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CARAVAN

the
magazine
of
folk music



LETTERS ^{to} the ^{editor}

Dear Mr. Faier,

...Rarely am I sufficiently provoked to write a letter to the editor. However, the letter from Tom Barton (CARAVAN, #17) is provocation enough.

Although I am associated with the Folklore Department at Indiana University and keep fairly close tabs on the folklore activities in the area, I have never had the dubious pleasure of meeting Mr. Barton. However, I recognize his attitude as one that is typical of a very small part of the many people who have some degree of interest in folklore. It is obviously a shallow attitude, one that is motivated by a superficial rather than a real interest in the subject. Real interest in anything, whether it be constitutional law, jet aircraft, or folk song, is always accompanied by a desire to know more about it, to probe beneath the surface and learn at least its basic elements or principles.

A good analogy to the attitude expressed by Mr. Barton might be that of a person interested in sailing, who sets off on a trip across the ocean, saying, "Why bother to learn all that rot about navigation, winds, and currents; I observed Captain Alan Villiers for a half an hour when he navigated the Mayflower II into Plymouth Harbor, and therefore learned more than any book can tell me."

Sincerely,
Frank A. Hoffman, Editor
Keystone Folklore Quarterly

Dear Billy,

I wish that more people could have the chance to understand exactly what 'scholarship' in folklore means... People like IU's own Tom Barton (who is not the only person at Indiana University), don't seem to have any idea of what scholarship is all about--even the word makes the hair on the back of their necks bristle. To them enjoyment appears to be akin to escape--heaven knows they have never realized that there are different levels of enjoyment, and one of the highest levels is being entertained through learning (and not necessarily being lectured at). How else can such an average performer as Suzanne Block be so enjoyable?

Ellen Stekert
Indiana University

Dear Sir,

...I completely agree with Fred Hoeptner (CARAVAN, # 17) that folk music has made the complete cycle from folk to country and western, to commercialized country and western, back to folk. But I believe he eliminated one other facet in the cycle and that would be the commercialization of folk singers exemplified by Burl Ives, The Easy Riders, the Kingston Trio, etc. These people, I feel, have the true feeling for folk music but because of record commitments and in general, commercialization, have also departed.

It was interesting to note that no mention of the late Hank Williams and his influence on folk music was mentioned in Mr. Hoeptner's article. I would like to read his comments regarding the Williams influence.

In my experience with C&W music I have found that the followers of country music have always been prone to accepting folk music. I would love to know why folk music lovers are not as prone to accepting country music, since both have generated from the same seed.

Sincerely,
Len Ellis, Station Manager
Radio Station WJOB AM & FM
Mammond, Indiana

Dear Billy,

...The friend who has been lending me CARAVAN each month arrived and showed me the issue with the Mahalia Jackson story in it. I knew THIS was it!

I'm not exactly nuts about English folksongs or white American type music (and I can't stand C & W), but if your magazine will contain something about Negro folk music, blues, worksongs, spirituals, prison songs or jazz, in future issues then you will make me into a very happy CARAVAN reader.

Here's my two bucks, don't disappoint me.

Les Nirenberg
Toronto, Canada

(The October issue should make your mouth water, Les.
ED.)

Dear Billy,

...an aside to John Gross: It's a damned sight harder to find material on false folk music, and if he doesn't mind I'll stick to Dyer-Bennet and the Easy Riders in preference to the Kingston Trio. All the bad singers aren't in the authentic field.

Bob Coulson

EDITOR'S PAGE

CARAVAN is at a crucial time. The changeover from a gossipy fanzine to a responsible, informative publication has lost us many readers, as was expected. On the other hand, many others have subscribed specifically because of the change.

In the next few issues we will publish:

An article by B. A. Botkin on the history of "Folksay" which was the very first publication in the folklore field directed towards the interested layman rather than the scholar. In a sense "Folksay" (which was recently 30 years old) is CARAVAN'S spiritual grandfather.

An article by Mack McCormick of Houston, Texas, entitled "Who's Who in the Midnight Special" dealing with the jail-break that gave rise to the song, and the whereabouts and comments of many of the people mentioned in the song.

An article by Ellen Stekert of the University of Indiana on the Folktale. Many people who are very interested in folk music have never had a chance to find out what the folktale is all about. We think that Miss Stekert's article will be a fine introduction.

And of course we feel that Goldstein, Abrahams, and Haring as our review editors are a real feather in our cap. But in order to continue publishing CARAVAN we must receive more support from readers in the form of subscriptions. The articles and discographies in CARAVAN are all original material, not reprints, and therefore constitute reference matter that belongs in all libraries that have a folklore section. At this time we are unable to afford the kind of promotional mailing that would certainly bring in these libraries' subscriptions.

We appeal to our readers to approach their school and civic libraries and solicit subs for us. Show the librarian a recent copy of CARAVAN, give him or her an idea of what sort of magazine CARAVAN is. They will want to know how much a year's subscription costs (\$4.00 a year, 12 issues) and how much the back file costs (\$2.00, #s 12 through 17 are available).

Some of our stauncher supporters are giving 'Caravan Parties', the admission to the affair being one year's sub or a cash contribution.

The entire burden of producing CARAVAN falls on the shoulders of Kennetha Stewart who does all the layout (no pay) and the editor who does just about everything else (also no pay).

We desperately need at least two other people who are sufficiently interested in folk music and CARAVAN to take on some of the responsibility of producing CARAVAN.

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FOLKSINGING in Washington

FOREWORD

The following article is primarily the product of research rather than personal experience. Since the research was based largely on hazy recollections there were some inevitable discrepancies as to various whos, whats, and hows. The author has attempted to piece together and sum up his information in the most logical manner. In addition, he has supplied some conjecture and opinion of his own. If you find some of our story to be in disagreement with your own recollections, or opinions, then pick up your pencil and let us know about it. We want the complete story and we love controversy.

Barry Kornfeld

One of the most important centers of folk music in this country is Washington Square. The weekly sessions there have been the introduction to folk music and the basic training ground for many fine folk artists. Those Washington Square graduates for whom folk music does not become a vocation continue to make it their chief love and



Square

by Barry Kornfeld

avocation--picking the banjo and guitar for friends, family and self--buying the records and attending the concerts of their former colleagues. These people have also been instrumental in the growth of the now blossoming nationwide interest in folk music--the one group by performing at colleges and cities throughout the country and the other by proselytizing their friends and classmates after they leave the Square for parts unknown.

And Washington Square continues to nurture the field. At 2 PM every Sunday, from the first balmy days of April to the last of the fair October weather, large numbers of instrumentalists and singers gather, from whose ranks there will emerge some fine professionals and some equally fine, or at least equally intense, amateurs who will follow in the footsteps of their predecessors.

Later comers, such as myself, presupposed the existence of Washington Square gatherings as we had presupposed

the existence of grass, trees and, of course, park departments. When we hit the scene, there it was, and by the time we got over the pleasant shock of realizing that such a thing did exist we were too wrapped up in participation to question how it all came about. However, unlike Topsy, the folksinging at Washington Square had a definite beginning, more recent than many of us might imagine, and a rather stormy childhood to boot.

Hank Lifson, now an art student at Wesleyan, tells me that he and Jean Silverstein used to play their guitars and sing on Thursday afternoons in the park. Although this was not part of the direct evolution of the Sunday sessions, it is the earliest record I have of regular folksinging in the Square. The real beginning began not long after Hank and Jean began their folksings.

It was a warm afternoon in the park during the summer of 1945. A gentleman by the name of George Margolin came strolling by with his guitar in hand. Someone in the area called to him, "How 'bout a song?", as people often will, and George complied, as folksingers often will. One song led to another and soon quite a crowd gathered. They were having such a good time that they decided to get together the following Sunday for a repeat performance. The repeat performance being even more successful, they decided to meet again the following Sunday and so on until it became a regular thing. It all started as casually and informally as that. Hank Lifson, whose Thursday sessions were absorbed into George's Sunday sessions, recalls those early days:

"As you can see from the pictures, 'D' was the big chord that year. The style of playing was more sophisticated than the 'masturbatory' strumming we find among the uninitiated today. It consisted of simple runs, plucking, mountain pluck, arpeggios, and that essential style for any community sing: the strum in which the thumb and the rest of the fingers work separately."

George Margolin (who is, incidentally, in the advertising business) tells me that in those days



"'D' WAS THE BIG CHORD THAT YEAR."

there were no time restrictions such as those currently in force. Sessions would start at about 2 in the afternoon and go on 'til it got fully dark or people got hungry. Unlike our current chaos, with several small and large groups vying for attention all over the circle, the original set-up was one large group all singing to George's leadership and guitar accompaniments. Often, when night had fallen, the large group had dispersed, and supper had been eaten, George and a few others would gather in the park to sing the softer ballads and solos to which the afternoon sessions were not so conducive. From George's description one gets the feeling that there was a spirit and an excitement not to be found in our current sessions. Today's "folkniks" have a trace of cynicism which overshadows the sheer joy of their gatherings. Who, today, would dream of partaking in five, six, or seven-hour group sings with little instrumental work and mostly 'old favorites' (Can you imagine 'Old Smoky' being sung today?) for song material?

Though George Margolin was the main force in those days he was far from being the only singer or leader. Allan Block and his wife Jean Keller also spent many Sundays standing on the pedestals at the rim of the fountain--singing and leading the group in songs. Allan's banjo still hangs on the wall of his West 4th Street leathercrafts shop but he claims that most of the songs come back to him only under alcoholic stimulus. He and Jean managed to live on the few dollars a week they earned by borrowing the studios of friends and running folksings at a quarter a head admission. To the best of Allan Block's recollection spirituals and topical songs comprised the bulk of the repertory at the time.

Among the many other performers who attracted crowds were Bob Claiborne, Tom Paley, Ray Boguslav, "Prof" Joe Jaffe, Stan Atlas, Rod Hill, Dick Rosmini, Erik Darling, Roger Sprung, Jean and Joe Silverstein, Ed Jancke and, on occasion, Pete Seeger and the then unknown Harry Belafonte. (If I have left your name out, as I probably have, write and tell me.) It is said that the appearance of Tom Paley was an event akin to the appearance of the Messiah. Once a group of people were standing aloof from the others. When asked what they were waiting for they replied, "We're waiting for Paley." They had not yet heard of Godot.

This folksingers' Garden of Eden was not without its serpent, the permit. Many of our current crop are unaware that Lionel Kilberg goes to the Department of Parks every month to get the permit which allows them to play in the park. Of those who do know, few concern themselves with it since they are rarely prevented from singing. But there was great indignation on the part of those who were forbidden to play without one.

It wasn't long after the Washington Square Hoote-nannies, as they were then called, had begun, when the police began to arrive on the scene with the request that the crowds disperse. They would often break up the sessions which would success-



RAY BOGUSLAV AND FRIEND
IN WASHINGTON SQUARE

fully reconvene the following Sunday anyway. I questioned some policemen now at the Square and was informed that the usual objections to gatherings of this sort were: 1) They are noisy and disturb nearby residents who then complain (Today's singing and playing can be heard at best, not more than twenty feet from the fountain.), 2) large gatherings often attract 'hoods,' 'riff-raff,' and other trouble-makers, 3) extra officers are needed for such gatherings, and 4) there is a city ordinance requiring a permit for an organized assembly of people in a public area. However, most of the early Square singers are convinced that these were only secondary reasons. The major pressure put on the police to break up the sessions was, they feel, complaints from the well-to-do Square residents to "get those Communists out of there." Thus started a long struggle between the police and the folksingers which still occasionally crops up.

As I have mentioned, there was a great deal of resentment among the singers. The result was several unpleasant scenes which time has endowed with an aspect of humor. Once, for instance, when the police told the mob to 'move along' a fiery leader stood up and urged the whole crowd to march on over to the police station. They started off with a crowd of about 50; they were 30 by the time they reached the edge of the park; and still 20 strong when they reached the police station. "All right, let's march in," shouted the leader. "Oh no," said the cops, whereupon they picked four or five with instruments, hauled them in and took their names for future reference. Fizzle!

Another time the police had warned the folksingers that anyone caught down there with instruments the following week would be hauled in. Billy Faier tells me he was particularly outraged and attempted to organize a passive revolt. "If all of us (numbering 50 or so) come down with all of our instruments what can they do? Arrest us all?" In order to add insult to injury of the police morale he called reporters from FM (a now defunct liberal daily) to come and write this up. When the time came next Sunday the reporters were there and so was Billy. No one else showed up. Not wishing to be a solitary martyr he continued on his way through the park quietly humming 'Passing Through' to himself.

When the same threat was issued again it was agreed not to show up. Nobody did except Roger Sprung who hadn't

heard. Seeing no one around to pick or sing with he too continued on his way through the park wondering why the cops were giving him such dirty looks.

Roger's brother, George, was also involved with the permit struggle 'way back when' although he picks neither guitar nor banjo. 'Twas '49 or '50, George recalls, when we were told that a park permit was necessary to sing and play in the park. Although many were indignant about this restriction on the use of the park it was decided to go peaceably and obtain a permit. They were repeatedly refused until, as legend has it, a certain young lady had to sit on the lap of a Park Department official in order to secure that first permit. Jean and Joe Silverstein held the first two permits. We don't know who held number 3; (do you?) and George Sprung held #4 and most of the following permits until Lionel Kilberg took over as permit bearer some four or five years ago.

Once the permit was acquired and the righteousness of legality was bestowed upon the Sunday sessions, it was thought that trouble with the authorities was at an end. No such luck--the cops then began to harp on technicalities. The permit read 'for singers and stringed instrument only.' So they made the singers put away all but one instrument. Some of the permits specified a certain number of people so if there were more than that number in the crowd the police chased them away. Finally the permit holders had the permits worded to eliminate loopholes. In retaliation the Park Department started shrinking the assembly time and the length of time the permit was valid. Originally good for a whole season of Sundays from 2 to 7 or 8 PM, current permits must be renewed monthly and are good from 2 to 6 PM. The only blessing the permit has brought is the banning of the damned bongoes. They reverberate from Macdougall Street to NYU and back. As we have mentioned, the singing and instruments can be heard only a few feet from the fountain.

It is interesting to note that what remains of the political and social climate is somewhat cynico-nihilistic, as opposed to the former prevailing optimism. There is a musical difference too. Now many small groups sing back to back while the instruments shine out, often overshadowing the singing and the songs. Furthermore, few, if any of today's folksingers link themselves with the Washington Square tradition. Many of them are so ignorant of the 'greats' of the past that this dialogue was overheard by Lee Shaw: "Say, do you know Tom Paley?" "Well, I used to, but I've forgotten the words."

Let me end this article with an invocation to the Muse of Washington Square. Let me hear when I come down there, Oh Muse, let me hear loud and joyous singing and

picking. Let me see, Oh Muse, let me see kids having a good time with folk music even if folk music has not had such an easy time of it with them. Let me find, Oh Muse, let me find an occasional lad whose technique and musicianship show promise of his becoming a fine folk artist. Where, Oh Muse, where are the cops, those bongos are beginning to bug me.

~"~

Childrens Folk Poetry

One bright day in the middle of the night,
Two dead boys got up to fight.
Back to back they faced each other,
Drew their swords and shot one another.

Two deaf policemen heard the noise,
And came to arrest these two dead boys,
Shot them cold and got away,
And that was the end of a perfect day.

Forty poiple boids a' settin' on de coib,
A' choipin' and a' boipin' and a' ettin' doity woims,
When along comes Boit and a squoit named Goit
And sees de forty poiple boids a' settin' on de coib,
A' choipin' and a' boipin' and a' ettin' doity woims.
Boy was they poitapoited.*

Here are a couple of 'poems' from the editor's childhood memories. We learned these on the streets of Boro Park in Brooklyn in the early thirties. We don't know anything about these rhymes. Do you know any other versions or perhaps some others like them? Send them into CARAVAN. If the response is great enough we will have a regular feature of Children's Folk Poetry.

Actually, any childhood poems (except those you are sure you learned from a printed source) have a place here. Many of them that you remember you will probably feel are unprintable because of the many scatological references that abound in children's folk poetry. Don't let that stop you. There is a place for all folklore.

Be sure you include your name, the name of the person from whom they were learned (if you remember), the place they were learned, and the year. All this information is vital in order for this material to have any value as a collection.

* We suspect that 'poitapoited' was originally perturbed.



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GUITARS

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Will the Weaver's Hillbilly Kinfolk

by Archie Green

IN THE SPRING OF 1957 I was searching out old phonograph records for coal mining and textile mill songs. By good fortune I found a fine copy of "Cotton Mill Colic," by David McCarn, singing with guitar (Victor 40274). The artist was unknown to me. "Colic" I recognized and was pleased to find a commercial record predating a Library of Congress field recording. McCarn's songs were recorded May 19, 1930, and released later in August.

Usually I concentrate on one side of a 78 RPM disc or a single band of the newer LPs. McCarn's second song was "Everyday Dirt" which proved to be a tale of domestic woe. After one listening I dismissed it from my mind.

AT YEAR'S END 1957, MALCOLM LAWS' American Balladry from British Broad-sides arrived. I read it through with great excitement and returned to it frequently for information. It is in constant use. From correspondence with fellow collectors I have learned of a number of excellent early recorded versions of ballads not listed by Laws in his book's discography. Perhaps if a few collectors list and describe their holdings the task of supplementing Laws' survey can be launched. I offer a trio of records from my library.

IN 1923 ALFRED WILLIAMS, who had collected rural English folksongs published his findings, Folk Songs of the Upper Thames. He wrote with characteristic understatement of two songs, "Will the Weaver" and "Butter and Cheese and All"---"The two following songs, it will be seen, though not quite similar in subject, both relate the adventures of one who was surprised in the house of another, and was forced to seek refuge up the chimney, from which he was driven and expelled with indignity." Williams knew that his songs were at least a century old, and may or may not have known that they were quite alive in American tradition.

"WILL THE WEAVER" IS CLASSIFIED Q 9 IN A.B.B.B. Laws offers a concise plot summary, and lists all published texts known to him. Fortunately, I knew the song from a choice duet by Charlie Parker, singing with banjo, and Mack Woolbright, singing with guitar; Columbia 15694, recorded November 10, 1927, and not released until September, 1931. I had previously used some of the published texts collected by folklorists to puzzle out my humorous, catchy Parker-Woolbright version.

LAWS INDICATES THAT EIGHT TRADITIONAL TEXTS were collected in the United States and Canada between 1910 and 1947 and published by folklorists in their own books or the Journal of American Folklore. There are other collected variants, but to my knowledge they are unpublished. I have arranged in chronological order (by date of collection) references to available texts, and indicated one object common to all versions, the chimney pole.

- 1910 Shoemaker. Mountain Minstrelsy of Pennsylvania. p. 135, Joe Whitworth, Slate Run, Pa. 14 stanzas. CHIMNEY POLE.
- 1917 Sharp. English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians. p. 207, Kate Thomas, St. Helen's, Ky., 13 stanzas with music. LOVER POLE.
p. 208, William Morgan, Short Creek (Hyden), Ky., 7 stanzas with music. LUBBER POLE.
- cal 1922 MacKenzie. Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia. p. 328, John Brown, Pictou County, 11 stanzas. CHIMNEY HOLE.
- 1923 Gordon. "Songs and Ballads from Tennessee and North Carolina." J.A.F. v. 46, p. 22, Abie Shepherd, Bryson City, N.C., 14 stanzas. CHIMNEY POLE.
- 1931 Henry. Folk Songs from the Southern Highlands. p. 304, Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Ga., 11 stanzas. CHIMNEY POLE.
- 1937 Brewster. Ballads and Songs of Indiana. p. 360, C. L. Mansfield, Eaton, Ind. 9 stanzas with music. TRAMMEL POLE.
- 1947 Leach and Beck. "Songs from Rappahannock County, Virginia." J.A.F. v. 63, p. 265, J. Mahoney, Chester's Gap, Va., 10 stanzas with music. CHIMBLEY POLE.

While Laws' A.B.B.B. was in press, Richard Chase's Signet pocket book appeared containing a ninth published text of "Will the Weaver." Soon Norman Cazden added a tenth published text.

- 1951 Chase. American Folk Tales and Songs. p. 184, Ora Canter, Mountain City, Tenn. 10 stanzas with music. LUBBER POLE.
- 1959 Cazden. The Abelard Folk Song Book. p. 32, (Part II) no singer or place cited, 15 stan-

zas with music, no pole in text. Notes for the ballad do not indicate if it is from oral tradition, printed text, or possibly, collated.

IT IS UNUSUAL TO CAST PHONOGRAPH COMPANY TALENT scouts who searched out early hillbilly singers in the role of folklorists. Polk Brockman, Ralph Peer, Art Satherly, Bob Miller, W. R. Calaway, and their fellows would have been amused had they been told in the 1920's that they were collecting many choice popular, broadside, and native ballads. But they did! How many we do not know. The story of when and where and from whom they did their particular type of collecting we can reconstruct only with patience and skill.

THE TRANSCRIBED TEXT OF THE PARKER-WOOLBRIGHT SONG can be compared with any of the nine published texts for narrative content or oral variation. It is our loss that the scout who presided at the recording session took no data from the singers as to their sources, or their ideas about the ballad. We lack scholarly headnotes and footnotes but we do have the rollicking song caught with a tone of authenticity and spirit.

WILL THE WEAVER

Columbia 15694
Master 145197

Charlie Parker and
Mack Woolbright

F

"Son, oh son, and what's the mat-ter, Does she lie or does she tat-ter,

Does she do the tatter-ing.—o On with Will the Wea—ver-o?"

"She don't lie, She don't tatter,
She don't scold and she don't flatter,
But she does the tattering-o,
On with Will the Weaver-o."

"Son, oh son, go home and love her,
Do not find no fault above her,
And if she does not do well,
Pick up stick and beat her well."

He went home and a friend he met him,
This she said, but just to fret him,
"Saw your wife a while ago,
On with Will the Weaver-o."

He went home in a devil of a wonder,
Knocked at the door just like thunder.
"Who is that?" the Weaver crying.
"That's my husband--you better hide."

Up the chimbley Willy dashed.
Through the door her husband entered.
Searching all the while around,
Not a soul could be found.

He sit down by the fireside weeping,
Up the chimbley got to peeping.
There he spied the wretched soul
Sitting on the pot rack pole.

He built on a rousing fire
Just to suit his lone desire.
Wife, she cried of free good will,
"Don't do that, the man you'll kill."

He put on a little more fuel.
Wife she cried, "My love, why do you?
Take him down and spare his life
If you want me to be your loving wife."

He reached up and down he took him,
Like a raccoon dog he shook him,
Where he's white, beat him red,
Made poor Weaver wish he's dead.

He went home and his wife she met him,
Up with a stick and down she set him,
Where he's red she beat him blue,
Every word of this is true.

W. ROY MACKENZIE, WHO COLLECTED "WILL THE WEAVER" in Nova Scotia, noted that the ballad was in print on Scottish and English broadsides as early as 1793 and in America by 1814. He does not report it in popular chapbooks of the nineteenth century such as The Forget Me Not Songster. It may have been out of print for a century, or not readily available. The ten published texts show much oral change. The Weaver perches on a chimney pole, lover pole, lubber pole, chimney hole, trammel pole, and chimbley pole. It is interesting to note that Williams' Thames singers place the wretch on a chimney pole in Will's song, but on a kater log in "Butter and Cheese and All."

AFTER BECOMING ACQUAINTED WITH WILL in the Parker-Woolbright ballad, I began to look for him in other songs and stories. (There are at least nine Library of Congress field recordings made between 1937-1939 not presently available to me for transcribing texts. Paul Clayton has recorded a version on a long-playing record that is currently available--ELEKTRA 147, "Unholy Matrimony.") Will must have been adventuring well before 1793, for his theme is antique. I have been curious to trace some of his American escapades.

IN 1859, DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT, LIVING IN NEW YORK City, wrote, or possibly adapted, a new minstrel show walk-around, "Dixie." His hit became the marching song of the Confederacy and his melody a vehicle for future folksong. Emmett included in his song the couplet, "Old Missus marry Will d'Weaver. Will he was a gay deceaber." Can we assume that the old ballad was known to Dan Emmett? Kate Thomas sang to Cecil Sharp that Will was a false deceiver. It would be interesting to know Emmett's source.

CARL SANDBURG, IN HIS 1927 SONGBAG, told us something of the life of "Willy the Weeper, made his living as a chimney sweeper." Probably there is no relationship between the big city hop-head and the philandering Scottish Weaver, but when I observe Joe Whitworth's final couplet, "Was ever any chimney sweeper/ Half as black as Will the Weaver?" I like to think that, at least, the chimney sweeper and the lad who hid in the chimney were united in spirit. If any student wishes to meet the addicts rural kin a list of hillbilly records about "Willy the Weeper" can be obtained from Guthrie Meade, folksong discographer of Bloomington, Indiana.

FRANZ RICKABY, LUMBER LORE COLLECTOR, took down in 1923 for his book, Ballads and Songs of the Shanty Boy, a number of ballads from a Wisconsin octogenarian, Billy Allen. The old timber cruiser had set one of his own songs, "Ye Noble Big Pine Tree," to the melody of "Will the Weaver." However, the "Will" Allen gave to the collector was not the old broadside tune known to Rickaby. Texts and tunes move around. Rickaby may have uncovered one of Will's places of refuge other than the chimney. In January 1958 I found Will resting in another song, and the secret of his hiding place was to be found in my own library.

THE ARRIVAL OF LAWS' BOOK on broadside balladry had stimulated my desire to track down hillbilly phonograph versions of his ballads. Because I was most familiar with the Parker-Woolbright song, I almost wore the record out transcribing the text, and, even now, two phrases elude me. A feeling grew that I had heard the song before. The hunch

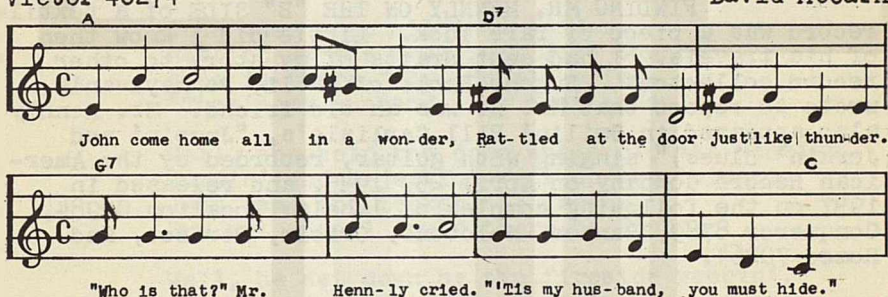
seemed fantastic because I had never heard the song directly from a singer, nor had I read the text in a book until after I acquired the Columbia disc. Why was it familiar?

ONE NIGHT THE LEPRECHAUN who is assigned to hover over record collectors and ballad scholars alike worked overtime. I decided that I had heard the song in my own collection. The quest seemed hopeless until I played "Cotton Mill Colic" for a friend, and turned it over to spin "Every Day Dirt." I found both pay dirt and a pot of gold. Not only had David McCarn hidden Will up a pot rake pole, but he had changed the Weaver's name to Mr. Hennly (and had also sent the unfortunate husband to a stretch on a chain gang for objecting too strenuously to Will's activity). Other analogies come to the surface when texts are available. With Parker and Woolbright, McCarn likens the cheater to a raccoon dog. Sam Harmon had sung in Georgia, "And like an old raccoon he shook him." McCarn's song richly deserves to come out from behind its obscure title.

EVERYDAY DIRT

Victor 40274

David McCarn



She held the door 'til old man Hennly,
Jumping and jerking went up the chimblly.
John came in, looked all around,
But not a soul could be found.

John set down by the fireside weeping,
Up the chimbley he got to peeping.
There he saw the poor old soul
Sitting a-straddle on the pot rack pole.

John built on a rousing fire
Just to suit his own desire
His wife cried out with a free good will,
"Don't do that for the man you'll kill."



John reached up and down he fetched him,
Like a raccoon dog he caught him.
He blacked his eyes and then did better
He kicked him out upon his setter.

Wife, she crawled up and under the bed,
He pulled her out by the hair of the head.
"When I'm gone remember this,"
And he kicked her where the kicking's best.

The law come down and John went up,
Didn't have the chance of a yeller pup.
Sent him down to the Old Chain Gang,
For beating his wife, the dear little thing.

When he got off, he went back to court,
His wife she got him for non-support.
John didn't worry, John didn't cry,
But when he got close he socked her in the eye.

They took John back to the old town jail,
His wife she came and paid his bail.
It won't be long 'til he'll be loose,
I could tell you more 'bout him but there ain't
no use.

FINDING MR. HENNLy ON THE "B" SIDE of a textile record was a piece of rare luck. Little did I know then of his travels. I had sent drafts of my story to other record collectors. Eugene Earle of Paoli, Pennsylvania, wrote to report that Mr. H. was an old friend. Mr. Hennly also appeared in Smilin' Bill Carlisle's, "Jumpin' and Jerkin' Blues," singing with guitar, recorded by the American Record Company on April 25, 1935, and released in 1937 on the following complex of labels: Vocalion 02984, Conqueror 8789, Banner, Melotone, Oriole, Perfect, and Romeo 70264.

CLIFF AND BILL CARLISLE, FARM BOYS FROM MOUNT Eden, Spencer County, Kentucky, were pioneer hillbilly entertainers who brought much traditional material onto the vaudeville circuit and into radio and recording studios. A lively account of their folkmusic contribution and an extensive Carlisle discography is forthcoming by Earle.

EARLE SENT ME A TAPE of his Vocalion record and soon I was able to purchase a copy (Conqueror) for my own library. A comparison of McCarn's 1930 and Carlisle's 1935 songs showed such a direct relationship that I quizzed Earle on the coincidence. He replied, "I suspect Carlisle and McCarn got their material from a common source, oral or songster, and I know for a fact that Bill Carlisle does not own even one of his own recordings, much less records by other artists. Seems like recording artists are not much in the way of record collectors."

BILL CARLISLE MAY NEVER HAVE HEARD THE TITLE "Everyday Dirt." His "Jumpin' and Jerkin' Blues" label lists him as the song's composer. His record is marked by a warm spoken introduction and conclusion added to the song. Also he names his rogue Mr. Hensly. Perhaps Carlisle preserves a Kentucky variant of the old broadside. Until more is known of his specific source, and of McCarn's history, it cannot be said that the 1935 record is based on the 1930 model. Not only does Carlisle depart from McCarn in his language, but he tacks a brief homily onto his ballad in the final stanza.

Jumpin' and Jerkin' Blues



-- Bill Carlisle--
 Vocalion 02984
 Conqueror 8789
 Banner 70264
 Melotone "
 Oriole "
 Perfect "
 Romeo "
 Master 17372

(spoken) Say folks, how'd you like to be in this fellow's britches? Listen to this!

(sung--music the same as Everyday Dirt)

John came home all in a wonder,
 Rattled at the door just like thunder.
 "Who is there," Mr. Hensly cried.
 "That's my husband, you must hide."

Well, she held the door while old man Hensly,
 Jumpin' and a-jerkin' went up the chimney.
 John came in, looked all around,
 But not a soul could there be found.

Well, he set down by the fireside weepin',
 Up the chimney he get peepin'.
 There he spied the poor old soul
 Settin' a-straddle of the pot rack pole.

Well, he built on a rousing fire
 Just to suit his own desire.
 Wife cried out with a free good will,
 "Don't do that for the man you'll kill."

Well, he reached up, down he fetched him,
 Like a raccoon dog he caught him.
 He blacked his eyes a little bit better,
 Kicked him out on his setter.

His wife crawled up under the bed,
 He snatched her out by the hair of the head.
 "Now when I'm gone remember this,"
 He kicked her where the kickin' was best.

The law went down, John went up,
He didn't have the chance of a yella pup.
They took John down to the old chain gang
For whippin' his wife, for very little thing.

Well, John didn't worry, John didn't cry,
He got a little closer and he hit her in the eye.
They took John down to the jail
His wife come down to go his bail.

They took John down to the court,
His wife sued him for non-support.
It won't be long but he'll be loose,
I could tell you more about it but it ain't no use.

Now ladies, let this be a lesson to you.
Don't let your husband catch you, for if you do,
It'll be pretty hard to make him understand
Just why he caught you with another man.

(spoken) Folks, I woulda yodelled to ya a little bit,
but I just felt so dad blamed sorry for the
fellow, I just couldn't do it. That's all!

FROM SCOTLAND'S EIGHTEENTH CENTURY NEW GARLAND
to the Victor, Columbia, and American Record Companies' microphones of the 1920's and 1930's is a grand journey. McCarn recorded in Memphis, Tennessee; Parker and Woolbright in Atlanta, Georgia; and Bill Carlisle in New York City. McCarn closes his ballad by stating, "I could tell you more about him--." We need to smoke out more about Will, Mr. Hennly, Mr. Hensly, Parker, Woolbright, Carlisle, and McCarn too. If we knew how and why McCarn recomposed the ballad, if indeed he did, a significant facet would be added to our understanding of folksong creation.

WHERE DID DAVID MCCARN LIVE? From two of his other songs we know that as a youngster he followed the apple wagons down from the Carolina hills to seek employment in a cotton mill. Was Mr. Hennly a real person whose troubles strangely duplicated Will's, or was his name inserted in the song for local satire? Does the title, "Everyday Dirt" indicate the singer's opinions of such a gossip song? What other old stories did this rough voiced balladier rebuild into his personal songs? To date McCarn's May 19, 1930 commercial record, "Everyday Dirt" seems to be the first noted local recomposition of "Will the Weaver." However, in Arthur K. Davis', Folk Songs of Virginia, we learn that on July 9, 1932, James Tingler, Paint Bank, Craig County, Virginia, sang for collector John Stone, a nine stanza song learned from a neighbor, "Will the Weeper." Davis prints the first line only, "John came home all in a wonder." Did Tingler's neighbor on the West Virginia-Vir-

ginia mountain border learn from McCarn's Victor record, or did both draw from a common oral source? A comparison of the two texts is needed, as well as an intense search for McCarn's origins and travels. In time we shall know more about Will's adventures in America.

Charlie Parker, Mack Woolbright, David McCarn. Bill Carlisle and their companion mountain singers and itinerant rural entertainers, have left us a rich heritage of folksong hidden away in commercial records. Will the Weaver's hillbilly kinfolk merit long life and good cheer.

VOICES OF THE TIMES ON FOLKWAYS

pete seeger ... kenneth patchen ... aaron kramer ... jean ritchie ... tony schwartz ... charles m. bogart
... henry cowells ... ed mc curdy ... mores hadas ... big bill bronzy ... alan mills ... eleanor
roosevelt ... brownie mc ghee ... al capp ... andrew rowan summers ... margaret mead ... sonny ferry
... walt robertson ... peggy seeger ... eddy manson ... hermes nye ... paul clayton ... bascom lunsford
... allen stackert ... cat iron ... mike seeger ... lost city ramblers ... fisk jubilee singers ...
folksmiths ... peter hurd ... charles edward smith ... frad ramsey jr. ... leadbelly ... pete steale ...
langston hughes ... earl robinson ... henry jacobs ... wallace house ... logan english ... john lomax
jr ... gene blustein ... john ciardi ... theodor gaster ... prof | j rodriguez ... armand beque ... frank
o'connor ... charles w dunn ... james joyce ... david kurlan ... mark olf ... hillel and aviva ... queila
gill ... laura boultou ... harold courlander ... ruth rubin ... ernst wolff ... mario escadero ... carlos
montoya ... martha schlamme ... gloria levy ... harry fleetwood ... louise bennett ... lord invader ...
rawhide ... black watch ... arna bontemps ... charity bailey ... scj william o douglas ... robert m
hutchins ... anthology of jazz ... guy carawan ... sandy ives ... john greenway ... woody guthrie ...
sam charters ... will gear ... marshal stearns ... cisco houston ... horace sprott ... katherine handy
... johnny richardson ... elizabeth knight ... ed badeaux ... george britton ... jim farley ... bill
hayes ... jacques labrecque ... edith fowke ... ewan mac coll ... dominic behan ... abraham brun ...
david kusevitsky ... song swappers ... peter bartok ... sam askin ... sterling brown ... almanac singers
... hootenanny ... vivian richman

FOLKWAYS RECORDS

117 W. 46 St.
New York City

We have just recieved the fifth issue of FOLK STYLE, The International Magazine for Collectors. The issue contains an article by John Edwards (Buell Kazee bio and disco, Caravan #17) on how to start a hillbilly record collection. Many other interesting features mainly concerned with books and records. 25¢ will bring you a copy from GEORGE TYE, 47 Holbrook Way, Bromley, Kent, England.

George Tye is Caravan's English representative.



CONCERT CHRONICLES

LEE HARING
---- EDITOR

THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS. Mills College Theatre.
June 13. Sponsored by Producers Cooperative..

Back in the days when a 'hootenanny' was called a 'mus-icale' innumerable groups of hard playing Saturday night musicians flourished and earned regional reputations for their distinctive styles and exotic names. New York City is lucky to have its own trio who, harking back to the first flood of country music recordings (circa 1923-39) are recreating the best of these styles.

From hundreds of disks the NLCR have tastefully and painstakingly culled a varied repertory that is presented both as the vigorous entertainment it was meant to be and as fine folk-musicianship. One need not be familiar with these recordings to enjoy their music.

Mike Seeger, John Cohen and Tom Paley give the impression of having been born born a-pickin' and a-strummin'. Lackadasi-cally they switch from fiddle to guitar to banjo, mandolin, autoharp, and, even, for a joke, the kazoo. With equal versatility all three perform solos and take the lead voice with la-conic countrified grace. Their honest exuberance, and appeal-ing, direct stage manner might well give some better known groups pause. Without any vestiges of either amaturism or disturbing slickness they filled the tuning interludes of their fast-paced program with relaxed tom-foolery and anec-dotal patter that was both informative and amusing. The boys were obviously having a good time, and the audience could only do likewise.

While the instrumental work of the NLCR is often more exciting than the singing, some of which suffers from weak or uneven projection, the group achieves a distinctive blend of vocal harmonics and vigorous string band sound.

Among the most notable of the well chosen material were Tom Paley's Hawaiian guitar rendition of "Tom Cat Blues," Mike Seeger's mournful recounting, to a strident fiddle accompaniment, of the Jonah Legend, "The Old Fish Song," and "Brown's Ferry Blues," a number with an old timey jazz and blues flavor which typified the trio at its stride as a group.

Harriet Goodwin

The last two months saw a number of concerts around New York City and except for one which was held in a church, giving a slightly ghostly quality to the singing, there isn't much to report. Will Holt, Cynthia Gooding, Roger and Jamie Lass, Jean Ritchie, Eric Weissberg, Leon Bibb, Ed McCurdy, and others all performed their songs at various times and places. We would like to say that it is too bad we don't see and hear more of Dick Rosmini and Eric Weissberg. L.H.

That old bug-a-boo space prevents us from running articles on both the Newport Folk Festival and the Berkeley Folk Festival in this issue. We have given the Newport Festival preference because of its unique character and scope (see Israel Young's article). The October issue, #19, will contain complete coverage of the Berkeley Festival by Barry Olivier (who writes this month's Message from the West) and Joel Broadman. And along with Mack McCormick's "Who's Who in the Midnight Special" we hope to have an article, discography, and a few songs of Brownie McGhee by Happy Traum.

NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL

by Israel G. Young

Folk Music came into its own as an entertainment form that people will pay to hear at the first annual Newport Folk Festival last July 11th and 12th. With no preaching and little selfconsciousness the singers told their story and left the stage.

Every aspect of human emotion was displayed there. Folk music was proven to be a great art form, and not something to be listened to necessarily because it is cultural or traditional. Where Alan Lomax failed in FOLKSONG '59 at Carnegie Hall a few months ago, Albert Grossman succeeded at Newport without making cerebations of what the singers should sing. Grossman did not demand that the show revolve around his idea of what folk music should be. The singers sang what they wanted.

The personnel of the Saturday night concert will give an idea of the scope of the festival. Pete Seeger opened the show. He was followed by Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, the Kossoy Sisters, John Jacob Niles and Martha Schlamme.

The New Lost City Ramblers opened the second part, followed by Memphis Slim and combo, Prof. Alex Bradford's Gospel Quintet, Cynthia Gooding, Frank Warner, Odetta, and again, Pete Seeger. Studs Terkel's MCing welded the entire concert into a fine evening of song.

A thick Newport mist shrouded the stage for most of the evening giving a wierd and wonderful quality to the performances. John Jacob Niles overly dramatic presentation gave one the feeling of watching a folk opera rather than a concert.

The Sunday morning symposium raised some very interesting points which would have given rise to heated debate from the audience had not the moderator, Marshall Stearns, squelched it before it could begin. At the beginning of the discussion he announced that only direct questions would be entertained from the audience. "We don't want anyone getting up and making a long speech and then asking 'Am I right?'"

The title of the discussion, 'What is American Folk Music?' gave wide range to the panelists. Dr. Willis James offered some Negro folk 'cries' as an example of one form of American folk music. Alan Lomax concerned himself with the emotional interior of people and brought forward the idea of "process" as being the proper way of looking at folk music. Moses Asch of Folkways Records discussed the American 'problem' of having to refer to Lomax to find what may or may not be considered folk music. Many of us were under the impression that he would have something to say about the recent practice of copyrighting folksongs, but if so, he left it unsaid. On the other hand his cry from the heart that he did not want folk music to be stifled was understood by everyone.

Stanly Edger Hyman combined the preceeding talks into a coherent picture and added that no-one had the right to ask a folk community to preserve itself. Mr. Lomax countered by lamenting the "absolute cultural losses" that occur when changes are made. He cited the Iron Curtain countries and Spain as two examples of places where these folk cultures are "preserved." He also commented that the Newport Folk Festival was a "publicity stunt." Someone in the audience was heard to wonder whether his (Lomax's) copyrighting of folk material was meant to preserve this loss.

At the end of the panel discussion Mr. Stearns asked for "direct questions directed at one of the panelists" from the audience; waited a little over one second for a response, and then dismissed the panel, nipping in the bud the many questions and retorts brewing in the audience. Mr. Stearns' moderateing technique is new to the folk music discussion field. Many in the audience said that they were eagerly looking forward to the next panel moderated by Mr. Stearns.

The Sunday afternoon concert was easygoing and playful. Pete Seeger opened with the 'Cumberland Mountain Deer Chase' and the New Lost City Ramblers followed with some group and solo numbers. Only Pat Clancy came of the Clancy Brothers and he sang a long, unaccompanied 'Bonny Bunch of Roses.' Tommy Makem stole the show with a rendition of the 'Cobbler's Song' that has come to be identified with him.

It rained, but the audience listened to Frank Hamilton, Billy Faier, Jimmy Driftwood and Earl Scruggs (who was to get a bad deal that night).

Oscar Brand was the MC that night and he had a difficult job with the Kingston Trio audience in front of him; raffish college and camp kids. Oscar has his winning ways though,

and he told some stories between his songs. Jean Ritchie moved most of us with her soft "Guide Me Oh Thou Great Jehovah" and Ed McCurdy was marvelous in "Frankie and Johnny"--he let out all the stops. While Odetta was, for many, the musical high point of the weekend, Rev. Gary Davis would have run her a close second had he ever gotten off the ground. Despite the able assistance of Barry Kornfeld the Reverend seemed lost on the stage.

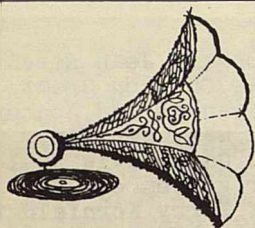
Then came the Stanly Brothers--the real thing. Their countrified presentation was honest and warm. It is too bad that Earl Scruggs, who could have been the hit of the Festival, was presented behind Hylo Brown whose countrified presentation was phony and cheap.

Barbara Dane then came on with blues and folk tunes. She made a hit by composing a blues, on the spot, about coming to Newport. Then Bob Gibson surprised and delighted many of his old friends by showing a maturity of style and a warm conviction in his nite-club style presentation. Bob brought on a young lady, Joan Baez, to join him in his last two numbers. We want to hear more of her. Jimmy Driftwood followed with some of the same numbers he had sang in the afternoon. Driftwood, new to the big city audience, is learning and using some tricks, considered by some to be in bad taste, but he is great nevertheless.

The Kingston Trio were supposed to close the show but they were put on before Earl Scruggs, probably to allow the kids in the audience who had come to see them to go home (the concert was running almost an hour overtime at this point). The Trio put on a wild, frenetic performance of their hit tunes which was fantastic to see and ghastly to hear. It took Oscar Brand a good fifteen minutes to restore order after they were finished. The audience would not quit screaming and cheering until Oscar promised to bring the trio back on after Scruggs had finished. It could not have been worse for Scruggs and Hylo Brown to follow that screaming mob-like ovation for the Kingston Trio and the Scruggs-Brown performance was just as bad, if not worse, than before. Let us hope that next year Earl Scruggs returns with Lester Flatt or Bill Monroe, the people with whom he made his name.

Only one person was heard booing (this writer) when the Kingston Trio returned to another great ovation.

All in all the Festival was great entertainment. My one suggestion is that in the future more attention be given to programming so that the lower powered acts have a better chance to get their message across. We know that the Festival producers want to maintain an even balance between the high-powered Kingston Trio type singers and the usually quieter 'authentic' singers. For this we are grateful. Let's hope they can present the Ritchies and the Davises next year in such a way that they are not lost in the thunder of the Kingston Trios. #



RECORDS

ROGER D. ABRAHAMS
REVIEW EDITOR

THE MUSIC OF NEW ORLEANS (Folkways 2461, 2462, 2463)

Volume 1 - The Music of the Streets

The Music of Mardi Gras

Volume 2 - Music of the Eureka Brass Band

Volume 3 - Music of the Dance Halls

It was a happy day when Samuel Charters was let loose in New Orleans with a tape recorder. With these three albums (and the promise of at least two more to come), he has given us a long needed permanent musical picture of a tradition that may well be on its last legs. Music in New Orleans will never die, of course, but the 'old school' performers will and their replacements (if there be any) will be of a different era and temper.

The first volume will be most helpful to those who are interested in folklore and song. "The Music of Mardi Gras" is a day-long account of the great carnival, starting with the dawn appearance of the Indians (organized clubs of young negroes) and ending with the mighty brass band of the Krewe of Momus fading into the late night.

The flip side is "Music of the Streets" and offers excellent examples of street entertainment; a musical saw, a guitarist, shoe shine boys with their rhythmic rags, the exciting calls of pedlars, a street evangelist, and a spirited "Hambone" with appropriate body-slapping.

Volume 2 is devoted to the big sound, the drive and swing of the Eureka Brass Band. Most of the numbers are standard brass material; "Panama" (a roaring arrangement), "Maryland, My Maryland," etc.

The third volume will appeal mostly to traditional jazz followers. Charters has taped the last of the dance hall bands, those few who still play authentic traditional jazz (Charters points out that these bands play mostly for whites. The Negro clubs have progressive or rock 'n' roll groups.). Though some of the orchestras have more heart than technique, there are several superb cuts, especially a long blues by Billie and Dee Dee Pierce. Dee Dee's moody trumpet response to his wife's strong blues call is lovely.

The notes are ample, intelligent and helpful with a large number of interesting photographs.

CHARLES FISHER

NEGRO BLUES SINGERS (and one white)

This seems to be the time for records of Negro blues singers. I have already mentioned one of the best, Alan Lomax's BLUES IN THE MISSISSIPPI NIGHT (see "The Flesh, The Devil, Alan Lomax and the Folk" this issue) but a number of others have come to us. Our expert on this subject, Dick Weissman, has promised us the word on what is the best available of this music but let me jump the gun and steer you to the best of recent arrivals.

Harry Oster is one of the most active of our collector-enthusiast-scholars. Dr. Oster has found a goldmine in and around New Orleans and L.S.U. where he teaches. In New Orleans he found one of the finest street singers I have ever heard, a man by the name of Snooks Eaglin (Snooks Eaglin-New Orleans Street Singer, Folkways FA 2476). Eaglin has learned most of his songs from 'race' records and seems to play every blues style guitar with fervor and dexterity. His playing is dazzling in its intricacy and truth. His singing is suitable. An excellent record from every point of view.

More limited but just as exciting to blues fans is Dr. Oster's other release, Angola Prisoner's Blues issued by the Louisiana Folkllore Society (and obtainable from them, the Folkllore Center, Folkllore Associates etc.) Jointly recorded by Oster and Richard Allen, this record features three singers presently serving time at Angola. Their singing is rough, introspective, mournful--blues in the finest sense of the word--but not everyone's cup of tea. Of interest will be the different styles of playing the six and twelve-string guitars; especially those sides devoted to playing 'knife' blues (played in this case with a broken bottle neck).

Speaking of twelve-stringers, Good Time Jazz has issued a record of Jesse Fuller (L-12031) who is not only one of the best twelve-string players of recording history, but is also a remarkable one-man band. Fuller plays at one and the same time, guitar (with his hands), kazoo or harmonica (with his mouth), cymbals (with his right foot), and a treadle string bass which he calls a footdella (with his left foot). He sings and plays with ease and good fun, and all in all this is a pretty exciting record.

Less satisfying but still of interest is the issuance of another of Studs Terkel's radio programs (Folkways FS 3817). This one features the late Big Bill Broonzy, Sonny and Brownie. The three work well together and sing well here, but the record is constantly marred by Terkel's asinine interjections, questions, statements. How much can be said publicly by performers of this sort about their music anyway? (continued on page 31)

THE FLESH, THE DEVIL, ALAN LOMAX AND THE FOLK

TO THOSE WHO HAVEN'T ALREADY HEARD, Alan Lomax is back from Europe. And in case any of you think he was idle while he was over there, you have another think coming. To this writer it would appear that Mr. Lomax stayed up nights thinking of ways to sell folk-things to publishers, record companies etc., ergo to the public. This is a good thing whatever way you look at it.

NEVERTHELESS there is still the question of whether you will like what Mr. Lomax is doing. In order to fully appreciate his work, you must understand his attitude toward his material.

LOMAX SEES IN HIS FOLK INFORMANTS all of the excitement of the good attitude toward the good life. Because he is vitally interested in what these people have to say and how they say it, and is a talented synthesizer as well, Lomax is able to present his material with much of the spark he found in the original. Whether it is in his latest book, THE RAINBOW SIGN, (Duell, Sloan and Pearce) or record, BLUES IN THE MISSISSIPPI NIGHT (United Artists, UAL 4027), the experience of meeting with and collecting from the folk is conveyed with such fullness, and yet so artfully, that one is completely convinced that this is the living stuff that makes us all interested in folklore.

THESE TWO WORKS ARE BASICALLY DOCUMENTARIES. The book is a recounting of the lives and words of three Negro religious figures from the South. Through their stories, (ostensibly in their own words as taken from tape recordings) we are able to see much of how religion fits into the lives of the Southern Negro, of what the varieties of religious experience are to these people, and in passing, much else of their lives.

THREE MISSISSIPPI DELTA BLUES MUSICIANS converse and sing on the recording. The tapes were made sometime in the Middle Ages (1942) so the sound is not the cleanest, but it is clean enough to hear what is going on, and believe me this is a record to which everyone who is interested in blues should listen.

BUT LEST THESE WORKS APPEAR TO BE SOMETHING WHICH THEY MAY NOT BE, let's look at what Lomax is saying through them. These two works concern Negroes and more often than not their lives and music. Obviously, the author is not only concerned with their song and their talk as only song and talk, but also as expression: expression of their lives, their loves, their fears, their hates and their subterfuges. And it is no great coincidence that both works are colored by the tone of similar dialogues concerning whites. "They (the whites) just look at us as a BLACK FACE! Down South

the sayin' was 'Kill a Negro, hire another one: kill a mule, have to buy another one.' A mule's more important to some white people than a Negro." In other words Lomax is a collector who is vastly interested in how the Negro feels toward the white, and especially how and why he expresses this resentment. This is an attitude of which to beware, but hardly to shy away from. It will cause him as a collector to ask many questions for which he already has the answer, but he wants to hear it said, for it may be pronounced in a new way. But then many of us are interested in hearing these very answers, but we, as conscientious readers, should not be deluded into thinking that this is what the Negro is constantly talking, thinking and singing.

ONE OTHER BEWARE SIGN. The RAINBOW SIGN concerns Negro religion in the South. In his introduction Lomax gives a lively survey of the varieties of religious expression available to the Negro and some sociological causes for the nature and number of them. He brings in voodoo and other primitive aspects, relates them to ease of expressiveness and sexual promiscuity. He indicates all of this as a "good thing" and having done this, proceeds to call it "folk religion". He never really explains the basis for using this term. "Folk" at this point seems to mean anti-genteel, or something of that sort. Students of religion, however, will point out that Calvinism, and especially its off-shoot, Wesleyanism were a grass roots movement of the same order, and though diametrically opposed in thought, have just as much right to be called a "folk religion". The implication is, above, that Lomax likes the expression of the Negro, and, conversely, dislikes any force that tends to curb it. If one didn't know better, one might accuse the author of a reactionary attitude toward change.

WITH THESE THINGS IN MIND everyone should take a look into Lomax's latest works. They will reward you.

ROGER D. ABRAHAMS

RECORDS

continued from page 29

Last but hardly least of this caravan of blues records is the long-awaited record by Dave Van Ronk. Those who have lived around New York folksinging at all will know what DVR can do with a guitar and a blues song, and that is plenty. The best possible recommendation for this record (DAVE VAN RONK SINGS BALLADS, BLUES AND A SPIRITUAL) Folkways FS 3818, is that it is Dave at his best, and that is very good. RDA

FOLK SONGS FROM JUST ABOUT EVERYWHERE (Elektra 161)

Theodore Bikel joins Geula Gill in a group of songs which should thrill those interested primarily in listening entertainment. Miss Gill, who is the featured performer of the Oranim Zabar Israeli troupe, blends with Bikel very nicely and yet the personality of each comes through clear and strong. A worthy addition to your collection. continued

record of the bi-month

We leaped for joy when we opened the package and found a new record of Robin Roberts' singing. We leaped higher when we saw the cover of the album graced by a beautiful picture of her wonderful face. Though it didn't seem possible, we leaped even higher on hearing the record, for this is a marvelous recording of a lovely voice singing wonderful songs. All we can say is pick up a copy of COME ALL YOU FAIR AND TENDER LADIES (Tradition TLP 1033) and listen to the title song, or "Love is Kind" or "Banks of Doon" or any of the 17 songs contained therein.

THE TARRIERS, (United Artists, 5033)

The only words for the latest record of the Tarriers are, "Whoa, men, you're out too far!" The new Tarriers (Erik Darling, Clarence Cooper, Bob Carey) have a much better sound than the old group but not as much taste. These 12 folksongs are arranged in the most souped-up fashion possible, retaining nothing of the original feeling. I hope their next endeavor is better in this respect, for vocally they are really worthwhile listening to.

Charles Fisher



by Barry Olivier

The Northern California Folk Song Society is planning a Sept. 27 free public concert at Berkeley's John Hinkle Park Outdoor Amphitheater. The Berkeley Co-op Association is planning a Sept. concert on a Saturday evening at Burbank Jr. High in Berkeley.

In San Francisco the Jewish Community Center is presenting Laura Weber, singer, teacher and author in four folk music programs on Mondays at 8:15 p.m. starting July 27 and running August 3, 10, and 17 with the topics respectively; work songs, love songs, songs of childhood, and holidays and festivals. The Center is located at 3200 California St., S. F.

Dick Critchlow, onetime informant for John A. Lomax in Utah in 1930 ("Slim Critchlow" or "Slim Slokum" in the Lomax books) is now living in Oakland and doing more and more singing in the area. He is the best singer of cowboy songs I have ever heard. Anyone coming out here should hear Dick.

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Bourgeois Blues
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C. C. Rider
Careless Love
Almost Day
Death Letter Blues

Gwine Dig a Hole to Put
De Devil in
Ha, Ha, Thisaway
He Is The Man
He Never Said A
Mumblin' Word
Hoday, Hoday, Hoday
How Do You Know?
I Don' Know You
I'm All Out and Down
In dem Long, Hot,
Summer Days

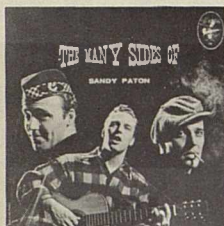
Old Man
Ol' Rattler
Old Riley
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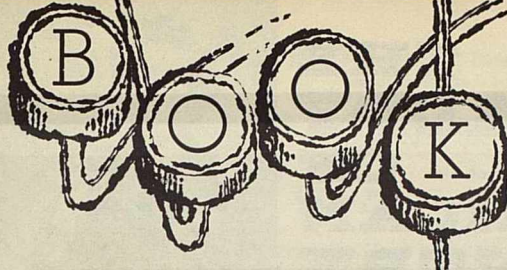
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REVIEWS

by Kenneth S. Goldstein

Harold W. Thompson & Edith E. Cutting, editors, *A PIONEER SONGSTER: TEXTS FROM THE STEVENS-DOUGLAS MANUSCRIPT OF WESTERN NEW YORK 1841-1856*, Cornell University Press, Ithaca, New York, 1958. \$3.50.

This delightful book will warm the heart of any ballad lover. In it will be found 79 ballads which were written down by a western New York State pioneer around the middle of the 19th century, together with 10 more that were written down by other members of the same family. Some of these have been previously reported and some appear to be wholly unique; but all 89 ballads give us a picture of the kinds of songs sung in a New York State family of the last century.

In his excellent introduction, Dr. Thompson (who previously delighted us with his superb *BODY, BOOTS & BRITCHES*, Philadelphia, 1940) tells us the history of the manuscript, its finding and reporting by Harry S. Douglas (great-grandson of Artemas Stevens, the ultimate source of the songs in the manuscript), some historical background on the Stevens family and their wandering, and his conclusions about the importance of the manuscript.

Edith Cutting, a former graduate student of Dr. Thompson's, who originally edited the manuscript as a master's dissertation, supplied head notes for each of the songs. Her commentary is usually pointed and helpful in tracing the songs in historical, literary, and folkloristic perspective. This reviewer, however, takes exception to Miss Cutting's habit of identifying distinct versifications of a ballad theme as being versions of one or another of some ballad canonized by Child. For example, Miss Cutting refers to "Katie Mora" as a version of "The Baffled Knight", and even lists it with the number (112) given to the latter ballad by Child.

It is bad enough that the ballad scholars have followed the lead of Phillips Barry in designating such distinct versifications as secondary versions of one or another ballad in Child's canon (Barry's motive seems to have been that of swelling the number of Child ballads which he could report as having been found in Maine at a time when Virginia seemed to be the leading state in turning up Child ballads), but Miss Cutting goes these ballad scholars one better and refers to such distinct versifications of a very common ballad theme as being one and the same ballad.

This is, however, a minor criticism, and this reviewer recommends this book without reservation to all persons interested in folksongs or in the history of our pioneer development.

THE GRAND-DADDY OF AMERICAN COUNTRY MUSIC



Born in Smart Station, Tennessee on October 17, 1870, died March 22, 1952, Uncle Dave Macon left behind him a store of recorded folk ballads which will never die and a type of banjo playing often imitated but never equalled.

Uncle Dave was best known as THE DIXIE DEWDROP. Other names were THE KING OF THE BANJO PLAYERS and THE SQUIRE OF READYVILLE. The following excerpt from a letter from Mr. Robert Hyland of Springfield, Ohio, describes Uncle Dave's popularity as well as anyone can.

"On one occasion many years ago Uncle Dave was appearing in Columbus, Ohio. Many top names in the country music field were there, including Riley Puckett, Clayton McMichen, Arthur Smith, and others. The program was coming along fine, the presentation saving the best artists 'til last.

"All at once the house went wild with yells of 'We want Macon.' I heard some people say they started driving before daybreak to arrive in time to see him. When he made his appearance and the banjo started ringing, one old gentleman got carried away and sailed his hat up to the stage and yelled, 'Look at the old man go!'

"Many times he would sit in his chair before the microphone to play a number and toss the banjo in the air, catch it, and go right on playing. Of course not all of his numbers included tricks. Many were just good renditions backed up with that heavy footed stomp. During the last chorus of songs like 'Jonah and the Whale' or 'Take Me Back to My Old Carolina Home' he would rise from his chair, take the hat from his head and slap the felt against the strings, holding the banjo by the neck while he went into a clog or buck and wing dance around the instrument and singing all the while. As if that were not enough he would then sometimes do a routine he called 'Uncle Dave Handles a Banjo Like a Monkey Handles a Peanut.' He would lift one leg off the floor, toss the banjo under it, under the other leg, twirl it, toss it up, sling it behind him, plunking it, with his foot giving out its loud rhythmic stomp. He was truly the Grand Old Man of the Opry. His playing and singing and tricks remained superb through all his years to ripe old age.

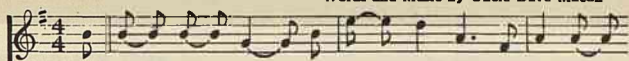
"He was really the 'Grand-daddy of American Country Music.'"

FIRST IN A SERIES by Joe Nicholas

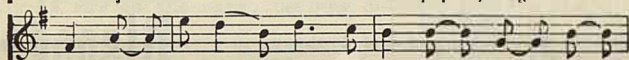
Fare You Well, Honey, Don't You Grieve After Me

Copyright, 1938, by Uncle Dave Macon

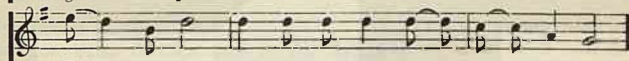
Words and Music by Uncle Dave Macon



1. I had-a lit-tle gal, she lived up town, She dressed so
2. A long time a-go, I re-mem-ber it well, A-lone in the
3. Now she had a lov-er who close by did dwell, A bow-leg-ged
4. Now just at this mo-ment the old man ap-pears, He gazed on the



neat from her head to the ground, She looked like the fig-ure eight
work-house she did dwell; With Fa-ther and Moth-er she
rus-tic, and hump-backed as well: Oh, fly with me to
sight with his eyes in his tears, He knelt down be-side her and her

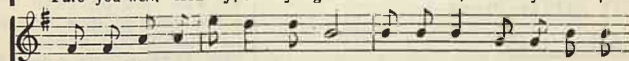


walk-ing a-round, I'm gon-na leave this dad-blamed town.
lived all se-rene, Her age was red and her hair nine-teen.
you-der star, For you're the eye of my ap-ple, you are!
cold face he kissed, Then rushed at the throat of the mur-d'r-er's fist.

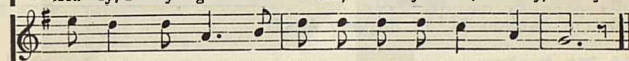
CHORUS



Fare-you-well, Hon-ey, don't you grieve aft-er me; Fare-you-well,



Hon-ey, don't you grieve aft-er me; Fare-you-well, Hon-ey, don't you

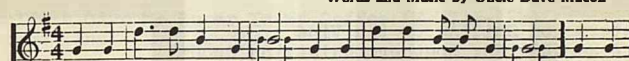
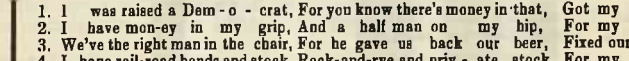


grieve aft-er me, For i'm a-gon-na leave this town.

My Money Matters Easy

Copyright, 1938, by Uncle Dave Macon

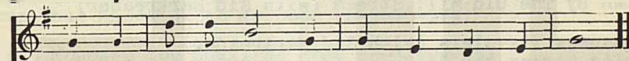
Words and Music by Uncle Dave Macon

1. I was raised a Dem-o-crat, For you know there's money in that, Got my
2. I have mon-ey in my grip, And a half man on my hip, For my
3. We've the right man in the chair, For he gave us back our beer, Fixed our
4. I have rail-road bonds and stock, Rock-and-rye and priv-ate stock, For my
5. Well, I or-der sir-loin steak, And I don't make no mis-take, For my
6. Got a Buick and a Cadillac 8, Rid-ing round right up to date, For my
7. If you 'spect to live on hon-ey, Then you'd bet-ter save some money, Keep your



mon-ey mat-ters eas-y all the time, time time,



Got my
For my
Fixed our
For my mon-ey mat-ters eas-y all the time.
For my
For my
Keep your

Keep My Skillet Good and Greasy All the Time

Words Copyright, 1938, by Uncle Dave Macon

(Same tune as "My Money Matters Easy" above)

1. I 'se gwine buy me a sack of flour, Gwine to cook it every hour.

CHORUS:—

Keep my skillet good and greasy all the time, time, time,
Keep my skillet good and greasy all the time.

2. I've got chickens in my sack, And the bloodhound's on my track.—Cho.
3. If they beat me to the door, Then I'll put em' under the floor.—Cho.
4. I 'se gwine buy me a jug of brandy, Gwine to give it all to Mandy.—Cho.
5. Oh, my Honey, if you say so, Then I'll never work no mo'.—Cho.

—Uncle Dave Macon

VOCALION Recorded 1925 or before.

- 14847 I'm Goin' Away to Leave You, Love
(She Was Always) Chewing Gum
- 14848 Keep My Skillet Good and Greasy
Papa's Billie Goat
- 14849 Bile Them Cabbage Down (13375)
Down by the River (13377)
- 14850 The Fox Chase (A-51)
The Old Maid's Last Hope (A-50)
- 14864 Jonah and the Whale (with Sid Harkreader)
The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane (with Sid Harkreader)
- 14887 Soldier's Joy (13364) labeled "Sid Harkreader acc. by Uncle Dave Macon"
Love Somebody (13362) " " " " " "
- 14904 All I've Got's Gone
Hill Billie Blues

Recorded after 1925

- 15032 Run, N-----, Run (M-899)
I Don't Reckon It'll Happen Again
- 15033 Old Dan Tucker
Old Ship of Zion (with Sid Harkreader)
- 15034 Down in Arkansaw " " "
Girl I Left Behind Me " " "
- 15063 Watermelon Smiling on the Vine
SID HARKREADER: Southern Whistling Coon*
- 15076 All Go-Hungry Hash House
From Jerusalem to Jericho
- 15100 Save My Mother's Picture from the Sale
SID HARKREADER: Many Times With You I've Wandered*
- 15101 Muskrat Medley
Rooster Crow Medley
- 15143 Just from Tennessee
Down By The Old Mill Stream (with Sid Harkreader)
- 15192 Arkansas Travelers (with Sid Harkreader)
Going Across the Sea
- 15319 I've Got the Mourning Blues (with Sam McGee on guitar)
Last Night When My Willie Came Home
- 15320 On the Dixie-Bee Line
Death of John Henry
- 15321 Rise When the Rooster Crows
Way Down the Old Plank Road

We are not certain that the 5000 series are the same masters as the 15000 series. The titles are identical.

*These records are not Macon but are included in this discography as the flip side in order to avoid confusion.

Uncle Dave's first recordings for Vocalion in the 14000 series were acoustical recordings, as were a few in the lower 15000 series. The later 15000s were electrically recorded and apparently the whole series was later renumbered to form the 5000 series. This seems to account for many duplications of titles which can be either 15000 or 5000. There is also evidence that many, if not all, acoustical recordings by Macon were re-made electrically.

Macon Discography

by Joe Nicholas

- 15322 The Bible's True
He Won the Heart of Sarah Jane
- 15323 Whoop 'Em Up Cindy
Only As Far As the Gate, Dear Ma
- 15324 Just Tell Them That You Saw Me
Poor Sinners, Fare You Well
- 15325 Old Ties
In A Cool Shady Nook
- 15341 I Tickled Nancy
Station Will Be Changed After Awhile

- 15439 same as 5001 below**
15440 " " 5002 "
15441 " " 5003 "
15442 " " 5004 "
15443 " " 5005 "
15444 " " 5006 "
15445 " " 5007 "
15446 " " 5008 "
15447 " " 5009 "
15448 " " 5010 "
(this gap does exist, and is not in error)
15450 same as 5011 "
15451 " " 5012 "
15452 " " 5013 "
15453 " " 5014 "

A partial listing of records
put out by the Old Dixie Dew
Drop himself. Matrix number
included when known.

- 5001 Deliverance Will Come (E-3711-W)
Uncle Dave's Beloved Solo (E-3689-88W)
- 5002 Wouldn't Give Me Sugar In My Coffee (E-3713-12W)
Arcade Blues (E-3732-33W)
- 5003 In The Good Old Summer Time (E-3705-W)
The Old Man's Drunk Again (E-3690-91W)
- 5004 Something's Always Sure to Tickle Me (E-3706-07W)
In The Good Old Days of Long Ago (E-3722-23W)
- 5005 Sourwood Mountain Medley (E-3708-09W)
In The Old Carolina State (Where The Sweet Magnolias Bloom)
(E-3729-38W)
- 5006 Sassy Sam (E-3698-99W)
Stop That Knocking At My Door (E-3696-97W)
- 5007 Shout Mourner, You Shall be Free (E-3700-01W)
My Girl's A High-Born Lady (E-3724-3725)
- 5008 I Don't Care If I Never Wake Up (E-3702-03)
Them Two Gals Of Mine (E-3734-35)
- 5009 I Ain't Got Long to Stay (E-3693-W)
We Are Up Against It Now (E-3686-87W)
- 5010 Ain't It A Shame To Keep Your Honey Out In The Rain (E-3694-95W)
Sho' Fly, Don't You Bother Me (E-3740-41W)
- 5011 Uncle Ned (E-3743-42W)
Braying Mule (E-3744-45W)
- 5012 Diamonds In The Rough (E-3737-36W)
Hold On To The Sleigh (E-3720-31)

- 5013 Tossing The Baby So High (E-3738-39W)
Kissin' On The Sly (E-3718-19W)
- 5014 The Cross Eyed Butcher And The Cackling Hen (E-3727-W)
Never Make Love No More (E-3730-31W)
- 5038 Billie In The Low Ground
Rye Straw (or) The Unfortunate Pup
- | | | | | | |
|------|------|---------------|----|-------|--|
| 5040 | Same | <u>titles</u> | as | 14847 | above (not necessarily the same masters) |
| 5041 | " | " | " | 14848 | " |
| 5042 | " | " | " | 14849 | " |
| 5043 | " | " | " | 14850 | " (Fox Chase #13342) |
| 5046 | " | " | " | 14864 | " |
| 5047 | " | " | " | 14887 | " |
| 5051 | " | " | " | 14904 | " |
| 5060 | " | " | " | 15032 | " |
| 5061 | " | " | " | 15033 | " |
| 5062 | " | " | " | 15034 | " |
| 5067 | " | " | " | 15076 | " |
| 5070 | " | " | " | 15100 | " |
| 5071 | " | " | " | 15101 | " |
| 5075 | " | " | " | 15143 | " |
| 5081 | " | " | " | 15192 | " |
| 5095 | " | " | " | 15319 | " |
| 5096 | " | " | " | 15320 | " |
| 5097 | " | " | " | 15321 | " |
| 5098 | " | " | " | 15322 | " |
| 5099 | " | " | " | 15323 | " |
| 5100 | " | " | " | 15324 | " |
| 5104 | " | " | " | 15325 | " |
| 5109 | " | " | " | 15341 | " |
- Many thanks to Robert Hyland of Springfield, Ohio; John Edwards of Cremorne, Australia; and to Eugene Earle of Paoli, Pennsylvania for help in compiling this article. Special thanks to Eugene Earle for correcting and adding to the original manuscript.
- 5148 Bake That Chicken Pie
I'm A-Goin' Away In The Morn
- 5149 I'll Never Go There Any More
In The Shade of the Old Apple Tree
- 5151 Hold That Wood-Pile Down (4929-30)
Carve That Possum (4932-31)
- 5152 Rock About My Sarah Jane (4925)
The Gray Cat on the Tennessee Farm (4949)
- 5153 Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel
Tell Her to Come Back Home
- 5154 Hop High Ladies, The Cakes All Done (4933-34)
Walk, Tom Wilson, Walk (4951)
- 5155 Pickaninny Lullaby Song (4968-67)
Sail Away, Ladies (4936)
- 5156 The Rabbit in the Pea Patch (4960)
Sleepy Lou (4946)
- 5157 I'se Gwine Back to Dixie
Take Me Home Poor Julie
- 5159 Poor Old Dad (4974) (with Sam and Kirk McGee)
Molly Married a Traveling Man (4992)
- 5161 Heartaching Blues (4997)
The Mocking Bird Song Medley (4980)
- 5163 Roe Rire Poor Gal
When Reuben Comes To Town

- 5164 Got No Silver Nor Gold Blues (4995)
Backwater Blues (5041)
- 5165 Go Long Mule (4957)
Tom and Jerry (4959)
- 5172 You've Been a Friend to Me (5038) (with Sam and Kirk McGee)
More Like Your Dad Every Day (5042)
- 5261 The Coon That Had the Razor (2126)
The New Ford Car (2138)
- 5316 Jesus, Lover of My Soul (IND-666)
FREEMAN QUARTET: Walking With My Saviour*
- 5341 Mister Johnson (C-3667) (with Sid Harkreader)
Farm Relief (C-3668)
- 5356 Man That Rode the Mule Around the World (C-3660) (with Sid Harkreader)
Life and Death of Jesse James (C-3659)
- 5374 For Goodness Sakes Don't Say I Told You (C-3664) " " "
We Need a Change in Business All Around (C-3665) " " "
- 5380 Darling Zelma Lee (C-3657) " " "
Susie Lee (C-3666) " " "
- 5397 Put Me in My Little Bed (C-3658) " " "
Hush Little Baby Don't You Cry (C-3680) " " "

BRUNSWICK

- 112 Death of John Henry (E-21916)
On the Dixie-Bee Line (E-21918)
- 113 Never Make Love No More (E-21920-21)
Diamond in the Rough (E-21923-22)
- 114 Hold on to the Sleigh (E-21927-26)
The Cross Eyed Butcher and the Cackling Hen (E-21925)
- 263 Comin' Around the Mountain (2140)
Governor Al Smith (2141)
- 266 The Gal That Got Stuck on Everything She Said (2139)
Worthy of Estimation (2128)
- 292 I'm the Child to Fight (2129)
Buddy, Won't You Roll Down the Line (2127)
- 329 Over the Road I'm Bound to Go (2130)
From Earth to Heaven (2125)
- 340 New Coon in Town (C-3662)
Uncle Dave's Travels, Part I (Misery in Arkansas) (C-3687)
- 349 Over the Mountain (C-3679)
Uncle Dave's Travels, Part II (Around Louisville, Kentucky) (C-3690)
- 355 Tennessee Jubilee (C-3661)
Uncle Dave's Travels, Part III (In and Around Nashville) (C-3669)
- 362 Since Baby's Learned to Talk (C-3675)
Uncle Dave's Travels, Part IV (Visit at the Old Maid's) (C-3676)
- 425 Comin' Around the Mountain (E-2140) (with Sam McGee)
FRANK LUTHER AND CARSON ROBISON: Left My Gal in the Mountains
(E 29928)*

- 80091 Rock About, My Saro Jane (WE-4925)
Death of John Henry (E-21916)
- 80094 Sail Away Ladies (E-4936)
THE CROCKETT FAMILY: Sourwood Mountain, Sally in the Garden,
Sally Goodin*

SUPERTONE

- 2041 The Cross Eyed Butcher and the Cackling Hen (E-21925)
Since Baby's Learned to Talk (C-3675)
- 2042 Hold on to the Sleigh (E-21927)
Uncle Dave's Travels, Part IV (Visit at the Old Maid's)(C-3676)

OKEH:

- 45507 Tennessee Red Fox Chase (404754) (with Sam McGee)
Wreck of the Tennessee Gravy Train (404755)
- 45522 Mysteries of the World (404759)
Was You There When They Took My Lord Away (404763)
- 45552 She's Got the Money Too (404757)
Oh Baby You Done Me Wrong (404756)

CHAMPION

- 16805 Thank God For Everything (N 19651) (with banjo; Sam & Kirk McGee
on guitar and fiddle)
When the Train Comes Along (N 19652) (with Sam & Kirk McGee.
Two banjos and guitar)
- 16822 Don't Get Weary Children (N 19663) (with Sam & Kirk McGee.
Two banjos, guitar and vocal.)
He's Up with the Angels Now (N 19664) (same as above)

THE FOLLOWING ARE CHAMPION MASTERS WHICH WERE NEVER ISSUED

- (N 19653) Train Done Left Me and Gone (with Sam & Kirk McGee)
(N 19654) You've Been a Friend to Me
(N 19656) There's Just One Way to the Pearly Gates (with Sam & Kirk McGee)
(N 19657) The Gray Cat
(N 19659) Tennessee Tornado
(N 19661) Eli Green's Cake Walk
(N 19662) The Good Old Bible Line (with Sam & Kirk McGee)

DECCA

- 5369 Don't get Weary Children (19663)
He's Up with the Angels Now (19664)
- 5373 Thank God for Everything (19651)
When the Train Comes Along (19652)

BLUEBIRD

- 5842 When the Harvest Days Are Over
One More River to Cross
- 5873 I'll Tickle Nancy
I'll Keep My Skillet Good and Greasy
- 5926 Over the Mountain
Just One Way to the Pearly Gates
- 7174 Honest Confession is Good for the Soul
From Jerusalem to Jericho



- 7234 Two In One Chewing Gum
Travelin' Down the Road
- 7350 Bum Hotel
All In, Down and Out
- 7385 Fame Apart From God's Approval
MONROE BROTHERS: On the Banks of the Ohio*
- 7549 He Won the Heart of Sarah Jane
She's Got the Money Too
- 7779 Peek-A-Boo
Summertime on the Beeno Line (with Smoky Mountain Glenn)
- 7951 Cumberland Mountain Deer Race
Country Ham and Red Gravy
- 8279 Things I Don't Like to See
Working For My Lord (with Smoky Mountain Glenn)
- 8325 Give Me Back My Five Dollars
Railroadin' and Gamblin'
- 8341 Beautiful Love
Wait Till the Clouds Roll By (with Smoky Mountain Glenn)
- 8379 Johnny Grey
The Gayest Old Dude That's Out
- 8422 They're After Me
My Daughter Wished To Marry

MONTGOMERY WARD

- 4819 When the Harvest Days are Over
One More River to Cross
- 7347 All In Down and Out Blues
The Bum Hotel
- 7348 Honest Confession is Good For the Soul
Fame Apart from God's Approval
- 7349 From Jerusalem to Jericho
Tribulation Days
- 7350 Two In One Chewing Gum
Travelin' Down the Road
- 7884 Give Me Back My Five Dollars
She's Got the Money Too
- 7885 Johnny Grey
The Gayest Old Dude That's Out
- 8029 Don't Get Weary Children
He's Up with the Angels Now

FOLKWAYS LP

- FP-253 Buddy, Won't you Roll Down the Line
Way Down the Old Plank Road

TO BE CONTINUED IN A LATER ISSUE

Anyone having any additions or corrections to make to this discography should send them to CARAVAN or Joe Nicholas, Box 26, Palmer, Michigan.


A future issue will carry more information on Macon by Joe Nicholas.

NEWS

WASHINGTON

Thursday, June 11, 1959 was a red-letter day for Washington folk music enthusiasts. TOM PALEY and CLAUDIA LINGAFELT became man and wife. The following quote from their announcement pin-points the occasion:

**COME TO THE
MONSTER PARTY**

AND SHIVAREE  *To celebrate the*
marriage of ~~Figaro~~
'HONEST'
Tom Paley
AND
CLAUDIA LINGAFELT

THE FESTIVITIES TO INCLUDE:
(among other things)

*A CURIOUS MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, WHICH CONSISTS OF
strange and plaintive native melodies, rendered with a
touching lyricism upon the guitar and five stringed banjo
by the groom and sundry members of the illustrious company.*

Money-making by the
ASSEMBLED MULTITUDES FROM 5:00 PM TO 11:00 PM

Farewells by the
- happy couple -
For They Leave The Next Day On A
GRAND CONCERT TOUR

With the **World Renowned**
NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS

To which we add--Good Luck and Long Life

Tom & Claudia

Ye scribe--Virgil Sturgill
Ye CARAVAN Staff

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directed
to the
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Collector
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ENGLAND

BRITISH ISLES FOLK SCENE BY ROY GUEST

A complete description of folk music activities in Eng-
land would occupy a sizeable book, taking into account the
work being done by collectors--Peter Kennedy, Hamish Hender-
son, Ewan MacColl, A. L. Lloyd, Seamus Ennis, Dominic Behan and
others. But what will probably be of immediate interest is
the emergence of British songs into the commercial field.

Briefly, what has happened is this: skiffle, under its
high priest, Lonnie Donigan, attracted a vast audience of
pop music fans. This audience has frittered away with the
dying of skiffle on the hit parade, but a percentage of it
has become interested in folk music. This was mainly due
to the Ballads and Blues organization under the direction
of Malcolm Nixon and Ewan MacColl. They ran a series of
hootenannies in London, Glasgow and Edinburgh where one
could hear the best American singers around--people like
Peggy Seeger and Jack Elliott. They also presented the best
of our British Isle singers--Ewan MacColl, A. L. Lloyd, Dom-
inic Behan, Stan Kelly, Seamus Ennis and even singers like
Harry Cox and Sam Larner from whom many songs were collect-
ed. Ewan and Peggy are singing regularly every Saturday at
the moment in Soho.

Many of the 10,000 coffee bars in London employ sing-
ers in the evenings which spreads folk songs in the best
possible way--by people sitting around and singing them.
Robin Hall, Steve Benbow, Cy Grant, Shirley Collins, Shir-
ley Bland, Hylda Sims, Jimmie MacGregor, Joe Gordon, The
Reivers and The Wanderers, Rory and Alex McEwen are all
fine entertainers that will soon emerge onto British T.V.
and radio. continued

N E W S continued

Full length concerts have never been too successful here when presented by one performer. On the other hand there have been several successful "Roy Guest Nights" at various places and concerts by the Ballads and Blues organization so the situation may be changing. Perhaps there will be a regular concert series in the fall.

Meanwhile records are being issued--both traditional and commercial treatments and the B.B.C. is receiving requests for folk music on the air. It will be possible later to give a selection of record reviews with a scheme whereby readers may buy British records in later articles.

Roy Guest

Roy Guest is a 25-year-old Turkish-born folk singer and promoter. He has travelled through Canada and the U.S. He records on the Saga label and is, at present doing doing T.V. and radio spots for the B.B.C.

SAN FRANCISCO

Studio Q, 678 Green St., San Francisco, announces the following August programs.

Wednesday, August 5, 8:30 p.m. HOOTENANNY lead by Laura Weber. Laura is the author of the Hargail collection, "I Know Where I'm Going" and may be seen on KQED television at 6:30 Tuesdays.

Wednesday, August 19, 8:30 p.m. HOOTENANNY lead by Vicki Seitz, a folksinging lass with an air of freshness from merry old England.

SACRAMENTO

The newsletter of the Folk Music Society of Sacramento which is a BIG two page mimeographed publication listing all activities in and around Sacramento is available monthly for 1 dollar from Otto Rhoades, 3837 Lynwood Way, Sacramento 25, California.

SEATTLE

The Seattle Folklore Music Center at 4100 University Way has been taken over by John Sharbinin. We quote from his letter. "Why, there is no musical culture in the world that is not represented in our stock of records, both in current LP's as well as some 4000 domestic and imported 78's." Good Luck, John.

WOODSTOCK

The Woodstock, New York, folk festival, which was planned and executed since the last issue, presented many oldtimers from the Woodstock-Catskill Mountain area. We will tell you about it in the next issue.

FORTHCOMING BOOK

John Edwards of Cremorne, Australia and Eugene Earle of Paoli, Pennsylvania are the co-authors of a forthcoming book to be published by Caravan. The book will deal with many of our great hillbilly artists; their histories and discographies. Publication date and price to be announced.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED RATES: \$1 per line, per insertion.
Six consecutive insertions for \$5.

We forward replies.

FOR SALE

APPALACHIAN DULCIMER Mt.folk inst. A W JEFFREYS
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editorial

continued from page 4

Typing camera copy, copy editing, maintaining the subscription list, sending out the magazine as the subs come in and with each issue, distributing the magazine around New York City when it comes out, lots of letter-writing (a steno-typist would be the answer to a fond dream), are only some of the many jobs, large and small, that must be performed in order to keep the magazine going.

At the present time the going is rough. We knew, however, that people who work on CARAVAN today will look back with a great deal of pride on their association with the magazine not too many years from now. These are just the beginnings. CARAVAN is quickly finding an important place in a fast-growing field of interest.

If you have energies and talents you would like to contribute to CARAVAN, call CH 2-7023 early evenings and leave your name and number; or write to CARAVAN, Box 126, Village Station, New York 14, New York.

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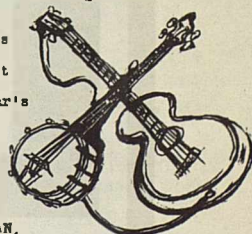
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From the Mississippi State Penitentiary collect by ALAN LOMAX.

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Origins of Jazz: *If I had to pick only one record to show them, it would be the Negro Prison Songs...*

Eric Larrabee — Harper's Magazine

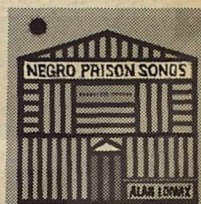
TEXAS FOLK SONGS

Sung by ALAN LOMAX.

TLP 1029

"Regional disk of major importance... folk music fans should not pass it by."

Robert Shelton — New York Times



SONGS OF IRELAND

Sung by MARY O'HARA accompanying herself on the Irish harp.

TLP 1024

"...can be counted among the year's finest offerings."

Frederic Ramsey, Jr. — Saturday Review

I WONDER AS I WANDER

Carols and love songs sung by JOHN JACOB NILES to his own dulcimer accompaniment.

TLP 1023

"...as with rare brandy, it is a pleasure to recommend him."

High Fidelity Magazine



ODETTA AT THE GATE OF HORN

Singing with guitar and bass accompaniment.

TLP 1025

"...one is aware of listening to an extraordinarily gifted singer."

Robert Shelton — New York Times

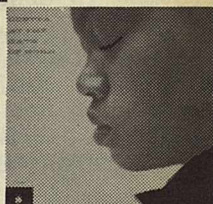
ODETTA SINGS BALLADS AND BLUES

Accompanying herself on the guitar.

TLP 1010

"Odetta Felious is a great new folk singer in the tradition of Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith."

Film and Au World



BLOW BOYS BLOW

Sung by EWAN MacCOLL and A. L. LLOYD.

TLP 1026

"It's fascinating listening."

The Christian Science Monitor



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