll Tell You Mine; Till Then; You Always Hurt The One You Love; Don't Be A Baby, Baby; Across The Alley From The Alamo; Be My Life's Companion; The Glow Worm; Queen Of The Senior Prom; Smack Dab In The Middle; Opus One.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-188 $4.98

BILL MONROE - I'LL MEET YOU IN CHURCH SUNDAY MORNING
MCA-226 ALBUM $2.98
I'll Meet You In Church Sunday Morning; Drifting Too Far From The Shore; Master Builder; I Found The Way; We'll Understand It Better; Let Me Rest At The End Of The Journey; Going Home; One Of God's Sheep; Way Down Deep In My Soul; On The Jericho Road; Farther Along; The Glory Land Way.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-226 $4.98

BILL MONROE - MCA-131 ALBUM $2.98
Let The Light Shine Down On Me; Lord Protect My Soul; Wait A Little Longer Please Jesus; A Voice From On High; I'm Working On A Building; Don't Put Off Till Tomorrow; He Will Set Your Fields Afire; Get Down On Your Knees And Pray; Boat Of Love; Walking In Jerusalem Just Like John; River Of Death.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-131 $4.98

RUSS MORGAN - MCA-92 ALBUM $2.98
Does You Heart Beat For Me; The Object Of My Affection; Do You Ever Think Of Me; Cruising Down The River; Linger Awhile; Stumbling; The Wang Wang Blues; So Tired; Josephine; You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You; Wabash Blues; Johnson Rag; Dogface Soldier.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-92 $4.98

OSBORNE BROTHERS - HYMNS
MCA-125 ALBUM $2.98
I Bowed On My Knees And Cried "Holy"; How Great Thou Are; Rock Of Ages; Steal Away And Pray; I Pray My Way Out Of Troubles; Will You Meet Me Over Yonder; Light At The River; What A Friend We Have In Jesus; Medals For Mothers; Jesus Sure Changed Me; Where We'll Never Grow Old.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-125 $4.98

ERNEST TUBB - MCA-16 ALBUM $2.98
Walking The Floor Over You; Rainbow At Midnight; Let's Say Goodbye Like We Said Hello; Another Story; Thanks A Lot; Half A Mind; I'll Get Along Somehow; Waltz Across Texas; It's Been So Long Darling; Mr. Juke Box; I Wonder Why You Said Goodbye.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-16 $4.98

ERNEST TUBB - MCA-84 ALBUM $2.98
I'll Get Along Somehow; Slipping Around; Filipino Baby; When The World Has Turned You Down; Have You Ever Been Lonely; There's A Little Bit Of Everything In Texas; Walking The Floor Over You; Driftwood On The River; There's Nothing More To Say; Rainbow At Midnight; I'll Always Be Glad To Take You Back; Let's Say Goodbye Like We Said Hello.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-84 $4.98

KITTY WELLS -DUST ON THE BIBLE
MCA-149 ALBUM $2.98
Dust On The Bible; I Dreamed I Searched Heaven For You; Lonesome Valley; My Loved Ones Are Waiting For Me; I Heard My Savior Call; The Great Speckled Bird; We Will Set Your Fields On Fire; We Buried Her Beneath The Willows; One Way Ticket To The Sky; I Need The Prayers; Matthew Twenty-Four; Lord I'm Coming Home.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-149 $4.98

KITTY WELLS - MCA-121 ALBUM $2.98
It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels; This White Circle; Mommy For A Day; Release Me; I Gave My Wedding Dress Away; Amigo's Guitar; Heartbreak U.S.A.; I'll Reposess My Heart; Password; Searching; Making Believe.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-121 $4.98

KITTY WELLS AND RED FOLEY
MCA-83 ALBUM $2.98
One By One; Just Call Me Lonesome; As Long As I Live; A Wedding Ring Ago; Make Believe; Candy Kisses; You And Me; Memory Of A Love; I'm A Stranger In My Home; I'm Throwing Rice; No One But You; I'm Counting On You.
8 TRACK TAPE - MCAT-83 $4.98

Country Scene

these records, you're still apt to find her in the world in which she grew up: somewhere off at a rodeo with her husband, Charlie Battles.

"The last time my agency called me and said I had to go to Pennsylvania to do a show, I was in Greeley, Colorado, rodeoin' with Charlie," she says. "And I had to catch a plane. Usually, it's like that: just one day at a time and then come back home again."

Reba McEntire's talking voice is full of the robust midwest accent of the Oklahoma plains. Her singing voice though, is so powerful that studio musicians often have to use special equipment to tone it down and keep it from spilling over and drowning out the instruments when she records.

A pretty and disarmingly unaffected woman, McEntire's life with husband Charlie Battles back at the ranch near Chockie, Oklahoma (population approximately 44) has not really been changed all that much by success. When she's at home, she'll often still get up to help with the feeding, and she'll even hoist a few sacks of grain herself. Charlie keeps about 300 head of cattle on his ranch, and her father, who lives on a 7000-acre ranch nearby ("it's rough country," she says, attempting to explain its size) keeps about 3,000 head.

Just like ranching and rodeoing, singing too has always been a part of McEntire's life. Her mother was a teacher, but also had considerable vocal talents of her own. When her kids were still small, she started them out singing three-part harmonies.

"I've had a lot of people tell me that Mama was in a class with Patsy Cline," Reba recalls. "She could have made it as a singer, but back in her day, her mama and daddy didn't want to push her. She was wantin' to go to California, but some music teacher lady told her she wasn't good enough. So not knowin' any better, they didn't go and pursue it. Besides, her mama and daddy were real religious and though it was horrible to go to California to pursue something as stupid as that. So Mama ended up pursuin' her career through me.

"She always helped the rest of the kids too," she adds "Whenever the three of us were havin' a three-part harmony fight, and arguin' about who wasn't hitting their part, we'd call on Mama."

While travelling around the rodeo circuit, the McEntire kids passed much of their free time polishing their vocal talents on such impromptu harmonies. Inevitably, this led to a few choice singing jobs. In fact, Reba and her brother and sister were singing the national anthem at a national finalists rodeo in Oklahoma City when country artist Red Steagall happened to hear them. Later they asked Red if there was any way he could help them get into the music business. "But at the time," she remembers, "he told us he was having a hard enough time himself and there wasn't much he could do for us."

So Reba went back to college in Durant, Oklahoma to work on her degree in elementary education. In the meantime, Steagall reconsidered and called Reba's mother to see if the kids were still interested in going on with this music thing. "Pake (her brother) had his rodeo career going and didn't want to take off just then, and Suzy was still in high school, so it came down to me," says Reba.

Reba and her mother went with Red to Nashville in early 1975 to record a demonstration record; and after they finished recording, Reba went on back to college again. It took about eight months for Steagall to get the folks at Mercury Records to give a good listen to Reba's tape, but when they did, they signed her.

1976 turned out to be an especially big year for her: she graduated from college, she got married, and she had her first chart record on Mercury, *I Don't Want To Be A One Night Stand*. "I always thought I'd get there sooner or later," she admits, "but I didn't expect it to turn out as fast as it did. I was sure excited about it all!"

But even though the hits have kept on coming, each of her records seeming to get just a little higher in the charts than the one before, Reba McEntire doesn't plan on moving to Nashville any time soon. She still much prefers a life on the ranch over a life in the suburbs. She says that so far, there's been no pressure for her to relocate.

"I've got three airports to choose from out here: Oklahoma City, Tulsa, and Dallas/Fort Worth, depending on where I want to go. I'm about a two and half or three-hour drive from all of them, so it works pretty good.

"I think I'll stay here," she adds. "The Statler Brothers have lived where they live all these years (Staunton, Virginia), and they don't even fly, but they're makin' it alright anyhow. I think Chockie, Oklahoma's OK!"

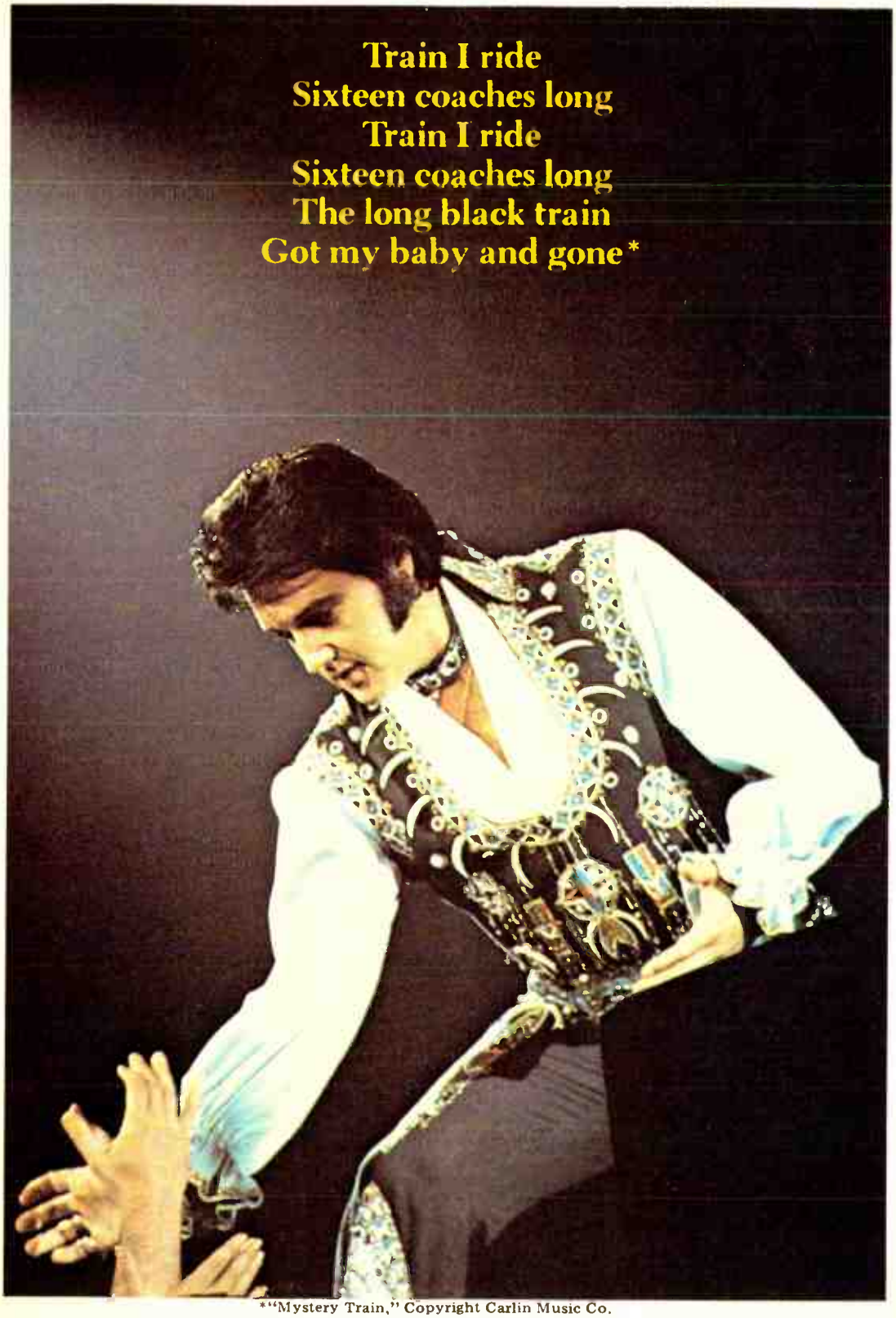
BOB ALLEN

All In The Family

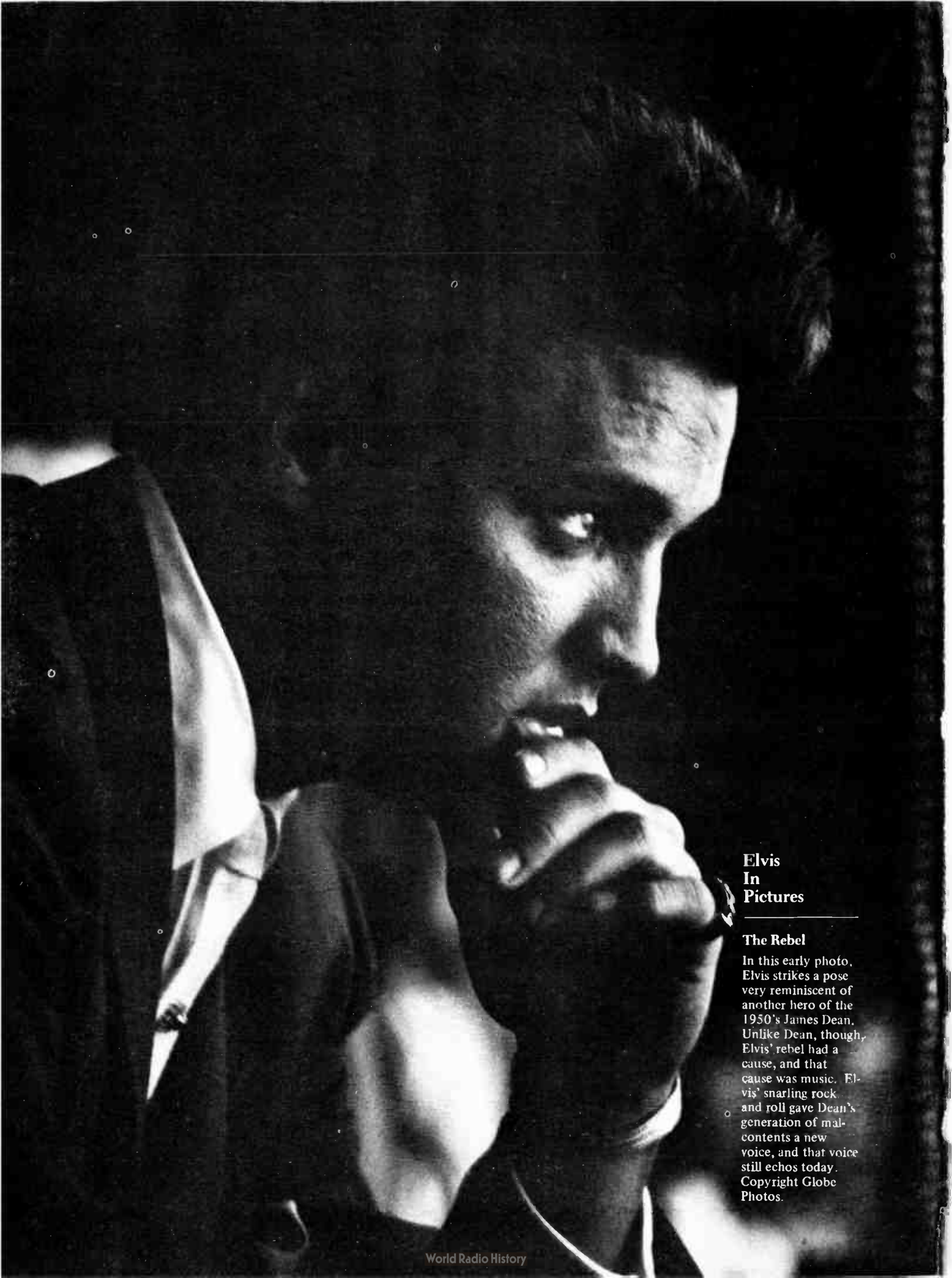
It was all in the family when Johnny Cash and June Carter Cash joined June's daughter Carlene Carter backstage after her recent performance at the Bottom Line in New York.

ELVIS

Inconceivable though it is, Elvis is gone. He changed our music and our world by first making us believe that music *was* our world. Elvis and those who followed convinced us that our generation could do anything; that we were rebels who no longer *needed* a cause. Yet, amazingly, he retained a unique ability to touch people of all ages. Elvis is gone, and with him goes an era.



*"Mystery Train," Copyright Carlin Music Co.



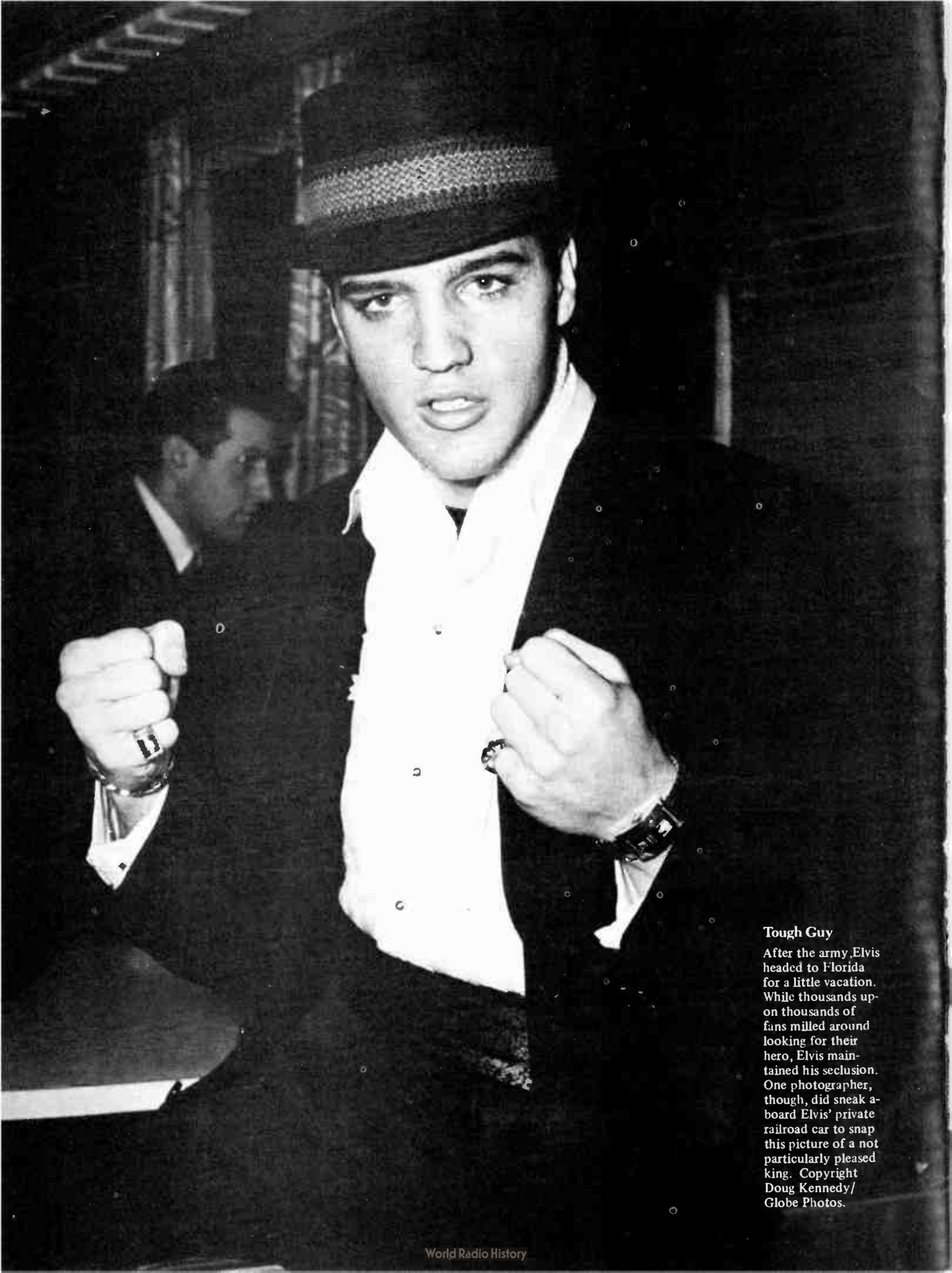
Elvis In Pictures

The Rebel

In this early photo, Elvis strikes a pose very reminiscent of another hero of the 1950's James Dean. Unlike Dean, though, Elvis' rebel had a cause, and that cause was music. Elvis' snarling rock and roll gave Dean's generation of malcontents a new voice, and that voice still echos today. Copyright Globe Photos.

Soldier Boy

Even Elvis couldn't beat the draft, and at the seeming top of his career, he entered the U.S. Army for service as a tank crewman. Rather than kill his career as many predicted, Elvis came out of the army stronger than ever. After this 1958 photo, the army did find him a better fitting helmet. Copyright Wide World Photos.



Tough Guy

After the army, Elvis headed to Florida for a little vacation. While thousands upon thousands of fans milled around looking for their hero, Elvis maintained his seclusion. One photographer, though, did sneak aboard Elvis' private railroad car to snap this picture of a not particularly pleased king. Copyright Doug Kennedy/ Globe Photos.

On The Road

The road wasn't all fun and games—sometimes it was just plain hard work and even Elvis' legendary inexhaustible energy gave out once in a while. RCA's staff photographer assigned to Elvis grabbed this picture during one of the King's earliest tours for Victor in 1956. Copyright Alfred Wertheimer, 1956/Contact.

The Rise Of Rockabilly

by Nick Tosches

Elvis–1956 (left); Elvis–1973.

Monday, July 5th, 1954. The most popular albums in America are Jackie Gleason's *Tawny* on Capitol, Frank Sinatra's *Songs for Young Lovers*, also on Capitol, the film soundtrack of *The Glenn Miller Story*, and the television soundtrack of *Victory at Sea*, both on RCA/Victor. The number one song in the Hit Parade is *Three Coins in the Fountain*. The biggest selling rhythm-and-blues artists are The Midnighters, and the biggest selling country artist is Webb Pierce. Although rock-and-roll is a widespread phenomenon, only one white rock singer has yet achieved any success: Bill Haley. On this summer day, something is happening down in Memphis that will eventually overwhelm the whole of American Music. Within the Sun Record Company at 706 Union Avenue, Sam Phillips is cutting a first session on a local punk named Elvis Presley.

Sam Phillips got into the record business by way of the radio business. Born in Florence, Alabama, in 1925, he began working as a radio announcer after dropping out of high school in 1941. At night he studied engineering, podiatry, and embalming.

In 1952, Sam Phillips decided to start his own record company. He took his brother Judd on as partner and paid a commercial artist on Beale Street to design a label for his company, which he called Sun.

Monday, July 5th, 1954. Sam Phillips, Elvis Presley, Scotty Moore, and Bill Black are in Sun's poky, thirty-by-twenty-foot studio messing with *Blue Moon of Kentucky*, a song Bill Monroe and His Blue Grass Boys had recorded for Columbia in 1945. It isn't a country song they're trying to set down on tape, nor a rhythm-and-blues song in the Haley mode, but a weird bastard sound that Phillips has been carrying in the dampness of his brain. Finally the sound is in the air, its configurations caught on magnetic tape. Sam Phillips grins. "Hell, that's different," he says. "That's a pop song now, Little Vi. That's *good*." These are perhaps the most apocalyptic words in the history of American music.

Born in Tupelo, Mississippi, on January 8th, 1935, Elvis Aron Presley was nineteen that July day in Memphis. Six years earlier, in 1948, his family had moved to that western Tennessee city, and in the spring of 1953 Elvis was graduated from Humes High School there. His photograph in *The Herald*, the Humes High School yearbook, shows a boy with sideburns, Corinthian pompadour, and a hint of acne. He had participated, his yearbook caption says, in R.O.T.C., Biology Club, English Club, History Club, and Speech Club. The summer after graduation, Presley went to work for the Precision Tool Company. He left that job after a short while and began work at the Crown Electric Company, where he was paid $42 a week to drive a truck.

On a Saturday afternoon in late 1953, Elvis made his first visit to the Sun studio. As a side-line operation to Sun, Phillips still maintained his Memphis Recording Service, administered by Marion Keisker, the former Miss Radio of Memphis. It was to the Memphis Recording Service, not Sun Records, that Elvis came that afternoon. He paid Keisker the four-dollar charge, entered the studio with his acoustic guitar, and recorded two songs directly onto a double-sided ten-inch acetate disk. On the one side Elvis cut *My Happiness*, with which the Ink Spots had hit on Decca in 1948. On the other side he did *That's When Your Heartaches Begin*, a mawkish ballad written by Zeb Turner.

Struck by Presley's voice and raw acoustic guitar work, Marion Keisker recorded the end of *My Happiness* and the whole of *That's When Your Heartaches Begin* on a length of used tape. Seventeen years later, she told Elvis biographer Jerry Hopkins,

'If I could find a white man who had the Negro feel, I could make a billion dollars.'

"The Hillbilly Cat" in one of his first appearances on the Louisiana Hayride after recording at Sun.

"The reason I taped Elvis was this: Over and over I remember Sam saying, 'If I could find a white man who had the Negro feel, I could make a billion dollars.' This is what I heard in Elvis, this . . . what I guess they now call 'soul,' this Negro sound. So I taped it. I wanted Sam to know."

In the early summer of 1954, about eight months after Elvis had first visited the Sun studio, Sam's mail yielded a demonstration record of a composition called *Without You*, recorded in Nashville by an unknown black singer. Sam was so impressed by the demo that he wanted to release it on Sun. He called Nashville in search of the singer, so that he might obtain permission to issue the record. He was told that nobody knew who the kid was, that he had just happened to be hanging around the studio when the song arrived. Phillips decided he must find someone else to cut the song in a hurry. "What about the kid with the sideburns?" suggested Marion Keisker.

Elvis was contacted that same Saturday afternoon, and he rushed to the studio. Phillips played the demo for him. Elvis sang it. By all accounts, it was horrible. He tried again, then again, and still it was bad. Phillips forsook *Without You*, suggesting that Elvis try *Rag Mop*, a song written by Johnnie Lee Wills and Deacon Anderson. It seemed a fairly easy song, but again Elvis failed.

During a break, Sam, a bit disturbed, asked Elvis just what it was he could sing. Oh, anything, Elvis replied. Do it, Sam said. And then it poured forth, a crazy rush of disparate sounds: gospel (earlier in 1954, Elvis had almost joined the Blackwood Brothers, a gospel quartet), hard-core country, rhythm-and-blues, middle-of-the-road pop. For hours it went on, no cool Apollonian eclecticism, but fevered glossolalia. In the end, Elvis remarked he was looking for a band.

Sam contacted Winfield Scott Moore, better known as Scotty. That Sunday, Independence Day, Elvis and Scotty got together at Scotty's home, where they fooled with several recent country hits, such as Eddy Arnold's *I Really Don't Want To Know* and Hank Snow's *I Don't Hurt Anymore*. After a few hours, bass player Bill Black, Scotty's neighbor, dropped by for a few minutes. He was not impressed with the goings on. Nonetheless, the next evening, July 5th, Black found himself in the Sun studio with Phillips, Presley, and Moore. It was Sam's idea for Scotty and Bill not to bring the rest of their band, the Starlite Wranglers, with them. No fiddle, no steel guitar. It was obvious that Sam had a different kind of country session in mind.

That first recording of *Blue Moon of Kentucky* was never released legally. (In 1975, Bobcat Records, a Dutch label, bootlegged the tape and included it in the album *Good Rockin' Tonight*.) The version that was released was recorded either the same night or the next night. Although this piece of history is clouded, it seems likely that the released version of *Blue Moon of Kentucky* was cut the same night as the version that caused Sam Phillips to utter, "Hell, that's different. That's a pop song now, Little Vi. That's *good*." (Those words can be heard in *Good Rockin' Tonight*.) They were in the groove then, touching tongues to the philosopher's stone Sam was seeking, and it's absurd to imagine them calling it a night at that

"What made rockabilly such a drastically new music was its spirit . . ."

Elvis in one of his earliest films, "Loving You," where he really gets a chance to demonstrate some of that famous Presley hip.

moment of celebration.

In any case, *Blue Moon of Kentucky* as released on Elvis's first record, Sun 209, is surer, tougher than the earlier take. Like a young boxer after his first professional knock-out, Presley is dizzy with the confirmation of his prowess. *Blue Moon of Kentucky* is daring to the point of insanity. It is Elvis walking on iron blades, through fire, invincible with the knowledge he sees in Sam's eyes, hears in his own voice, and feels in his own flushed meat; the knowledge that right now, this instant, he, Elvis Aron Presley, is the greatest singer in Memphis and the universe.

* * *

What made rockabilly such a drastically new music was its spirit, a thing that bordered on mania. Elvis's version of *Good Rockin' Tonight* was not a party song, but an invitation to a holocaust. Junior Parker's *Mystery Train* was an eerie shuffle; Elvis's *Mystery Train* was a demonic incantation. Country music had never known such vehement emotion, and neither had black music. It was the face of Dionysos, full of febrile sexuality and senselessness; it flushed the skin of new housewives, and made teenage boys reinvent themselves as flaming creatures.

I think the enigma of Elvis Presley will never be solved. It is strange enough that at the time of his first recordings, Elvis declared his idol to be Dean Martin, the thirty-seven-year-old Italian pop singer from Steubenville, Ohio, but to hear him at an August 22, 1957, press conference proclaim Pat Boone to be "undoubtedly the finest voice out now . . . ."

No one has truly interviewed Elvis, and I doubt anyone ever will. What would Elvis say? Judging from his words and deeds, he is a whelmingly bland person. Through the years, his press-conference persona has been full of a myriad cloying dullnesses. Yessum, nossir, thank-you. One of the few artists able to operate in a commercial construct of total artistic freedom, Elvis has chosen to record stuff such as *Danny Boy*, and fill his music with trite show-biz anachronisms.

But that is the wonder of it. Surely there is more mystery, more power, in Elvis, singer of *Danny Boy*, than in Bob Dylan, utter of hermetic ironies. It is the sheer, superhuman tastelessness of Elvis that jars the mind. In 1965, as western civilization lay on its tummy peeking over the brink at such things as dope and *(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction*, Elvis, for all the world to see, was hopping about singing *Do the Clam*. And the same week *Do the Clam* was released, Dean Martin came out with *Send Me the Pillow You Dream On*, a Hank Locklin country hit from 1958. A few years later, people began talking of the revolutionary pop-country fusion wrought by the Byrds and Bob Dylan. Could Bob Dylan do the Clam? I bet Dino could. ■

ELVIS
Off-Stage

Elvis was a good boy. He was as generous as he could be. He loved people and he liked to have a good time, just like anybody else. But the fans wouldn't leave him alone, so he built his own world and retreated into it. I guess that's the saddest part of all.

—Vester Presley
On the occasion of the death of his nephew

by Tom Ayres

It was 2 a.m. and the lights along Elvis Presley Boulevard cast an eerie blue light against the walls of Graceland Estate. Behind the walls, the silence of the night was broken by the sound of a motorcycle engine roaring to life. For the better part of an hour, the popping and purring of the engine could be heard as the rider raced around the grounds inside the walls. Those living nearby who happened to hear the distant hum of the motorcycle thought little of the incident. They knew Elvis was amusing himself again in the confines of his private world.

The private world of Elvis Presley was a place out of tilt with reality. There, the day might begin at midnight and end at daybreak. There, the gardener's potato crop might be discussed with as much concern as the purchase of a new jetliner. And there, Elvis Presley, adored by millions, died alone in his Camelot-prison.

Never before has the public heaped so much adulation on an entertainer and therein lies the paradox. Never has an entertainer been more protective of his right to privacy. Presley *never* granted interviews of any consequence, and he considered it a breach of trust should any member of his inner circle talk to the press. But there was a reason for his seeming obsession with privacy. John Wayne doesn't awake each Saturday morning to find 300 or 400 fans milling around the entrance to his home—nor Frank Sinatra, Robert Redford or individual members of the Beatles. Rick Landers, a Presley family friend who spent some time at the home of Elvis' father, adjacent to the Graceland Estate, recalls with some disgust, how a particular fan persisted in offering him $1,000 to steal one of Presley's old socks. Marlon Brando never had that kind of problem.

Although this frenzied worship sustained Elvis' popularity through 22 years of musical change, it also drove him to a bizarre lifestyle that was, at the same time, sad and fascinating. As the Elvis mystyque grew, so grew the legend. There was however, a flesh-and-blood man behind the legend—a man with a humble heritage and a lot of ordinary qualities who never fully understood why it all happened to him.

To understand the famous Elvis, one must examine, at least briefly, the obscure Elvis. As a child, he lugged around an old guitar given to him by his mother. "Sometimes it didn't have but three strings but he could still beat the fire out of it," a relative recalled in Presley's biography.

When he was 13, his father, Vernon Presley, moved to Memphis. There, at Humes High School, Elvis was just a shy country boy at the bottom rung of the school caste system. He was never voted most popular, most talented, most outstanding or most likely to succeed. The only reference to his personality in the yearbook described him as a "teacher's pet." But even that reference stemmed from a student editor's imagination rather than reality.

He sought acceptance by going out for the football team and made the varsity squad as a junior. But, when teammates razzed him about his sideburns and ducktail haircut, he quit the team.

Almost everyone is aware of the story of Presley's phenomenal rise to fame—how he walked in off the street to cut the record at Sam Phillips little recording studio in Memphis and how it became a hit. But, there were a lot of thorns in that bed of roses.

The record got him a spot on the Grand Ole Opry when he was only 19. But following his set, talent coordinator Jim Denny suggested that he should go back to his truck driving job.

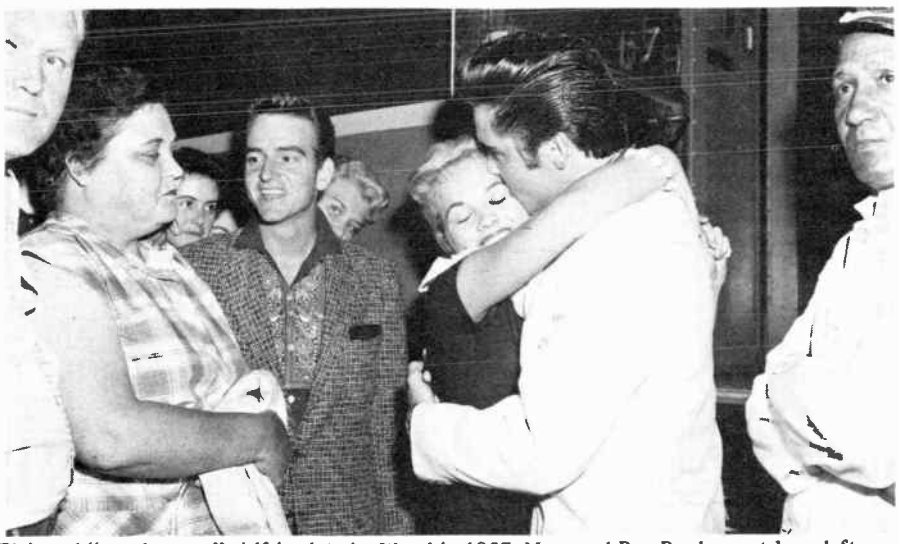
"Elvis cried all the way home that night," recalls Gordon Stoker of the Jordanaires. "It took him weeks to get over it." In the early stages of his success, the music critics were unmerciful in their condemnation of his style, voice and music. Typical was this appraisal by Jack Gould of the *New York Times*: "Mr. Presley has no discernible singing ability . . . he is an unutterable bore."

While the critics were panning him, in San Jose, California, thousands of screaming girls were overrunning 100 policemen (putting 11 of them in the hospital) trying to get to him. In Syracuse, mothers were circulating petitions trying to prevent his concert while their daughters were going giddy over Elvis Presley bobbysocks, shoes, sweaters, bracelets, purses and handkerchiefs. (Thanks to the marketing genius of Elvis' manager, Col. Tom Parker, there was even an Elvis Presley Bubble Gum).

The paradoxical madness of it all was too much for a basically shy country boy who had risen overnight from obscurity to virtual deity. He did not understand the public reaction to him so he reacted in a most basic way: he simply severed direct contact with the public. He drew an inner circle of trusted friends around him and shut out the rest of the world.

In the early years of his career, Elvis frequently would lean out the window of his hotel room and tease a crowd of girls gathered below. "Come on up!" he would urge them. But, his bodyguards would not let them get near him.

"Elvis usually avoided female fans," said Diana Goodman, former Miss Georgia who dated him. "He told me he didn't



Elvis and "number one" girlfriend Anita Wood in 1957. Mom and Pop Presley watch on left.

want to get involved with somebody he didn't know. He usually dated girls who were introduced to him by close friends."

Perhaps the happiest years of his life were those spent in Germany when he was in the Army. There he lived at least the semblance of an ordinary life. He dated a young girl named Priscilla Beaulieu and surrounded himself with a group of fun-loving Army buddies.

Upon his return to the U.S., he hired a number of those buddies (along with several old pals from Memphis). He paid them $200 to $250 a week although some of them had no visible job to perform.

He plunged into movie-making and accumulated a fleet of vehicles ranging from Cadillacs to pickups to Land Rovers. When Elvis wasn't working, he and his entourage of good ole boys would hit the road in a caravan composed of the assorted vehicles and wander cross country, stopping at small motels, camping out and generally having a good time. On occasion, Elvis and his friends could become rowdy. They once bought up all the flash bulbs in Beverly Hills and used them for target practice in a swimming pool. And there were frequent parties, usually with a bevy of attractive girls in attendance.

In 1966, Elvis' days of carefree bachelorhood ended. He married Priscilla Beaulieu and, almost immediately, was faced with a crisis. His bride rebelled against Elvis' continuing close association with his pals and insisted that her husband send them packing. Presley complied, but reportedly brooded over the issue for years afterward.

Two events had a profound impact on Elvis' life. One was the breakup of his marriage and the other, the death of his mother.

An only child, Elvis was extremely close to his mother. When he became successful, Mrs. Presley felt that her overweight condition presented a poor image for the mother of a superstar. She went on a series of crash diets and her health deteriorated. She died of heart failure. However, until his own death, Elvis was convinced she died of cancer and he became obsessed with the thought that he too would become a victim of the disease. As a result, even a minor discomfort would cause him to check into a hospital for tests.

He went on strange diets of his own concoction. For weeks at a time, he might consume only spinach and small boiled potatoes. He employed a gardener at $300 a week to grow organic vegetables for him. His friends believed Elvis' weird diets probably contributed to his health problems in recent years.

He changed doctors frequently. Those who pleased him were given expensive gifts—a Los Angeles physician received a Rolls Royce.

Presley became fascinated with the subject of death. He once took a group of friends to a mortuary in the middle of the night to examine the corpses and discuss embalming.

If some of Elvis' physical ailments were imagined (as his friends claim they were) his weight problem was real. He sometimes ballooned to 230 pounds, although reports that he exceeded 250 pounds are probably exaggerated. The weight problem was one of the factors that made him decide to stop making movies.

"Elvis did not like the discipline involved in making movies," said a family friend. "He would get uptight, and when Elvis got tense he always gained weight. Don't get me wrong. When he was on the set, he was a pro—always on time, always knew his lines. But, he was a freelancer at heart. That's how he recorded his songs—just walked into the studio and let it happen. Making movies was too rigid for his style."

When Elvis broke up with his wife, he moved from California back to his walled, 11-acre Graceland estate in Memphis. He usually scheduled only two show tours a year and, occasionally he would travel to Nashville for a recording session. Otherwise, he hid behind the walls of Graceland.

Linda Thompson, the Tennessee beauty queen who was his companion for five years, described it this way:

"Elvis' life was turned around. Day was night and night was day. And it was that way for everybody around him. He was just sitting there day after day, letting the world go past him."

There were three other permanent residents on the estate with him—his uncle, aunt and paternal grandmother. However, other house guests were almost always present—his musicians, bodyguards, old friends. Miss Thompson resided there for extended periods, as did other female guests. His father lived in a two-story brick home adjacent to the estate where he handled Elvis' business affairs and screened his calls.

When he was in a good mood, Elvis sometimes played touch football or softball with his guests. On very rare occasions, he would go to the gate and sign autographs for fans, but he hadn't done this for several months preceding his death.

He enjoyed riding his motorcycle inside the compound—almost always at night. (In the early years, he occasionally would take it outside the gate in the early morning hours). He also sometimes rode his horse inside the estate walls. He almost never left the estate during daylight hours.

Elvis, Priscilla and four-day old Lisa Marie.

When he gave parites, the guest list was small and the atmosphere subdued. A guest at one such party recalls that those in attendance included country singers Carl Perkins and Jerry Lee Lewis, pop singer Al Green, actress Gail Fisher and members of the Presley inner circle of friends.

"Elvis was a gracious host," said the guest. "He seemed to prefer to stand over in the corner and talk to one or two guests rather than try to be the life of the party. He was drinking rum and coke, and I think it was mostly coke."

Sometimes, Elvis would rent a Mem-

phis theater after midnight and invite friends along for a special showing of current movies.

"Elvis loved motion pictures. He would really get into the plots—like some kind of film scholar," remembers Miss Goodman. "Sometimes, he would see the films in advance then invite friends along for a second showing. He would provide a running commentary and start predicting what was going to happen next. Finally, everyone would guess that he had already seen the movie. Elvis could be very witty when he was in a good mood."

In the best of times, Presley experienced periods of deep depression. In the months preceding his death those periods became more frequent and of longer duration.

During those bad times, he might seclude himself in his room for days and brood about his mother, his health, his broken marriage, an upcoming tour or an ex-friend for some real or imagined betrayal. On such occasions, he was temperamental and, sometimes, prone to violence.

Once, when he arrived home in the early morning hours to find the gate locked and nobody around to open it, he reportedly shoved the driver aside, backed up his Cadillac and crashed through it.

The most damning reports, though, came from former bodyguards Red and Sonny West and Dave Hebler in the book *Elvis: What Happened*. The book painted the unpleasant picture of a man increasingly into drugs—mainly uppers and downers; increasingly shrinking into the tiny world behind the walls of Graceland. From a commercial standpoint, the timing of the book could not have been more perfect—it was released a few short days before Elvis' death. At least one of the authors, Red West, was reportedly shattered by Elvis' death and the timing of the book.

"No matter what he said in that book, man," said one insider, "Red loved Elvis. He never wanted to hurt him this way. Red really cared. The hell of it is, too much of what that book said was true. But look at it this way—you could write almost exactly the same book about *any* big name performer. And that's the absolute truth."

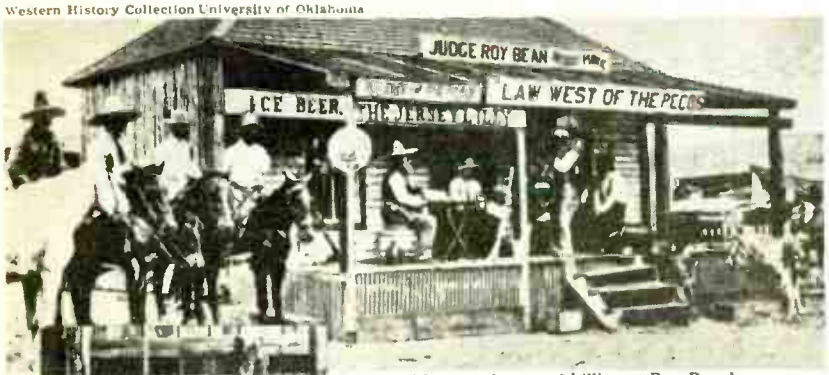
There were a few friends who wanted to see Elvis break out of the walls of Graceland—one remembered Elvis lamenting: "You know . . . I've never even been able to take my little girl to the carnival . . . ."

But the fact is that the walls finally won, and Elvis died a man trapped in his own legend.

"You know," one person close to Elvis said, "He really wanted to just be able to go out and walk around Memphis like a normal person. But there were a whole lot of people who didn't want that. And Elvis died for it." ■

Midnight shoot-outs...duels at dawn...
Law and Order...Frontier Style!

Western History Collection University of Oklahoma



Beer and law receive equal billing at Roy Bean's saloon-courthouse in Langtry, Texas.

In the wake of a card-game quarrel, a vengeful cowhand dispatches one player and mortally wounds another in C. M. Russell's *Death of a Gambler.*

Montana Historical Society

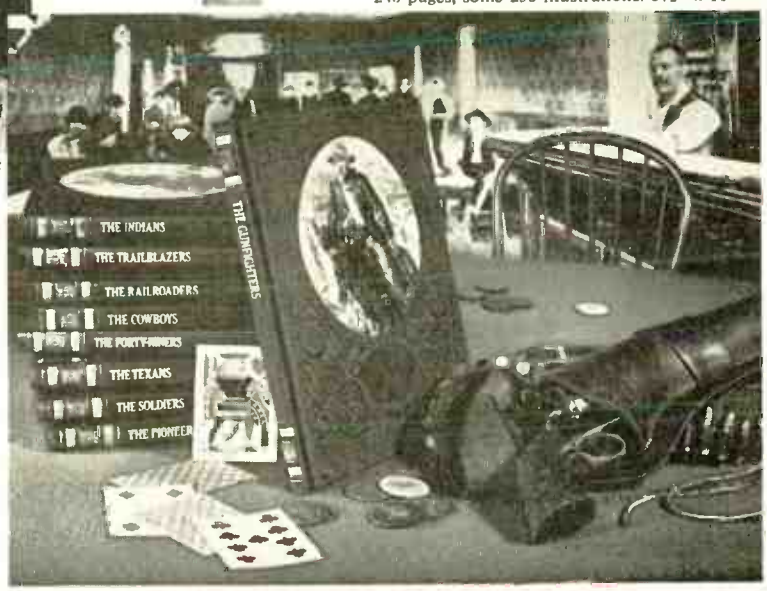
Hangings were often heralded by invitations to the press and other interested parties.

Pinkerton's Inc.

A grim squad of Union Pacific riflemen rides in a special train, hunting Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch.

"God did not make all men equal," Westerners were fond of saying, "Colonel Colt did."

Padded covers hand-rubbed for antique leather look, embossed in Western saddle design. 240 pages, some 250 illustrations. 8½" x 11"



The Gunfighters
is yours to enjoy free for 10 days as your introduction to
THE OLD WEST
an extraordinary series from TIME-LIFE BOOKS

In the bad old days of "the great equalizer," a gunfighter would just as soon shoot a man as look at him. It was a time when a boy of 15 like Billy the Kid could casually whip out his six-shooter and kill a man for an idle insult. It was a time of impatient vigilantes, raw frontier justice and outlaws who burned down courthouses out of plain cussedness. It was the era, the heyday, the prime time of the gunfighter.

Now, TIME-LIFE BOOKS invites you to see for yourself what it was actually like to live within range of the gunsights of the West's most dangerous gunslingers – outlaws like the James gang, the Daltons, Butch Cassidy . . . and lawmen like the ruthless Ben Thompson, and Bat Masterson, credited with killing one man for every year of his life. *The Gunfighters* is your introductory volume to The Old West, an extraordinary series which brings to roaring life all those dauntless men and women who opened and settled the West. In such superbly narrated, magnificently illustrated volumes as *The Cowboys, The Indians, The Soldiers, The Trailblazers,* and *The Forty-niners,* you'll experience the huge adventure of the Old West as it really was. Enjoy *The Gunfighters* free for 10 days. Mail the order form today.

TIME-LIFE BOOKS
TIME & LIFE BUILDING
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

TIME LIFE BOOKS

Yes, I would like to examine *The Gunfighters.* Please send it to me for 10 days' free examination—and enter my subscription to THE OLD WEST. If I decide to keep *The Gunfighters,* I will pay $9.95 ($11.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. I then will receive future volumes in THE OLD WEST series, shipped a volume at a time approximately every other month. Each is $9.95 ($11.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day, free examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If I do not choose to keep *The Gunfighters,* I will return the book within 10 days, my subscription for future volumes will be canceled, and I will not be under any future obligation.

C1DHZ8

Name (Please Print)

Address Apt.

City

State or Province Zip or Postal Code

ELVIS

Faded Love

It's like someone just came up and told me there aren't going to be any more cheeseburgers in the world. —Felton Jarvis, Elvis' producer, commenting on Elvis' death

I used to imagine that Elvis would call me up one time in the middle of the night. I would stumble to the phone, pick up the receiver, listen blearily to the silence at the other end, and then hear that familiar voice say, "I been reading some of the stuff you been writing about me, and it's all right, man. It's good." Of course it never happened, but whenever I wrote something about Elvis—and this dates back more than ten years now—I would always send a copy to 3764 Elvis Presley Boulevard, in the old days merely Highway 51 South. Once I got a Christmas card, a record company hand-out like the yearly calendar, with printed season's greetings "From Elvis and the Colonel".

More than anyone else Elvis made us into fans. Maybe it was the barriers the Colonel erected around him. Maybe it was the legend to which his own improbable removal from roots gave rise. When I first started writing about him, it was not fashionable to admit that you were an Elvis fan. "For a long time," I wrote in the middle of a Beatles era which seems curiously more distant in time and point of view, "to suggest that you liked Elvis Presley only invited ridicule." Elvis himself seemed to share in this sentiment, at least from the evidence of his records and movies, which by this time were so perfunctory an echo of the feeling which had animated his early work as to make the King of Western Bop seem like just another corporate success. And yet when he emerged from his Hollywood exile in 1968 for the TV special, the Memphis sessions and one final burst of glory, there we all were, still his loyal fans, eager to welcome him home, no questions asked.

It was almost too easy for him. After that first spectacular surge he didn't have to *do* anything, he just had to *be*—himself, Elvis, no last name necessary. In a way it was the classic American success story. Elvis, a desperately lonely, desperately ambitious child of the Depression, rising from that two-room Tupelo shack to a marble-pillared mansion on the hill. There was irony, there was pathos, there was fierce determination. More than anything else there was passion. You have only to listen to those first Sun recordings, as alive today as when they were first issued almost twenty-five years ago, to hear the vibrancy, the purity of feeling, the sense of sheer exhilarating release. There was as well a kind of unselfconscious innocence which could never enter his music again—and for good reason. Elvis Presley was a year out of high school, and on the Sun sides he would throw in everything that had made up his life to date—all the yearning, all the unfocused resentment, all that sense of being, as he would later sing, "a stranger in my own hometown". And on top of it all he was imposing not so much a surly sneer as an almost contemptuous certainty that what he was doing was right, that all the rest were wrong, that it was his cat clothes and be-bop language that would eventually prevail.

Well, he was right. Elvis was, everyone has finally conceded, no overnight sensation. He was, in fact, one of the most phenomenal successes of our time. And he maintained the sneer; in some ways he maintained the music (to the end there were flashes of the old spirit, glimpses of gold amidst the dross); most of all, though, he retained that callow adolescence of the spirit, that sense of impatient expectation which could only be staved off, never satisfied, with cheeseburgers and ice cream and peanut butter and banana sandwiches. It was adolescence with a gloss on—no more pimples, no more grease, the teeth are capped, imperfect reality is replaced by the perfect dream. Because, of course, Elvis never grew up. Elvis never could grow up. For Elvis everything stopped when he was 19 years-old and knocking them dead in Kilgore, Texas or Bethel Springs, Tennessee. After that, nothing changed. He never knew anything else. And though the arenas and the money got bigger and bigger, it was inevitable that Elvis should become less important than the product he was selling. Not music certainly, not even personality; perhaps it was merely economic growth and the GNP.

Everywhere you go you can see Elvis Presley as he might have been. At the ballpark eating a hotdog. Sitting at the bar with a flowered shirt hanging over his belt. Cruising along the interstate hauling a load of frozen vegetables. A heavy-set worn-looking man with a graying ducktail and wide muttonchop sideburns. These are commonplaces, they don't mean anything one way or another, except that the commonplace is the one thing that escaped Elvis Presley in his numbingly long stay at the top. For Elvis there was no escape in art, since his original triumph was his very artlessness. He didn't write songs, nor did he aspire to anything more than success. Even his films were no more than a magnification of his image, a further reinforcement of the impossible perfection which transformed him, like all our public figures, from a living presence into an all-purpose, economy-rate icon.

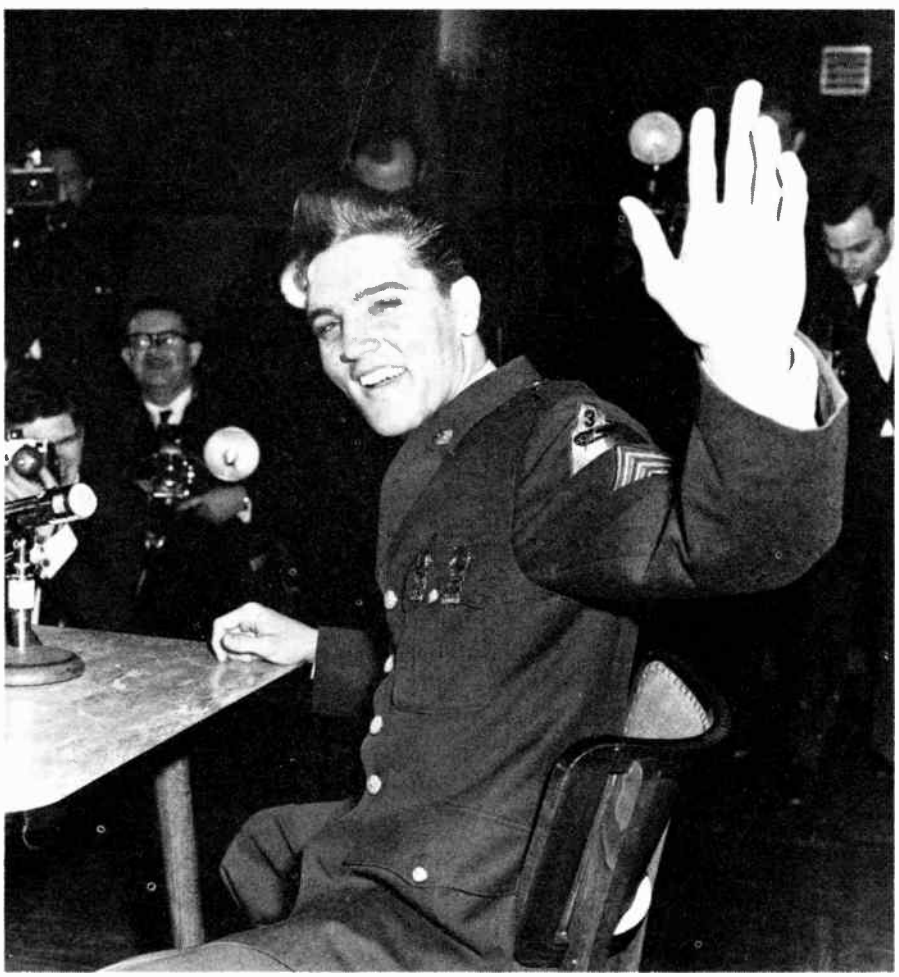
Elvis, it could be said until just a year or two before his death, never made a foolish move. But then Elvis, once the Colonel got a'hold of him, never made a public move at all. He didn't drink, he didn't smoke, the only time that passion ever entered his voice towards the end was in praise of the Lord, he was truly

A personal memoir by Peter Guralnick

transformed from rebel into the idealized boy next door. And that was what he was doomed forever to be, trapped forever in a web of packaging which he himself came to believe. And that was why neither he nor his followers (and I include myself) could bear to hear the faint laughter and jeers, could come to terms with the inevitable attrition of time.

I only saw him once, in Boston in 1971. I could have sat up front with the critics, but somehow it seemed more appropriate just to *go*, not to judge. We saw Elvis, then, through binoculars, surrounded by people who had grown up like us on his music, the stage lit up not by strobes but the spastic action of 1000s of flashbulbs. At the end of the concert he sang *Funny How Time Slips Away*, and when he reached the line "Gotta go now", a universal groan went up, mollified only in part when he followed with "Don't know when, but I'll be back in your town." I don't know if it was a great performance for anything more than the ease with which he tossed it off. In many ways it seemed like a self-parody, with its karate poses and vocal posturing, but it was for me and everyone else who was there, I think, an event which would be forever memorable, and a memory which I, at any rate, never sought to violate by repetition.

Elvis made fans of us all—some more than others, as this 1957 photo of two fans' room shows.



Even the army couldn't dim Elvis' fame—here he smiles for photographers before his discharge.

In recent years, whenever I've been in Memphis, I've driven by the mansion, just one of the hundreds of thousands of pilgrims looking for a substantiation of their experience. I never saw Elvis, but Memphis friends of mine would tell stories of seeing him out on the highway late at night, just driving up and down the strip in a sleek new car, still impatient, still restless, still lonely. In the last few years the tabloids have abounded with stories to flesh out this image. Elvis the nightstalker. Elvis hearing his mother's voice in the corridors of Graceland. Elvis, troubled and overweight, giving gifts, seeking love, remaining in bed on his 40th birthday. They were unnecessary reminders of what we already knew.

His death represented the final violation of a jealously guarded privacy, as we learned of last words, last acts, past sins, both real and imagined. Even in death the waxy image was maintained, with pious tributes and a blurred open-coffin picture, showing Elvis at peace, on the front page of the National *Enquirer*. It doesn't matter, none of it matters, all that we are left with is a shared memory and a musical passion which could still catch fire at the most improbable moments. The last time I heard it was on *Shake a Hand*, like so many of Elvis' best recent songs one with which he was comfortable from the past and one with strong religious overtones. As he sings "Shake a hand, shake a hand, shake a hand if you can," there is nothing but the pure familiar melody and the impassioned engagement of the voice. It was this engagement most of all which Elvis missed at the end, but when it came—in the music anyway—it seemed to overtake him all in a rush, his voice would soar, just as it always had, and he would seize on a lyric, chew on it, in the manner of the great gospel singers worry it to death, and not let go until he had wrung every last ounce of emotion from it. That was Elvis' mark; it was his only expiation. It was what rock 'n roll first came from, and it was what doomed rock 'n roll in the end. Because you can't manufacture that feeling any more than you can manufacture the religious belief from which it originally stemmed. As Little Richard, another evangelical soul turned once again to the ministry, summed it up, "He was a rocker. I was a rocker. I'm not rockin' any more and he's not rockin' any more." ■

ELVIS
The King Remembered
AN ORAL HISTORY

Most of all, people remember him as a shy, generous man . . .

by John Morthland

Elvis at the LA Forum in 1974.

Perhaps the people most affected by Elvis Presley's meteoric rise to fame were those closest to him —people brushed by his greatness and left to ponder the results. Writer Morthland has collected some of these reminiscences, and what emerges here is a unique portrait of Elvis Presley the man, as seen by people who were in the best position to know.

Mrs. J.C. Grimes, Elvis' fifth grade teacher.

To most people he was just all-around good people, but I would say he was best in chapel time, because he liked to sing so well. We sang out of this book, like a church book, and each child had a turn and we just let them sing what they wanted. This was every morning. He came back to my school, in later years. It was right after his mother died, and we talked about her. He went into my class room and told the boys and girls that I had one time been his teacher.

Evan (Buzzy) Forbess, Elvis' childhood friend from Lauderdale Courts in Memphis.

There was four or five of us, regular guys, together all the time—parties and playin' and school and what have you. We had regular conversations, football, sports, the movies, record playing, the whole bit. He wasn't that shy; that's been over-exaggerated. You're talking about a 13-14-15 year old kid; everybody's a little shy then. I certainly didn't like to get up in front of people, but he didn't mind it. In fact, at partes, he was playing his guitar and the center of attraction. He *was* the music for our parties; we had the greatest entertainer in the world and didn't realize it. It was just his thing. One of us was a little bit better in football, one was a little bit better in baseball; his bag of tricks was playing his guitar and singing.

We listened to just whatever records was popular. It was *Harbor Lights*, country and western, Kay Starr's *Noah*, everything that was going on in the early Fifties. That thing about black music was also a myth. Dewey Phillips had his radio show and played a lot of records by black entertainers and you listened to whatever was there. It's not a case of liking or not liking; he just sang what was. There was just too much emphasis on the black music thing with him as far as I was concerned. I've heard so many people say it that sometimes I guess that's what it was, but I never did relate it that way. It was all just Elvis to me. Elvis played every song Elvis' way.

As far as his singing ability as a kid, I'd just as soon get out in the front and listen to him then as sit inside and listen to records. There was one I used to get him to sing every time; it was the first thing he ever learned on his guitar, *Won't You Play That Simple Melody*. It gets a little rhythm beat going to it, and gave him a chance to beat on his guitar pretty good. He didn't have the wiggle and what-have-you then, but some things about Elvis never changed. Some people say the wigglin' is what made him, but when Elvis started singing, he'd effect people just with his voice and singing. And the rest didn't make no difference. When he sang *Love Me Tender*, you didn't hear nobody hollering, "Pass the popcorn." He's not wigglin' then, but he's effecting those people just as much emotionally. And then he'll follow that up with *How Great Thou Art* and have people ready to repent. Then he can go with the fast one.

So the leg-shakin' was a part of it, but Elvis' voice and his personality showin' through, that's what made Elvis. I hate to keep hearing people talking about why Elvis is who he is. I hate to hear them keep talkin' about how because of where he grew up, and because there was country music and black music . . . if that was true, every kid that grew up over there would be a superstar. What I'm saying is that Elvis is what he is because of the relationship to his parents, and his personality, his values—he grew up with right and wrong. He had this ability within himself to take this God-gifted voice that he had, and he was smart enough to turn into the type of person he was, to make that person up there on the stage somebody everybody liked to hear about. He was smart enough to want it and want it, to perform and get better. To achieve what Elvis did wasn't because of the geographic area

where he grew up. His accomplishment was not the neighborhood's; it was Elvis' accomplishment. That's what it amounts to.

Guy Lansky, who co-runs Lansky Brothers on Beale Street, where Elvis always bought his clothes.

We handled the ten percent of people, black or white, who loved clothes and fashion. They wanted to be seen in colors. The colors we had—black, pink, chartreuse—we went way out. Of course everybody put him down at that time, but it didn't bother him; that's the way he wanted to dress. One day he told me, "Mr. Lansky, I'm broke right now, but when I make, I'll buy you out." This kid was sure of himself, and that broke me up. Here's a kid with holes in his socks, looked real bad walking up the street, saying he'll buy me out. Then he first started getting his checks and bringing them in. That scared the hell out of me. He'd bring in $1000 worth of checks and I said, "Oh boy, we ain't got this kind of money." But we had to dig to get it. Here he was buying everybody clothes and I wasn't about to say I couldn't pay it. So I cashed his checks. Big money, big money.

R.W. Blackwood of the Blackwoods

I went to Sunday School with him, at First Assembly of God Church. He missed very few Sundays until he started having the big hits, and then the road became very demanding and you didn't see as much of him on Sunday morning. A lot of people have wondered where Elvis got all his rhythms and moves. Well, see, this church was a Pentecostal church, and when they play the music it's got lots of rhythm, and that's where Elvis became so interested in music. He was so shy, he didn't even sing in the church choir. And a lot of people were afraid of Elvis because he was so different. He'd come out with the long hair and sideburns and the wildest clothes, and they didn't know how to take him. It didn't bother us in gospel music, because back then we always dressed kind of flashy anyway, so we kind of understood what he was doing.

One time I'll never forget, he tried out for my uncle's quartet, the Songfellows. Just a little quartet in Memphis that nobody ever heard of. My uncle was just starting it and they told Elvis they'd get back to him, but they wasn't sure if they could use him or not. It broke Elvis' heart; he was almost in tears. And this was when he had some records out already! He asked me several times how he could get in a gospel quartet. He was already having those southern regional hits and I didn't know what to tell him. I tried to tell him he oughta stay where he's at. Then Colonel Parker got ahold of him and the rest of it's millions of records.

James Tipler of Crown Electric, for whom Elvis drove a truck in Memphis.

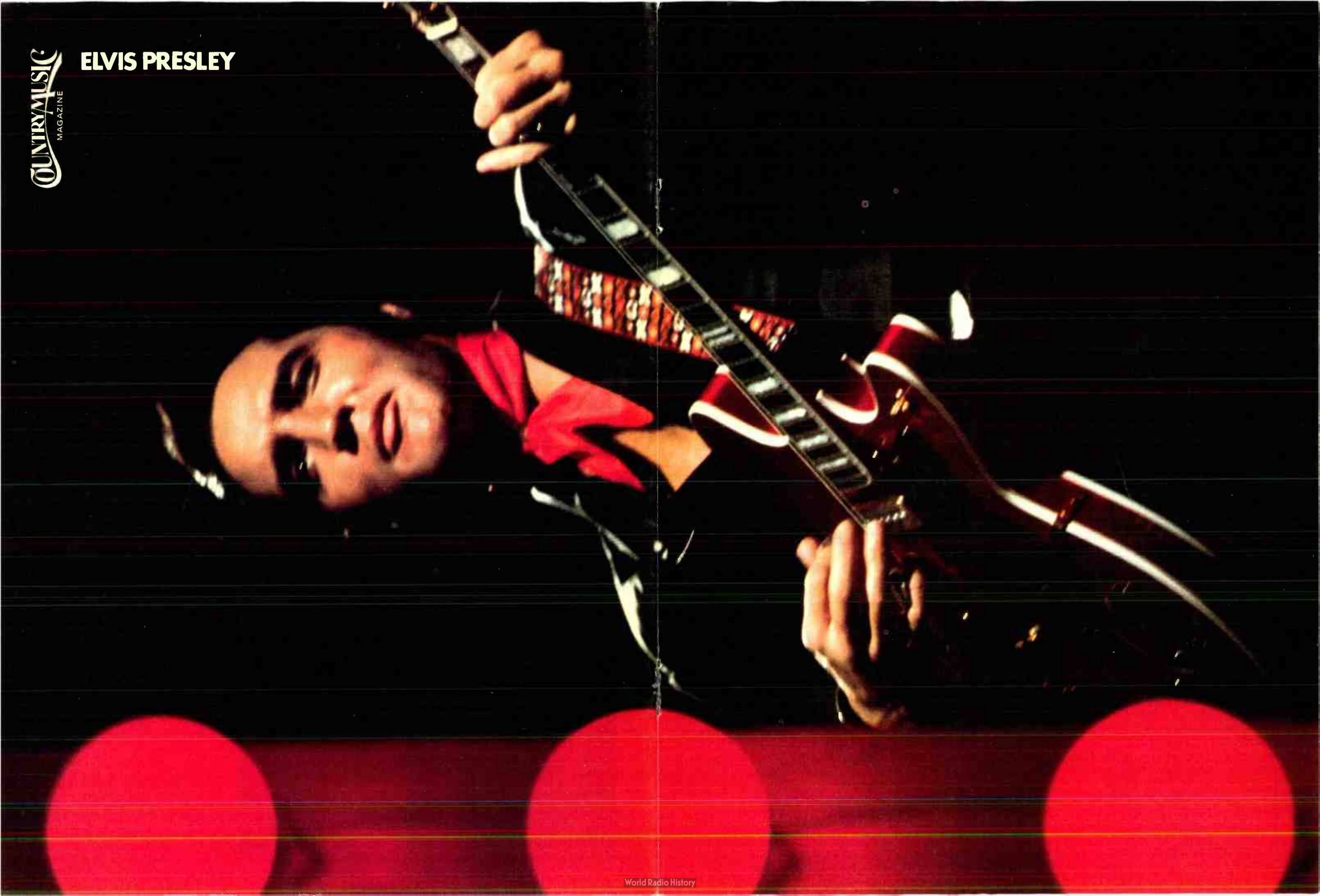
He always told us the first thing he

Elvis and Barbara Lang, 1957 (facing page); (above l.) socking Jeremy Slate, 1962; (above r.) early publicity; (middle r. & l.) Elvis leaves the army, 1960; (below) with hound dog, 1957.

Elvis and Jennifer Holden, "Jailhouse Rock," (left); with Debra Paget, "Love Me Tender," (below); on stage, 1956; 1974 (above).

COUNTRY MUSIC MAGAZINE

ELVIS PRESLEY



that he should have. I can't really put my finger on it, except there was such a change from the last time I'd seen him . . . he was changing too fast to last very long; a body can't survive what he was going through. He had one main problem: not eating. Food was just something he didn't do, and a body can't survive on no food. Of course he took the uppers and downers a lot, as you know. I don't like to call Elvis drug-related, I will not accept that fact, because he wasn't a constant user of anything except uppers to get him going and downers to put him to sleep. But that wasn't the problem: the problem was he didn't eat food to counteract that. He ate junk food, no good meals at all. The autopsy report said he hadn't eaten anything in two days—not a bite.

Once when we were doing a picture at Paramount, Elvis sat next to me in the cafeteria. I had a steak and when I cut into it he said, "Ooh, how do you stand that? That's just like goin' up and takin' a knife and cuttin' a hunk out of a cow. I don't know how in the world you can eat that stuff." I've seen him go all day long on three-quarters of a hamburger, a bowl of vegetable soup and a glass of milk. And he's been doing this for twenty years.

He always believed he had a weight problem. He'd go to the film rushes and see what he'd just done and he'd slide down in the seat and say, "Hey, take that off, take that off, he 's too fat." And really he wasn't fat at all, but he always thought he was. The thing we always tried to tell him was, "It doesn't matter if you're fat, you'd have just as many fans, they'd love you regardless of what you do." We told him once he'd be just as big if he walked onstage and burped into the microphone. Would you believe he did that one time on one of his appearances? We all laughed, and the audience didn't know what we were laughing at; they just screamed and hollered, and this tickled us even more.

There's days you could talk about Elvis. There's no way to describe the excitement of being onstage with Elvis Presley. The joy and thrill of seeing him, working with him, and being with him. We've worked with everybody, and he's the only artist we ever worked with who'd walk into the studio with a big smile on his face and go around to each person—each person—and shake hands and say some little greeting. And on the movie sets, the same way. He did not exclude anyone.

Yvonne Craig, who played the lead opposite Elvis on *Kissing Cousins* and also had a part in *It Happened at the World's Fair*.

The funny thing was he evoked all sorts of strange maternal instincts. One time I went up to his house and watched movies, and at one point we went back to "his quarters" and watched television. And I said to him, "You know, I hate to tell this to you but you must be careful in Hollywood, because there are a lot of people you cannot trust and they could say anything in the world is going on back here. And if it goes before a judge, Elvis . . . I mean, you could be called up for paternity suits and rape cases and all sorts of things, just because of who you are. I mean, it's all right with me, but how do you know? You don't really know." So I was giving him this really weird motherly talk, right? He said, "Yes m'am, yes m'am." As I was driving home later I thought to myself, "I can't believe I just gave him that long lecture. The fellow has been a superstar for a number of years, and I'm certain he must know all of these things." But he sort of brought that out in people, who really wanted to protect him, I think.

Songwriter Doc Pomus

Elvis seldom knew the songwriters; he would just listen to the songs. They'd be on demo records, and he would copy them very closely. We'd load up the demo records to get something that approximated a record. Most of the time my ex-partner Morty Shuman sang, because he kind of interpreted the songs the way Elvis liked them. If you notice something, not that many of his songs are recorded by other people. Because it was Elvis. And I'm telling you as a songwriter, he was the best singer for my money that ever sang popular songs. He could sing every kind of song. He made so many mediocre songs sound great. There are many great singers, great stylists, but they're all like branches on a tree, man, and he was the tree. He could bring an extra dimension to any kind of song; the minute you heard him sing, you knew it was him, man. And usually that's only true of guys that write their own material. But every time he sang a song, he was like writing it.

Bones Howe, Los Angeles producer

When he first came to Los Angeles to record, I was working at Radio Recorders as a tape operator. This was before he went into the Army. Then I was part of a production company that did his first television special in 1968; I was music producer for that show. When we were called to do the show, we were told that Elvis was gonna do a Christmas Special; he was gonna sing 25 Christmas songs, say "Merry Christmas everybody and goodnight," and that'd be it. Because the Colonel had run a very successful Christmas radio special the year before on a lot of independent Southern stations, an inspirational kind of special.

Having worked with Elvis before, I said to Steve Binder, who was the director of the show, that in my experience with Elvis, he was the first real self-produced artist. Elvis chose all his own songs and he ran

moves; we all did, because after he got really big the crowds were so noisy you couldn't hear nothing, even sitting right next to each other. So we learned just to follow his hand movements and his rear end movement, too, and even though we couldn't hear we knew where he was in the song.

He didn't act like the boss. He was like one of the guys and when we had something to do, we'd all get together and do it. He'd never say, "We'll do this my way, boys." It just wasn't like that. He had barrels of energy. We'd get off a date at night and have to drive maybe 4-500 miles and he was so keyed up he'd wanna talk all night. So we'd stop the car at a restaurant and me or Scotty or Bill, whoever's turn it was, would walk him down the road a mile or so. And then when the other two finished eating breakfast, we'd drive up ahead and pick up him and whoever was walking him. We were just trying to wear him out, so we could get some sleep. We'd walk down the road with him for *miles* sometimes to make him tired; it made us tired, too, but we just didn't let him know it.

Webb Pierce, who headlined Elvis' first tour.

I used to always say I brought in the people and then he entertained 'em. I asked him about the wiggle, what brought on the wiggle. He said, "Well, it started when I was just getting going, and when I'd get on the stage I was so nervous just standing there singing that I thought I was gonna faint. And I started moving my legs and found out it relaxed me. And then the women started cuttin' up, so I just went to the extreme with it, and it worked. It also kept me relaxed."

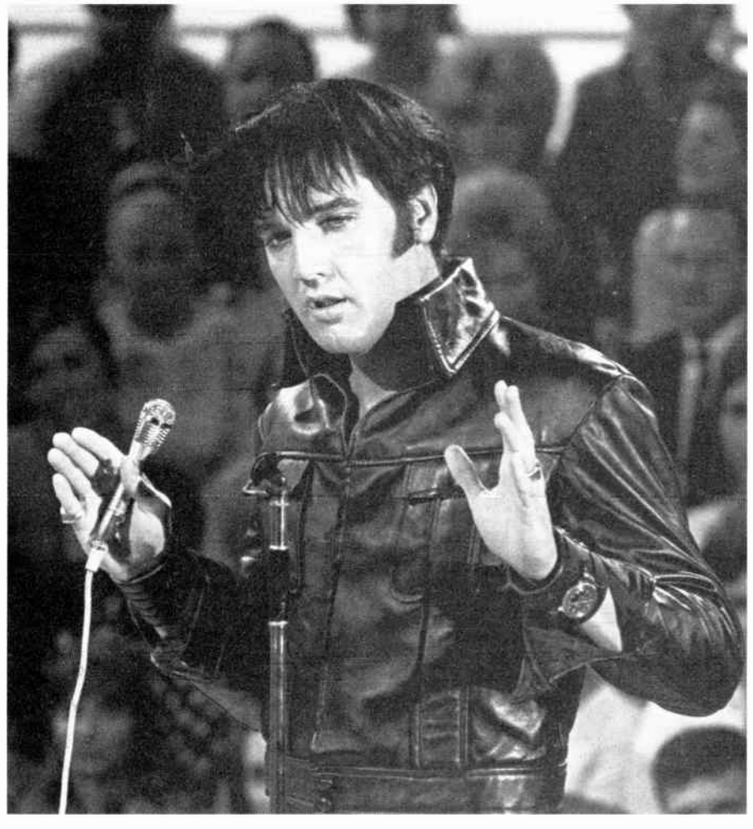
Wanda Jackson, who first toured with Elvis in 1955.

He had the first pink Cadillac I'd ever seen, pink and black. I thought it was really strange that he could afford this Cadillac, but he couldn't sit in the air conditioning. He had it in his car, but if he was in air conditioning before he sang, it stopped him up. It was something in 1955 that just everybody couldn't have, and a lot of people would leave their windows rolled up to make people think they had it. And here Elvis had it and yet he drove all over with his windows rolled down.

Faron Young, who did an early tour with Elvis.

I'd get my hotel room and then he'd move in with me to save rent. I'd get a single, but with two beds, and he'd just mix in with me and they'd never know the difference. He didn't understand money at the time. We'd be going from Dallas to Lubbock, Texas, and he'd give Scotty and Bill $10 to buy gas for the car; Elvis'd be riding with somebody else or taking a bus. We'd get out of town and then they'd stop me and I'd give them another $25 so they could get to where they were going. Later, I'd see Colonel Tom and give him the receipt and Colonel Tom would pay me back.

I never will forget when we went to Amarillo and he'd just really gotten hot. He had an old '54 Cadillac limousine, and I had bought a brand new 1957 Cadillac limousine. So we parked them out back of the auditorium, and when the teenagers came out after the show, they thought surely that brand new one was Elvis'. And they just proceeded to dismantle that sumbitch of mine; cost me—I mean, cost the insurance company—$2700 to get that car repaired when I got it back to Nashville.



Chet Atkins, the head of RCA during most of Elvis' stay there.

We'd been hearing all this stuff about him from out on the road, people that worked with him, how great he was and how crazy the girls were about him. So I knew he was gonna be sensational, and I think a lot of the people that worked in this part of the country knew that. Mr. (Steve) Sholes, the guy who signed him to RCA knew that. It had already happened with Elvis down here, and we knew that all we had to do was spread it.

Some people were skeptical. But the adults all hated him and the kids loved him; you can't stop something like that, there's no way. You could stop it for a while maybe back in New York, or you could at the time, but he changed all that. The music business until he came along was controlled out of the Brill Building in New York. He changed all that, or did about 50 percent of it. We were makin' a few hits here, but we still got a lot of songs out of there, and a lot of decisions were dictated from New York City. He helped make Nashville a larger recording center.

I hadn't seen Elvis since he recorded in our studio the last time, which was four-five years ago. He was dressed like a deputy, wearing a badge and gun. He was tellin' about when he played on the Grand Ole Opry and what an experience it was. They didn't like his music at the Opry, and the audience reaction was mixed. It was kinda like when Charlie Pride was on. There was kind of a gasp, and then they loved it.

Gordon Stoker, leader of the Jordanaires.

I saw him last year at the quartet convention; he came down just to watch. The audience did not know he was there. I went back to see him and he was just so warm and happy. But he was very nervous, very high pitched, keyed up, and his looks . . . he didn't have the look in the eye

wanted to do if he could ever make enough money was he wanted to buy his mother a new home. And that was the first thing he did, when he had some money. And then he bought this pink Cadillac and he said the first night he sat up in the motel lookin' out the window at it all night long. He used to come back from Arkansas and Missouri and he had lipstick on that thing from one end to the other where different ones had kissed his car.

After he quit his job with us, he used to still drop in. He and Nick Adams, who played *The Rebel* on television, they came in one afternoon right after he'd been on the Ed Sullivan Show. Nick was with him when he went on the Sullivan show. They sat in there from about two o'clock to about four o'clock in the afternoon, and then he was supposed to pick up some movie star that was coming in. I forget her name; they used to send them down to Graceland for publicity.

Last time I saw him was a little over a year ago, in Vegas. We had a little conversation about some of the older days. He showed us his hand where he'd reached down to shake hands with the girls and they'd all clawed him, tried to pull him off the stage.

Bob Neal, Elvis' manager prior to Colonel Parker: Neal was also a local deejay and booking agent at the time.

Several days after the first record came out, Sam Phillips called me and said, "Hey, you got a show coming up, why don't you put Elvis on it?" I had a concert at the Overton Park Shell, an outdoor thing. He was quite nervous. He told me, "Oh, Mr. Neal, I'm scared to death." But when the time came he hopped right out there and hit 'em head on. He stole the show. Even after he left the stage and some of the other performers went on, people kept screaming, "We want Elvis! We want Elvis!"

He sort of developed his whole act by instinct. He would wiggle a leg or something and if the audience screamed, that stayed in the act. If he tried some other kind of motion and nothing happened, he'd drop it. The reaction in the little towns in Mississippi, Arkansas, Alabama and places like that was not really . . . they were taken aback. But when we went to the bigger towns like Little Rock or Jackson or out in Texas, the reaction was really tremendous from the start. Without any hype or setup of fans or anything like that, it was just amazing, because girls would go into frenzy when he would appear. The young ladies would do all the things that press agents like to see: faint, scream, pass out . . .

There was a lot of activity in the Southwest, generated from his appearances on the Louisiana Hayride. Nationally, however, it was difficult to get his records played. The country music stations felt that he was too far out and the other stations didn't know *what* it was. In that early part of his career, the best promotion was when he appeared on a show. Before he appeared, record stores would not stock his record. The day after he appeared, they would be mobbed for records, and that spread the gospel right there. Nationally, it took the first television exposure on the Dorsey Brothers Show, but once that happened, it was Katy Bar the Door.

Frank Page of the Louisiana Hayride.

The Opry turned him down and told him to go back to truckdriving. We'd already heard his record down here and were playing it: *Blue Moon of Kentucky* and *That's All Right Mama*. The Hayride has always been a very experimenting type of situation, so we brought him down to give him a try. At the first show, he was mildly received—with enthusiasm, like anybody else would've been, but not wildly. So we signed him up and kept him for 18 months. He hadn't developed the wiggle yet. He was clean cut; he always was, of course, but he let his hair grow out longer later on. The snarl and hip-wiggling came later. I recognized he had something, but couldn't quite put a finger on it. Same with the audience. Intrigued is probably the word. Of course they were an older audience at that time, and as he grew in popularity the older people kinda disappeared and the younger people came in. And that was the beginning of the rock era, and no country stars were born at that time. Even people like Johnny Cash and Conway Twitty started rockin' and rollin' and lettin' their hair hang in their eyes and all those good things.

D.J. Fontana, who became Elvis' drummer at the Louisiana Hayride and stayed with him until 1969.

They came in as guest artists; he was invited to the Hayride because his first record was going good. I had heard the record, but at that time I didn't really understand what they were doing. I had done it all, worked club dates playing pop things, combos, cocktail music; then when I went to work for the Hayride I was learning the country end of it. But I heard the slappin' bass, the echo and everything, and I thought what kind of record is *that*? When they asked me if I'd help them that first night, I said, "Sure, that's what I'm here for. But I don't really know what you guys are doing. I'll just kinda stay out of the way until I get the feel of it." That slappin' bass kinds took the place of the drums, and Scotty had the echoplex guitar, and it was poppin' back. And then Elvis was playing rhythm. So I did it that first night and somehow or another it fell together. And it got better as we worked a few days together. It had been Scotty's and Bill's idea originally. They said they needed something to sorta build it up. Elvis'd dance around the stage and I played cymbal crashes and he kinda enjoyed that. So I got to learn all his

the actual sessions. He did it at his own pace and he directed all the other guys involved. So I told Steve all he had to do is get Elvis involved in the production of the show and he'd have a really interesting show. Because he'd come up with all the ideas. It'd make him feel more comfortable on the screen, and it'd also be much more Elvis than if we tried to get some writers from the outside to write him big production numbers—that's what he'd been going through in Hollywood that he wanted to get away from.

So Elvis would come to the office every day at one o'clock and he spent the whole day there for several weeks. He came up with idea after idea, all sorts of things he wanted to do that we ended up doing. The show changed from being a Christmas Special, which would have been very boring, to being a special which showed an involvement with him and his music. As the Colonel saw this show develop and Elvis' enthusiasm about it, he backed off. I was never involved in a meeting, so I don't know exactly what was ever said, but I think that just day by day it began to change.

Guitarist James Burton, who put together the 1969 Vegas comeback band and stayed with Elvis from then on.

Elvis said he'd been in movies and that he would like to get back into personal contact with the public, the people that bought his records. Once he got on the stage, it was like he was home free. He told me it was the happiest he'd been in nine years. We were real close, real friendly, talked a lot and all that. But I didn't wanna get involved with him personally beyond the work, you know what I mean? He had so many bodyguards, so many people around him already, that I figured the less people around, the better . . . He'd tell stories about being in the army and stuff like that, but you could sit and listen to 'em for hours, because he had so many of them.

He always made the statement to me, "I can affort the best, and I will definitely have the best." That was his personal philosophy. He definitely *felt* what he liked; he had such a fantastic ear for music, it's unreal. The guy's got what you might almost call perfect pitch.

Guitarist John Wilkinson, who joined Elvis with the 1969 Vegas comeback shows.

August 9, 1969. I remember that night quite vividly. He couldn't have been any more nervous than we were. I think his main thing was he was afraid he'd be laughed at rather than appreciated. But that wasn't the case at all. There was standing ovations throughout the entire performance. His eyes lit up, he sorta turned around to us a couple times and made a face like, "Geez, we got it goin' again! Yeah!" That whole engagement was just one knockout after another. The excitement was there, the newness was back, the electricity, the whole air was charged with that energy.

The last time I saw him was in Indianapolis, the last city of the final tour that he did. He seemed to be in good spirits. He was tired, but his voice was good. He just didn't seem as excited, but a lot of things had changed since 1969. It was a good show, one of the best shows we had done on these tours. But it took a lot out of him. We'd started doing shorter tours because the pace was too much for him. He would get tireder quicker, but he still gave 'em what they wanted. I thought he should take quite a lot of time off and get his health put back together again and rest. But that's not the way he wanted it—he really wanted to work. One theory that's been advanced to me by some people is that maybe he realized that he didn't have all that much time left, and he wanted to cram as much into a short period of time as he could. He'd say from the stage, "Ladies and gentlemen, there's a lot of stories going around about my health. Don't believe anything you read. I'm fine." But he was saying that for the fans.

Chip Young, Nashville producer, who also played guitar on Elvis records for the last eight years.

He didn't like to spend a lot of time on songs, y'know. Once he learned the song . . . he usually learned them on the sessions, unless it was an old song he'd been singin' a long time. But new songs, we learned it as he learned it. And then when he learned his part right, if you didn't have your part right, you could go back and fix it later. When he was ready, that was it. He hated to overdub; he wanted to do his part right there with the pickers. He hated headphones, too. Normally, he had a hand mike, and if he dug what you were playing, he'd get right down there with you—not the best recording conditions, and it could drive an engineer wild.

There's only a few words you can say that sums it up: he was the greatest. He was the greatest entertainer alive, and he gave more people identity in our age than any other one person. Like wearing more casual clothes, and things like longer hair. He made the simple things in life a pleasure.

Sean Nielsen—Elvis' tenor singer

There has been a lot of sensational publicity surrounding Elvis both before and since his death, but the Elvis Presley I knew was a far different man from many of the published stories.

I know him as a generous, sensitive man. Of course, he was moody at times and could be very unpredictable—that's well known—but all these stories about his guns and his pills, well, I can honestly say I *never* saw him take anything stronger than a sleeping pill, and although he did love guns and have a huge collection of them, I never saw him fire one or anything like that. I don't know how they got all that about TV sets being shot up . . . I certainly never saw it.

The things that I remember are the shopping trips, and of course there his generosity is legendary. They'd just close up the store and let us wander through. One time I was looking at a nice coat and he said "You like it?" and I said "Oh, yeah, sure." He said "It's yours." I found out later it cost $750!

He was actually a good bit more generous than that with me in particular. Not long after I joined the show we were talking—I suppose if I'd known him better then I never would have brought it up—and I mentioned that I planned on a long career in show business, and that I'd eventually have to have my teeth capped and get a hair transplant, because my hair was getting prematurely thin. *That night* a dentist Elvis had flown up from L.A. appeared and he began working on my mouth with portable equipment. The *next* day the plastic surgeon was there to begin the hair transplants. Now you talk about an overwhelmed country boy!

Elvis in "Viva Las Vegas" with Ann-Margret.

I'll never forget the first time I met him. I was with the Imperials and Elvis had seen our syndicated TV show in Memphis. He must have liked what he heard, because he called on us to do his album **How Great Thou Art**. So here we were at RCA's Studio B and in he came with his big entourage. Well, I just stood over in a dark corner trying to look like wallpaper, you know, and he walks right up to me and sticks out his hand and says "Hi, I'm Elvis Presley," and went on to say he'd watched our TV show and had our records and that I was one of his favorite singers. Talk about a shock and a thrill! Whew!

The funny thing is, they say a singer really doesn't hit his peak until he's between forty and fifty. When he died Elvis was singing better than he ever had, had more range and more expression. He may have slowed up a little in his movements on stage, but I think that comes with maturity. As a singer he was just reaching his peak. ■

ELVIS
Producing The King

by John Morthland

Felton Jarvis had been Elvis Presley's producer since 1965; the first record they cut together was *How Great Thou Art*, and they quickly became friends both in and out of the studio.

When Elvis died, Felton was at the Nashville airport to hop a plane for Maine, where Elvis was due to open his new tour. At first, when reporters called Jarvis for statements, he talked. Then the deluge of calls became too much for him, and he made himself more difficult to reach. But about 10 days after Elvis' death, the first wave of articles had subsided, and Felton was upset with the picture they presented. So he decided to talk again, explaining, "I just feel that somebody who was around him at the end needs to say something. I've heard so many lies from people that don't know."

The picture Felton paints is of a man who had become devoted to his audience, an imperfect man who made his mistakes and sometimes paid for them, a man who had to carry a greater load than most of us and did his best to pull it off. But not a lonely and miserable man. Not a man dependent on drugs, and certainly not a man who had premonitions of his own death, as so many have implied. These assertions Felton denied categorically.

Jarvis had been an RCA staff producer only about six weeks when Chet Atkins first tried him out with Elvis. By then, Elvis was cutting all night; Atkins, a family man, wanted out of that schedule. He figured Elvis and Felton would get along well, because they were of about the same age and background. Jarvis had even begun in the music biz as what he calls "a bad Elvis imitator."

As many others have noted, Elvis ran his own sessions. "All I ever did was carry out his wishes," Felton says, and the combination clicked. Felton was most dazzled by Elvis' recording procedure. If, say, RCA wanted a gospel album, Elvis would book a week of studio time and sing whatever came into his mind at any given moment—blues, rock, pop, gospel. By the end of the week there would be enough gospel songs for the album. Some nights, nothing would get put on tape at all, because Elvis was having too much fun just horsing around with the musicians.

"But he had to record according to how he felt at the moment; he wanted to feel that particular song at that particular time," Felton emphasizes. "Once he'd worked Las Vegas and gotten used to horns, strings, whole orchestras, that's what he liked best. He enjoyed singing songs like *My Way* or *Impossible Dream*, where he could really stand out and show off his singing. Don't get me wrong, he still liked doing those old three chord rock 'n' roll songs, but he wanted to do the bigger songs and be more than just the King of rock 'n' roll.

"Towards the end, the big thing that Elvis enjoyed more than anything was playing in front of a live audience. He was touring two weeks out of the month, and it was *only* because he wanted to. He never really got out of television or movies what he got out of performing, and eventually he realized it. The audience just gave him so much back. He was nervous, sure, but he had told me that if he ever *wasn't* afraid to go onstage, he wouldn't go onstage—because that would mean he'd lost it. He didn't never remember going onstage that he didn't have butterflies in his stomach."

As Felton sees it, Elvis was not pleased with his weight towards the end ("Who would be?"), but he wasn't unusually depressed about it. Other stories disturbed him just as much. The January 1977 Nashville sessions he cancelled, causing a big wave of rumors? He had a very sore throat, Felton insists, and took every step he could to make the sessions anyhow, but it was in vain. The more recent Baltimore show, where he supposedly sang three songs and left the stage? He had to go to the bathroom, and in a 50-pound jumpsuit, that took 20 minutes. He returned to the stage and the audience got a full show.

There are two other stories Felton prefers to remember that for him, exemplify the real Elvis. When RCA wanted to record Elvis' Madison Square Garden concert for a live album, Jarvis was on a kidney machine, having just been near death himself. Elvis and the Colonel agreed to the live recording only if Felton was paid a full fee, as though he was there.

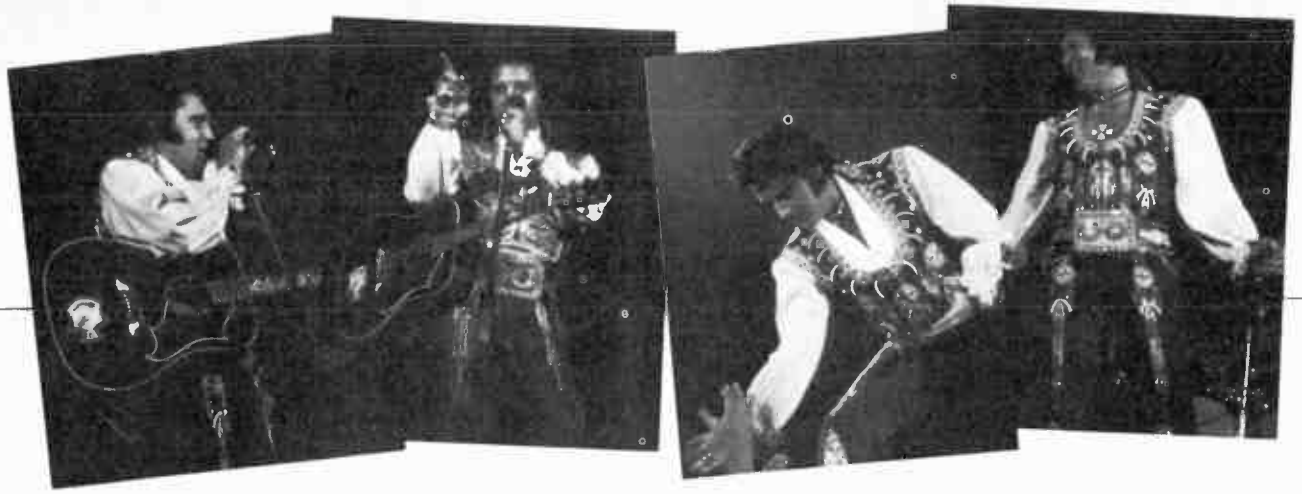
Then there was an episode on a film set. As Elvis related it to Jarvis some time after it actually happened, he wanted the Jordanaires singing with him on one song. The director said that was impossible. "When you're singing this song in the movie, you're riding down the highway on a motorcycle," the director chastised Elvis. "Now where would the Jordanaires be coming from?" To which Elvis replied, "The same durn place the band is coming from."

The last time Felton saw Elvis alive was between two recent tours. He drove to Graceland from Nashville to get Elvis' approval on the final mix on the **Moody Blue** album. When Felton arrived near sundown, Elvis was lounging on the front porch in his pajamas, and he was "very happy in a real good mood, didn't seem like he had a care or worry in the world."

Felton believes that Elvis' biggest remaining ambition at the time of his death was to tour Europe (especially England) and Japan. "He talked about it an awful lot. He'd always say, 'That's one thing I got to do and I don't want to wait until I'm too old and have to go over there with a walking stick,' " Felton recalls. "But it was one of those things where he'd always say, 'We'll do it tomorrow; today I'm too busy.' And tomorrow never came." ■

Elvis on stage (right; far right) at the Forum in Los Angeles in 1974; (above left) Elvis and Priscilla Beaulieu exchange vows in 1967; (above right) Elvis at one of his many charity shows in Memphis, 1961; (above) the King is drafted; Elvis registers shock in 1958 when Uncle Sam calls.

One of the earliest photos of Elvis on stage (far right), taken in 1955; (above) Elvis and Col. Tom Parker as Elvis leaves the army in 1960; (below) his first homecoming in Tupelo, September 1956.



ELVIS IN CONCERT

Two years in the making. The first complete photo portrait of "The King" on stage.

From the moment the tickets first went on sale until the stage lights went out and the last bedazzled fan staggered, ecstatic and bemused, from the empty auditorium, an Elvis concert was a unique happening, and the ultimate experience for faithful followers. This new book recreates, for the first time, Elvis' last concerts in words and dazzling color and black-and-white photographs.

Author John Reggero is a photojournalist who specializes in personality photography, particularly in popular music. His work has appeared in Life, Us, Country Music and more. With this book, he has enabled Elvis' millions of fans to rediscover that special magic Elvis was able to project onstage, suffusing the entire audience on the glow of his unique presence. The exciting and gruelling backstage world of the concert tours comes alive in an introduction by Elvis' brother, told as only one who knew and loved Elvis could describe it.

Here is the true essence of the great performer at the top of his form in the setting that was indeed his element – the concert stage. We guarantee you will not find an array of photos, nor a book like this anywhere, at any price. If you don't agree, return the book within 10 days for a refund but keep the special Elvis Issue we are also going to send you FREE!

ONLY $7.95

FREE BONUS OFFER!

Order this great NEW edition now and we will also send you our new ELVIS MEMORIAL ISSUE free, while our limited supply lasts. This collector's issue is a regular $1.95 value.

THIS OFFER EXPIRES ON APRIL 30, 1980!

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY! 1/280-5

TO: Country Music Magazine
Box 157
Rye, New York 10580

Send me .... copy(s) of "Elvis In Concert" and free Elvis Memorial Issue for $9.45 each ($7.95 plus $1.50 post. & hand.) If not satisfied, I may return the book within 10 days for a refund, and keep the free issue. (B2C/G5P)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....Zip.....

The Million Dollar Quartet

by Peter Guralnick

It was a chilly day in late January, 1957. The group that was in the tiny Memphis recording studio had completed four songs and was taking a break, just relaxing and fooling around, when the street door to the receptionist's area (separated by a plate glass window from the studio itself) was flung open. There standing in the doorway was a jaunty-looking young man and a girl, a dancer from the New Frontier Club in Las Vegas. Within a few minutes all thought of continuing with the session was abandoned. The engineer and the producer and a friend of the singer's (a recording artist himself) all came out of the raised control booth, there was excited talk about what the visitor had been up to lately and whether he was really going to be drafted into the Army, the piano player—blond-haired, brash, and just 21 years old—demanded to be introduced, and eventually the visitor sat down at the piano, with the other musicians all grouped around him. The producer, who was also the owner of the small record company, had his secretary call the newpapers; the musicians started fooling around with their instruments as someone started to sing; and the engineer turned on the tape, a tape that would be rumored but not heard by the public for over 20 years, a tape that captured a group that would never assemble again and would be labeled the Million Dollar Quartet.

The place, of course, was Sun Records. The visitor was Elvis Presley, who, though under contract to RCA Victor for a little over a year, still returned to 706 Union Avenue where he had made his first records and first met Sam Phillips, the man whose faith in Presley and the possibilities of creative freedom would forever change the face of American music. The singer whose session had been interrupted was Carl Perkins, whose *Blue Suede Shoes* had been one of the biggest hits of 1956 and given rock 'n' roll an anthem that would never die. It was his friend, Johnny Cash, another Sun Artist, who was at the session at Perkins' invitation. And the piano player? That was Jerry Lee Lewis, who had just cut his first record for the Sun, and was doing the Perkins session for $15. His epochal hit, *Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On*, would not be released until April, engineered on a first take by Jack Clement, who on January 30, 1957 turned on the machine and let it roll.

The music that was recorded that day might have surprised some of the more vocal critics of rock 'n' roll. Far from being a godless expression of moral turpitude or even "part of a a plot to undermine the morals of the youth of our nation" (as the White Citizens' Council of North Alabama would have had it), most of the songs that the group sang were traditional hymns. This was only natural according to Sam Philiips, who at 56 has been retired from the record business for more than 10 years, though he is still very much involved in radio. "I dare say that there was never any 'infidels' or agnostics even, that came in my studio as such. There was a deep-seated feeling for God, very much so, with probably every artist I ever worked with, whether they knew how to express it or amplify it or show it in any way. They showed it to me in the way that they did what they did."

In any case the songs that were put on tape consisted almost exclusively of well-known hymns like *Just a Little Talk with Jesus* and *I'm Gonna Walk That Lonesome Valley, Peace in the Valley,* and *I Shall Not Be Moved.* At the beginning Carl Perkins' little trio (his brothers J.B. and Clayton on rhythm guitar and bass and drummer W.S. "Fluke" Holland, who has been with Johnny Cash since 1960) continued to provide accompaniment to Perkins' bright lead guitar while Elvis, a very tentative instrumentalist at best, softly chorded at the piano. One by one, Perkins says, the band "kind of dropped out, they turned loose and quit," until Perkins was left alone and switched over to playing acoustic guitar. The voices are ragged, the harmonies strained; songs are picked up and dropped again as someone forgets the words or someone else jumps in with another song; most of the time you can't even hear Carl Perkins' tenor harmony. just Elvis' lead Jerry Lee Lewis' falsetto counterpoint, because, Perkins says, "I sat down beside Elvis on the piano stool and we shared a microphone. Jerry Lee had a microphone by himself, and he —as always—did get in there. I remember most of the things we was singing would be too high or too low, but they was in the one or two keys that Elvis could play in. That's why on some of that stuff it was almost impossible for me to sing tenor rhythm. It's those little things that I think really do make for a story."

"Everything," adds Sam Phillips, "was off mike. If it was on mike, it was by accident. I told Jack Clement, 'Man, let's just record this. This is the type of a feel, and probably an occasion, that—who knows? —we may *never* have these people together again.' We all started out at this place. We all did what we tried to do as best we could. That's why the tape was rolled."

At the end of *I Shall Not Be Moved* you hear the youthful voice of Jerry Lee Lewis declare: "Boy, this is fun. I like this."

"It was a rather momentous occasion," says Jack Clement, who doesn't remember much else about the specifics. "The only reason I taped it was we just decided: all that carrying on ought to be recorded."

It could only have happened at Sun Records, and probably only in Memphis, home of the blues, once Murder Capital of the World, and haven for an army of eccentrics and individualists who, as they have slipped away from their native surroundings. have made the world a little better, and a little crazier, place in which to live. Nashville started a music industry; a record has to *escape* from Memphis, it is stated with some pride, to make a hit. Certainly the one common denominator that applied to anyone who entered the Sun studio was craziness in the best sense of the word. As Jerry Lee Lewis once said to reporter John Grissim, "Sam? He's just like me. He ain't got no sense. Me and him and Jack Clement. Birds of a feather flock together. It took all of us to get together to screw up the world." But change the world they did.

Today, with his long reddish beard and oracular tone of voice, Sam Phillips looks and sounds a bit like an Old Testament prophet, but in 1950, when he opened the little studio he had built with his own hands, he was a slick-haired 27-year old businessman. The facility was so small it didn't even have an office aside from the receptionist's area, and all business was conducted at Miss Taylor's Restaurant next door ("*That,*" says Jack Clement, "was the whole secret of Sun. You've got to have a restaurant next door."). It was known then as the Memphis Recording Service, and Phillips opened it, he told an early interviewer, "when Negro artists in the South who wanted to make a record just had no place to go. I set up a studio just to make records with some of those great Negro artists."

"I have *never* been conventional. I don't know if that's good, but it set me apart in the sense that I had a certain independence and individuality. And I knew one thing: believe and trust in what you're doing, or

don't do it. I just knew that this was great music. My greatest contribution, I think, was to open up an area of freedom within the artist himself, to help him to express what *he* believed his message to be."

Phillips knew, too, that blues was always going to have a limited audience, despite its widening appeal to a white youth

The one thing that had not surfaced even privately until very recently was the fabled Million Dollar Quartet tape.

market which bought increasing numbers of r&b records but was virtually prohibited by the still-prevelant laws of segregation from seeing most black acts perform. "Over and over," Sun secretary, Marion Keisker, told Elvis biographer, Jerry Hopkins, "I remember Sam saying, 'If I could find a white man who had the Negro sound, and the Negro feel, I could make a billion dollars.' " It was only when Elvis Presley first hesitated outside the wide picture windows of the Sun studio—and then summoned up the courage to plunge and make a custom recording for $4—it was only then that Sam Phillips found the realization of his vision.

The story of Elvis Presley has been recounted so many times it scarcely needs retelling. How the 18-year-old electrician's assistant, who carried his guitar around with him everywhere, cut that first record for his mother and then came back to make another. How Sam Phillips put him together with guitarist Scotty Moore and bass player Bill Black, how the trio rehearsed and fooled around, tried a song that Phillips thought was right for Presley, and then during a studio break, on July 6, 1954, hit upon an old number by blues singer Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup called *That's All Right Mama.* Phillips had the record out within days, Presley was an immediate sensation around Memphis and all through Texas, Arkansas, and Mississippi. Five records were eventually released on the Sun label, all combining the same elements of hillbilly and blues in a style that had never been heard before ("I recall one jockey telling me that Elvis Presley was so country he shouldn't be played after 5 A.M.," said Sam Phillips. "And others said he was too black for them."). And then, of course, Elvis Presley took off—he himself "escaped" from Memphis, to become the property of the world. With his departure Sun Records was scarcely left in the lurch, for the advent of Elvis Presley had seemingly unleashed the flood of talent that Sam Phillips had somehow intuited was out there, and one by one country boys like Johnny Cash and Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, Roy Orbison, and Charlie Rich all showed up at the Sun door.

"Well, I'll tell you," says Carl Perkins, big, raw-boned, gray hair straggling out from under a cavalry hat, as he sits in his Jackson home discussing the past, and the buffet of fortune, with his usual combination of philosophical insight and grace. "Music back then was a goofing off type of thing anyway. In fact, music as we played it, we just really didn't take it that seriously. We didn't realize that what we was doing was going to amount to anything. It was nothing like making records today. Even when we had a session, it more fun than anything else. There was always a big old bottle of whiskey sitting in the middle of the floor, everybody taking a cup, everybody taking a drink, and that was just part of Sun. There was no rush, you didn't worry about making a mistake, it was just an easy carefree feeling we had, and it was the greatest way in the world, really, to cut raw music. Well, you get a little old country boy in there and scare him with the light and the time clock, I think if it'd been that way a lot of music, a lot of good things would have been lost, at least that are regarded as good things by a lot of people in the world today."

"I believe so much," says Sam Phillips, "in the psychological. I think this had an awful lot to do with it. Number one is that caring figure. Number two is knowing what in the hell you're doing. I think at the time of our relationship there was a true trust. It was almost like a father-son, or big brother-little brother relationship. And I think that adequately describes the feel, because—and I'll say this without any equivocation whatsoever—good or bad, I was always in charge of my sessions. Definitely in charge. But at the same time when I say in charge, it was a type of thing that made them know I was a part of the total effort. Because they didn't *need* anybody else looking down their nose, they'd had *enough* of that in their life. That would have been the old thing that would have kept them exactly where they were — *nowhere.*"

Phillips recalls accompanying Elvis on his first trip to the Louisiana Hayride, a kind of Bayou version of the Grand Opry and the first show with anything like national exposure (it was heard all over the south on radio) on which Elvis appeared. "I didn't let anybody know," he recalls with animation, "but when it came time for Elvis and Scotty and Bill to go on stage, I went out and got me a seat in that audience. Because I'll tell you what, we didn't have any idea how this thing was going to turn out—and I was going to do anything I could. Well, when he got through his first number, and I don't remember what it was, those people were up on their feet. I mean, all types—old people, fat people, skinny people, listen honey, it was just one of those things that just come up, and you say, Man, I'm not believing this. Some big fat lady, I mean it took an effort for her to get up, and she got up and she didn't stop talking, right into the middle of the next number, she didn't know who I was, I didn't know who she was. She said, Man, have you ever *heard* anything that good?"

"You see, he (Phillips) really had the knack," says Perkins, "he just seemed to know when we'd be making a record, he'd step out from behind that little old glass window, and he'd say, 'All right, boys, we just about on it now.' He'd say, 'Do it again. Do it one time for Sam.' Oh yeah, he did me that way all the time. It was just that type of thing, you just forgot about making a record and tried to show him. It was things like that that'd cause me—I'd walk out on a limb, I'd try things I knew I couldn't do, and I'd get in a corner trying to do it and then have to work my way out of it. I'd say, 'Mr. Phillips, that's terrible.' He said, 'that's original.' I said, 'But it's just a big original mistake.' And he said, '*That's what Sun Records is.* That's what we are.' "

And yet one by one they all left him. He sold Elvis' contract to RCA for $35,000, working capital for his tiny company ("If I've been asked once," he has said to writer Robert Palmer, "I must have been asked a thousand times, did I ever regret it? No, I did not, and I never will."). Johnny Cash and Carl Perkins went to Columbia, Jerry Lee Lewis would eventually go to Mercury, and Jack Clement and Bill Justis (of "Raunchy" fame, and Phillips' chief arranger and producer) would both be fired on the same day for "insubordination." Some say all these defections were the normal sort of fall-out for any

small company; others point to a low royalty rate, problems with distribution, and Sam Phillips' notorious tight-fistedness with a dollar.

"Now what happened," says Sam Phillips himself, by way of explanation, "was that some of the artists—now I'm not a person that's real easy to get close to in certain areas, and I wish I weren't that way, but I know this—and some of the artists later on I think felt that maybe I was devoting a little more time to this new artist that needed nurturing like I had tried to nurture the early ones. So there was a little friction, and they got a little mad at me. But I think they trusted me even though they left me when a bunch of bullshitters started talking big money and this sort of thing. It's kind of like a family. Some children can feel that just because you feel that this one needs a little more attention—well, they've forgotten that *they* got attention and love. But for that

reason I have never felt hard at any of the people that have left me."

Almost without exception each of the artists went on to a painful history of guilt and inner turmoil. Elvis, of course, is the most prominent example, but Carl Perkins never achieved another hit and passed through ten years of alcoholism before finally giving up drinking and settling on the blend of equanimity and simple faith which sustains him to this day. Johnny Cash's pill habit (he and Perkins made a mutual pact in 1967 to give up their addictions) is well-known. And Jerry Lee Lewis never fully resolved the conflict that first surfaced when he recorded *Great Balls of Fire*, giving up the sinful life from time to time (usually for a period of days, if not hours) to preach or sing religious music and, in his most notable aberration, getting himself arrested outside of Graceland, Elvis' mansion, for shouting obscenities, brandishing a gun, and demanding to see Elvis at 3 o'clock one morning, just about a year before Presley's death.

Elvis's private miseries—his reclusiveness, his fearful insecurity and withdrawal from reality—have been extensively documented, and Sam Phillips has given thought himself to just what it was that caused so much unhappiness—in the later lives of his proteges. It was not, he is convinced, rock 'n' roll *per se*, but rather lack of preparation for their sudden and overwhelming success.

"Elvis—he was torn," reflects Sam Phillips today. If he had had the proper love ratio with someone that he truly loved and felt and trusted, *all the way*—this would never have befallen Elvis. Because Elvis in so many ways was an extremely strong person, but in other ways without that ability to communicate with somebody that he truly felt *him* and knew *him* and understood *him*, this is where Elvis' problem came. Where it comes in with all of us. So I can tell you one thing. All of the artists that I had, if they had stayed with Sam Phillips, we might have starved to death together. But—and I like a drink as good as anybody, but I'll tell you what—there would have been no great extremes, because I would have shown them one way or the other *that I loved them*."

Since Elvis died in August of 1977, an extraordinary thing has happened: one of the few performers to have actually earned the "superstar" appellation has become even bigger in death than in life. The Elvis Presley phenomenon has fueled an industry, an industry controlled almost totally by Colonel Tom Parker, Elvis' manager since 1955, and the man who in a sense took Sam Phillips' place but never finished the task of sculpting those pouting features. Records and replicas, movies and memory books have all come out. There have been bootlegs of everything from the outtakes of Elvis' first sessions to live performances from 1955 to tapes of Elvis singing at a private party. The one thing that had not surfaced even privately until very recently was the fabled Million Dollar Quartet tape. And this despite the fact that everyone from Scotty Moore (Elvis' guitarist) to Jack Clement remembers listening to the tape in the studio many times, and Sam Phillips recalls that one of his principal reasons for making the tape in the first place was "to send everybody a copy. Which I never did get around to doing."

Evidently it wasn't important enough for anyone to keep track of, and somewhere along the line the tape disappeared. Shelby Singleton, the Nashville entrepreneur who bought the Sun catalogue from Sam Phillips in 1969, says frankly, "I never even looked for it. It didn't mean shit to me till Presley died." Upon Elvis' death, though, he conducted a frantic search through his more than 10,000 hours of tape and came up with nothing until somehow mysteriously a tape finally surfaced. When he announced plans to market it, he was hit immediately with an injunction by RCA (which had purchased the rights to all of Elvis' material, as well as buying up his contract, back in 1955), and then by Carl Perkins and Johnny Cash—even though the 35 minutes of tape which had at this point been recovered does not have Cash's voice on it! Singleton, who has long been a thorn in RCA's side (in 1977 he put out an Elvis "documentary," including a few snatches of music, which netted him more than $600,000 before he agreed to take the record off the market and pay RCA $40,000 in penalties), has been making court appearances for nearly two years now, with little immediate prospect for settlement. Instead, RCA has been content with repackaging bland 1970's material, and Singleton has had to make do with a Jerry Lee Lewis "duets" album (which consisted of old tapes with an unidentified Elvis soundalike overdubbed) and an LP by the mysterious "Orion" (the same soundalike), whose liner notes hint at the possibility of the transmigration of souls. Which leaves the public as much in the dark with regard to the fabled Million Dollar Quartet as they had been for the 20 years before the tape was ever discovered.

Five records were eventually released on the Sun label, all combining the same elements of hillbilly and blues in a style that had never been heard before.

What they will hear if a settlement *is* ever reached—unless more tapes now surface, as Singleton suspects they might—is a $750,000 trio, for Johhny Cash, Carl Perkins now thinks, left to go shopping with his wife as soon as the photographer arrived. You don't hear Jerry Lee Lewis playing *Strange Things Happening*, though everyone has vivid memories of his singing the song, and both Johhny Cash and Carl Perkins point to that composition, in its original version by Sister Rosetta Tharpe, as one of the seminal influences on rock 'n' roll. Actually you don't hear Jerry Lee Lewis playing the piano at all, despite Carl Perkins's recollection that Lewis definitely took over the piano bench at one point. "Cause I remember Elvis said, 'The wrong man's been setting here at

this piano.' And Jerry Lee said, 'Well, I been wanting to tell you that. Scoot over!" What you do hear is a bunch of musicians fooling around and having a good time, singing songs that for the most part they have known since childhood. At one point Marion Keisker breaks in and says, "Will this Rover Boys trio sing *Farther Along*?" At another point Elvis does a series of Bill Monroe songs in a very high voice ("With that old Sun equipment we sounded a lot like girls," says Carl Perkins). Elvis does his Hank Snow imitation; Lewis sings a snatch of *Crazy Arms;* Perkins does a beautiful version of Wynn Stewart's *Keeper of the Keys;* and Elvis comes up with *Don't Forbid Me*; a 1956 hit for Pat Boone and a song which Elvis says "stood over my house for months. I never did see it." And that's about it. It's a curiosity, an occasion of great sentimental value, a momentous "happenstance" as Sam Phillips suggests, because all of these artists got together at one time in one place and for one brief moment shouldered the symbolic weight of rock 'n' roll. It is a piece of history for which many collectors would give their right arm. But it's not great music.

"See, actually," says Carl Perkins, "the thing I feel is that it had absolutely no value. Without Elvis being on it, it would be just a bunch of junk. With him on it it's still junk—but it's history."

Sam Phillips is even more emphatic. "I think this little chance meeting meant an awful lot to all those people. Not because one was bigger than the other. It was kind of like they were all coming from the same womb. I think they felt that. It was just one of those things that has happened to me a number of times, that providence has come in and made these little events that might not mean a lot to a lot of people, but I know things like that mean a lot to me. And the beautiful part about it was that there was no way I would have *ever* used that tape. If I was broke and in the gutter and couldn't find a bite to eat, I'd find some way to survive. I would never have used something like that."

Shelby Singleton certainly feels no such compunctions—and probably at this point there is no reason that he should. For Carl Perkins, who seems ready to drop his lawsuit and would now like to see the album come out, it is an opportunity to "do what I know Elvis would want me to do with it, do some good for the underprivileged kids of the world." Elvis appeared to him, says Perkins, a deeply religious man, in a vision. "It was so real. It was not a dream. I was laying in bed right after the boy passed away, and Elvis told me, 'Fight it. Get it. Do something good with it.' I've never felt stronger about anything in my life."

To Jerry Lee Lewis, it is all a tempest in a teapot when set amidst the raging whirlwind of his life. When asked what he thought about the great debate over whether it is really Elvis on his "duets" album, he just shrugged. "That dead sonofabitch," he is reported to have said, "is still riding on my coattails."

Jack Clement is still seeking to preserve the inspired lunacy that was Sun in his own way. Johnny Cash recently completed a gospel album (on which Clement plays the dual role of advisor and rhythm guitarist) which interestingly enough echoes many of the titles, from the Million Dollar Quartet session, including Sister Rosetta Tharpe's *Strange Things Happening*. "That isn't the reason for my doing it," says Cash a little angrily, "I've had that record since 1941.

All of these artists stay in touch with each other off and on, all ask after one another. They may have their little fallings out, like the time Jerry Lee Lewis jumped on Jack Clement's recording console. ("I don't dig people jumping up and down on my console," says Clement peevishly, "while I'm trying to make records. It's a little distracting."). They remain solicitous of each other, however, they all seem to recognize, as Sam Phillip says, that they spring "from the same womb."

Meanwhile Sam Philiips, the man who started it all, busies himself with his investments (he is an original shareholder in Holiday Inns) and his radio stations. Right now he is trying out a new format on his

Memphis station which mixes Top 40 with a steady stream of music from all eras and seeks to emphasize the *connectedness* in which he so much believes. As I sit out in the studio with him, we watch the rock 'n' roll documentary, *Heroes of Rock 'n Roll,* on TV, and we see Elvis come on the screen, looking impossibly expectant, impossibly young.

"Wasn't he something?" says Phillips, chuckling. "Let me tell you something about him. Elvis—you looking at him now, back then—he looks so clumsy and so totally uncoordinated. And this was the beauty of it, he was being himself. Well, he had that little innocence about him and yet he had, even then he had a little something that was almost impudent in a way. That was his crutch. He certainly didn't mean to be impudent, but he had enough of that, along with what he could convey, that he was just beautiful and lovely—and I'm not talking about physical beauty, because he was not that good-looking then. Really by conventional standards he was supposed to have been thrown off that stage, and I—listen, I calculated that stuff in my mind. Are they going to resent him? With his long sideburns? That could be a plus or a minus. But I looked at it as this. When he came through like he did, it was neither. *He stood on his own.*

"Let me say this. I don't want to come off as the poor ole country boy that made good or anything like that. I'm just trying to come over with what I know deep in my heart to be the truth, as I relayed it to myself then. I may have some dates worng, and some facts and figures, but the material aspects of it is not wrong. Cause I will see it in my mind's eye until the day I die—and then I'm not so sure I won't see it after that. I'm not looking for any heroism or anything at all, but I think that music is a part of a very spiritual aspect of people. And I just think that it has gotten out of hand a little bit today, scientifically trying to analyze everything that you do, and if it doesn't have that stamp, then nobody can peddle it. I don't say there's a thing wrong with disco, but when you drive so much of the same thing and people get into too much of a pattern, I want to tell you that if that is giving of yourself in a way that you can be fulfilled then I just don't have the ability to interpret it that way. Listen, they're talking about that you've got to have—well, what is the trend now? Well, *Jesus God*, now if there's anything we don't need, it's a trend.

"One of these days, though, I may not live to see it, maybe you all will, but one of these days that freedom is going to come back." Sam Phillips' voice rises, it is like a flood, and you can hear him telling Elvis that yes, his music will prevail. It will. "Because look, the expression of the people is almost, it's so powerful, it's almost like a hydrogen bomb. It's going to get out.

"Now let me just tell you one other thing, Peter, and I'll get out of here. I'm not just saying go back to the '50s and this sort of thing. But if it could be worked—and it will be worked—to where just a few like Elvis could break out, then I would preach, I would become an evangelist if I were alive, saying, for God's sake, *don't* let's become conformists—*please*. Just do your thing in your own way. Don't ever let fame and fortune or recognition or anything interfere with what you feel is here—*if* you feel you are a creative individual. Then don't let the companies get this going real good and buy up all the rights of the individual some way or the other. That's not right. We'll go back in another circle. Till it gets so damn boring that your head is swimming. And I'll tell you, I hope it's not too long coming, because of the fact that as we go longer and longer into the lack of individual expression, as we go along if we get too far we going to get away from some of the real basic things. All of us damn cats and people that appreciate not the '50s necessarily but that freedom are gonna forget about the feel. We gonna be in jail, and not even know it." ■

The Stamps

MEMORIES OF ELVIS & BEYOND

by Douglas B. Green

It is abundantly clear that the six years the Stamps spent working with the late Elvis Presley had an effect on their career far more profound than the fifty years they spent as the premier gospel quartet in America. Their conversation and tone refer to Presley again and again, their work reflects it (recent album: **J.D. Sumner And The Stamps Present Memories of Our Friend Elvis**), and as they now move to embrace a wider audience, their show contains liberal doses of Presley material and Presley tribute.

"The fans simply demanded it," intones contra-bass singer J.D. Sumner, whose history in gospel music is nearly as illustrious as that of the Stamps Quartet. "After his death many came to our shows knowing nothing of our history as a gospel group—they simply knew us because of our identification with Elvis on record and in person, and they wanted to hear us perform those songs. They insisted on it."

Although Sumner's commanding presence and earthshaking bass voice provide a focal point for the Stamps, it is clearly a teamwork operation consisting of six singers, four musicians, and a sound man, and their show is carefully geared not as country, but as a variety show; as Sumner puts it "It's country, pop, gospel, blues, rock—it's about everything except disco!"

Lead singer and group manager Ed Enoch provides much of the on stage focus; a veteran of the Jake Hess Singers, Enoch has been the backbone of the Stamps from the days they were still known as the Stamps Quartet. "We changed to the Stamps to let people know we were changing our image without really changing our name," says Sumner. Though he's comfortable and convincing in rock, soul, and country, Enoch still has much of the Gospel singers look and flair about him, as, indeed, do all the Stamps. In addition, he does an uncanny Presley vocal imitation.

"Actually," explains Sumner, "Ed hit, I would say, sixty to seventy percent of Elvis' high notes in the last few years we

worked together. Elvis wasn't in shape to sing them a lot of the time, and Ed, over there in the dark, would hit those notes, trying to sound exactly like Elvis. Ed's not an imitator, by any means, but he does do the Elvis songs we do now."

Rounding out the singing group are bass singer Larry Strickland, soaring tenor Gary ("Buck") Buckles, baritone Richard Lee, and Jennifer O'Brien who, like the rest of the Stamps, both sings solos and harmony. Midway through the show J.D. Sumner is introduced and featured with his exceptionally low voice and his long history in entertainment.

"I had decided not long before Elvis died to expand our music. To me, gospel music is still the best . . ."

This history behind the Stamps is a fascinating one: the original Stamps Quartet was formed by V.O. Stamps (1892-1940) and his brother Frank (1896-1965) in the 1920s, and their intent was mainly to sing the songs they published in their ubiquitous hymnals. They are, in fact, credited with introducing America in general to southern gospel music. They were joined by J.R. Baxter (1887-1969), who eventually formed the powerful gospel music publishing empire with them known as Stamps-Baxter Music.

As time went on the Stamps-Baxter organization came to sponsor a number of quartets; in fact, for a few years early in their career the Blackwood Brothers were known as the Blackwood Stamps Quartet. However, as gospel quartet singing became more and more popular, the heyday of the Stamps-Baxter organization receded into the past, and ironically by 1963 the Blackwood Brothers Quartet had become so successful they were able to buy the rights to the Stamps Quartet name, and they turned over management of the group to their bass singer, J.D. Sumner, who eventually severed ties with the Blackwood organization to devote full time to running the Stamps Quartet.

Sumner, a tall, ruggedly handsome man of 55 (whose cute pageboy mop rests awkwardly atop his craggy face) joined a quartet called the Sunny South Quartet shorly after leaving the service as World War II drew to a close, and in 1949 became a member of The Sunshine Boys, a sometimes-gospel sometimes-western singing group which made a few movies with Charles Starrett and Smiley Burnette. In 1954 R.W. Blackwood and bass singer Bill Lyles were killed in the crash of the Blackwood Brothers' private plane, and Sumner was asked to become a part of the most successful quartet in America.

To the Blackwoods he brought his unbelievably deep voice, as well as a flair for innovation: it was he who convinced the Blackwood Brothers to be the first gospel quartet to travel by bus, and he who helped originate the National Quartet Convention in Memphis. He remained with the Blackwoods until taking over management of the Stamps Quartet, and eventually obtained the group for himself.

Two things caused Sumner to change direction, even though the Stamps Quartet was among the leading gospel groups a decade ago. The first thing was a shift he perceived in the direction gospel music was taking:"More and more gospel music was turning into a strictly religious experience, and was no longer so concerned with entertainment. About ten years ago it occured to me that most groups were not expected to entertain so much as to preach and testify, and that's not my ball game. I got to feel out of place at gospel sings—you felt you had to preach and testify to compete, and I'm not a preacher, I'm an entertainer."

The second thing was, of course, Elvis. "We went with Elvis in 1971. You know, I used to to think it was almost wrong to sing anything but a gospel song, but once I saw the music business from Elvis' side I saw that I had restricted my career for thirty-five years!

J.D. during the Elvis years.

"I had decided not long before Elvis died to expand our music. To me, gospel music is still the best; it's the dessert, but you need all the courses for a full musical meal."

They quickly began to formulate an exciting show with across-the-board appeal —"we didn't know anything about a country show, so we devised our own"— patterned after Presley's, yet with the action and fervor retained from the jumpin' gospel quartet style. "You know," says Sumner, "a lot of our on-stage savvy comes from years of quartet singing. The average country singer, down through the years, is used to appearing by him or herself, and has learned to entertain with his music and songs alone. The gospel quartets come from a long tradition of singing conventions, where competition between the quartets is keen. We've learned that if you want to be remembered, you've got to go out there and *move*! I don't think there's a show on the road right now that shows as much energy as ours—I feel we can entertain *anybody*!"

The typical show begins with *CC Rider*, performed by Enoch and the group, then the country-pop *Love On*, followed by Jennifer O'Brien and Buck Buckles singing *When Two Fools Collide*, Ed Enoch singing *Hurt*, and solos by Richard Lee (usually in the blues vein) and Larry Stricklin. Sumner is then introduced, and he sings *My Way*, the *American Trilogy*, and a country medley consisting of *Born To Lose*, *He'll Have To Go*, and *Release Me*, then they'll all break into a gospel section including *Walk With Me* and *How Great Thou Art*, before hitting Elvis' *Way Down* (prominently featuring Sumner's bass voice) and winding up with *Swing Low Sweet Chariot*.

"We changed to the Stamps to let people know we were changing our image without really changing our name."

Their change to this broad based musical style comes at an auspicious time, with the continuing success of the Statler Brothers, and the recent stunning success of the Oak Ridge Boys, another former gospel quartet. (Ironically, the Imperials just announced that they were returning to a strictly gospel format after a decade of variety entertainment: "We were doing very well with secular music," said the Imperials' Jim Murray, "but we came to understand we were not the Lettermen; we were gospel singers and we all felt we'd been called into the ministry").

The Stamps therefore feel, with their showmanship and their recent history, that they were ready to make their mark. They have signed with Reggie Churchwell and Nashville International for both management and booking, and will be coming out with records aimed at the country singles market shortly.

J.D. Sumner, who remains the spokesman for the Stamps though after open heart surgery last summer has turned over the management chores to Churchwell, summed it all up nicely: "I'd spent 35 years doing gospel, and the excitement and drive was gone. I think the best thing we've ever done is to expand our musical range. We'll play Vegas, play overseas, play national television, things we couldn't do as a gospel quartet. Naturally I hope that untimately we'll have a lasting effect on music, on all music, not just gospel or country." ■

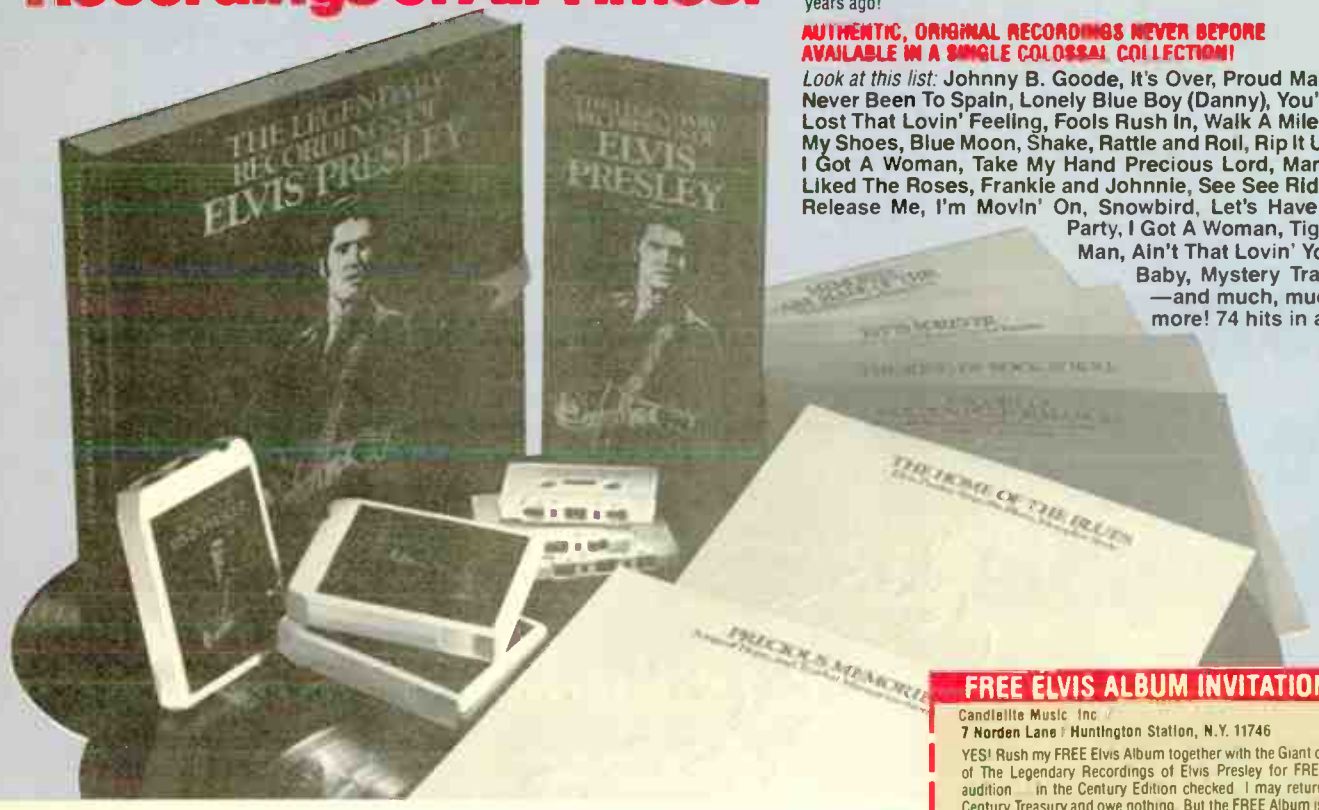
Only Candlelite Music could announce...
Incredible new "break-through" offering created...

The Exclusive CENTURY EDITION invented to contain The Most Colossal Record Collection of ELVIS PRESLEY Recordings of All Times!

More than six-dozen* million-sellers never before brought together in single glorious Golden Treasury! Super-value, too... priced lower than 25 years ago!

AUTHENTIC, ORIGINAL RECORDINGS NEVER BEFORE AVAILABLE IN A SINGLE COLOSSAL COLLECTION!

Look at this list: **Johnny B. Goode, It's Over, Proud Mary, Never Been To Spain, Lonely Blue Boy (Danny), You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling, Fools Rush In, Walk A Mile In My Shoes, Blue Moon, Shake, Rattle and Roll, Rip It Up, I Got A Woman, Take My Hand Precious Lord, Mama Liked The Roses, Frankie and Johnnie, See See Rider, Release Me, I'm Movin' On, Snowbird, Let's Have A Party, I Got A Woman, Tiger Man, Ain't That Lovin' You Baby, Mystery Train, —and much, much more! 74 hits in all!**



THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE! To find and assemble those hard-to-find ELVIS masterpieces in a colossal collection that rivals the greatest releases of modern history!

Such rare recordings as the first four solid gold hits The King ever recorded! Those smash-hit singles that have never, ever appeared on an LP! PLUS 70 more million-sellers that you just can't find in record stores anywhere... at any price. Songs that collectors charge anywhere from $50.00 and up for a single.

SIX-DOZEN ELVIS HITS IN A NEW KIND OF TREASURY

Each hit certified as gold by CMI... comes to you in the all-new CENTURY EDITION, a deluxe presentation created just for this incredible collection! A breakthrough in beauty and life-long protection for what must become the HEIRLOOM collection of all time!

A once in a life-time opportunity to complete a collection by The King!

TAKE A FREE ELVIS ALBUM FOR LISTENING FREE FOR TWO ENTIRE WEEKS!

YOU HAVE TO HEAR THIS INCREDIBLE GOLDEN TREASURY ... see for yourself the historic beauty and richness of The Century Edition. Fill-in and mail the coupon TODAY... take your FREE album to keep even if you return the giant treasury to owe nothing! LIMITED TIME OFFER at this amazing low price!

THE INCREDIBLE NEW *CENTURY EDITION!*

● EACH ALBUM IN ITS OWN DELUXE JACKET WITH COMPLETE INDEX! ● EASY-LIFT RIBBON! ● HISTORY OF EACH RECORDING—MINI-ENCYCLOPEDIA! ● SLIP CASE DESIGN TO LOCK-OUT DUST AND DIRT! ● SOFT PROTECTIVE SLEEVES! ● LEATHER-LIKE MATERIAL STAMPED IN 24 KT. GOLD! ● KIVAR OUTER WRAP LIKE A FINE BOOK-JACKET! ● EMBOSSED ELVIS PORTRAIT!

The most deluxe Presentation Case ever invented... exclusively for this incredible ELVIS collection!

See why HANK WILLIAMS, THE BEE GEES, NEIL DIAMOND, SIMON & GARFUNKEL, TONY BENNETT, AND THE BEATLES are listed here!

FREE ELVIS ALBUM!

(worth up to $8.98) in your choice of RECORD! 8-TRACK! CASSETTE!

A One-Of-A-Kind exclusive collector's edition is waiting for you! ELVIS payed tribute the singers he admired by recording his own version of their great hits! You get the only Album ever to assemble the greatest of those recordings.

TRUE LOVE • YESTERDAY • BLUEBERRY HILL • SWEET CAROLINE • WORDS • BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATERS • LET IT BE ME • YOUR CHEATIN' HEART • HARBOR LIGHTS.

FREE ELVIS ALBUM INVITATION!

Candlelite Music Inc.
7 Norden Lane / Huntington Station, N.Y. 11746

YES! Rush my FREE Elvis Album together with the Giant collection of The Legendary Recordings of Elvis Presley for FREE 14-day audition ... in the Century Edition checked. I may return the big Century Treasury and owe nothing. But the FREE Album is mine to keep no matter what I decide!

If I decide to keep The Legendary Recordings of Elvis Presley in the Century Edition, bill me for only $7.49* a month for the Century Record Treasury, or $8.74* a month for the Century Tape Treasury, for four months plus $2.69 postage and handling charges! **NO DOWN PAYMENT. NO FINANCE CHARGES.**
IMPORTANT: Check here to make sure you get FREE Album and Century Treasury for audition in edition you prefer.

☐ 6-RECORD TREASURY ☐ 3-8 TRACK TAPE TREASURY ☐ 3-CASSETTE TAPE TREASURY

SAVE EVEN MORE!

☐ **Save $2.69** shipping and handling charge if you enclose check or money order for entire amount now. Century Edition Record Treasury: $29.99; Either Tape Treasury $34.99. Same FREE Album and 14-day audition. Prompt refund guaranteed if you are not delighted.

☐ **Save $2.50 MORE FOR EXTRA SETS!** Great gift buy for those you love! YES, send me _____ additional Century Edition Treasuries for **only** $27.49 each for the record treasury and $32.49 for the tape treasury. (You also save $2.69 postage and handling charges and receive same privileges.)

☐ **CHARGE IT** and still save $2.69 shipping and handling charge! Fill-in MASTERCHARGE or VISA details below. Same FREE Album and 14-day audition privilege. ☐ MASTERCHARGE ☐ VISA

Account # _____ Expiration Date _____

MASTERCHARGE ONLY: Interbank # _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

▶ Please sign here: _____
If under 18, have parent or guardian sign
(check one)

DO YOU HAVE A TELEPHONE? ☐ YES ☐ NO

*Sales Tax must be added for New York residents. All orders are subject to credit acceptance or request for prepayment by our National Sales Office.

The view from Graceland

A Return To Memphis

A nostalgic look at the home of the blues . . . the author and . . . THE KING.

by Michael Bane

If you can believe the newspapers, they're going to make a shrine out of Graceland. At least, that's the best I can figure after two weeks of the blistering hot Memphis summer has had a chance to turn my head into gooey jello and my best intentions into a prayer for rain. Everybody wants to buy Graceland, and from what I can make of the conflicting reports, then everybody wants to gold-plate it and maybe erect a statue besides. To make sure that the world *really* knows what Memphis, Tennessee thinks of its most famous resident.

There is a certain air of desperation around all these goings on, and the reason for that is Memphis—if you can really boil a city of three-quarters of a million people into a single word—doesn't really know how it feels about Elvis Presley, even two long years after his death.

To be sure, there's a tremendous amount of pressure on the city to "cash in" on the King—an Elvis Presley festival, maybe, along the lines of Nashville's Fan Fair, with a gold-plated Graceland as the centerpiece. And that's not really as off-base as it might seem at first view—in death, as in life, Elvis belongs to us all, a peculiar little part of our lives. Maybe Memphis is a little bit of a hometown to us all.

But I grew up there, and I can feel the worry in the sticky summer air: What *are* we to do about Elvis Presley? What possible memorial can we build (with a straight face) for a man who . . . who . . .

And there it is again. A tiny hesitation, followed by an outpouring of praise for the King. He was the greatest; we're so proud of him; we were *always* so proud of him, even when everybody was saying he was just singing that . . . that . . .

He was always different, but he was good to his family. Respectful—not like that crazy Jerry Lee Lewis. Did his time in the army like any good boy should. Always said *yes-mam* and *no-mam*, gave to those less fortunate than himself, and remembered the Church. A good boy, and why would a boy like that want to sing . . . sing . . .

Nigger Music.

And there it is, lying in wait like some old copperhead under a rotted log. *Nigger* music—we're not talking here, as one fellow Memphian reminded me late one night, about *good ole boys* learning to sing *black* music. "What WE'RE TALKING ABOUT here is REDNECKS—the meanest, lowest, gut-bustin'est, beer drinkin'est, wife'beatin'est rednecks in the whooooooooole wide world singin' *nigger*—that's N-I-G-G-E-R—music!" my friend said with a concluding sweep of the arm. "And *THAT* is What Happened In Memphis!"

* * *

Thomas Pinkston sits in his little house in south Memphis and remembers. What he remembers is another world, one that most of Memphis would either like to forget entirely or apply a little judicial editing to. He remembers Beale Street in its prime, the Home of the Blues when rotgut whiskey flowed like water and a man's life wasn't worth much more than a bullet in Mr. Colt's gun.

"The blues started in them cotton fields." he says, remembering. "All you could do when that weather was dry was just sit there and see far away places. Sing about them fields, about the boss man. Niggers hated their bosses, and they talked about them through song. If the man be mean to you—Now, I'm not talking about what I heard; I'm talking what I seen—you come into a saloon and sing your own songs your own way."

Tommy Pinston came to Beale Street in the teens, just in time to make connection with one W.C. Handy, who happened to be a man who not only had an exceptional ear, but could write music. Handy heard something happening in Memphis, and he set about to record it. For a while, Tommy Pinkston played in his band, then Tommy began playing in the pit at the old Palace Theater. This is what he and Mr. Handy played:

"Mr. Crump don't 'low no easy riders 'round here.
Mr. Crump don't 'low no easy riders 'round here.

Graceland

I don't care what Mr. Crump don't 'low
I'm gonna barrelhouse anyhow . . ."

Later, the song was named the *Memphis Blues*, but not until after it had helped deliver the black vote to a politician named Ed Crump, who wanted to be mayor. Now, if the truth be told, Mr. Crump not only allowed easy riders 'round here, he encouraged them! Folks called him "Boss" Crump, and he ran Memphis with an iron hand. He also ran Beale Street, which was not exactly a part of Memphis. Rather, Beale Street was a universe unto itself, a black universe with its own natural laws (again, thanks to Mr. Colt), its own government, its own rules and regulations, and more whorehouses per square inch than any place in America outside of New Orleans' Storyville. Literally, something for everyone at every price. And as long as the proper percentage went uptown to city hall and the police department, why, everything was just dandy. Craps, gambling, "policy," which was a numbers game, bathtub gin, marijuana (one man I talked to swiped a couple of bushel baskets of marijuana and sold it as tobacco. He couldn't understand why he had so many repeat customers until he smoked some himself. Then he raised the price. This was in 1923, or thereabouts), that ole cocaine and good ole codeine for those rough mornings after, all to the rhythm of the blues, 'cause everybody's woman left him at least once, and sometimes the only solace left was the kind of solace money can buy.

Outside of Memphis, they called it Murder U.S.A., the meanest street in America. It was said from the pulpit that the Devil lived on Beale Street, and that the blues was his music.

A few people still remember Elvis Presley on Beale Street, long after Holy Joe Boyle closed all the whorehouses and the blues slipped away to Kansas City and Chicago. They remember a white kid who dressed funny, hair all slicked back like some zoot-suiter of times ago. They remember a kid who came to listen to the music, who watched with rapt attention when some of the Street's greats came back for an infrequent visit—Howlin' Wolf or B.B. King, maybe. They remember how he watched every move, how he drunk it all in like a man dying of thirst. And they remember feeling a little funny about it all, too. Beale Street was dying; the old days were finished, vague snapshots already turning yellow around the edges. Urban renewal, the city called it, but the old timers knew it for what it really was—revenge. The final toll for all those years of freedom. And here was some funny looking white kid with his eyes on fire and his hips already starting to sway to the music. Where, they moaned, where would it all lead?

* * *

Rockabilly happened in Memphis, and despite protestations by various and sundry music historians more skilled than most people at making molehills into mountains, what happened in Memphis *only* happened in Memphis. It didn't happen in Jackson, Mississippi, or Little Rock, Arkansas, or New York, New York, even though many of the same elements were present. Rockabilly, the bastard offspring of hillbilly country and citified blues, was born in Memphis, and with rockabilly, the revolution really began.

Sure, sure, you can talk all you want about Bill Haley and *Rock Around The Clock*, how they came before Elvis. That's true, too, and that misses the point entirely. Rockabilly, at the very bottom, is *mean* music, music sung through clenched teeth by red-eyed men who looked like they'd seen the wrong end of too many broken bottles. Beneath the insipid lyrics and the simple rhythms, rockabilly tapped a wellspring of revolution. It reached below the calm Eisenhower surface of the 1950's into the dark, smouldering potential of a generation looking for a voice. It's hard today to understand the level of violence that rockabilly brought to the surface, especially since today's music, even with its pretentions to violence, is only muzak to the lives of its fans. To the 50s teenager, rockabilly *was* revolution. But you can still see just a hint of how it might have been, looking into the far away eyes of Carl Perkins or Conway Twitty when they talk about those nights 25 years ago, when they walked out on stage knowing one or two or three songs, knowing that they'd have to reach deep down inside them, inside their *souls*, and tap the fires burning there, and set the crowds on fire with them. And somewhere in their eyes you can see the flush of victory as the crowds came alive and their minds filled with the knowledge—the absolute stone-cold knowledge—that they were changing the world.

It was said from the pulpit that the devil lived on Beale Street, and that the blues was his music.

* * *

Maybe, I think, I should cruise on out to Graceland, which is a tough decision since the air-conditioner in the car has long since passed over and I notice the afternoon sun is starting to melt the rear bumper. No matter—I'm going to visit Jud Phillips, Sam's brother and Jerry Lee's one-time manager, this afternoon anyway, and Graceland is pretty close.

So I head out, fusing my back to the black vinyl upholstery and letting the blast furnace wind from the highway wash my cares more or less away. The last time I'd thought about visiting Graceland was about a year ago, at the invitation of a record company executive. "C'mon man, go with us," the executive said. "We gotta do business with Vernon Presley, but you can kind of wander around anywhere you want." One other thing, he added. Could I maybe "pick up" a couple of ashtrays or anything that might be "just lying around," since he knew some overseas dealers who'd pay "one or two fortunes for the stuff." Needless to say, I declined.

I get to Graceland in the zenith of the afternoon heat and pull into the parking lot across the street, which is actually the parking lot for an Elvis Presley The King Souvenir Mall And Bad Taste Center. What it used to be was a Seven-Eleven and a dry cleaner, or something of the sort. Now, in store after store, you can buy any one of a zillion pieces of the King.

I decide to sit in the car and steam.

Across the street, along side the gate with the musical notes and stuff, there are two Japanese girls, maybe 14 years-old on their best day. One is wearing red short-shorts, the other pink, and they are writing their names on the wall surrounding Graceland, in pink spraypaint. I watch their short-shorts for a while, drink a warm cola, and decide that maybe they *should* gold-plate the place. At least it would cover the pink spraypaint.

* * *

Here is what happened in Memphis, on January 25, 1892, on the banks of the muddy Mississippi River. It is, according to one unofficial historian, the story of Alice Mitchell and Freddie Ward. Miss Mitchell, the story goes, was strangely enamored with Miss Ward, who was soon to be her victim. She said she loved her and she had to kill her. And so, as these stories are wont to go, around four in the afternoon on the day in question, Alice Mitchell killed Freddie Ward with a straight razor, which Miss Mitchell's daddy used for shaving. Miss Mitchell grasped Freddie's head with her left arm, drew it back, and used the razor to cut Miss Ward's throat. Then she calmly drove her buggy back home. This is how the story is remembered (when it is remembered at all) in Memphis:

"*You heard about Alice and Freddie*
All over this Memphis town
Alice had her razor ready
And cut poor Freddie down . . . "

But then, "Frankie and Johnny probably sounds better than "Freddie and Alice," and even myth has a hard time dealing with two women who were "strangely enamored" with each other. Tommy Pinkston remembers Stacker Lee (or was that Stagger Lee?) rolling 'dem dice on Beale Street, getting ready to achieve a special kind of immortality in a fight with Billy Lyons (or was that Sam the Lion, the cop who killed five niggers—or was it eight—in one night?) over a Stetson hat.

The point is this: Even today, Memphis is a city still cloaked in myth, like a heavy fog in the very early morning at Elmwood Cemetary, where Steven Foster shares the ground with Annie Cook, who turned her glorious bordello into a hospital for yellow fever victims in 1878 and stayed to die nursing the victims, perhaps the original prostitute with a heart of gold.

And now Elvis has passed into that myth, as if over and over again a younger Sam Phillips says to a younger Elvis, "That's a pop song now . . . That's a pop song now . . . That's a pop song now . . . " just like in the television version of Elvis' life.

But people in Memphis are uncomfortable with all those ghosts, and the reason why goes back to my friend at the bar in the beginning of the story. Memphis cannot become a city of brotherly love until somehow it finds a way to deal with the Question, and that is a question of color. Black music or white music, take your pick, name your poison. But in Memphis —*Memphis*, of all places!—a whole bunch of people picked the wrong color. A bunch of rednecks caught black music the way some people get the gospel, like finding the missing piece of a puzzle, the missing piece of yourself.

When Elvis walked down Beale Street, he found a missing piece of himself. When Carl Perkins first went to the all-black Baptist Church in Jackson and lounged around on the car outside, when Jerry Lee Lewis peeked in the window of a black church in Faraday, Louisiana, when Conway Twitty listened to his first field hand, they found missing pieces of themselves, and then they went to Memphis to try and make other people understand.

What happened in Memphis was that for a second or so, black and white understood each other on a gut level, and the world rocked.

* * *

Heat shimmers off the cracked pavement of Beale Street like a ghostly curtain, and for just an instant I see a flash of how it used to be, how it was, even, when I was growing up. The first time I ever heard a switchblade opening behind me was on Beale Street, and it sounded like a coffin closing. Then a soft voice told me how I was in the wrong part of town, being, as I was, of the white persuasion.

Then the heat shimmers again, and all that's left is a bunch of crumbling storefronts, deserted, waiting for their guaranteed renovation loans and their upper middle class owners to rebuild a sort of Disney World of the Blues.

Perhaps the most ironic thing, I think, is that all the stuff they said in the '50s, about rock and roll rotting your mind and making you think of sex and jungle rhythms, all that stuff turned out to be true. We rode the music to a different way of life, as alien to the 1950s as a disco to a church social. How much we shaped the music and how much the music shaped us remains to be seen—at least, the view from Beale Street is more than a little murky on that point.

But watching the shimmers along Beale Street, I can't help but feel a sense of continuity, a string, if you will, that begins in the Mississippi River and twines its way along Beale into the future. It touches W.C. Handy and Elvis Presley, then reaches out to touch the Memphis soul music of Stax Records, Otis Redding and Sam and Dave, Rufus and Carla Thomas. The string goes on to Nashville, through ex-Memphians like "Cowboy" Jack Clement and Chips Moman, who showed Waylon what he'd been looking for in his records, to Allen Reynolds, who helped make Crystal Gayle a household word. The string winds through Muscle Shoals, Alabama, and Macon, Georgia, through "Funky" Donnie Fritts and the Allman Brothers Band, all the way back to Memphis, where Knox Phillips, Sam Phillips' son, is still making wild records with John Prine, who just discovered Memphis music.

If you listen real close, in fact, on this steamy July afternoon, you can almost catch snatches of the blues. Almost. Elvis heard 'em. ■

Michael Bane, former editor of this magazine, says this article will be incorporated into a book he is currently writing for Viking Press to be titled A White Man Singing The Blues.

Records

The King On Record

by RICH KIENZLE

It's hard to believe that in the twenty-three years of Elvis's career, his records went from monaural 78s to stereo 45s to quadrophonic albums, from Sam Phillips' single-track mono tape recorder at the tiny Sun studio to the sleek 24-track units of RCA. Most of the musical legacy he left behind is still available (though at this writing many record bins lay empty), but it's uncertain how much, if any, unissued material remains in the RCA vaults. No matter; Elvis's released works are enough to satisfy anyone, and it's little wonder many record buffs devote their energies to him alone. Space considerations dictate that I stick to the major singles and albums, dealing only generally with less representative areas of his music such as movie soundtracks.

Elvis's recording career developed in four distinct stages. At times he evolved and improved with each succeeding release; at others he vacillated wildly between uninspired mediocrity and the brilliant, compelling music everyone knew he had in him. By looking at each of these periods, Elvis the recording artist and musician can be better understood.

Phase 1: Sun, 1954-1955

This single year was the most important of all, for it gave both the music industry and Elvis himself an idea of just what he could do. Conventional wisdom has it that on the evening of July 5, 1954, Elvis, clowning with Arthur Crudup's *That's All Right (Mama)* in the Sun studio, suddenly, dramatically, fused blues and country to creat rockabilly. Not quite. What he'd stumbled upon had been around country music since the forties, a boogie-woogie tinged style played by everyone from the Maddox Brothers and Rose to Tennessee Ernie Ford.

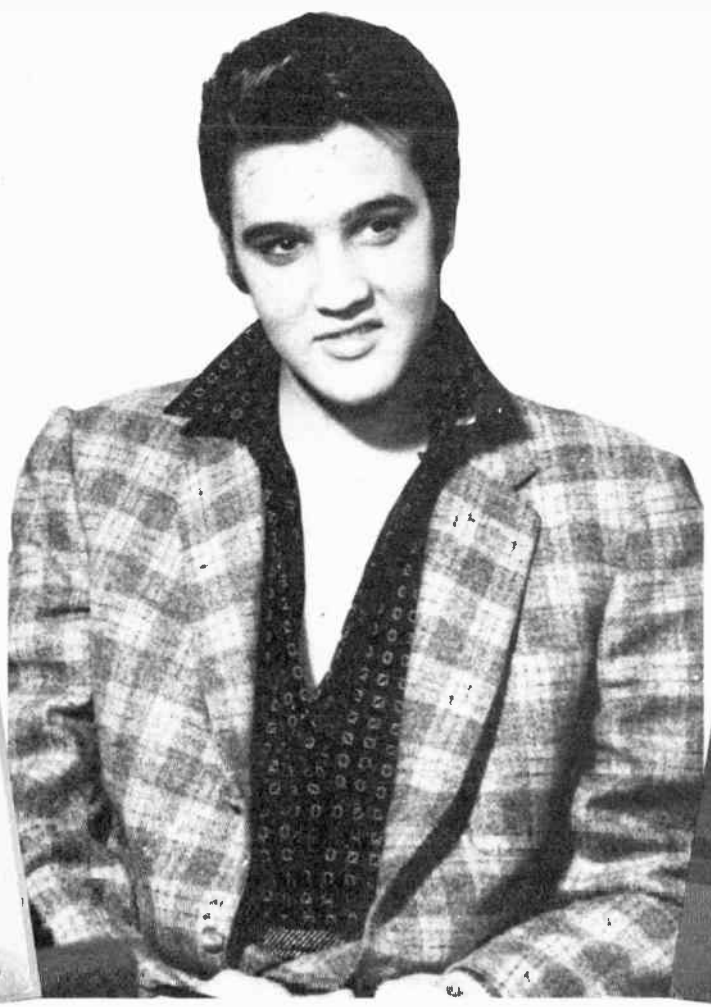
Elvis may have been the only one in America at the time who could break through successfully with this music. He didn't wear a cowboy outfit and had the voice, good looks and unbridled sexuality that made it easy to steal a show from a hard-country headliner, as he once did from Ferlin Husky.

After the July, 1954, release of *That's All Right (Mama)/Blue Moon of Kentucky* (Sun 209), the Presley rockabilly style developed quickly. Backed by Scotty Moore's electric guitar, Bill Black's bass and his own Martin acoustic, Elvis was unsure at first and sang self-consciously around the other musicians. But by May of 1955, after nearly a year of stage and studio experience, he'd gained plenty of confidence as *Baby, Let's Play House* (Sun 217) reveals and in July, when he cut *Tryin' To Get To You*, (a Sun outtake later released on RCA) his voice took on an almost maniacal desperation. He was singing *against* his sidemen, pushing them far into the background. The band, too, had progressed. With D.J. Fontana's drums added, Bill Black was freed from carrying the beat. No longer were they just "a little rhythm," as Phillips once called them, but a cohesive, functioning unit. RCA was watching all of this activity from the sidelines and finally ended this formative phase by buying Elvis's Sun contract in the fall of 1955. They also got the Sun masters, now available as The Sun Sessions (AFM1-1675), an excellent, well-annotated package.

Phase 1: The Sun Sessions (LP AFM1-1675 $7.98) (8TK APSI-1675 $7.98)

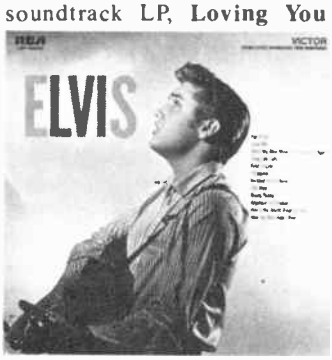
Phase 2: RCA, 1956-1958

Steve Sholes, Victor's Nashville A&R chief, risked his job by signing Elvis, but his track record and visionary concept of what he'd bought helped him ride out the initial snickering. When he finally got Elvis and band into RCA's Nashville studio in January 1956, he made a few changes. Scotty's stinging lead guitar was rightly left alone, but added were Chet Atkins, the voices of the Jordanaires and pianist Floyd Cramer, whose ability to hit the right notes at exactly the right time as he did on *Heartbreak Hotel*, was a valu-

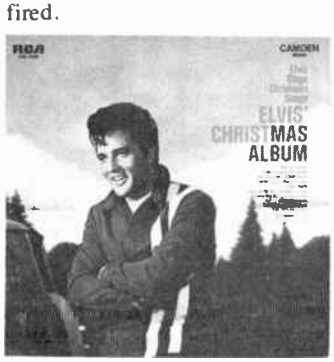


able asset. The Sun sound had been augmented out of existence. Though *Heartbreak Hotel* recalled the sparseness of the Sun sides, *Hound Dog* and *Don't Be Cruel* were something else. All hell was breaking loose and like it or hate it, no one could ignore it. But Sholes also knew the value of restraint. *Love Me Tender*, featured only Elvis, a rhythm guitar and the Jordanaires, just one more instrument would have been too much.

His first two albums, **Elvis Presley** (AFL1-1254) and **Elvis** (AFL1-1382), both released in 1956, featured the new style filtered through Carl Perkins's *Blue Suede Shoes*, Little Richard's *Reddy Teddy, Rip It Up* and *Tutti Frutti* along with country favorites like *Old Shep*, the Red Foley hit and a few Sun leftovers. In mid-1957 his first movie soundtrack LP, **Loving You**



(AFL1-1515) was issued and also followed a country boogie/rockabilly sound. While his fourth album was more subdued, it quickly became his most controversial. **Elvis' Christmas Album** was a tasteful blend of secular and sacred holiday material, but one that upset the anti-Elvis fringe element enough to get it banned in most radio markets. Enough flak about "bad taste" flew to get one Oregon deejay who played a bit of it fired.



In March of 1958 after filming *King Creole*, Elvis left for the Army, the same month RCA introduced **Elvis' Golden Records** (AFL1-1707), the first of many greatest hits sets. Included were all the number one songs from 1956 through fall, 1957 and a few lesser hits along with an unusually lucid written account of each recording date.

Two 1959 albums, **For LP Fans Only** (AFL1-1990) and **A Date With Elvis** (AFL1-2011) provided interesting contrasts by mixing the early Sun sides with more recent covers of R&B hits like *Lawdy, Miss Clawdy, Shake, Rattle and Roll* and songs from *Love Me Tender* and *Jailhouse Rock*. Late that year came **Elvis' Golden Records Vol. 2** (AFL1-2075), featuring a striking cover shot, multiplied sixteen times of Elvis in his legendary gold lame suit and ten hits from 1958-59.

Phase 2: Elvis Presley (LP AFL1-1254 $7.98) 8TK APSI-0382 $7.98) Elvis (LP AFL1-1382 $7.98) (8TK APSI-0383 $7.98)
Loving You (LP AFL1-1515 $7.98) (8TK APSI-0384 $7.98)
Elvis Christmas Album
Elvis Golden Records (LP AFL1-1707 $7.98) (8TK P8S-1244 $7.98)
For LP Fans Only (LP AFL1-1990 $7.98) (8TK APSI-0386 $7.98)
A Date With Elvis (LP AFL1-2011 $7.98) (8TK APSI-0387 $7.98)
Elvis Golden Records Vol. 2 (LP AFL1-2075 $7.98) (8TK P8S-2093 $7.98)

Phase 3: 1960-1968

For all the flap his early records caused, this was in some ways Elvis's most controversial period. Many Presleywatchers in both the music industry and the press saw him moving toward a safe, easy listening sound during these eight years when he was preoccupied with his movie career. Many of his recordings, particularly *A Mess of Blues* and *Good Luck Charm*, from 1960 and '62 respectively, prove otherwise. But Elvis did widen his musical horizons a bit. In fact he always loved the very mainstream pop music he rode roughshod over in 1956. His

moves in this direction were probably his own, though whether or not he was always successful is a matter of opinion. In any case it increased his acceptance among older audiences; there was now something for everybody (the title of one 1961 album) and it worked, as evidenced by the cross-section of Americans who mourned his death.

His first few days as a civilian in March 1960, Elvis entered RCA's Nashville studio to record **Elvis Is Back!** (AFL1-2231). There was little hint of a softer sound here, though, and plenty of rock and blues like *Reconsider Baby*. The First changes came in July with the release of *It's Now or Never*, a lush ballad based on *O Sole Mio* and in November with the old Al Jolson hit *Are You Lonesome Tonight*. Both topped the charts.

Gospel was always a pervasive influence on Elvis since he

and his parents sang at the Assembly of God church in Tupelo. He'd sung *Peace In the Valley* on his last Ed Sullivan gig, warmed up for recording sessions with spirituals and cut an EP in 1957, **Peace In the Valley** (AFL1-4054) that sold well. Finally, in 1960, he explored these roots deeper with **His Hand In Mine** (ANLI-1319) aided by the Jordanaires, and the results were so successful it's easy to see why he nearly joined a Blackwood Brothers spinoff group as a kid. His next release, a more secular one, was **Something For Everybody** (AFL1-2370), out in mid-1961, featuring one side of soft ballads like *Sentimental Me* balanced by *I'm Comin' Home*

and six other rockers.

Elvis Is Back (LP AFL1-2231 $7.98) (8TK P8S-1135 $7.98)
His Hand In Mine (LP ANLI-1319 $4.98) (8TK ANSI-1319 $7.98)
Something For Everybody (LP AFL1-2370 $7.98) (8TK P8S-1137 $7.98)

The Movie Music

In many ways, Elvis was a victim of his movies and the accompanying music, and even some fans consider this his low point artistically though ironically the 1961 **Blue Hawaii** soundtrack (AFL1-2426) has up to now been his top selling LP. For years critics have written that the songs, like the plots themselves, were childish and trite. In all fairness, even the best movie soundtracks are secondary to the plot itself, and out of thousands of movie and musical comedy scores, only a handful of songs ever become lasting favorites. Elvis didn't pick the songs; they were written for the films on a deadline, but

though he did his best with them, that often wasn't enough. Unlike such older songs as *Jailhouse Rock* and *Loving You*, both written with Elvis in mind, even Bing Crosby could have handled most of the later ones.

Still, the best were quite good, including the songs from *Jailhouse Rock, Loving You,* and *King Creole* along with *Follow That Dream, Can't Help Falling In Love, One Broken Heart For Sale, Return To Sender, Let Yourself Go* and *A Little Less Conversation*, among others.

His single releases during this time were far better, though overshadowed by the numerous changes in pop music. He did well with *Good Luck Charm* and *Devil In Disguise*, both of which rocked like mad and were featured on **Elvis' Gold Records Vol. 3** (AFL1-2765), issued in fall, 1963. The Beatles had a headlock on the charts throughout 1964, yet in the spring of 1965, he was holding the number three spot with, of all things, *Crying In The Chapel*. It had been cut by Elvis and the Jordanaires in the late fifties and finally released after much delay.

That summer RCA released **Elvis For Everyone** (AFL1-3450), a pistache of movie songs along with *Your Cheatin' Heart* and *When It Rains It Really Pours*, and excellent blues written by Sun blues artist Billy "The Kid" Emerson. The soundtrack albums continued and now featured "bonus songs," since the film music couldn't always fill an entire LP. Some, including Jerry Reed's *Guitar Man*, showed Elvis's throbbing rockabilly raunch had, if anything, improved with age.

The Movie Music:

Blue Hawaii (LP AFL1-2426 $7.98) (8TK P8S-1019 $7.98)

Elvis' Gold Records Vol. 3 (LP AFL1-2765 $7.98) (8TK P8S-1057 $7.98)

Elvis For Everyone (LP AFL1-3450 $7.98) (8TK P8S-1078 $7.98)

Phase 4: 1968-1977

The movies had stigmatized him, and many industry people weren't sure about Elvis anymore. Fortunately, when planning began for his first TV show, a holiday special on NBC, the producers did what the movie men wouldn't: they tailored everything to Elvis instead of the opposite and even prevailed over Colonel Parker, who wanted 90 minutes of Christmas carols. The music looked back to the Sun days with help from Scotty and D.J., to the downhome blues and spirituals he grew up with and reprised many old hits, pulling apart the Presley persona, examining each piece and reassembling it stronger than ever. The soundtrack, **Elvis** (LPM-4088), reflects all this, as he sat around swapping old blues and clowning much like he probably did at Sun. The production numbers were gutsier than in the movies and Elvis was singing as if he'd just rediscovered his voice. In a way, he had.

He hadn't had this kind of momentum since 1956, and was quick to follow it up with his first Memphis session in 14 years. The results of these sessions, filling two albums, **From Elvis In Memphis** (AFL1-4155) and

Back In Memphis (AFL1-4429) were gratifying, the material heavy on countrypolitan like Vern Stovall's *Long Black Limousine, It Keeps Right On A-Hurtin'*, Eddie Rabbitt's *Inherit The Wind*, Net Miller's *From a Jack To a King* and Mac Davis' *In The Ghetto*, a top five hit in April of 1969.

The earliest Vegas shows stuck to simple arrangements of Elvis classics as reflected on **From Memphis To Vegas** (AFL1-6020—also paired with **Back In Memphis**). He ripped through *Blue Suede Shoes*, a tooth-gnashing performance of *I Can't Stop Loving You* and a note-for-note recreation of the Sun version of *Mystery Train*, paired with *Tiger Man*. **On Stage: February, 1970** (AFL1-4362) was a bit more pop-oriented, but followed the same basic pattern. In

late 1970 came a massive package, **Worldwide Gold Award Hits, Vol. 1** (AFL1-6041) that encompassed the top sellers from

1956 to 1970 in glorious monaural. That was a blessing since the earlier songs suffered from the echoy excesses of reprocessed stereo.

His return to the singles charts seemed solid. In August of '69 he'd had his first number one hit since 1962, the excellent *Suspicious Minds* and followed up with Mac Davis' *Don't Cry Daddy* which hit number six in November. The brilliant *Kentucky Rain*, written by Eddie Rabbit, released in January of 1970 was a radical departure, a short story enhanced by Elvis's controlled vocal and creative arranging. Though it was less successful, it remains one of his finest later tunes. In 1971, came his best, most consistent album of all: **Elvis Country** (AFL1-4460) focused on old and new country standards with inventive twists like a hard rock arrangement of *Faded Love*, and Elvis singing Bill Monroe's *Little Cabin On The Hill* with a neo-blue-grass band that recalled the spirit of the original. He turned the goodtime feel of *Whole Lotta Shakin'* into a dead serious snarl that made every "shake, baby, shake" a direct order, punctuated

by slide guitar.

Amazingly, his comeback was made without sacrificing any of his vocal power, and everyone waited to see what he'd do next. They were disappointed, for by 1972 he was slipping into a musical rut again and filling up his albums with unimaginative covers of everyone else's hits. He could do well with simple, basic songs like *Polk Salad Annie* and *Proud Mary*, but flagged badly when the material was as lightweight as *Gentle On My Mind*, and *You Don't Have To Say You Love Me*. They just didn't work well with Elvis's voice or his forceful delivery and it's a shame he didn't draw on the work of writers like Eddie Rabbitt and *Burnin' Love* composer Dennis Linde, who could custom-tailor their songs to fit him. Yet nobody gave up on him—even the weakest albums boasted at least one song that worked so well everything else was irrelevant. Good examples were **Today** (AFL1-1039), where his reading of Red Foley's *Shake A Hand* stood head and shoulders above everything else, and his more recent **Promised Land** (AFL1-0873) dominated by a pumping title song, written by Chuck Berry in the fifties and a minor hit for Elvis two years ago.

There were also a number of live albums, including the 1972 **Madison Square Garden** (AFL1-4776) concert, which showed the development of his live show with the addition of good material like Shotgun Willie's *Funny How Time Slips Away* and junk like *The Impossible Dream*. **Aloha From Hawaii,** (VPSX-6089) was almost identical except for seven new songs and a gutty interpretation of James Taylor's *Steamroller Blues*. **Having Fun With Elvis On Stage,** (AFL1-0818), originally a bootleg, consisted of his one-liners between songs and no music. The greatest hits sets took a different tack with **A Legendary Performer Vol. 1** (AFL1-0341) and **2**(AFL1-1349) which featured unissued material from the '68 TV show, from EPs and a

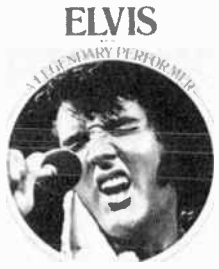
few selected hits in a package complete with a book showing artifacts from the earliest days with RCA.

Elvis recorded very little during his final months, even cancelling sessions occasionally. But the releases continued. **Welcome To My World** (AFL1-2274) featured numerous leftover live cuts, the best being *I Can't Stop Loving You*, the Don Gibson hit and *I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry*, arranged like B.J. Thomas's mid-sixties version. **Moody Blue** (AFL1-2428) (which may surpass **Blue Hawaii** as top-selling LP) was equally inconsistent, with failures in *Let Me Be There* and *If You Love Me (Let Me Know)*. But there was also the ferocious *Way Down* and Johnny Ace's *Pledging My Love*, which show that despite his rumored health problems he could still whiplash his voice against a driving accompaniment and win, just like 1956. Ironically, the day Elvis died, *Way Down* became his first number one hit in nine years.

Phase 4:
Elvis TV Special (LP AFL1-4088 $7.98) (8TK P8S-139 $7.98)
From Elvis In Memphis (LP AFL1-4155 $7.98) (8TK P8S-1456 $7.98)
Back In Memphis (LP AFL1-4429 $7.98) (8TK P8S-1632 $7.98)
From Memphis To Vegas (2 LP set) (LP AFL1-6020 $13.98) (8TK P8S-5076 $7.98)
On Stage: February 1970 (LP AFL1-4362 $7.98) (8TK P83-1594 $7.98)
Worldwide Gold Award Hits Vol. 1 (4 LP set) (LP AFL1-6401 $28.98) (8TK 1773, 1774, 1775, 1776 $28.98)
Elvis Country (LP AFL1-4460 $7.98) (8TK P8S-1655 $7.98)
Today (LP AFL1-1039 $7.98) (8TK APSI-1039 $7.98)
Promised Land (LP AFL1-0873 $7.98) (8TK APSI-0873 $7.98)
Madison Square Garden (LP ALF1-4776 $7.98) (8TK P8S-2054 $7.98)
Aloha From Hawaii (LP CPB2-2642 $13.98) (8TK CPS2-2642 $7.98)
Having Fun With Elvis On Stage (LP AFM1-0818 $7.98) (8TK CPSI-0818 $7.98)
A Legendary Performer Vol. 1 (LP AFL1-0341 $7.98) (8TK CPSI-0341 $7.98)
A Legendary Performer Vol. 2 (LP AFL1-1349 $7.98) (8TK CPSI-1349 $7.98)
Welcome To My World (LP AFL1-2274 $7.98) (8TK APSI-2274 $7.98)
Moody Blue (LP AFL1-2428 $7.98) (8TK APSI-2428 $6.98)

The Bootlegs

There are Elvis fans and there are Elvis *fans*; the latter group wants anything they can get their hands on he recorded—live tapes, rare interviews and all the rest. A thriving bootleg record market has developed to serve them by issuing stuff available nowhere else, some with excellent sound, some wretched. It began in 1970 with **Please Release Me**, which featured movie songs never commercially released and part of his 1960 Frank Sinatra TV spot. **The Hillbilly Cat**, of Canadian origin, was recorded on the sly at a 1970 Vegas show. Only a couple hundred copies were pressed, making it the rarest boot of all, and it inspired a number of other live-performance bootlegs. Others were interview oriented, like **Elvis Talks Back** while **Got A Lotta Livin' To Do** (Pirate 101)



had the musical segments of *Loving You* and *Jailhouse Rock*, with relevant dialogue taped from the films. **Good Rockin' Tonight** (Bobcat 100) featured alternate takes of Sun selections with between-song chatter and is now impossible to find. **The '68 Comeback** (Memphis 101) consists of outtakes from the TV special. Still, the best bootlegs of all are **The Dorsey Shows** (Golden Archives 100) with his earliest TV appearances and **From the Waist Up** (GA-150) a newer set of all the 1956-57 Ed Sullivan shows with a great color cover photo of Elvis playing a honky-tonk during the Sun days. Also known to exist are tapes of his Louisiana Hayride spots including one of him singing Lefty Frizzell's *Always Late*, along with his 1961 Hawaii benefit show, his Steve Allen and Milton Berle TV shows and the "Million Dollar Quartet" session featuring Elvis, Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis and Carl Perkins jamming on six gospel songs. It's unknown if any of this material will be issued to anyone.

Ultimately, Elvis' recordings reflect the humanity of the man himself: some slips, many more accomplishments. In death they've become the national resource he himself was in life: American music's Declaration of Independence, always there for inspiration. ■

The Bootlegs (Not Available Through Country Music Magazine)

ELVIS

Sunset

"But there's just no such thing as being an island unto yourself."

by Walter Dawson

"He needed help from a standpoint of forgetting the damn money, forgetting the damn fame. I'm not putting anybody down, but I'm sure that after a long time Elvis just felt like he didn't know how to do that."

Sam Phillips, the man who first worked with Elvis Presley in the studio and the one who helped guide him into becoming the rock and roll legend he was, reminisced about his relationship with Presley as a man and an artist.

Part of the problem with Presley's life, Sam feels, was that he became trapped in a life-style that kept him on a pedestal with the public, but also kept him out of touch.

"I really wish more people could've known him as a person. I got to know where he was coming from, and the guy was a much, much deeper and much more of a spiritual man than a lot of us may have thought."

Presley, Sam said, seemed uncomfortable with the way he was closed off from the pleasures of everyday life.

"I talked to his doctor a few years back. Elvis then was having trouble sleeping, and I said, this man, bless his heart, needs more than anybody I've ever seen in my life to, at least in his own hometown, throw away the whole damn book and do what he damn well pleases. Let him be seen on the streets. It may take awhile and a few guards at first. But I feel as fervently as I feel anything that he would be alive today if that had happened. . . . You know, I think it's entirely possible to die of a broken heart . . . and I think that was a contributing factor."

Life, of course, wasn't always so reclusive for Elvis. In the mid-1950s when he first walked into the Phillips studio, Presley was a shy young truck driver who just loved to sing. He walked in, supposedly to cut a record for his mother's birthday present, and Phillips' secretary made a note of his name. A few months later, Phillips called him in and began to work with him.

"There was no question in my mind—my business was to hear talent, no matter what stage of polish it was in. Of course, none of us knew he was going to be that big, but the minute I heard the guy sing—it was an Ink Spots thing—he had a unique voice. Now there's very few things I'm gonna say are unique, that there's nothing else like them.

"I called (guitarist) Scotty (Moore) and told him to get hold of (bass player) Bill (Black). And I said, 'Now, I've got a young man and he's different.' I told him and Bill to go by and work with Elvis a little. I said, 'Now, he's really nervous and timid and extremely polite.'

"And it took us awhile, we worked off and on for about five to six months. I knew there were a lot of things we could've cut, but they weren't different. It was up to me to see the uniqueness of his talent and to go hopefully, in the right direction."

Elvis, at that time, obviously knew he had talent, Sam said, but his modesty was overwhelmingly genuine.

"You remember Clyde McPhatter? Elvis thought Clyde McPhatter had one of the greatest voices in the world. We were going somewhere one time—down to the Louisiana Hay Ride or to Nashville—and we were singing in the car. Well, Bill Black couldn't carry a tune in a bucket, and Scotty was worse. So Elvis and I were the only good singers in the car. But we were talking about Clyde McPhatter, and he said, 'You know, if I had a voice like that man, I'd never want for another thing.'

"But Elvis knew he had talent. I think he just had a little trouble gaining confidence."

It was while working with Phillips, Black and Moore that Presley evolved his style of rock and roll, but he also picked up something else at the Sun Records studio —a love for piano.

"He loved to sing and always wanted to play guitar real good—of course, he never did learn to play guitar that good—and he wanted to play piano like Jerry Lee Lewis. Oh, he loved Jerry Lee's playing, thought it was unbelievable.

"He didn't envy Jerry Lee or anything, but he did sit down and learn piano. And I think it was because he loved to hear Jerry Lee play so much. Man, he loved to play the old spiritual licks."

In his early career years, even after he left Sun for RCA-Victor Records and became the phenomenon of the 1950s, Presley still liked to go back to the Sun studio or Phillips' house to sit and talk, one on one.

"He'd come by to see me, totally informally, on every occasion unannounced, and we'd go off together and sit and talk philosophy. He called in '68 from Vegas (when Elvis was preparing to make his long-awaited return to live appearances) and he says, 'Mr. Phillips, I just got to have you come out. I'm scared to death. I got to have somebody I know, some friends, in the audience.'

"I think Elvis was truly scared of being hurt, probably more than any person I know."

Why then would a person of such sensitivity allow himself to be wrapped in a social cocoon, cut off from all but his closest friends?

"It's a vicious cycle. You start out and you're so proud of your success and you say, 'God, I'll do anything to stay on top.' And then you find yourself saying, 'Well, gosh, I know it's got to be over before too long and I've got to keep up his image. I'm very mortal, but I can't let the people know I'm mortal.'

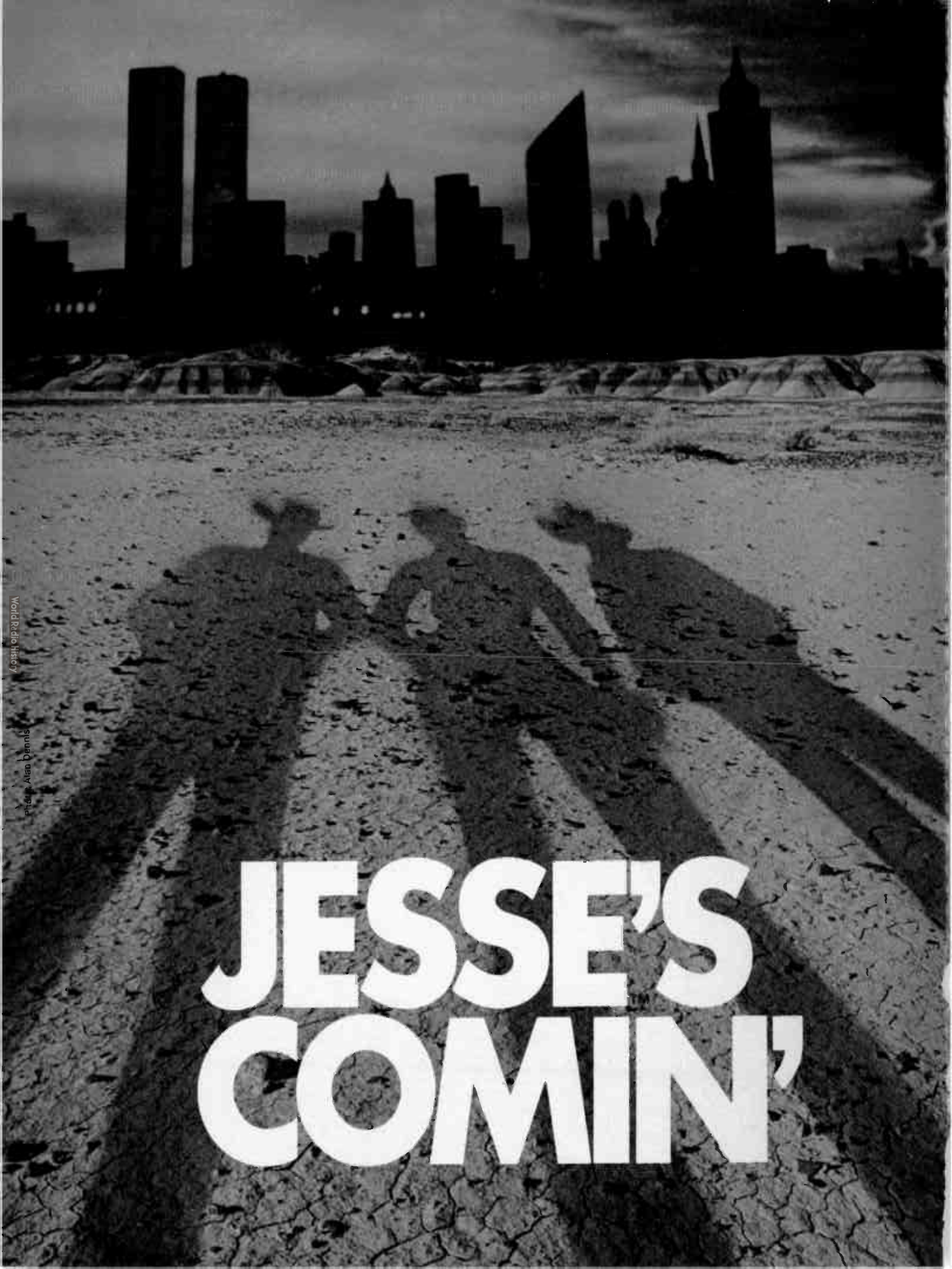
"But there's just no such thing as being an island unto yourself." ■

(Reprinted Courtesy Commercial Appeal, Memphis, Tenn.)

ELVIS

January 8, 1935 – August 16, 1977

RCA Records



Record Reviews

George Jones
My Very Special Guests
Epic JE 35544

Every once in a while, a special chapter in the history of country music is written in vinyl. This long awaited release marks such an occasion. Record shoppers will have no trouble spotting it, as George Jones' name on the cover is bigger and bolder than the front page headlines in the *New York Times*.

To get an idea of the scope of this project, consider these facts: The "special guests," of which there are ten, appear through the courtesy of half a dozen labels. In several instances, the musicians featured with the guests are notables from that artist's road show or studio band. Willie Nelson brought along most of his family—Bobby Nelson, Mickey Raphael, Paul English, and Jody Payne. With Emmylou Harris we get Glen Hardin, Emory Gordy, John Ware, Brian Ahern, Rodney Crowell, Albert Lee, and Hank Devito.

The tracks were put together in four different recording studios, in Nashville, New York, L.A., and Muscle Shoals. The pace of the material runs from the rousing spirit of *I Gotta Get Drunk* (with Willie Nelson) and *Proud Mary* (with Johnny Paycheck) to the down and out tones of *Night Life* (with Waylon Jennings) and *Bartender's Blues* (with James Taylor).

Considering the personal anguish Ol' George has had to face in recent years, this album should have been an uplifting experience for him. Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou alone would be enough to brighten him up. Their performances here are superb. Also befitting is a longing for the good times with Tammy song called *It Sure Was Good.*

For all the fans who have gone to see George Jones, but for some reason missed him, here's your chance to hear him on perhaps the best album he will ever make.

BILL OAKEY

Donna Fargo
Just For You
Warner Brothers BSK 3377

A typical Donna Fargo song can easily trick you. On the surface, it sounds light and simple, with a carefree, skip-along melody. But listen to the words, and you will quite often find that the message is not only poetic, but complex and philosophical as well. On this record, Donna continues to explore the confusion and uncertainties of personal relationships.

Of the five original tunes here, the most interesting is *The Utah Song.* Without a clue to the title, it begins with the line, "I'm a question; answer me." This appeal is directed to someone who is also a question mark, a stranger in fact, although a lifetime of love has passed between the two. Both parties seem to be equally unfulfilled in the end. So much for that relationship.

In *I Don't Know What I'd Do* one person tells another that she doesn't know what she would do without his love. Therefore, she will stay with him, although she keeps dreaming of "a better place to be." Of course, the most woebegone character of all is the girl in *Daddy* who longs to turn aside a whole string of messed up relationships and come home (if Daddy will send the money).

As surely as *Daddy* is one of the high points of the album, *Walk on By* is the lowest point. One of the few gems of the sixties yet to be exploited, it explodes here in a juiced up arrangement and falls flat on its face. Somebody could still take it to the top as a ballad, but Donna Fargo has blown her chance.

Among the remaining songs written by others, Donna does particularly well on *Another Mountain to Climb.* Concerning her own songs, she could stand to branch out from the same basic structure that she has used for so long. Still, her fans will enjoy the easygoing melodies and the poetic lyrics.

BILL OAKEY

Jerry Jeff Walker
Too Old To Change
Elektra 6E-239

The opening of this album almost turned me off. First thing you hear is Jerry Jeff asking a picker, "How fast can you play?" The picker answers. Then you hear some very slurred singing on the title cut with acoustic guitar backup. Then the band comes in, complete with barrelhouse piano, trombone and sax. Was the whole album to be a self-conscious attempt at being different?

Fortunately, I stayed with it and found the artistic level of this excellent progressive country album to be exceptionally high. Perhaps I could have done without Jerry Jeff's groveling delivery of *I Ain't Living Long Like This.* And I would have preferred that he slur the lyrics throughout the album a bit less. But those are minor flaws at worst, and might not be flaws at all to most listeners. In general, this album is a fine piece of work.

A high point is *I'll Be Your San Antone Rose.* Sung with Carole King, it's a fine spoof of 1940's-50's honky tonk, with Leo LeBlanc picking a fine imitation of Little Roy Wiggins' tearful steel guitar licks. But it's hard to spoof honky tonk,

which goes in for strong excesses. After all, how can you exaggerate something that's already exaggerated? So the result, to my ear, is a fine honky tonk number worthy of the most lonesome, low-down, cry-in-your-beer hillbilly singer of yesteryear. I love it.

Another high point is the classic *Me And Bobby McGee,* written, of course, by Kris Kristofferson and Fred Foster. By the time Jerry Jeff finishes you find yourself crying for Bobby McGee, the singer and all of mankind.

There are a couple of country rock pieces on the album, plus some yodeling, a trombone, a clarinet, a scraper (whatever that is), a French horn (that's right, a French horn), a flute and a shaker (after all, what's a scraper without a shaker?). Not your usual 1970's country mix. But the effect is artistry.

ART MAHER

Record Reviews

Tom T. Hall
Ol' T's In Town
RCA AHL1-3495

Tom T. Hall once called Willie Nelson "the Shakespeare of country writers," but actually no one deserves such a title more than Tom T. himself. Because no one has written with more depth and thoughtfulness—while still managing to squeeze it all into the 2½-minute confines of a country song—than Tom T. has in his best moments. In his less than best moments though, he often seems to stretch the country song *past* its limitations as he tries to cram ideas too big or too rambling into its narrow confines. It actually worked with *I Love. . .*, a classic case of the country *non*-song, but I can think of a number of other Tom T. songs where it didn't.

Ironically, the thing that stands out on the first playing of **Ol' T's In Town** is the picking. Tom T. and the musicians all sound like they definitely had a good time recording many of these cuts. **Ol' T's In Town** was recorded in Tom's own home studio, the "Toy Box." And many of the cuts have that kind of happy, spontaneous feel to them that comes when musicians just casually drink two or three beers and then, on the spur of the moment, plug in their guitars and fiddles.

But on the second and third listening, it becomes obvious that on **Ol' T's In Town,** Hall has matured even more as a lyricist, and he seems closer to overcoming all his old struggles between form and content. While he may never again surpass the standards he set for himself with songs like *The Day Clayton Delaney Died,* or *The Ballad of Forty Dollars,* Tom still writes some pretty good old solid country songs, like *Old Habits Die Hard* or *I Left You Some Kisses On The Door* now and then. But on other songs on **Ol' T's In Town,** like *The Different Feeling, The Last*

Country Song and *Jesus On The Radio* (great songs, all of them) he seems to be moving more and more toward the kind of more thoughtful, introspective story lines and social consciousness that we've heard in the past from country singer/writers like John Prine and early John Hartford.

With this movement, Tom T. Hall seems to be making the assumption that country fans have the brains to want to listen to songs about something more than being alone on Saturday night; and I'm sure his assumption is right.

As Tom T. Hall hovers somewhere between the beautiful simplistic lyrics and stark story lines that characterized his early writing, and the lyric and dramatic complexity that marks the best of his more recent work, it will be interesting to see what he comes up with on his next two or three albums.

But in whatever direction he goes, he will go there with thoughtfulness and taste. As witnessed by the music on **Ol' T's In Town,** this man's got class—and not just the kind that comes from joining country clubs.

BOB ALLEN

Johnny Duncan
Straight From Texas
Columbia JC 36260

With **Straight From Texas** Johnny Duncan makes a serious play for becoming the most romantic of our current country singers. Sure, love songs fill the air, but they are usually the expression of a performer's unique style, a style of production or a musical style.

Johnny Duncan transcends these boundaries with a rich, relaxed baritone reminiscent at times of his fellow Texan Jim Reeves, the incomparable romantic country singer. Duncan's voice, always a pleasant one, is here free of many of the vocal inflections and mannerisms he has used in the past, which were meant to express feeling but did not.

Instead he lets his honeyed voice state the theme of the songs simply and believably, and it works well. And the theme of the songs, over and over, is love won, love shared, love attempted. Duncan's musical world is one of eager, pleasant romance, love not hustled but taken where it is found, warmly.

It is, in short, a very romantic world, and **Straight From Texas** gives aural indication that Johnny Duncan has now found the vocal restraint to go with his longstanding vocal gifts. His understated approach fits the material perfectly.

DOUGLAS B. GREEN

Johnny Paycheck
Everybody's Got A Family
Epic JE36200

Temperance has its virtues. But don't overlook the fact that between that first beer at 4 p.m. and that blinding hangover the next morning, there can be hours and hours worth of wild fun, illicit sex and wreckless, frenzied good times. As Kris Kristofferson once observed, the going up *is* worth the coming down.

Nobody knows this better than Johnny Paycheck, and nobody puts these convictions to music better than Paycheck has on **Everybody's Got A Family.** This LP is practically a celebration of lust, drunkenness, bleery-eyed romance, fist fightin', runnin' around and being run around on, and girls who aren't beautiful as long as you're still sober enough to be able to look at them without closing one eye.

On **Everybody's Got A Family,** Paycheck not only celebrates the wild side of life, he practically wallows in it. And more power to him. He never really made it as a country-rocker (like on *She's My Wife)* and he never really made it as an inspirational singer (as when he attempted to ride the outlaw coattails with *Outlaw's Prayer)* But he can sure as hell sing about sleeze better than anyone else around.

Everybody's Got A Family kicks off with a Paycheck original called *Cocaine Train,* which cautions listeners to "stay away from the cocaine train. . ." But it's sung with such sensual wickedness that it sounds like Johnny might find it hard to take his own advice. *15 Beers* is a boisterous celebration of total inebriation and the long hours of hard drinking with ugly women that it took to get there. *Drinkin' And Drivin'* is about trying to make it back home again, and *Ragged Old Truck* (a vintage Billy Joe Shaver song) is about waking up the next morning all wasted, trying to blow your brains out, and then getting back in your truck and going to town to get drunk again.

So what if a lot of songs on **Everybody's Got A Family** sound like *Take This Job And Shove It;* Johnny still gets his point across. If I was gonna get drunk and throw stuff at the juke box, this is surely the album I'd be listening to.

BOB ALLEN

Record Reviews

Tanya Tucker
Tear Me Apart
MCA 5106

Operation Crossover, Step II. Hire the hottest pop producer in the business, Miracle Man Mike Chapman. And why not? Among his recent accomplishments he took the Knack out of nowhere and put them on top of the pop charts, and he delivered that big breakthrough to Platinum with Blondie that everyone knew they had in them.

Well, anyone who's ever seen Tanya Tucker knows that she's got it in her too, so, the question is—did it work? A: Yes and no.

Tear Me Apart is a finely crafted album, with a sharp, clean pop sound, and some real gems. Chapman seems to have relaxed Tanya, and by not straining or trying too hard to be sultry or smokin', Tanya is just that. This is perhaps her finest, easiest singing.

Yet, while it's a significant improvement over **TNT**, her last effort, **Tear Me Apart** shares its major flaws. Once again they've taken a something-for-everyone approach (almost as though they were sending out feelers) and consequently the LP lacks any real identity or cohesion. Tanya follows an exciting rendition of Dennis Linde's *Blind Love* (good 45 this) with a slick MOR tune *(Lay Back in the Arms of Someone)* and then skips over to *If You're Going to San Francisco (Be Sure to Wear Some Flowers in Your Hair)*, of all songs. Ten years ago it might have had some relevance, but today it's merely dated, almost absurd. Despite a nice effort by Tanya (she can make anything sound good you know) and an interesting segue into the Tony Bennett standard, it just doesn't make it. Yet listen to her sizzle on the Nicky Chinn-Mike Chapman title cut (and dig the lyrics!):

I'm gonna say goodbye to the lights of San Antoine

I'm headin' Hollywood high and there I'm gonna make my home

Well I don't give a damn what they think they seen

They ain't seen nothing like a Texas queen

So tear me apart if you wanna win my heart

No doubt about it—when Tanya lets loose and rocks out, she's untouchable. So why the droopy ballads and lush cocktail loungers? At this point I wonder if Tanya would rather be Debby Harry (Blondie) or Debby Boone. So what to do then? A: Catch her next time she hits your town—she's fabulous in concert and even the bland tunes come to life onstage; and B. Keep waiting. Who knows—maybe by the time she's 25 Tanya Tucker will have delivered the blockbuster album that we all know she's capable of. If she can decide where she's going.

BRUCE PALEY

Mickey Gilley
Mickey Gilley
Epic JE 36201

Here's an album very much in the Nashville vein of "shoot a bunch of different type songs at 'em and they're bound to like one." Too often, such albums come off as contrived and forced because the formula takes precedence over feeling. By the time each song has been gussied up and tucked into the formula there's little or nothing left of the music.

But this album avoids such disasters. Mickey renders the highly commercial material with his usual feeling and professionalism, while producers Foster and Rice do the same. Nobody got carried away, as so often happens today, in trying to sound more pop than the pop singers. True, there's a great deal of pop in the album, but the country identity is never lost. Nowhere does the producer cram in a bunch of pop-cliche instrumental parts merely to overpower the country feel. Indeed, since devices like syrupy strings and mellow backup voices are used with great restraint, the overall effect is more country than the average product of the now dead (thank Heaven) Nashville Sound era. (I don't mean to knock the Nashville sound. True, it *was* overdone—badly overdone. But it did save country music.)

The album's opener, *You Are My Silver Lining* is a catchy and sprightly vehicle for some good piano work. The lyrics are simple and repetitive. *(You'd Think By Now) I'd Be Over You* is actually a country song, done in traditional country style. *Can't Nobody Love You* is a fun number—a Dixieland feel with barrelhouse piano and a dash of ricky-ticky thrown in for good measure. It comes off very well. The remaining numbers are good, solid country pop of various types with tried-and-true country themes. But wait! Can it be? Yes. They've left out the cheatin' song—and the disco number! No cheatin' song and no disco number. And he has the nerve to call himself a country singer.

ART MAHER

Margo Smith
Just Margo
Warner Brothers BSK 3388

Whatever else you say about Margo Smith, you've got to admit that she's damned interesting. In her several year career as housewife-turned-singer she's slipped with agility through more styles than a chameleon on a madras shirt.

Just Margo is very much the same: there's a touch of old-fashioned country harmony, a bit of doo-wop, a Texas shuffle, some country-pop, a recitation . . . you name it, she's got it. It is easy to become bored with an

artist after an album or two, but I doubt that one will tire of Margo Smith—musically she just won't stay still long enough.

Her idiosyncratic voice is likewise adaptable, and her songwriting (she co-wrote six of the album's cuts) is also continually fascinating. For example *I'm Tying The Leaves Back On The Trees*. The title is extremely derivative of Roy Acuff's classic *I'm Tying The Leaves So They Won't Fall Down*, and it's bridge owes a great deal to Harold Arlen's *Over The Rainbow*. Yet the chord structure is fresh, and the song is . . . well, interesting.

It's obviously a matter of taste, but the only real weakness here is *Baby My Baby*. Now some people can do recitations, and some can't. Porter Wagoner can do it; Lester Flatt thought he could, but Moses himself couldn't pull off an effective reading of this pathetic piece of lachrymosity. Were Ms. Smith not a patently

Record Reviews

sincere person one would suspect a tongue planted firmly in cheek.

An ultimate test of an album, I think, is whether one feels the artist has said all he or she has to say, or whether one wants to hear more. **Just Margo** is an inconsistent album, but whatever its weaknesses, the listener has been entertained and fascinated and yes, interested by Ms. Smith and her music, and wishing to hear more, much more, of Margo Smith.

DOUGLAS B. GREEN

Hank Snow
Instrumentally Yours
RCA AHL13511

I have never—and probably never will—get used to the absence of a guitar in the hands of a country singer. Perhaps the images of Rodgers, Tubb and Williams are burned too deeply into my mind to accept the sight of a vocalist holding nothing more than a hand mike while singing something like *Jambalaya*. It doesn't even matter if they can only strum a few inaudible chords. To me, there's something *reassuring* about the presence of a Martin, Gibson or even an electric guitar. Yet they seem to be disappearing, and with the exception of Roy Clark, Willie & Waylon, even fewer singers are picking their own leads.

Yet Hall of Famer, Hank Snow, has been doing it for most of his career. His sparkling, twanging acoustic leads on *I'm Movin' On* and *The Golden Rocket* still stir up applause. His playing style, dominated by single and double-string picking, was heavily influenced by Karl Farr, the Sons of the Pioneers' original guitarist. The two lps he kept with Chet Atkins were models of unforced spontaniety. He's more relaxed with this set, which features his guitar leads, his own overdubbed accompaniment, with Chet Atkins on bass and a drummer, on twenty old standards.

In fact, he's a bit *too* relaxed, for if this set has a failing, its the unending, unvaried slow tempos that dominate both sides. Any instrumental album needs a variety of songs, arrangements and tempos that can establish different moods to keep a balance and the listeners attention. Mind you, there's nothing wrong with the music. Hank's playing is crystal clear and well-conceived; the problem is mainly in programming. Still, his performances of *Spanish Eyes, Wabash Blues, Make The World Go Away* and *Sunrise Serenade* are outstanding.

Despite the problems, I still wish Hank would do more albums like these. Can you imagine him with Doc Watson or Merle Travis? How about it, Chet?

RICH KIENZLE

Tommy Overstreet
The Real Tommy Overstreet
Elektra 6E-226

Although Tommy Overstreet has had a number of hits, he has yet to become a superstar and his albums have not been big sellers. Maybe that is the reason for **The Real Tommy Overstreet.** It is easy to tell that a great deal of care has been put into this record. The result is a set of tunes that are enjoyable because they are easy listening, yet not at all boring.

That type of sound is probably the most difficult to produce, because there is so much of it these days that it seems to come out of a standard mold. Tommy Overstreet's producer, Bob Millsap, has opted instead for something different. The artist is heard clearly at all times, without overpowering instruments or background vocals. And best of all is the fact that the songs flow smoothly because the arrangements are interesting and varied.

Especially nice are *Down in the Quarter, Smokey Mountain Lullabye,* and *You.* Overstreet chose songs by relatively unknown writers, except for Rod Stewart, a surprising choice. The Stewart selection, *The Best Days of My Life,* is a ballad rather than a hard rocker.

There is one rather earthy story song called *Goin' Up's Easy, Comin' Down's Hard.* It is a reflection on the rise and fall of a rock band. One member quits to form his own group, another O.D.'s, and the leader sues the label. His final reflection is from the solid gold band of his emerald ring into "the face of a whore."

This is only Tommy Overstreet's second album for Elektra. It is such an improvement over the last one that it leaves the impression of still better things to come.

BILL OAKEY

David Allan Coe
Compass Point
CBS JC 36277

When I become the King of Country Music (don't laugh, Joe Bob—stranger things have happened. Look at Susie Allanson), I'm going to make it a capital crime to write songs with the names of drinks in them. No more margaritas; no more pina coladas; no more vodka, gin, Jack Daniels, Jim Beam, Bloody Marys, or Harvey Wallbangers, for that matter.

Which is gonna cut into your repertoire, David, since your new song *Lost* mentions by *name* 15 (count 'em, 15) different alcoholic concoctions.

Also, David, I'd like to know why you retitled your old song *The Legend Of Billy And Dave* to *Merle And Me.* You thinkin' of Merle Kilgore? Merle Travis? Merle Oberon? Also, too, what on earth do you mean by your liner notes? "The father will never make himself visible. Is it that you find me a little too honest?" Come on, David, enough is enough. This is not one of your better efforts, although *Gone (Like)* is some of your best poetry—"Then she took to dreamin' when I wasn't looking. . ." You've really got a way with images, like in *Honey Don't* when you say you've been a roadie for Satan or a guitar with the heart of a banjo. That's nice—the David Allan Coe touch, so to speak. But you really don't need to carry all this emotional baggage around—loosen up; don't take yourself so seriously. Put the laughter back in your voice, and it'd make all the difference in the world. Really.

Well, I guess that's all for now. Don't let that Key West sun rot your brain, and as usual, my love to Meme and all the girls. And remember, next time, lighten up.

MICHAEL BANE

Record Reviews

Waylon Jennings
What Goes Around Comes Around
RCA AHL1-3493

I have to confess that on occasions I have worried about Waylon, especially after the success of *Luckenbach, Texas*. It struck me that he was as vulnerable as anyone to the dangers of falling into self-parody, an insidious disease from which few of the afflicted ever recover. And of course, there's no middle ground with Waylon. When he's brilliant, he's just that. And when he's not . . . well, you know.

That's not a problem here, though. Musically, **What Goes Around Comes Around** is as arresting as that blue neon eagle/initial/logo on the back cover, as Waylon comments on the state of the world. Except for Tony Joe White's harmonica, the Muscle Shoals horns and some keyboard assistance, it's just Waylon and the Waylors. Thank God, nobody's dragged half of the A-team pickers in Nashville and truckloads of other "friends" into the studio. Richie Albright's production is spare tight and well focused, despite occasional problems with the mix.

His version of *I Ain't Living Long Like This*, while it doesn't have the manic, close to the edge delivery of Gary Stewart's recording, and despite his voice being mixed too low, still has more menace then Gary's ever could. But the voice is almost secondary to the Waylors' jamming. *I Got The Train Sittin' Waitin'* has the sly sarcasm of the best Hank Williams. Shel Silverstein's *The World's Gone Crazy* (cotillion) is one of the best tunes he's written in years, and the antebellum waltz-time arrangement only makes it funnier. *Out Among The Stars*, however, is a serious moralistic view of crime that somehow speaks for all crimes with sensitivity and compassion. Even the love songs, *Come With Me* and *Old Love New Eyes* are full of unsettling imagery.

As I write, the number one country single in the world is the hauntingly powerful *Come With Me*, and that is no accident . . . hard to beat that record.

Waylon has something here that is both simple and complex, occasionally flawed but never boring. I'm no longer worried about him.

RICH KIENZLE

BURIED TREASURES

By Rich Kienzle

A guide to the best in small label and reissue lps.

Want to know the worst thing you can be right now? An impoverished rockabilly fan, that's what. I say that because right now, there's more of the stuff being reissued than ever before. One repackage of vintage tunes is selling so well that the legendary Texas barber Sid King (now a Dallas barber) is planning to revive his group and start playing again. And for whatever reason, several labels are extending their reach into rock and country material that had more twang than bop.

Germany's Bear Family label is currently producing legal reissues of some of the greatest rockabilly and uptempo country of the fifties. **Rusty & Doug Kershaw: The Cajun Country Rockers** (BFX 15036) was taken from their superb Hickory recordings from 1957-1962. It not only includes the originals definitive versions of *Louisiana Man* and *Diggy Liggy Lo*, but a number of songs with more of an Everly Brothers than a bayou flavor, particularly *Hey Mae*, *Sweet Sweet Girl* and *Hey Sheriff*. Those who felt that Rusty and Doug exemplified Cajun purity will get a jolt hearing this but it should give anyone bothered by Doug's new hard rock slant a bit of perspective. A recent story in the Journal of Country Music took a fascinating in-depth look at rockabilly women, a group that included Wanda Jackson, Brenda Lee and Janis Martin, once known as the "female Elvis." **That Rockin' Gal** (BFX 15042) features fourteen of her best 1956-58 recordings, which were produced by Chet Atkins in the wake of the Presley explosion. Even more amazing is the fact that her gutty raw voice came from a girl still in her mid-teens. Her 1957 hit, **My Boy Elvis** shows an unbelievable self-confidence and vocal control. Her voice is enhanced by many of the same musicians who were backing Presley at the time like Atkins, and Cramer. And to think it happened years before Marshall Chapman. . . .

There's already been one reissue of rocking George Jones material from the fifties and in its wake comes yet another. **Thumper Jones** (Country Rockers 4) duplicates tunes like *Rockit* with the earlier set, as well as *White Lightening*, *Who Shot Sam*, his searing version of *Heartbreak Hotel* and *Maybe Little Baby*. But several of the other tunes such as *Stop Look and Listen* and *Done Gone* have never been reissued. There's also a hot version of *Running Bear*, the Old Johnny Preston hit, and the classic version of *The Race Is On*.

One of the most obscure—and fascinating—country/rockabilly reissues I've heard in a long time is *Hillbilly Boogie* (Cowboy Carl LP 101) all fourteen of the songs were recorded by little known country artists from 1950-1958 by Harry Glenn, who owned the small Marvel label in Calumet City, Indiana. Then just as now there were hundreds of these lower-echelon singers haunting the bars of America. A few were better than the big names; others didn't come close. Most of the material in this album, however, is quite good, with a loose spontaneity that makes even the occasional missed notes a minor flaw. Outstanding is swing vocalist Jim Gatlin, whose *The Way You're Treating Me* would turn Bob Wills green with envy. And the semi-rock of Stoney Calhoun's *Bounce Baby Bounce* surrounds one of the wildest, most primitive steel guitar breaks on record. Gusto Records, owners of the Starday legacy, recently released two volumes of *Starday-Dixie Rockabillies* (GD5017 and 5031) that features more uptempo country than rockabilly, but some pleasant performances, particularly Link Davis' *Don't Big Shot Me* and Rudy Grayzell's *Let's Get Wild*.

The Bear Family lps and the George Jones album are available from Down Home Music, 10341 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, Calif. 94530.

Photo From Page 86 "Illustrated Elvis"—Grosset & Dunlap, Inc.

ELVIS PRESLEY REMEMBERED

ON THESE TWO PAGES OF ELVIS BEST SELLERS — A TRIBUTE THAT EVERY FAN SHOULD OWN

LOST HIGHWAY

One day in 1954, Elvis walked into Sun Studios to record a song for his mother's birthday. In that moment, the whole course of popular music changed. Peter Guralnick's brilliant new book, LOST HIGHWAY, pinpoints that explosive moment as the central event in a musical revolution that included an array of great stars. Because of his adept handling of this monumental event — and his revealing portraits of Elvis as well as the rest of your country music favorites — we are including, and urging you to order this great new book here and now.

ELVIS: THE BOY WHO DARED TO ROCK

This is the definitive Elvis book. It covers the "King's" career in depth — from hillbilly cat to concert performer, on stage and behind the scenes. There's a complete listing and breakdown of every concert ... a breakdown of every trip to the recording studio ... a complete list of Elvis films and when they were released ... a complete illustrated discography, including every single, album, and special product recording, even 78's, with a photo of each. With almost 700 photos and every Elvis fact you could want, it is the MUST Elvis book.

ELVIS IN HIS OWN WORDS

Here is the Elvis Presley story told by the one person who really knew it. Elvis himself. Here, through the words of his rare interviews, press statements and fan messages, Elvis speaks. He speaks of his music ... how rock 'n' roll began ... how he saw its future. He throws revealing sidelights on his childhood and upbringing ... the girls in his life .... when he bought his first car ... and more. Packed with a unique collection of photos, it brings us an Elvis unsuspected by his public.

ELVIS THE LEGEND LIVES ON

Photos, Photos and more Photos. This is the only way to describe ELVIS THE LEGEND LIVES ON. Edited by renowned fan Paul Lichter, it is a truly spectacular photo history of the "King" — from his humble beginning right through his rise to superstardom and untimely passing in 1977. In all, there are 248 pages with over 950 rare and well publicized photos, 51 in glowing full color. It's a lasting tribute that every fan should order while our limited supply lasts.

THE ELVIS PRESLEY SCRAPBOOK

This treasury of solid gold memories is presented in a photobiography as dazzling as the lamé suits Elvis sported. Perhaps the most popular book ever released on the "King Of Rock 'N' Roll", here is his story — from truckdriver to international legend — in over 250 photos and a descriptive filmography and discography. "Don't Be Cruel" ... "Heartbreak Hotel" ... "Burning Love" ... they are all here to make it a blast from the past that will get you "all shook up."

NEWLY DISCOVERED DRAWINGS OF ELVIS

Betty Harper, well known Nashville artist, has drawn portraits of Elvis for over 10 years. Now, for the first time, her drawings are made available in NEWLY DISCOVERED DRAWINGS OF ELVIS PRESLEY. Within the covers of this unique new publication you will find all the moods and gestures of Elvis — the power of his personality — captured for all time as only an artist of Betty's caliber could. We suggest you order TWO so you have one for the library and one to take apart for 37 magnificent prints that are perfect for framing.

MY LIFE WITH ELVIS

Becky Yancey was lucky enough to hold the dream job—private secretary to Elvis himself. From the time of her nearly disastrous interview in the middle of a roller coaster ride, through the fascinating years as Elvis' assistant, she was in a perfect position to observe the goings on at Graceland. Now she tells all—Elvis with his father through good times and bad; the Elvis women; Elvis' fabulous generosity. Sifting truth from myth, she shows that the reality of life with Elvis was no less amazing than the legend. It is a touching portrait.

ELVIS THE ARMY YEARS

They were two of the most important years in Elvis' life. Yet, only here is the first truly revealing look at the Elvis Army Years — the complete never-before-told story. Learn about the fan protests ... the trauma of losing his mother ... the basic training razzing ... the recording sessions while on leave ... the tour in Germany ... the first meeting with Pricilla ... the early discharge and his re-emergence to super stardom. The whole story is here, complete with a score of rare photos.

ILLUSTRATED ELVIS

Here is another in the list of bestsellers on Elvis Presley. From "Heartbreak Hotel" to his triumphant comeback, this ILLUSTRATED ELVIS is a pictorial guide to Elvis' life, times, music and films. It contains over 400 photos, many contributed by fans and shown here for the first time. But more than a scrapbook, it's an eyepopping photobiography that traces Elvis from his origins through his rise to world acclaim, lapse into relative obscurity, and glorious comeback.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ELVIS

Here is a beautiful book about a beautiful person. Handsomely bound in hardcover, it follows Elvis' early years and his career as he becomes a fantastic success. Learn about his torrid love life, his final years and the tragic funeral. It is truly a collector's edition, with 155 photos, many in full color. Some of the pictures form a personal "Elvis" photograph album. There is also a listing of Elvis' golden records, and a sampling of testimonials made by fellow stars at his death.

FREE BONUS: Order $15 Or More Worth Of These Elvis Bestsellers And We Will Also Send You ABSOLUTELY FREE A Special Elvis Mystery Gift Worth At Least $2.95!

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

1/280-1

TO Country Music Magazine
Box 157
Rye New York 10580

Send me the following Elvis books (I've included post. & hand. from the chart below):

.... Lost Highway (B7D) – $8.95
.... The Boy Who Dared To Rock (B8E) – $7.95
.... Elvis In His Own Words (B9I) – $4.95
.... Elvis The Legend Lives On (B5J) – $6.95
.... The Elvis Presley Scrapbook (B5K) – $6.95
.... Newly Discovered Drawing Of Elvis (B5L) – $8.95
.... My Life With Elvis (B5M) – $8.95
.... Elvis The Army Years (B5N) – $4.95
.... Illustrated Elvis (B8K) – $4.95
.... The Life And Death Of Elvis (B5O) – $4.95
.... Send my FREE Elvis Mystery Gift. I ordered $15 or more above. (G5Q)

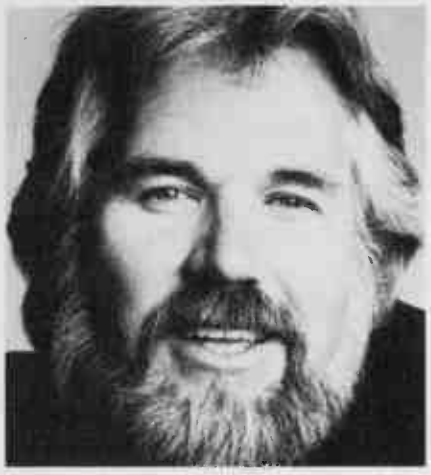
THIS OFFER EXPIRES ON MARCH 30, 1980!
NYS residents add sales tax. No foreign orders accepted on this offer.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State..... Zip.....

POSTAGE & HANDLING CHART
Up To $7.00 –Add $1.50
$7.01 To $10.00 –Add $2.00
Over $10.00 –Add $2.50

Top 50 Albums

Number 1



Number 2

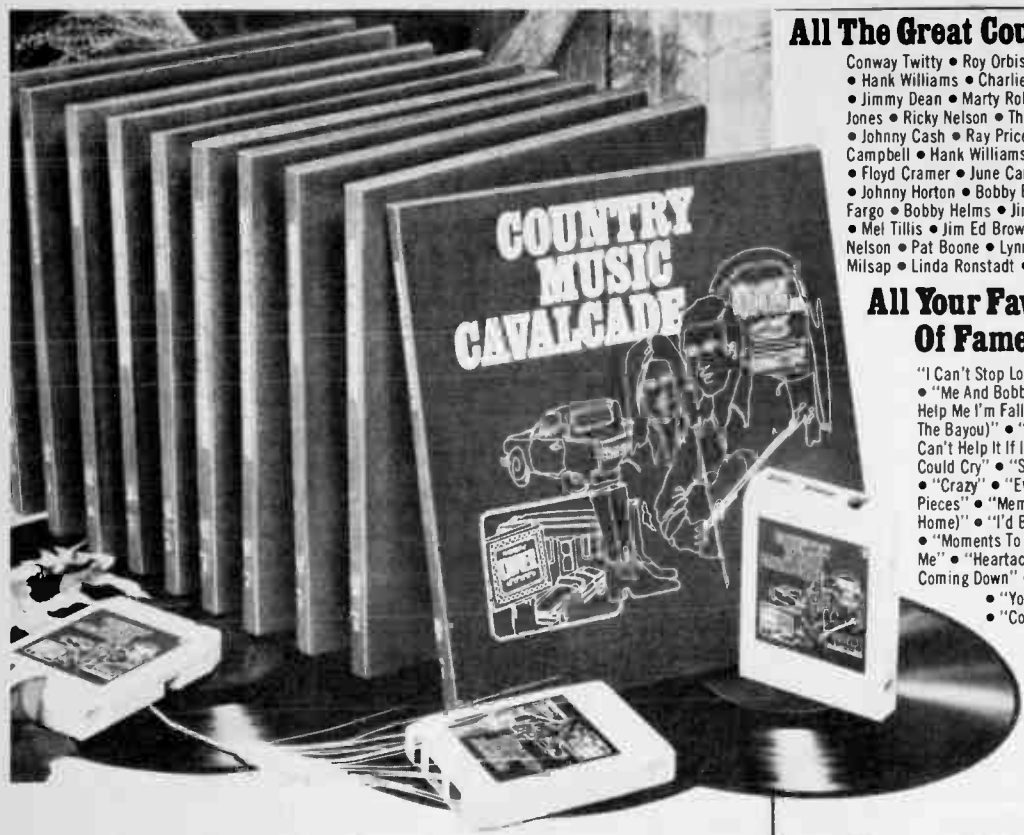
Number 3

1 **Kenny**
Kenny Rogers
2 **Greatest Hits**
Waylon Jennings
3 **Willie Nelson Sings Kristofferson**
Willie Nelson
4 **Miss The Mississippi**
Crystal Gayle
5 **I'll Always Love You**
Anne Murray
6 **What Goes Around Comes Around**
Waylon Jennings
7 **The Gambler**
Kenny Rogers
8 **Straight Ahead**
Larry Gatlin
9 **Million Mile Reflections**
Charlie Daniels Band
10 **Classic Crystal**
Crystal Gayle
11 **Best of Eddie Rabbitt**
Eddie Rabbitt
12 **¾ Lonely**
T.G. Sheppard
13 **Just Good Ole Boys**
Moe Bandy & Joe Stampley
14 **Images**
Ronnie Milsap
15 **One for The Road**
Willie Nelson & Leon Russell
16 **Portrait**
Don Williams
17 **Whiskey Bent & Hell Bound**
Hank Williams, Jr.
18 **Just For The Record**
Barbara Mandrell
19 **Volcano**
Jimmy Buffett
20 **Stardust**
Willie Nelson
21 **Ten Years of Gold**
Kenny Rogers
22 **Family Tradition**
Hank Williams, Jr.
23 **The Oak Ridge Boys Have Arrived**
The Oak Ridge Boys
24 **The Best of Don Williams, Vol. II**
Don Williams
25 **Blue Kentucky Girl**
Emmylou Harris
26 **The Best of Barbara Mandrell**
Barbara Mandrell
27 **Pretty Paper**
Willie Nelson
28 **Should I Come Home**
Gene Watson
29 **Classics**
Kenny Rogers
30 **Shot Through The Heart**
Jennifer Warnes
31 **The Best of the Statler Brothers**
The Statler Brothers
32 **The Legend & The Legacy, Vol. I**
Ernest Tubb
33 **You're My Jamaica**
Charley Pride
34 **Diamond Duet**
Conway Twitty & Loretta Lynn
35 **Loveline**
Eddie Rabbitt
36 **Willie & Family Live**
Willie Nelson
37 **Randy Barlow**
Randy Barlow
38 **Golden Tears/Stay With Me**
Dave & Sugar
39 **Larry Gatlin's Greatest Hits**
Larry Gatlin
40 **Great Balls of Fire**
Dolly Parton
41 **When I Dream**
Crystal Gayle
42 **Y'all Come Back Saloon**
The Oak Ridge Boys
43 **Ol' T's In Town**
Tom T. Hall
44 **Let's Keep It That Way**
Anne Murray
45 **New Kind of Feeling**
Anne Murray
46 **The Two & Only**
Bellamy Brothers
47 **A Rusty Old Halo**
Hoyt Axton
48 **My Very Special Guests**
George Jones
49 **Me & Pepper**
Mel Tillis
50 **Rose Colored Glasses**
John Conlee

Candlelite Music Inc. proudly presents

Country Music Cavalcade

The first and only complete Country Music Treasury ever assembled.
15 star-studded volumes—and the first one is yours FREE!



All The Great Country Artists Are Here

Conway Twitty • Roy Orbison • Everly Brothers • Jerry Lee Lewis • Hank Williams • Charlie Rich • Tammy Wynette • Roger Miller • Jimmy Dean • Marty Robbins • Patti Page • Eddy Arnold • George Jones • Ricky Nelson • The Browns • Dolly Parton • Jim Reeves • Johnny Cash • Ray Price • Tom T. Hall • Chet Atkins • Glen Campbell • Hank Williams, Jr. • Sonny James • Tennessee Ernie Ford • Floyd Cramer • June Carter Cash • Legendary Carter Family • Johnny Horton • Bobby Bare • Carl Perkins • Faron Young • Donna Fargo • Bobby Helms • Jimmie Rodgers • Jerry Reed • Skeeter Davis • Mel Tillis • Jim Ed Brown • Freddie Fender • C.W. McCall • Willie Nelson • Pat Boone • Lynn Anderson • George and Tammy • Ronnie Milsap • Linda Ronstadt • Kenny Rogers • Loretta Lynn

All Your Favorite "Country Hall Of Fame" Songs Are Here

"I Can't Stop Loving You" • "For the Good Times" • "Honey" • "Me And Bobby McGhee" • "If I Were A Carpenter" • "Please Help Me I'm Falling" • "Wings Of A Dove" • "Jambalaya (On The Bayou)" • "Crying In The Chapel" • "You Win Again" • "I Can't Help It If I'm Still In Love With You" • "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry" • "Secret Love" • "You'll Never Walk Alone" • "Crazy" • "Everybody's Somebody's Fool" • "I Fall To Pieces" • "Memphis Tennessee" • "500 Miles (Away From Home)" • "I'd Be A Legend In My Time" • "City Light" • "Moments To Remember" • "Oh, Lonesome Me" • "Release Me" • "Heartaches By The Number" • "Sunday Morning Coming Down" • "Amazing Grace" • "Peace In The Valley" • "You Are My Sunshine" • "Sweet Dreams" • "Convoy" • "I Love" • "By The Time I Get To Phoenix" • "Four Walls" • "All I Have To Do Is Dream" • "There Goes My Everything" • "Crying Time" • "You Gave Me A Mountain" • "Before The Next Teardrop Falls" • "Rose Garden" • "Almost Pursuaded" • "Behind Closed Doors"

Hundreds upon hundreds of priceless recordings in all!

Original Artists—Original Hits

Come and join us on a rare and exciting sound trip to the heart of America—the birthplace of our very own music! Here is an unprecedented legendary country music song collection—your own "Grand Ole Opry"—featuring the best of country music from yesterday and today, performed by the great country stars who gave these songs life!

It's a once-in-a-lifetime collector's edition!

Here is a treasury you couldn't find and buy in any store at any price! No record collection is complete without this fantastic cross-section of Americana!

Let your emotions take flight with the sentimentality of *Take Me Home, Country Roads*... the haunting refrains of *Release Me*... the joy of *My Special Angel*... the melancholy of *Help Me Make It Through The Night*... the spirit of *King of the Road*... and literally hundreds more million-selling songs by all the great country artists...names like Johnny Cash, Conway Twitty, Hank Williams, Glen Campbell, Chet Atkins, Jim Reeves, Charlie Rich, Roger Miller and Tammy Wynette, to name a few.

Authentic Golden Treasury Library Series

Each volume of COUNTRY MUSIC CAVALCADE features a different theme: *Heart of the Country*... *Midnight in Memphis*... *Kings and Queens of Country Music*... *Legendary Guitars and Piano Sounds*... and more. Your choice of 3 records or 2 8-track tapes are packaged in a handsome, gold-lettered presentation case that locks out dust and dirt. Choose the handsome blue-denim look, or the deluxe limited collector's edition in a hand-crafted leather look for $1 more per volume.

Audition each VOLUME FREE for 10 days!

To sample the flavor of this one-of-a-kind musical library, simply complete and return the Free Volume Certificate. You'll receive Volume 1, NASHVILLE GRAFFITTI, as a free gift. Future volumes will then be sent to you on approval, to keep or return as you wish after a 10-day audition. No minimum purchase is required, and Volume 1 is yours to keep in any case. This fabulous collector's item is available only through this offer, so return your Free Volume Certificate today!

Yours FREE—Volume One!

NASHVILLE GRAFFITTI—the finest collection of ballads, rock and down-home country songs that have rolled out of Nashville and into your hearts! Relive again such wonderful memories as the late Johnny Horton's *North to Alaska* and *The Battle of New Orleans*... Marty Robbins' *Don't Worry ('Bout Me)* and *A White Sport Coat and a Pink Carnation*... Johnny Cash's *Guess Things Happen That Way*—the song that made him a teen idol! It' all here—your own personal collection of the Nashville you love! You'll thrill again and again to *Singing The Blues*... *Devil Woman*... *Big Bad John*... *Since I Met You Baby*... *Waterloo*... and many more! Volume 1 of COUNTRY MUSIC CAVALCADE is yours to keep with our compliments. There are no catches, no strings—it's truly a fantastic FREE offer!

Free Volume Certificate

Country Music Cavalcade
A Service of Candlelite Music Inc.
6 Commercial St., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801

This certificate entitles me to receive—as a FREE gift—Volume 1, Nashville Graffitti, of the 15 volume collection, COUNTRY MUSIC CAVALCADE.

I understand that I am under no obligation to buy anything at any time, but as a subscriber, I will be notified of all future shipments. I may reject any shipment or cancel my subscription by notifying you before the shipment date shown on the invoice accompanying my advance shipment notice.

After receiving my first volume, if you do not hear from me, you may send me one volume approximately every 6 weeks after that, to enjoy in my home free for 10 days. I may return any volume at your expense and owe nothing. Bill me for only those volumes I keep at the rate of one volume every other month, at the low price of just $8.98† for three records, $9.98 for two double-length 8-track tapes (plus a small charge for shipping and processing). I may cancel at any time by writing to you.

I prefer ☐ **DENIM-LOOK EDITION** ☐ **LEATHER-LOOK EDITION†**

Please check one only: ☐ **RECORDS** ☐ **8-TRACK TAPES**

☐ Mr
☐ Mrs _____
☐ Miss

Address _____ Apt No

City _____ State _____ Zip

( ) _____
area code Phone Signature

Sales tax added for N.Y. residents **Offer expires 8/31/80**

Limit one subscription per household. All applications subject to review and we reserve the right to reject any application.

†$1 more for leather-look edition

146

BOB NOLAN

An Interview With A Pioneer

by Douglas B. Green

To put it as simply and directly as possible: Bob Nolan is country music's greatest songwriter. True, Fred Rose was both prolific and consistent, and Hank Williams' work was speckled with genius; Willie Nelson has given us great music both earthy and sophisticated; Pee Wee King, Kris Kristofferson,and Don Gibson have each brought a handful of gems. Dozens more have been great at a given moment, but none have produced so huge a body of work, and works of such vivid imagination, musical daring, and the masterful blending of words and music, as has Bob Nolan.

Consider the fact that virtually every American over the age of eighteen can hum a snatch or two of *Tumbling Tumbleweeds* and *Cool Water*; can that be said of any other country song other than *Tennessee Waltz* and *You Are My Sunshine*? Yet *Tumbling Tumbleweeds* and *Cool Water* are but the tip—nay, but two sips of ice at the apex of the tip—of the iceberg. Many of the stone classics of western music are Nolan's—*Way Out There, One More Ride, When Payday Rolls Around, I Still Do*—as are hundreds of lesser known songs of beauty and nobility and power and vision.

Bob Nolan was born in New Brunswick on April 1, 1908 and grew up there and in Boston before moving to Arizona at fourteen, where he was immediately stunned by the beauty of the desert and the west. After attending the University of Arizona (where he wrote poetry for the school paper) the restless Nolan headed for California in the late 1920s, where he spent two years as a lifeguard before joining two other occasional performers in a band: lead singer Len Slye (later better known as Roy Rogers) and tenor Tim Spencer, later a great songwriter in his own right, with *Room Full Of Roses, Timber Trail, Everlasting Hills of Oklahoma* and many others to his credit.

Originally known as the Pioneer Trio, they became the Sons of The Pioneers

with the addition of Hugh and Karl Farr in 1934. Nolan remained with the Pioneers through their heyday, handing over the reins to Lloyd Perryman in 1949, leaving but a few months after Spencer's retirement. Bob recorded with the Pioneers for several years thereafter and even cut a couple of singles for RCA before making his retirement complete in the mid-1950s. Always a loner, his retirement made him even more a recluse, and he frequently spent months at a time in his cabin in the California mountains. Still, he has continued to write songs—over 2,000 by his current estimation—and recently, to the great surprise of many, went back into the recording studio to record **The Sounds Of A Pioneer** (Elektra 6E-212). Despite heavy-handed production, Nolan comes across well: at 72 his distinct and forceful baritone is still powerful, and judging by the two new songs on the album—*Old Home Town* and *Wandering*—the power and vision of his songwriting is undiminished.

Bob Nolan is a shy and reclusive man, with no particular need or desire to grant interviews, and consequently such interviews over the years have been rare. He granted this interview last November, more as a favor than anything else, and though he was reserved and dignified, he was also remarkably candid, quick with a laugh, and in every way the gracious western gentleman he has always appeared to be on film, on stage, and on record.

* * *

Country Music: *First and most obvious: Why, after so long away from the studio, did you choose to record again?*

Bob Nolan: Well, it was a thing where a very dear friend of mine, Snuff Garret, asked me to do it. I turned him down at first, but he kept at me. I didn't like the idea at the beginning, because I had been out of the business for over twenty years, but Snuff (laughter) he wouldn't quit, dammit! Finally I agreed to do it, and its been doing all right so far when you consider I've been out of the doggone business for as long as I have; it's been on the charts for over ten weeks.

Country Music: *Were you happy with the sound and the song selection?*

Bob Nolan: Well, yes and no. I loved the background music and the whole thing was very palatable to me. They gave me quite a broad choice of stuff to record, let me choose it, but, well, I didn't like the fact that they specifically ordered *Tumbling Tumbleweeds* and *Cool Water*, which have been sung so much by the Sons and by myself. I didn't want to do them over again, but they convinced me that that's what the people would expect, see, so I did them.

Then, too, I wanted certain voices behind it, but I couldn't get the Pioneers: that was absolutely out of the question because they were under contract to another label. Oh, I would have loved to have had the Sons!

Country Music: *Though you left performing and recording many years ago, I*

VOLUME 2 NOW READY

Just Published

16 GLOSSY PHOTOS

These unique spiral bound pocket-books are really neat. Published by *Thurston Moore Country*, each edition has 16 glossy photos, all suitable for framing or pin-up. Each photo is easily removed. You can make several attractive large groupings for framing, or just keep in your Elvis library. Sturdy Covers. Order both volumes and save.

SPIRAL - Vol. 1	**$2.00**
SPIRAL - Vol. 2	**2.00**
Both Volumes	**3.75**

Antique Heirloom LOVE LOCKET

Full-color Photograph

This beautiful "classic" necklace has a gorgeous full-color photo of Elvis. Photo can be interchanged too — insert your own or just change them for different occasions. Comes with 24" matching chain in deluxe gift box. Clear acetate protects photo forever.

LOVE LOCKET $6.95

FRAMED IN COLOR

This beautiful styled, gold, metal plated frame comes with the smiling *Elvis in Concert* full color photo. It is a 2½ inch circle surrounding a memorable moment in the life of Elvis. Hang it or give it as a gift. Get several and add your own photos behind the easy snap out lens and hang them in sequence on velvet ribbon.

CIRCLE FRAME $3.95

Elvis

SPECIAL NOTE:
A front-page error makes these papers even more valuable as collectables!

Original Final Edition .....LIMITED QUANTITY

Exclusively From

THURSTON MOORE

These extremely rare, original newsstand editions with front-page full color photo and pages of stories and pictures on Elvis, were printed in a very low press run and immediately sold out on August 17, 1977 . . . the story of Elvis Presley's life and death in his hometown newspaper. Officially out of print forever, our offer represents the *only* major quantity in existence. They've been in controlled storage since 1977 . . . while market value has risen as high as $350 per copy.

RARE FINAL EDITION $14.95

ELVIS IN MARBLE

This new exciting art form and the subtle variations in the marbling gives you a *uniquely one-of-a-kind* work of art. Each Cultured *Marble Engraving* has been created by gifted artists and this engraving of Elvis is rich and inspiring. A 5" x 6" cultured marble tile with an attached easle back for displaying or hanging, this unique work of art is perfect for collectors or as a gift.

ELVIS IN MARBLE $12.95

Lovely Full-Color **CHARM BRACELET**

Your seven inch link chain bracelet has a one inch oval charm with a full-color photo of Elvis set in gold-tone or silver rhodium. You will wear this expensive looking piece of jewelry with pride and more charms can be added to the bracelet. It comes in a clear plastic jewelry gift box. Indicate gold or silver finish.

PORTRAIT CHARM ONLY	**$2.95**
BRACELET WITH CHARM	**3.95**

Elvis Playing Cards

***54 Exclusive Photos**

All Elvis fans have been waiting for these — a genuine deck of Playing Cards. Each card has a different photo of Elvis — never before published anywhere! Cards are beautifully packaged in 2-colors and the back of the cards have an attractive 2-color design. What fun you'll have playing with these — and what a fabulous collection of photos. Order at least 2 decks now!

ELVIS PLAYING CARDS $2.95
2 DECKS FOR $4.95

WRITE FOR OUR 32 PAGE COUNTRY CATALOG TOO.

FREE ELVIS CATALOG

Thurston Moore Country, Ltd.
P.O. Box 1829-MC 8
Montrose, Colorado 81401

CHARGE IT!

Please send the items checked

Postage and handling . Add $1.00 on orders under $10.00
Add $2.00 on orders over $10.00

Canada add 10% — Foreign add 20%.

I enclose certified check or money order for $ _____

Personal checks must clear—allow 30 days.

☐ MASTERCHARGE ☐ VISA Expiration Date: _____

Credit Card No. _____ Inter Bunk No. _____

MINIMUM CREDIT ORDER — $15.00

Signature _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
(please print) Dealers Inquire

know you've continued writing—I was a little surprised to find the only two new tunes of the hundreds you've written in the intervening years.

Bob Nolan: Well, I was a little reticent to choose too many new ones, because first they wanted the old favorites, the things that are, shall we say, supposed to be my top tunes, like *Tumbling Tumbleweeds* and *Cool Water* and this type of stuff. Then he said "Now give me your new stuff," and I gave him three and he wanted more. I said "No." I said "The record won't be versatile enough to please the people, see? Let's get some other writers in there, and have a variety of songs."

Country Music: *In studying the history of western music it is impossible to fail to notice how extraordinarily different your songs were from the cowboy music which preceded them; that is, the sentimental ballads like* When The Work's All Done This Fall, *or the few pleasant and simple yodeling cowboy tunes Jimmie Rodgers recorded. Yours were entirely new, entirely different . . .*

Bob Nolan: Yes, I broke all the rules. I didn't stick strictly to 32 bars in the songs, I went my own way. In other respects, I went for chromatic scales and stuff like that which was unheard of in the country music of the time. I studied harmony construction when I was going to University of Arizona, and I just wanted to use my knowledge. It was a little different to start with, and even my own boys sometimes thought . . . well, this is not good, you know! (laughter) It took a little while to get our sound, but I had to go along with my own feelings in music.

Country Music: *Was this new sound, this harmony sound, based on barbershop quartet singing, or gospel singing?*

Bob Nolan: Oh, no! It was built around the things I had studied in college, the construction of harmony.

Country Music: *So from the start you determined that both your songs and your style would be original.*

Bob Nolan: Yes. Tim (Spencer) and I wrote everything that we did, and we weren't going to do anything that anybody else did at all.

Country Music: *I guess everybody has their own favorite among your songs—I'm particularly attracted by the rather metaphysical* Song of the Bandit, *which is inventive in melody and imaginative in lyric. Can you tell me about the inspiration for it?*

Bob Nolan: Oh, yeah. You know, Marty Robbins said that is his favorite, too, and that it inspired him to write *El Paso.* I had read an old English poem called *The Highwayman,* maybe you have too, if you've studied English literature. It was very impressive to me, so I turned it into a western atmosphere. As for the melody, what I always tried to do, was to wed both music and lyrics to each other.

Country Music: *To touch briefly on your film career, in the many pictures in which the Sons of the Pioneers appeared, both with Charles Starrett and Roy Rogers, you were virtually the second lead. Many film historians claimed that the studios missed a bit in not starring you in a series of films; others say—they're extremely contradictory—that you desperately wanted a starring feature. What's the real story?*

Bob Nolan: Yeah! It's just like going into the Old Testament—I swear to God you've never seen so many conflicting stories in your whole life! (laughter) The truth is, I never wanted that reponsibility. In fact, at the time when Harry Cohen, when we were working at Columbia, was going out to lunch and we were just coming back in, he stopped his whole entourage and pointed a finger at me and said: "There's my 'Golden Boy!' (*Golden Boy* was the 1939 Clifford Odets prizefighting classic that was William Holden's first big break) My God, it scared the bejeezus out of me! I didn't want that kind of responsibility! So went out and got drunk and stayed drunk for a week until he gave up on me! (laughter)

Country Music: *I am often amazed that a great many of your great songs—among them* Skyball Paint, I Grab My Saddle Horn and Blow, Coyote Serenade, Redwoods, On The Rhythm Range—*were never recorded by the Sons of the Pioneers at all, except on old radio transcriptions, and that several others of the very greatest*—Song of the Bandit, Song of the Prairie, Chant of the Plains *—only came out on albums years after you'd left the group. Why weren't more of your original songs recorded?*

Bob Nolan: Well, things like that, you see . . . people in the recording companies, the people who were footing the bill, didn't understand . . . there were certain things I was writing about they knew nothing about. They knew nothing about the desert and plains that were a part of the cowboy's life.

Country Music: *What a great shame—so many great tunes unrecorded.*

Bob Nolan: Hundreds. And I think a lot of them are lost. So many different music companies have bought my library and I don't know if I've ever had a full account of my material—it's well over 2,000. But I don't dwell on that. It's all water under the bridge as far as I'm concerned. I don't go back into the past too damn much. I sometimes go back to find out what happened at what time, but I don't live in the past at all. It repulses me to no end to start to live the past; I find it very repulsive.

Country Music: Obviously you don't live much in the past if you're still creating new songs.

Bob Nolan: But they're different. Those songs on the record, Old Home Town and *Wandering,* that's more or less the style I'm writing now. I've taken the cowhide out of it, because I've written too much about that. ■

Bob Nolan starred with Roy Rogers and The Sons of the Pioneers in the film, "Apache Rose."

FREE

They Say You Can't Get Something For Nothing — But They're Wrong!

Most people don't know it—but there are scores and scores of things (valuable things)—from food products to pharmaceuticals—that you can get **absolutely free!**

All you need to know is where to write to ask for them.

For the lucky—or smart—people who know about this, it's a picnic. And now, thanks to this ad, you can share in this.

How would **you** like to sit at home and simply request such things as cosmetics, food, vitamins . . . even exotic things such as foreign coins—and get them for nothing? How would you like to have the postman bring you, day after day, a steady parade of packages that contain wonderful items for which you haven't paid one penny?

These days—when everything you have to buy costs so much—think what it would mean to get things for **nothing.** Yes, free and with no obligation to do one single thing, but take the packages, open and enjoy the things you get!

HERE ARE SOME OF THE THINGS WE SHOW YOU HOW TO GET FREE

- **"How-To" Books**
- **Shampoo**
- **Beauty Aids**
- **Color Film**
- **Deodorants**
- **Vitamin C**
- **Magazines**
- **Perfume**
- **Pet Care Books**
- **Household Lubricant**
- **Decorating Ideas**
- **Foreign Coins**
- **Cold Remedies**
- **Racing Decals**
- **Arts & Crafts**
- **Baby Products**
- **Cheese Samples**

AND MANY, MANY MORE

1001 THINGS IN ALL

In all, you have your choice of more than **one thousand** different items. And they come in a wide range of living and life styles. With something for everyone! Students! Parents! Teachers! Home Owners! Boat Owners! Travellers! Vacationers! Tennis Players! Golfers! Fishermen! Truly—benefits for everybody!

Let's run through some of the things **besides** products that can be yours.

How about things you can make for Christmas? For your home? For other holidays and occasions, such as special birthday presents?

Need money? Send for FREE booklet giving 20 ways to earn it.

Do you have a place to raise your own trout? Or are you a sports club member who would like to get trout for your club to raise? We even tell you where to get trout free!

FOR VACATION OR WEEK-ENDS

When you get the time for leisure fun, you can make the most of it—get the most fun for every day. Whether it's the next county or a foreign country half around the world, you can get free, helpful information about super places, fascinating things to see and do. Inexpensive ways to travel . . . to most every place around the world! And even **free** wine-tasting tours you and your family can take! To round that off, you can get free ideas for throwing your own Italian wine-tasting party.

FREE BEAUTY AIDS AND ADVICE

Cosmetics and other beauty aids, perfume, shampoo and hair conditioner products, advice on skin care, hair styling, tips on fashion . . . lots of things and products to make every woman more attractive.

FREE FOR GARDENERS

If you enjoy gardening and have space for it, you can write for (and get) free flower and vegetable seeds, and **tree** seeds, free tulip bulbs, a free climbing strawberry plant, a free cactus plant, free booklets on lawn care and gardening. And when your garden begins to yield . . . a free recipe book for making unusual salads!

HOW IS ALL THIS POSSIBLE?

How can companies give away all these things? And why do they do it? How is it possible that people will mail such a wide variety of free items—free film, a free bible, free wall posters, a free decorative candle, and so much more?

In most cases, simply because they have found this is an effective way to advertise. They build up future business from satisfied users of their products. In some cases, they just want you to know more about using their products—so they are happy to send you free booklets on any number of things that are useful, helpful and add to your knowledge. For instance, fishing tips and fishing trips. Dog care, home insulation, ideas to raise funds for your organization, to save fuel for your home, physical fitness, a car buying guide, a house-hunting guide, free books on beauty, on knot tying, seamanship, etc., a free booklet on gold, a free booklet on how to make toys from household scraps—and on and on and on.

HOW YOU GET ALL THIS

Simply by filling out the coupon on this page and sending it to us. It will bring you a copy of a very special book that tells you **where** to write for any of the 1001 things you can get free, including free copies of magazines that bring you informative articles on everything from money-making and money-stretching secrets to astronomy to selling and business opportunities.

Everything mentioned here—and hundreds more items—with exact, specific information on how to get them FREE.

As a special offer to readers of this publication—and for a limited time—we will fill your order at only $1 a copy! Half the published price!

AND WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

To make sure you get this valuable book in your hands, we also guarantee that you must be happy with all the FREE things it shows you how to get. Because we want you to recommend it to your friends (or buy more copies to give as presents to your family and friends).

So—send now—and begin to enjoy a steady stream of FREE things. Use no-risk coupon for prompt shipment.

HALF PRICE—SEND ONLY $1

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON

THE PRESTON HOUSE, Dept. FB 55
18 East 23rd St., New York, N.Y. 10010

Please send me _____ copies of 1001 THINGS YOU CAN GET FREE, at your special price of $1 each, plus 35¢ each for postage and handling.
SAVE! Order 2 books for only $2 Post Paid.

Print
Name _____

Street _____

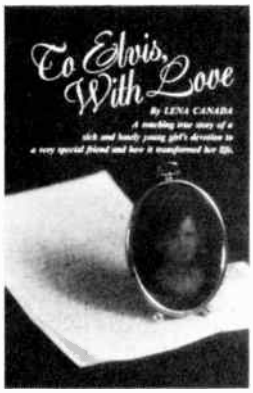
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

The Preston House 18 East 23rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

ELVIS PRESLEY MINI-CATALOGUE

2nd ANNUAL



To Elvis With Love

Here is the story that you probably have heard about, as it is soon to be produced as a movie for television. It is the true story of an abandoned handicapped young girl who grew up in a state rehabilitation home. It is the story of a lonely and withdrawn child who began to correspond with the rock 'n' roll singer she idealized, and because of this unique relationship began to accept those around her. It is a poignant story of this special young girl, written by her social worker, which includes portions of her letters and those from Elvis. It is sure to touch the heart of every fan who reads the book.

Item No. B5Y
ONLY $6.95

Elvis Secret Code Necklace

Designed by Elvis himself, the "Taking Care Of Business" pendant was given to only Elvis' family and most trusted Friends. Now you too can own this very special and unique necklace in solid silver while they last.

Item No. G1I
NOW $29.95

New Elvis Fact Finder

Just "spin the cover dial" and you're an Elvis expert. It includes 9 never before published color photos — featuring a full color 10" x 20" poster. Also, for the first time, there is the last photo of Elvis on stage in concert. No Elvis collection is complete without this unique "spin guide" and book.

Item No. G6D
ONLY $4.95

The Elvis Buckle

This original hand-sculptured design is the only officially approved belt buckle. Now you can get it for $2.00 off the original nationally advertised price. Order now.

Item No. G8H
Originally Sold For $9.95 **NOW ONLY $6.95**

Double Dynamite

LP No. R6Z
ONLY $6.98

8TK No. T7A
ONLY $7.98

We proudly present everyone's favorite Elvis two-record set, featuring: Burning Love/Old Shep/Yellow Rose Of Texas/ You'll Never Walk Alone/Frankie And Johnnie, and many more!

Elvis Presley Stationery

The ELVIS STATIONERY is another great memorabilia item we just came across. You get 16 envelopes and 16 sheets of note paper, each with a different photo of Elvis.

Item No. G8G **ONLY $3.50**

Elvis Presley Playing Cards

Here is another must for card collectors — THE ELVIS PLAYING CARDS. You get 52 different pictures of "The King Of Rock & Roll." Elvis fans everywhere will love them.

Item No. G6E **ONLY $2.95**

Portrait Necklace
Item No. G5Z **ONLY $2.98**

Gold-Plated Necklace
Item No. G6B **ONLY $2.98**

Elvis Jewelry

Here are the unique jewelry items that have set all-time sales records over the past two years. We have only a limited quantity in our warehouse, so don't wait to order yours.

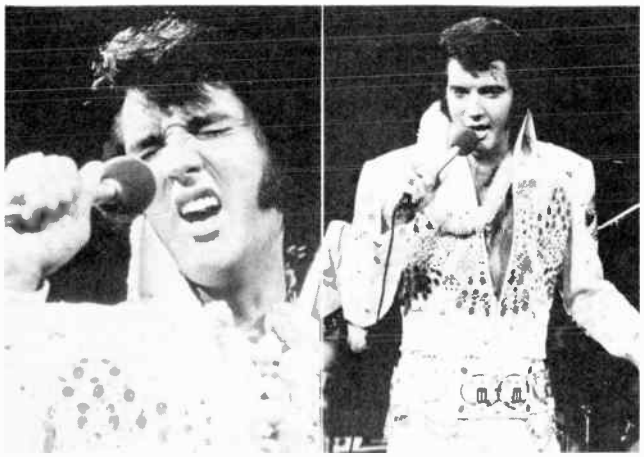
Portrait Ring (Not Shown)
Item No. G6A **ONLY $2.98**

Gold-Plated Ring (Not Shown)
Item No. G6C **ONLY $2.98**

Elvis Limited Edition Limoge Plate

This original portrait, on the finest Limoges porcelain, encapsules the fine workmanship that makes a plate collectable. It's 10 1/4" in diameter and bordered in hand-painted, fired, then hand-brushed 24-karat gold. Accompanying each will be a certificate of ownership registering it. In addition, all purchasers will be on file at the Official Elvis Presley Museum. We have only 20 of these limited edition plates available for sale, so don't wait.

Item No. G6F **NOW $59.95**



Limited Edition: Elvis Concert Photo Album

Printed for the 'kings' last concert tour, this rare book will not be reprinted when the supply runs out. It includes 62 color photos, an elegant gold box, and also—an official Certificate of Authenticity signed by Elvis' father. Only a limited number remain, so order right away.

Item No. B8I **NOW $11.95**

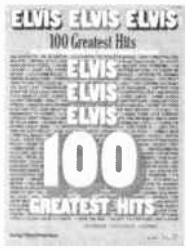
Elvis Press Conference Album

Now you can own two exclusive and rare recordings of Elvis' 1961 and 1970 Press Conferences – complete with Elvis' long time back-up group, The Jourdanaires, telling you how they remember Elvis, and singing his favorite hymn. Elvis made few public statements and these are most revealing. So much so that no true Elvis fan can afford to be without this set. If you don't own it yet, order yours now. (No tape available.)

Item No. R6I **ONLY $7.98**

Elvis Songbook

Here is 100 of Elvis' best hits, all arranged for voice, piano and guitar. You will get words and music to: All Shook Up ... Blue Suede Shoes ... Can't Help Falling In Love ... Crying In The Chapel ... Don't Be Cruel ... It's Now Or Never ... I Want You, I Need You ... plus 93 more Elvis classics.



Item No. B8F
ONLY $7.95

Elvis Bracelets

Portrait Bracelet
Item No. G6G **ONLY $3.95**

Love Me Tender Bracelet
Item No. G6H **ONLY $3.95**

Elvis Presley Playing Cards

NEW COLOR DECK #2

If you liked the first deck of ELVIS PLAYING CARDS we offered, you'll love this new set. Each card carries a different full color picture of the "king" in action – 54 in all. They're perfect for fans and collectors.

Item No. G1J **ONLY $5.95**

Elvis Photo Buckle

This unqiue silver color, metal plated buckle features Elvis in glowing full color. It takes any belt up to 2 3/4" wide.

Item No. G6J **ONLY $5.95**

Elvis Puzzle

It's great fun for Elvis fans of all ages. It measures a big 11" x 17" when finished and comes with 200 pieces. Don't miss this unique full color Elvis pose.

Item No. G9Q
ONLY $3.95

Elvis Wall Tray

No photo could possibly do justice to this truly handsome 12" fine metal tray. It carries a glowing full color portrait of the "King" on a gold background. It has its own hanger for easy mounting. It is perfect for every home.

Item No. G6K
ONLY $8.95

1/280-7

TO: Country Music Magazine
Box 157
Rye, New York 10580

THIS OFFER EXPIRES ON MARCH 30, 1980!

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

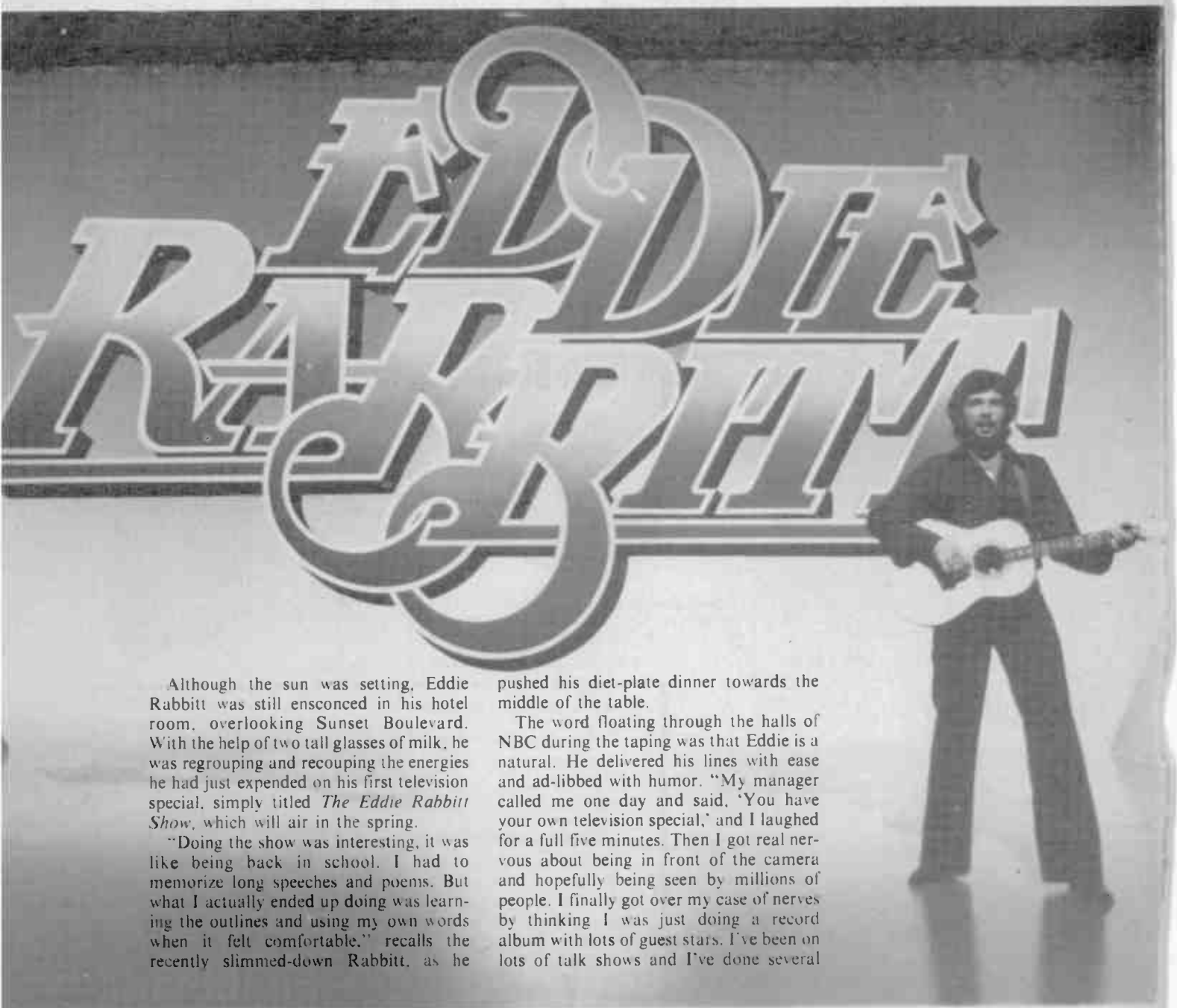
Qty.	Description	Item No.	Price

Postage & Handling Chart
Up To $4.99 –ADD $1.25
$5.00 To $10.00 –Add $1.75
$10.01 To $20.00 –Add $2.00
Over $20.00 –Add $2.25

Item Total	
P/H From Chart	
NYS Sales Tax	
Total Enclosed	

A Special For EDDIE RABBITT

by Gail Buchalter



Although the sun was setting, Eddie Rabbitt was still ensconced in his hotel room, overlooking Sunset Boulevard. With the help of two tall glasses of milk, he was regrouping and recouping the energies he had just expended on his first television special, simply titled *The Eddie Rabbitt Show*, which will air in the spring.

"Doing the show was interesting, it was like being back in school. I had to memorize long speeches and poems. But what I actually ended up doing was learning the outlines and using my own words when it felt comfortable," recalls the recently slimmed-down Rabbitt, as he pushed his diet-plate dinner towards the middle of the table.

The word floating through the halls of NBC during the taping was that Eddie is a natural. He delivered his lines with ease and ad-libbed with humor. "My manager called me one day and said, 'You have your own television special,' and I laughed for a full five minutes. Then I got real nervous about being in front of the camera and hopefully being seen by millions of people. I finally got over my case of nerves by thinking I was just doing a record album with lots of guest stars. I've been on lots of talk shows and I've done several

television concerts but those were all spontaneous," he continues, looking more exhausted than exulted now that the show's completed. In a TV special you can't be entirely spontaneous because everything has to fit into that one short hour."

The guest stars for Eddie's very special 'album,' were chosen by Rabbitt and his manager Stan Moress/Scotti Bros. Management (the Scotti Bros. also produced the show). They went through many names and decided on a few artists who had never shared a stage before. Famed one-liner, Henny Youngman brought his violin and though he was surrounded by such country musicians as Jerry Lee Lewis, Emmylou Harris and banjo-playing, Wendy Holcombe, his violin never turned into a fiddle. Stockard Channing also joined Eddie in a rock and roll medley.

"The last three days have really been intense," explains Rabbitt, while apologizing for "not being fast on my mental feet. It was like going into basic training. It's not so bad when you look back on it but the fear of the unknown," he stops with a laugh. "It was like, oh God, tomorrow they're going to make me run 15 miles—you just got to do it. That's how I felt about the show."

Sunday was not only a hard day for Rabbitt—it was also a long one. He arrived at the studio at 9:00, in the morning, and went through two complete rehearsals. There was a short break at 5:00, and the taping began at 7:00 and continued until after 10:00. But by that time Eddie had it figured out.

"I got to the point where I figured I wouldn't be intimidated by my fears—be it television or life. I never gave in to those types of fear. I've always said, you got to do what you do best, and that's all you can do. If you get so nervous about it, you get strange and end up losing anyway."

Eddie was born in New York and raised in New Jersey. He describes his father as

Jerry Lee Lewis and Stockard Channing joined Eddie in a rock and roll medley on Eddie's first TV special.

$65.00
ORIGINAL ISSUE PRICE

Norman Rockwell
"THE TOYMAKER"
1980 ANNUAL PLATE

Do you remember when the First Issue Goebel Hummel was announced? WE loved it and strongly urged our friends to buy one for their collection. As you know--those who believed our prediction were rewarded by seeing it rise in price from $25.00 to $1300.00!

Well now, we're urging you for the first time to include "Rockwell's Toymaker" to your collection---because we like it even better than the 1 st Issue Goebel Hummel. And this week--you may buy one for Issue Price of $65.00!!

"Toymaker" is being called "the King of Rockwell Plates" and the "Collector Plate that has everything" and for good reason! You see, its a hand painted, sculptured, bas-relief Porcelain plate--and each one is wonderfully painted in Rockwellian pinks and reds and blues and browns and flesh tones. (It is much more lovely than this picture shows.)

You won't see it advertised much, because frankly there won't be enough to go around. We love "Rockwell's Toymaker" so much that it is our first full color ad in our history.

"Rockwell's Toymaker" is not made by Goebel Hummel, as you may have heard. It is one of Rockwell's best known and loved scenes and was inspired by a painting Norman Rockwell did as a young man for the Literary Digest.

The quality is superb and "Rockwell's Toymaker" epitomizes all that is magnificent in a collector plate. An "important" Rockwell scene, and the finest hand-painted bas relief Rockwell plate in history.

Because each piece is hand finished, please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

CANDLELITE COLLECTORS SOCIETY
7 NORDEN LANE, HUNTINGTON STATION, N.Y. 11746

938

Please send me (limit 1) 1980 Norman Rockwell Annual Collector's Plate entitled "Toymaker" in Hand-Painted Bas-Relief

"Toymaker" Annual Plate @$65.00....$ _____
(Please add $1.50 per order for shipping and handling.) $ _____
N.Y. Residents add Sales Tax $ _____
I enclosed in check or money order the total amount of $ _____

OR CHARGE MY ORDER TO :

__ *MASTER CHARGE* __ *VISA*

Account Number _____ *Exp. Date* _____
*If using Master Charge please indicate four numbers above name here _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ *STATE* _____ *ZIP* __

SIGNATURE _____

AT LAST THE NEW 1980

COUNTRY MUSIC ALLSTAR CALENDAR

THE 6th ANNUAL EDITION

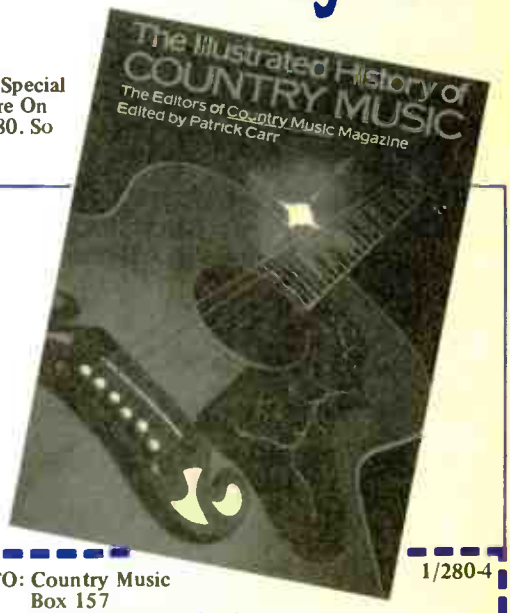
It's everybody's favorite annual calendar. Like last year it measures a big 8 ¼" x 22" when open, and it has ample room for your own memos. Like always, it includes most of your favorite country music stars in glowing full color.

FEATURING THESE GREATS:

- ... JOHNNY CASH
- ... WILLIE NELSON
- ... RED SOVINE
- ... MOE BANDY with JOE STAMPLEY
- ... LYNN ANDERSON
- ... CRYSTAL GAYLE
- ... MARTY ROBBINS
- ... TAMMY WYNETTE
- ... AND FOUR MORE OF YOUR FAVORITE RECORDING ARTISTS!

Only $4.95

Both These Special Offers Expire On May 30, 1980. So Order Now!



Or get your calendar FREE when you order our new "Illustrated History of Country Music".

Here is the full story of all the music and singers you love best – the complete, and completely illustrated story of America's country music, from its roots in England, Scotland and Ireland to today's billion-dollar industry.

Now, you'll discover the origins of the ballads that were carried up and down-river by boatmen, cross-country by railroad workers, into settlements by itinerant minstrels. You'll recapture the glory of radio and live shows like the National Barn Dance and Grand Ole Opry. You'll relive the music of Hollywood's "horse operas" starring such singing cowboys as Tex Ritter, Jimmy Wakeley, Roy Rogers and Gene Autry. You'll be inside the Sun studios on July 5, 1954 for the historic cutting of "Blue Moon of Kentucky" by 19-year-old Elvis Presley.

In addition, you'll find out what the future holds for country music – where it's going and who's taking it there. You'll enjoy photographs and stories of the whole spectrum of today's singers – Johnny Cash, Linda Ronstadt, George Jones and the rest.

This great new edition has been put together by some of the foremost authorities in the field – authorities who, as musicians, writers, and critics have been inside the country music scene for years. They bring you this fascinating story with a money-back guarantee. You must be a hundred percent satisfied or you may return the book within 10 days and keep the FREE 1980 Country Music Calendar we are going to send you.

1/280-4

TO: Country Music
Box 157
Rye, New York 10580

Send me .... Calendar(s) (G6 O) for only $4.95 each plus $1 for postage and handling.

.... Send me "The Illustrated History" and my free Calendar for $14.95 plus $2 post. & hand. I may return the book within 10 days if not satisfied and keep the Calendar. (B8 Z/G6 O)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

being a hard-working, middle class American, who worked in an oil refinery. Though Rabbitt's parents didn't raise him to be a star they gave him an understanding of himself that has helped him handle his successes as well as attaining them.

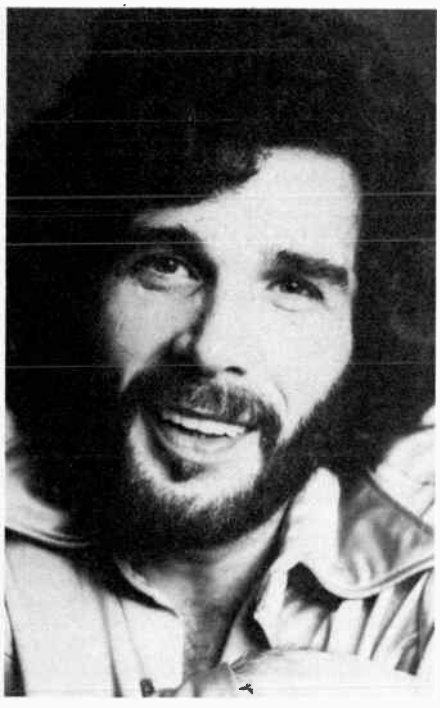
"When I was 16 or 17, I was a bus boy at a private country club in New Jersey, where all the rich folk would come. I worked ten-hours-a-day, seven-days-a-week for $1 an hour. I took home about $53, a week. Obviously, I couldn't have everything I wanted as a kid but I did think about how nice it would be to have the things I couldn't afford.

"I've always said, you got to do what you do best, and that's all you can do."

Today, Eddie is in a much more comfortable financial position and not very concerned with money though he realizes having some makes it easy not to worry about not having any. He drives a two year old Cadillac, not for status but for safety.

A few years ago he was driving down the street when a car pulled out in front of him. He plowed into the back of the other vehicle and though the kid driving it was okay his Pinto was destroyed. Eddie's 1964 Cadillac was barely dented.

"I've always thought more of the music end than the money-making part of this business, because if you're a success the money is a natural byproduct. If you think about the money first, I don't believe you can be creative. I've also come to realize if you become greedy, you lose your freedom.



Rabbitt practices his theories—he has a good working knowledge about the price of freedom and the value of waiting for the proper moment. *Suspicions* (which was written in five minutes), was his eleventh consecutive #1 single, and paved the way for his trip to NBC's Burbank Studios.

"*Suspicions* went to #13 on the pop charts which is pretty good in the rock and roll, disco jungle," Eddie laughs. "Of course I was happy with that," he says emphatically. "Naturally I want to reach a bigger audience. I didn't plan it to happen that way—I wouldn't know how to. You just hope that things will keep getting bigger and better—each single I've recorded sold more than the previous one, and *Suspicions* helped me get the television special."

Yet Eddie's music hasn't changed over the past few years. "I have no idea why the C.M.A. didn't nominate me this year but it doesn't bother me. If *Suspicions* crossed over, it was because the song did it, not because I wrote it as a pop hit. I really like to write music—country, pop, whatever—and I'm not going to stop at three chords because somebody doesn't think a minor chord belongs in country music.

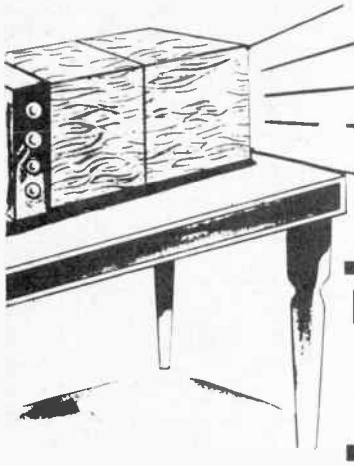
"I didn't grow up in the South, and I heard a lot of rock and roll in New York and Jersey," Rabbitt pauses thoughtfully. "I guess that kind of mixed background created whatever music I write. I was writing stuff like *Suspicions* five or six years ago but I didn't record those songs then." Instead, Eddie built a solid musical foundation with such songs as solid country *Rocky Mountain Music, Do You Right Tonight, Hearts on Fire* and *Two Dollars in the Juke Box.*

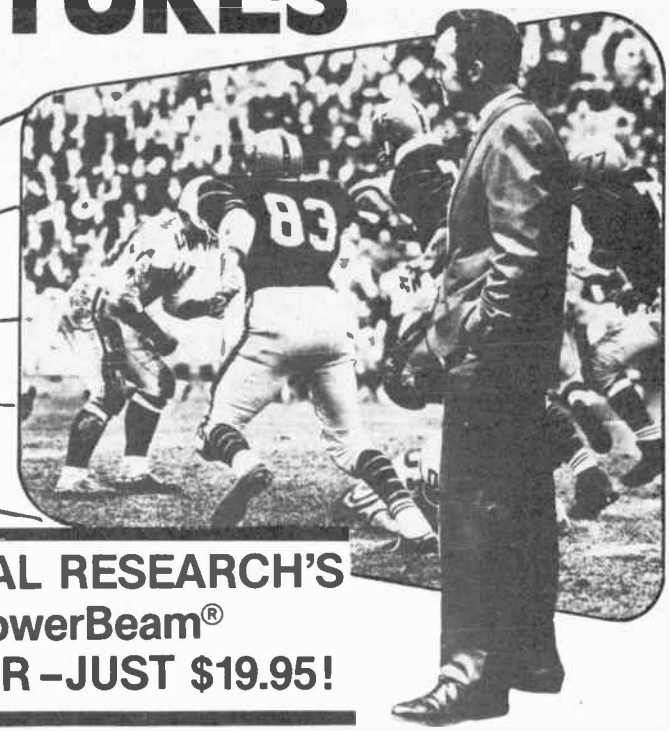
And Eddie has built a solid life for himself. So much so, that life in the fast lane would only slow him down. "I have strong feeling towards self-preservation because I think you can get washed away in the swill of life. I think you have to be real careful in this business where a lot of things are easy to get and to do. You can get turned into a real cornflake that way. This whole dream is happening and it's so real and special, I wouldn't let anything get in the way of it like boozing and doping. Those kind of things don't even sit in the same room as my goals. ■

Country Shopper

NOW--GET GIANT 7-FT. LIFESIZE PICTURES FROM YOUR TV SET!

AVAILABLE ONLY BY MAIL ORDER





INTERNATIONAL RESEARCH'S NEW PowerBeam® TV PROJECTOR – JUST $19.95!

Yes, it's hard to believe—*but it's true*! For just $19.95 you can own International Research's all-new, revolutionary PowerBeam® TV Projector. You can enjoy giant 7-foot TV pictures—in brilliant color or super-sharp black-and-white—projected right onto any wall in your home.

THE PowerBeam® PROJECTOR—

If you're a TV fan (and who isn't!), you more likely already know that life-size home TV Projectors can cost from $1500 to over $4000. And that hefty price tag is more likely why you've done without the enjoyment of life-size TV pictures until now. But the new PowerBeam® TV Projection System changes all that!

If you're a sports fan, the PowerBeam® TV Projector will add a spine-tingling new dimension and realism to your TV sports viewing. In fact, PowerBeam® TV projection is so life-like that you'll feel almost like you're right out there on the field with the players. You'll see and appreciate action and plays that would have escaped your notice on ordinary sized TV sets.

And watching TV movies and your favorite regular shows on new PowerBeam Projection TV is a very special, very thrilling experience. It won't seem like TV at all. It will seem more like you're in a movie theatre. And in a sense you will be because PowerBeam® Projection TV converts any room in your home into a theatre! You'll see everything better. And you'll appreciate the shows more because a bigger picture makes any show more convincing and more real.

HOW PowerBeam® WORKS—

The International Research PowerBeam® TV Projection System works just like most other TV projection systems. Most TV projectors costing thousands of dollars use a conventional small screen TV set as their picture source. PowerBeam® does the same—but it uses your present color or black and white TV as its picture source. And, since you already own your TV, that's a big saving right there.

PowerBeam® fits right over your TV screen (from 9" to 19") and traps all the brightness that's ordinarily wasted in a special chamber. Then it focuses the image through a unique, extra-large 5" optical-quality spherical concave projection lens. And you might be interested to know that this special projection lens was developed through computer and space-age technology. The picture is then beamed across the room, converting any wall—or a screen or sheet—into a giant 7-foot (diagonal measurement) life-size TV picture. The result? Super sharp, bright, clear and brilliant TV—in both color and black-and-white.

IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT OUR NEW PowerBeam® TV PROJECTION SYSTEM—

The first thing we'll tell you is that we promise not to try and fool you by saying that PowerBeam® is something more than it really is. We'll openly admit that PowerBeam® is not as fancy as the sets that cost thousands of dollars. In fact, to be perfectly frank from the start, here are some examples of how we've simplified PowerBeam®'s design to save you money. PowerBeam® doesn't have many of the complicated electronic controls that more expensive sets have. But remember, those fancy controls and gadgets often go haywire, causing you to foot the bill for repairs and adjustments. And PowerBeam® doesn't feature such luxuries as digital channel readout or wireless remote control. On the other hand, our PowerBeam® TV Projection System doesn't have a hefty price tag that runs into the thousands of dollars. To enjoy these enormous savings and PowerBeam®'s magnificent picture, requires only your willingness to adopt one of two easy options: If you have a portable TV set, just flip it over on its top. (It continues to work and tune as usual). If you have a large set, you will require a small technical adjustment that can be done routinely by any qualified TV repair man.

It's relatively easy—and when it comes to what really counts in projection TV—the picture itself and your enjoyment of it—we're sure you won't find any faults with PowerBeam®'s performance. You're sure to like saving all that money, too!

AVAILABLE ONLY ON THIS DIRECT-BY-MAIL OFFER

Another reason our price is so low is because of an important marketing decision made by International Research. We decided to sell our PowerBeam® TV Projection System direct to you, the consumer, by mail order. We save the tremendous expenses of setting up a nationwide chain of fully staffed display rooms. And we save the expenses of a national advertising campaign which could cost millions of dollars. International Research passes these savings directly back to you. And that's one of the major reasons you pay only $19.95 for the complete PowerBeam® TV Projection system.

30-DAY FREE TRIAL— PUT US TO THE TEST

We are so sure that you will appreciate PowerBeam® and the spectacular difference it makes in your TV viewing that we want *you* to experience it for *yourself*. In fact, we are sure enough to send it for you to use—without financial risk—for a full 30 days. And how many manufacturers of high-price sets will dare to make that offer? Use PowerBeam® and judge its performance. Watch your favorite sports programs, movies, regular shows and entertainment specials on it. Thrill to that special added dimension that only giant-size pictures can bring to TV watching. Then, if you can bear to part with your PowerBeam® Projector—if you're unhappy for any reason—just return it—and we'll rush you a full, unquestioned refund of your small $19.95 purchase price.

HOW TO ORDER—

To get your PowerBeam® TV Projection System for this no-risk 30-day home trial, send your check or money order for only $19.95, along with $3.00 for shipping and handling expenses (a total of $22.95), with the coupon below or you can charge to your BankAmericard, Visa or MasterCharge card.

We'll rush your PowerBeam® TV Projection System straight to your door, and you can put it through its paces in your own home. Without financial risk. Why pay thousands of dollars of your hard-earned money for life-size television when PowerBeam® gives you the same giant picture—but for only $19.95 complete? And remember, if you're unhappy with its performance—for any reason—just return it within 30 days for a prompt, unquestioned refund of your entire purchase price!

IT REALLY WORKS! READ WHAT SATISFIED OWNERS SAY ABOUT THEIR PowerBeam® TV PROJECTION SYSTEMS!

PowerBeam® TV Projection System shatters the price barrier for giant, life-size home TV. Just $19.95—complete! And you'll be thrilled with the brilliant, crystal clear giant pictures you'll get. Here's what PowerBeam owners say—

"I was amazed! I felt like I was actually on the field with the players when I watched the Superbowl on my PowerBeam® Projector. How can you do it for only $19.95?"
—H.G.—

All my friends are thrilled. They love to come over and see all their favorite shows projected to life-size. I didn't tell them my PowerBeam® TV Projection System cost only $19.95. I knew they wouldn't believe me.
—S.L.—

At last someone has done something about the ridiculously high costs of projection television. Thank you for putting your PowerBeam® TV Projection System on the market.
—J.M.—

"I was skeptical about your low price. But I couldn't afford to pay two or three thousand dollars for a projection television system so I bought PowerBeam®. And I'm really happy with it. It's everything you say it is—and more!"
—R.S.—

NO-RISK RUSH ORDER FORM

INTERNATIONAL RESEARCH, Dept. IR79
175-5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010

Yes, rush me one of your new PowerBeam® TV Projection systems, at only $19.95, plus $3.00 to cover shipping and handling expenses. I understand that if I'm not delighted with my PowerBeam® Projector, for any reason, I may return it within 30 days for a full, prompt, unquestioned refund.

I enclose full payment of $_____
(N.Y. residents, add sales tax)
Please charge to my: check one)
_____BankAmericard _____ Visa _____ Master Charge
Card # _____ Exp. Date _____
Interbank No. (Master Chge. only) _____

Print
Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Classified

YOUR BEST ADVERTISING BET FOR THE DOLLAR!

TOTAL READERSHIP: 1,400,000
NEW CLASSIFIED RATE $1.25 Per Word
MAIL TO: COUNTRY MUSIC MAGAZINE
Dept. CMC
475 Park Ave. South
New York, N.Y. 10016

RECORDS AND TAPES

SELLING OUT RECORD COLLECTION: Country, Bluegrass, and Quartet Gospel. FREE Price List. Harold Dickerson, Box 141-C, Louisburg, N.C. 27549.

FINGERLESS FIDDLER ALBUMS, Texas Country Fiddling. Send $7.00 to: Roy Thackerson (Fingerless Fiddler), Box 604, Ranger, Texas 76470.

WEST COAST COUNTRY MUSIC! A copy of my latest record that has already been a hit on the west coast is yours if you send $2.00 to Jack Daniel, P.O. Box 094, San Diego, CA. 92115.

FREE POLKA CATALOG. Now includes Square Dance Lp's and tapes. Also Folk, Bluegrass, Clogging. 1000 Polka albums. Write: POLKA SOURCE, 4045 Radford, Studio City, Ca. 91604.

NOTICE: RECORD RATERS WANTED. No experience required. Each month we ship you NATIONAL LP's to rate. "You keep LP's." We pay postage. In return for your opinion, you can build your LP collection. A small membership fee is required. "First come basis." Send no money. For application write: EARS, Dept. MC, Box 10245, 5521 Center, Milwaukee, WI. 53210.

FIVE COUNTRY MUSIC ALBUMS FOR ONLY $8.00. All Major Label. We choose albums. Add $1 post. and hand. Send To: Country Music Five Record Special, 475 Park Ave. So., 16th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10016.

FAN CLUBS

OFFICIAL EDDIE RABBIT FAN CLUB. Posters, Original Items. Fastest growing fan club for the fastest rising star. Box 125C, Lewistown, Ohio 43333.

INSTRUCTIONS

LEARN HOW TO WIN RADIO CONTESTS! My book tells all. A former radio personality finally tells the truth on just how easy it is to win contests on your local radio station. Send $3.98 to Winner, P.O. Box 094, San Diego, CA. 92115.

FREE LESSON, "Learn Chording". Piano, organ, guitar. Simple new system enables anyone to learn. Davidsons, 6727 MC Metcalf, Shawnee Mission, Kansas.

TENOR BANJO self-teacher. Beginner to soloist, complete in 33 simple lessons; $11.95 pp. SASE for details. Banjo C, Box 1225, Metairie, Louisiana 70004.

$50.00 PER HOUR playing Blackjack. 50 cents brings exciting guaranteed details. Marketing, 1728W Ixora, Eau Gallie, FL 32935.

COOKING

COOK BOOK. Please send SASE for information on same. A Monthly Cook Book Lady, 2875 Golden, Long Beach, California, 90806.

MOUTHWATERING SALAD and DESSERT Recipes. $3.00. Down Home Recipes, Box 157, Jenks, Oklahoma 74037.

SONGWRITERS

SONGWRITERS, DON'T BE RIPPED OFF! Find out the facts on publishing, copyrights, writing, recording, etc. My book, "Songwriters, The Mis-Informed Stars," tells the facts. Send $3.98 to Songwriter, P.O. Box 094, San Diego, CA. 92115.

POEMS SET TO MUSIC. Songs recorded. Send your best poems for prompt consideration. Nashville Music Productions, Box 40001-CM Melrose Station, Nashville, Tennessee 37204.

SONGWRITERS AND MUSICIANS be discovered, present your music to Record Companies. Detailed information on how to prepare a demo-tape, lead sheets, letter of introduction, etc., in a presentation which record companies will accept and consider. Also names and addresses of 160 major record companies. Send $4.95 to: Gray International, Artist Relations, P.O. Box 6412, Oakland, Calif. 94603.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF THE PEN? Join The National Association Of Aspiring Songwriters. For details write: J.R. Rhyne, 1520 Emporia, Muskogee, OK. 74401.

POEMS WANTED. New songs recorded. FREE Radio-TV Publishing. Broadway Music Productions, Box 7438-CM, Sarasota, FL. 33578.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

JOIN THE HUNDREDS OF PEDAL STEEL GUITARISTS around the world who belong to our Association. We cover every aspect of Pedal Steel Guitar playing in our Newsletter. For a sample copy and membership information write: The Pedal Steel Guitar Association, P.O. Box 248 Dept. CM, Floral Park, N.Y. 11001.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT ACCESSORIES. Repair parts. Instruction books. Many hard to get items. Catalog 25 cents. Stringking CM, Rifton, N.Y. 12471.

WANTED

COUNTRY MUSIC SINGER needs producer: For demo tape and info contact: Larry Wane, Box 65, Bigelow, Minn. 56117.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MAKE MONEY AT HOME; report details seven profitable programs. Only $1 and self-addressed stamped envelope. ELSBEST ENTERPRISES, Box 127C, Dakota, Ill. 61018.

WILL STUFF ENVELOPES AND CORRECT PUPILS LESSONS in my home. Write: S. Hatch, 3148 Tuttle Road, Weslie, Mich. 49251.

MAKE BIG MONEY SPARE OR FULL TIME. Exciting mailing plan. FREE details. No obligation. FIESTA, Box 2882-CM, Springfield, Illinois 62708.

EARN EXTRA MONEY AT HOME operating a typing service! Information, send stamped, self-addressed envelope. Mary MacKinnon, P.O. Box 6087-CM, Va. Beach, Va. 23456.

MISCELLANEOUS

COLOR DECALS FOR HOME, apartment, camper, van, pickup. Send $1.00 for catalog. Underwood Specialty Company, Box 563, Vienna, Virginia 22180.

PEARL SNAP FASTENERS — 142 Colors and Styles. Sewing Supplies, Buttons. Free Catalog. Bee Lee Company, Box 20558. M, Dallas, Texas 75220.

RARE CANDID COLOR PHOTOS — Dolly, Linda, Elvis (100's more). Sample $1.00. Dolly Wristwatch — $22. Dolly Posters: Portrait $3 — Haystack $3. S.A.S.E. BARR, 1850 N. Whitley, Hollywood, CA. 90028.

DOESN'T YOUR CLASSIFIED AD BELONG HERE? We think so! At just $1.25 a word the Country Music Magzine Classified could be your best buy today. Our readers, all 1,400,000 of them, have money to buy any item you have to sell. And they read our classified, as proven by our 63% repeat advertising rate. So try an inexpensive test with us, we require only a 20 word minimum. Send your ad with check to: Country Music Magazine, Dept. CMC, 475 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10016.

1000 FIRST NAMES FOR NEWBORN BABES, boy, girl plus a combination list of 200 names for boats, estates, dogs, c b handles, etc. Check, money order, $2.00 plus $.50 postage, handling. To: DUSENBURG ENTERPRISES INC., P.O. Box 1656 125 Garnett St., Henderson, N.C. 27536.

ATTENTION' Introducing The Peace Rock, Token For World Peace. $3.00 each. Supplies limited. Peace Rock, RT. 1, Box 32, Summerfield, North Carolina 27358.

I WILL PAY $25 for information leading to the purchase or rental of the recording of Maybelle Carter singing "Gold Watch And Chain" or for the sheet music. Soley for personal enjoyment. Gordon Vincent, 4323 So. Brighton Ave., Los Angeles, Ca. 90062.

ELVIS PLAYING CARDS — 54 different colored pictures of Elvis. Each card has different colored picture on face. Only $6.00 per deck plus $1.00 shipping. Three decks $15.00. Send check or money order to: The Elvis Warehouse, 323 Franklin Blvd. South, Suite 804, Box E-33, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

A MUST FOR SONGWRITERS ... ONLY A LIMITED SUPPLY LEFT! For songwriters, we have a must book, and the only one of its kind available. It's the official "1979 SONGWRITER'S MARKET." This isn't a book of songwriting know-how, but instead, the ultimate guide on what to do with your song once you have it down on paper.

In one place, you'll find over 1,500 places where you can sell your work. Country? Bluegrass? Gospel? Rock? This guide tells you each company's specialty and guidelines for submission. You'll find how to get the right person at a record company ... deliver your material in the right format ... negotiate a good contract ... and more.

Major sections cover publishers, record companies and independent producers. But there are also listings for advertising agencies and jingle companies, audiovisual firms and play producers that use music. There's all this and much more awaiting you in this great book. Order yours while the supply lasts.

Send $9.95 plus $1 post. & hand. to: Country Music Magazine, Dept. Songwriters, 475 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Starting The First Of The New Year All Classified Ads must Be In Our Hands, Prepaid, 2 Months Prior To The Issue Date.