

FREE BONUS ISSUES See Page 78

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COUNTRY MUSIC

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Monument distributed by Columbia Records

Letters

Country Music is the best thing that has happened to country music since the creation of the Country Music Association. It is changing the image of the country music business through first class reporting and photography rather than the slick, phony techniques employed by many other interests.

It's hard to single out one article for special praise because I haven't seen a bad one in your publication but Melvin Shestack's article on Hank Williams moved me like nothing I have ever read on a country performer.

With considerable pride I am sending gift subscriptions of *Country Music* to my friends who love it and some who are just now showing some appreciation for it. Other than joining the Country Music Association, I can think of no better way to spread the good word about the great heritage and fabulous sounds of our music.

DALTON ROBERTS
COUNTY MANAGER,
HAMILTON COUNTY, TENNESSEE

Over the past three years I have become deeply interested in country music and certainly have welcomed your well-produced publication. Your articles have been most interesting precisely because they have tried to go beyond or behind the publicist's flak to get at the personality or subject in a way in which the assumption is made that the reader knows a little and is not an object of condescension.

GORDON J. WALLACE

I must disagree with Mr. Littleton's review of Susan Raye's *Cheating Game* and Mr. Gabree's review of Lynn Anderson's *Top of the World*. I really enjoy hearing Lynn do other performers' hit songs and her version of "Kids Say The Darndest Things" is just as good, if not better, than Tammy's.

EDWARD EARLEY
NEW EGYPT, NEW JERSEY

A year ago I wrote you to congratulate you on such a fine publication. Well, it's a year later and I'm still hooked. *Country Music* just gets better as time goes on.

Last issue you really hit the all-time high with your story on SUN. My only gripe was that you should have made it a three-part deal with stories on other great but forgotten stars like Warren Smith, Charlie Feathers, Billy Lee Riley, etc. Anyway, John Pugh's done a great job. Thanks.

I'm also glad to see you review Elvis' records. Some country music books and fans like to ignore Presley (maybe hoping he'll vanish). They should remember that many of the younger generation of country music fans discovered country music through listening to rockabillys like Jerry Lee, Cash and Elvis. More important, the challenge of rock 'n' roll forced many country music stars to develop new ideas which breathed new life into country music.

JAMES S. CARNDUFF
BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

Please let me offer a suggestion that I think would help you sell *Country Music* magazines.

Your September, 1973 issue featured a full-color cover of the prettiest girls on the "Hee Haw" TV show. Eye-catching, and quite ef-

fective! I'm sure this happy idea sold magazines for you—I even got one.

Though they are luscious, the girls are only part of the "Hee Haw" show. There are men on "Hee Haw," too—Roy Clark, Archie Campbell, Buck Owens, Gordie Tapp, to name a few. I'm sure that these males have some appeal to women. A full-color cover of the handsomest "Hee Haw" men should catch any woman's eyes, just like the girls caught mine. Am I right, sir?

JOHN H. WEBB
NORMAN, OKLAHOMA

My December issue of *Country Music* just arrived and what a terrific issue it is. Dropped everything and read it from cover to cover immediately—especially enjoyed the article on Ronnie Milsap!

My reason for writing though is really the photo on the cover. It is absolutely beautiful!

Many thanks, and how about an article on the upcoming new Atlantic star—Don Adams—in the near future. Don is a fabulous entertainer and fronts the LOVE-MAKERS—Johnny Paycheck's band.

Many thanks for everything—most of all telling country like it is! We love ya.

BERNICE GALLAGHER
DONELSON, TENNESSEE

Where Do You Listen to Country?



The editors of *Country Music* magazine are compiling a listing of the best country music locations—clubs, bars, parks and radio stations—throughout the United States. If you have a favorite place where you hear good country music, we'd like to know about it. It doesn't matter if it's in Montana or midtown Manhattan. Just send us the name of the place or station with its address and, if possible, a brief description. Who knows, we might see you there.

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Never Change

Like A First
Time Thing

It Must Be
Love This Time

Where Peaceful
Waters Flow



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How Come The Kids Are Into Country? J.R. YOUNG 24

When Tanya Tucker and Johnny Rodriguez appear on a show together, the kids come flocking. It's a strange sight, a country audience with an average age of 16. But those young cowboys have fallen for Tanya, and as for what those dewy-eyed maidens think of Johnny, well...

Tootsie: Funky First Lady Of Honky Tonk JERRY 32
THOMPSON

She's armed with that hatpin, so don't cut up. Not at Tootsie's. Besides, she isn't in the best of moods these days. They're taking her Opry away.

Record Collector's Listing (Not available in newsstand copies) 35

They Knew Glen Campbell Before He Was A Superstar JOHN 68
FERGUS RYAN

He wasn't always sugar and spice. In fact he was a pretty unruly Arkansas boy, as the folks in Delight remember. But even then he had music on his mind, just like all them Campbells.

Jody Miller: Silent Queen Of Country JOHN GABREE 74

She's been in the business ten years and she's always in the charts, but there is a definite feeling that everything until now has just been a prelude for Jody. John Gabree visits her Oklahoma ranch home.

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Here's all you ever wanted to know, but were afraid to ask about speakers, amps, tuners, changers, tape recorders—the works.



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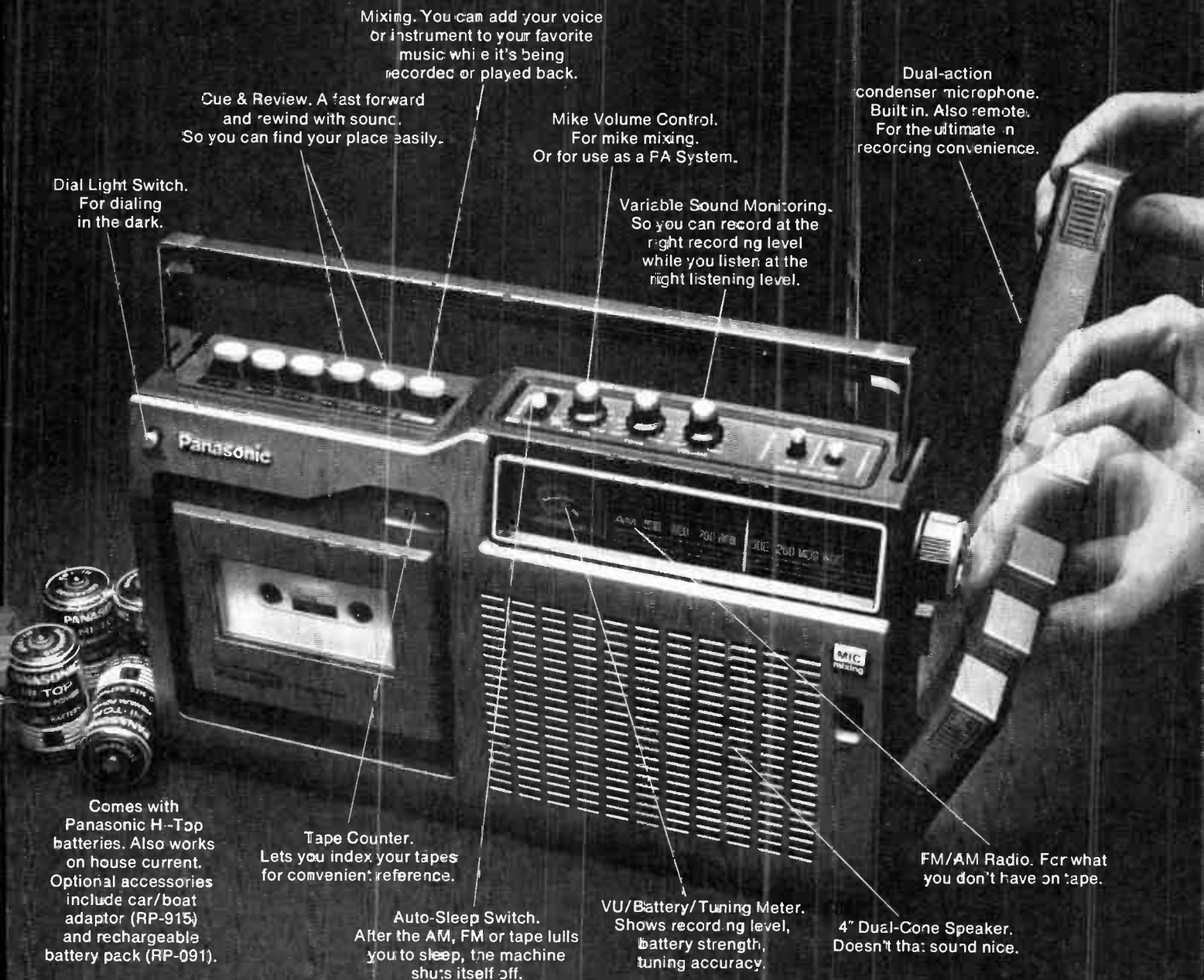


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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:

The Godfather of Nashville: Mr. Chester Atkins, Genius . . .
Will They Find the New Singing Cowboy in California? . . .
Diana Trask, MOR Country, and that Las Vegas Flash . . .

Panasonic introduces more tape recorder than most people need.



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Down Home and Around

by Dixie Hall

Dottie West can't keep up with her family's thirst for Coke . . . Wildlife lovers, rejoice: Charlie Walker has switched to shooting golf.

Seems like it's been a long winter down around Music City. As one entertainer put it, it's been like living backstage at the Grammy Awards: wet and windy. However, it won't be long now 'til we're all basking in

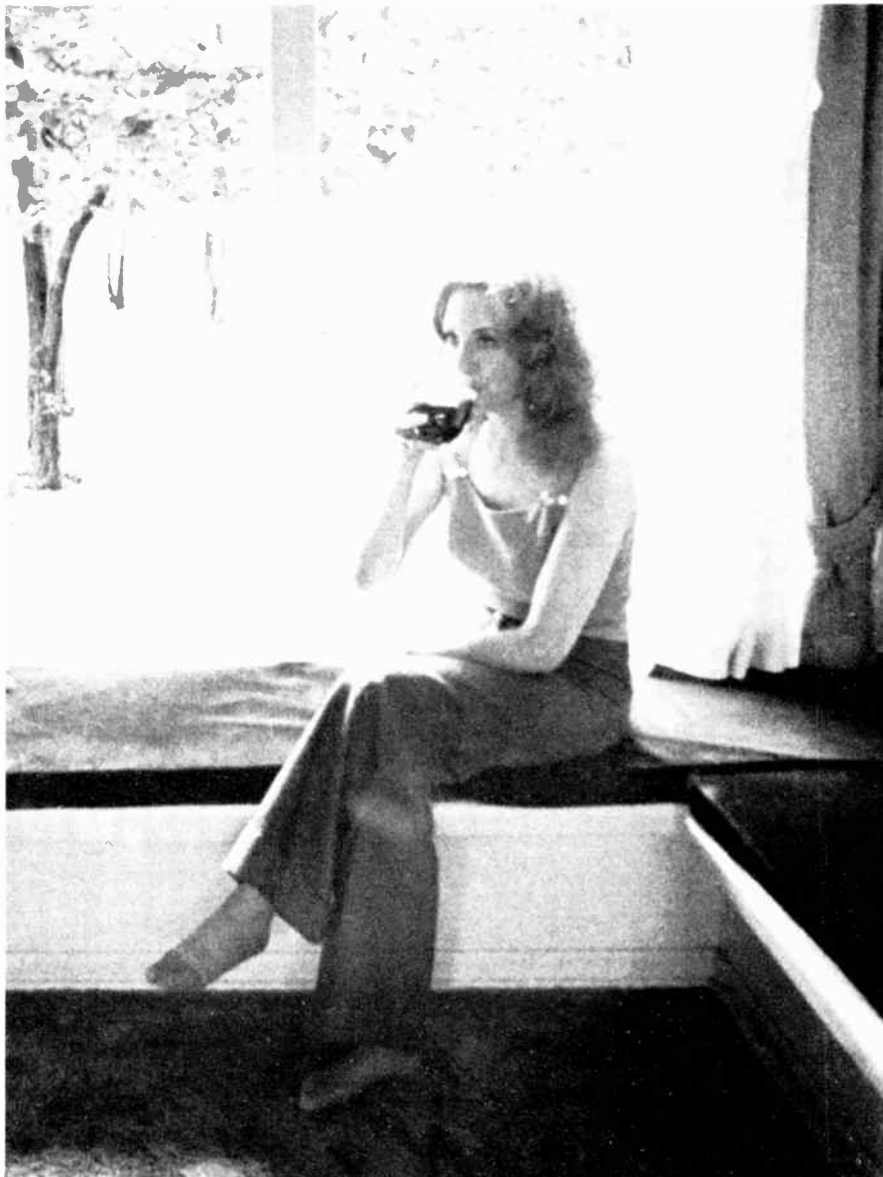
that good old country sunshine. And speaking of country sunshine, I see that producer Jerry Bradley has been very busy in the recording studios with pretty Miss Dottie West. I remember going to Dottie's

house for dinner one night. "Would you like a drink?" she asked. "Iced tea, milk?" "Do you have any Coke?" I asked her. "No," she smiled apologetically. "The way my kids drink 'em, I can't afford to keep the refrigerator stocked." Ah well, sweet memories. That was 12 years ago when the Wests first moved to Nashville, and Dottie, you've come a long way, baby. Now she's talking about having it flow through a marble fountain in the patio, but she still cooks country. Tell you what, friends, when Miss Dottie fixes beans and onions, nobody buys gas for a week.

Bet the Tennessee wildlife will be glad to see Charlie Walker hang up his rifle this spring and go back to shooting golf. That guy must have the best stocked freezer in town. He comes home from every expedition loaded (with game, that is) and leaves to go on tour before he has time to eat it. As Grandpa would say, that sure saves on the food stamps. Though we're not implying that Charlie needs them, of course. Why, he's so rich and famous, there's a hotel in San Antonio that has a Charlie Walker suite with his name on the door.

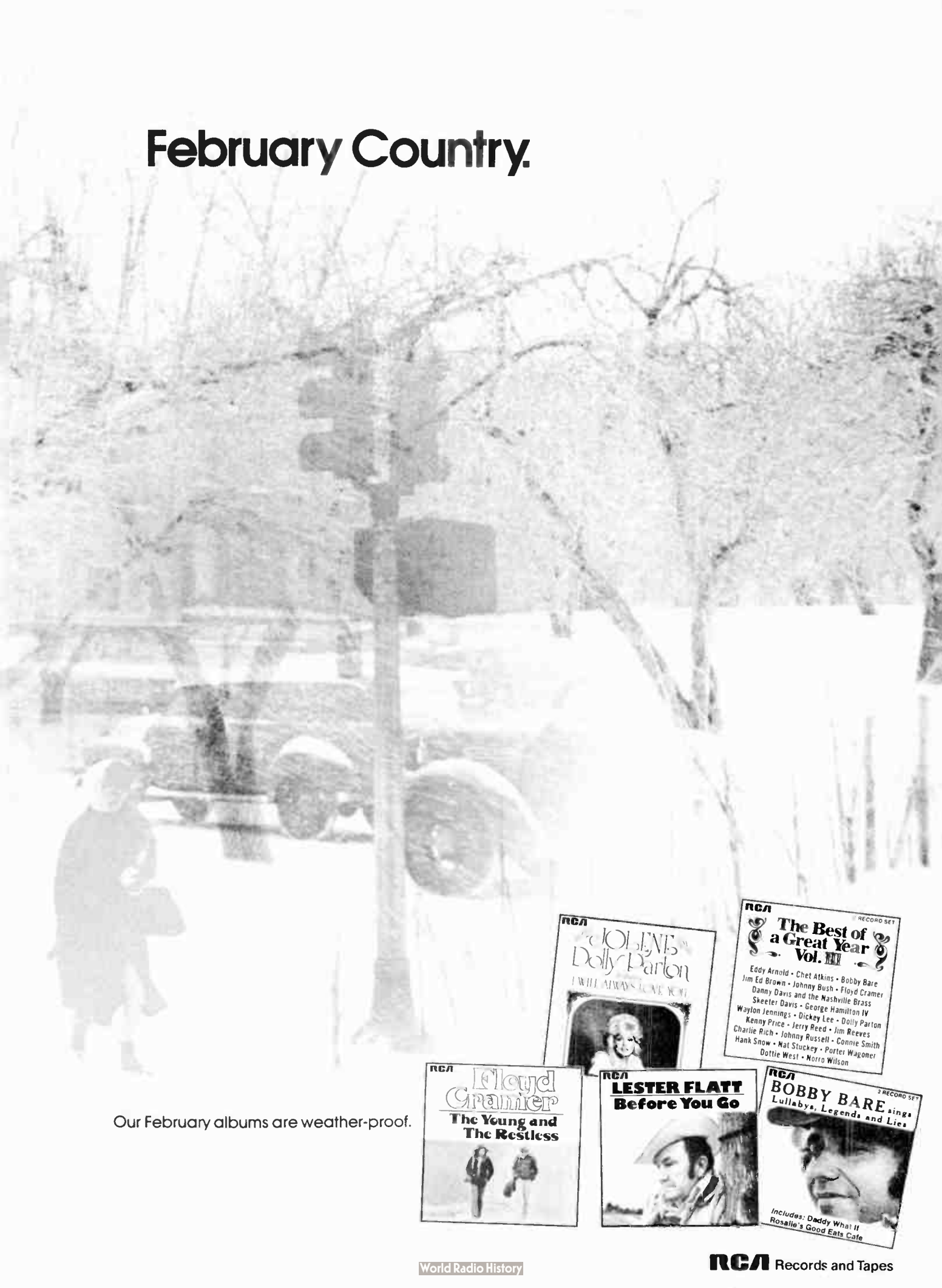
One thing's for sure, that beats a couple of hogs I once heard of named Lester and Earl. Speaking of naming things, Tom T. has a new goat named Billy Goat Shaver (no kidding) and a couple of steers he calls Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. Reasons: you can't keep them in.

Well, it looks like the sun is trying to break through the clouds. Bobby Bare and Ole Harlan will be heading for the lake, Chet is polishing up his golf clubs, and everybody will keep on missing String and Tex. ■

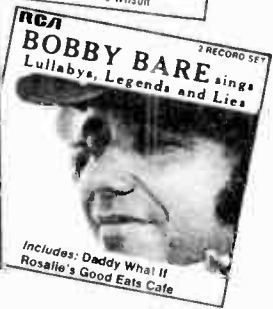
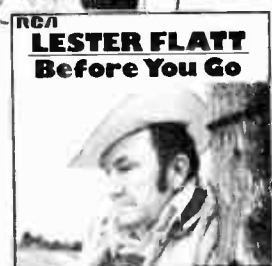
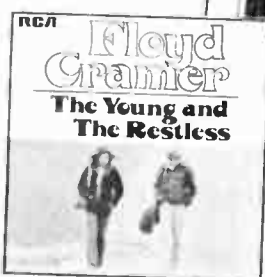
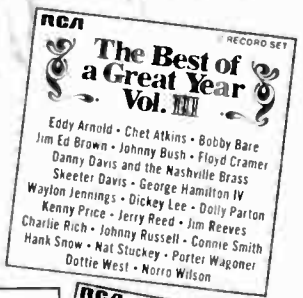


She was raised on country sunshine, but her kids won't be happy with the simple things. "Coke?" she says, "way my kids drink 'em, I can't afford to keep the refrigerator stocked."

February Country.



Our February albums are weather-proof.



People on the Scene

by Audrey Winters

Charlie Rich cutting another gold record?
Faron Young swings in Jackie Gleason Golf Tournament . . .
"Crash" Craddock guests on WBT's country debut.



Bobby Bare, senior, and 6-year-old Bobby Jr. team up for a song on Papa Bare's new LP, *Lullabys, Legends and Lies*: "Daddy, What If."

Bobby Bare admits he likes the easy way of life. He feels comfortable in an old slouch hat, Western boots and a plug of chewing tobacco in his jaw. He doesn't consider himself a celebrity, although he drives a long, black Cadillac, lives in a house overlooking Old Hickory Lake, operates a successful publishing company called Return Music, and has recorded such hit songs as "Shame On Me," "500 Miles From Home," "Come Sundown" and "Detroit City."

His current LP for RCA is called *Lullabys, Legends And Lies*. Most of the tunes are **Shel Silverstein** compositions. One song is a duet with his six-year-old son, Bobby, Jr., called "Daddy, What If."

Bobby volunteered this information: "I'd probably have been a bum if I hadn't made it as a country singer. I don't go in for all that star business and still don't dig it. When I work the road and people gather round me for my autograph, it amazes me."

Charlie Rich has been in the studio recording another hit record. His latest two, "Behind Closed Doors" and "Most Beautiful Girl" have already turned to gold.

Charlie and wife Margaret Ann drove to Nashville from their home in Benton, Arkansas in a 1974 silver-gray Continental Mark IV with front license plate reading "CHARLIE." They stayed in the roof-top suite at Roger Miller's King of the Road Hotel with their special friends, Mr. and Mrs. Darrell Royal. Royal is football coach at the University of Texas and a great admirer of Charlie Rich.

Charlie looked very trim in his mod clothes and floppy brim hat

Charlie McCoy plays the real McCoy.



Charlie McCoy, winner of four coveted music awards.

“Instrumentalist of the Year”—Country Music Association
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“Most Promising Instrumentalist of the Year”—Record World

And no wonder. Charlie can make his harmonica sound clean and pure. Or down and gutsy.

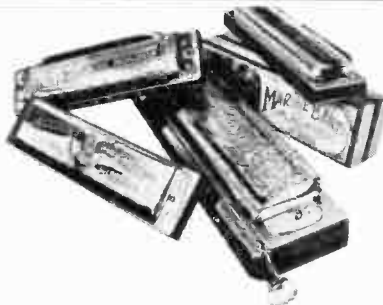
How? Tremendous talent, plus the other real McCoy: Hohner.

We've been making Hohner harmonicas for over 100 years. It still takes dozens of individual hand operations to assemble them. We still use the finest brass for our needs. And we still make many models in all 12 keys.

Maybe that's why Charlie McCoy has played Hohners in over 5000 recording sessions.

And maybe that's why, if you're into harps, you should listen to Charlie McCoy on his latest Monument album. Then go to your music store and buy the other real McCoy. Hohner.

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Faron Young joins Jackie Gleason and Muhammad Ali for pictures during Gleason's pro-celeb golf tournament in Florida.

that he wore during his two recording sessions. He recorded some material written by his 19-year-old son, Allan. Allan left Memphis State College to move to Nashville to further his songwriting and recording career.

Jean Shepard and **Del Reeves**, both on United Artist Records, were telling a story about their buses.

Jean said, "I was the only one for so long with purple trim on my bus. We were stopped at a truck stop one day and I look out my window and see Del Reeves pulling in with the trim on his bus painted purple. He sent me a note out to the bus congratulating me on my record "Slippin' Away." So I sent him back one that said, "You #c&*@ and get that purple off of that bus."

They both admitted they kept each other's note just for laughs.

Tanya Tucker's single, "Would You Lay With Me (In A Field Of Stone)," has some heavy lyrics for the young singer with the grown-up voice. It could be her biggest record to date. The tune was written by **David Allen Coe**. Coe came to Nashville from Ohio and recorded an album for **Shelby Singleton** called "Penitentiary Blues." Since then he has had "Tobacco Road" and "How High Is The Watergate, Martha." Coe has been kicking around Nashville's music scene for six years. He is just now getting the breaks that are long overdue.

He signed a recording contract with Columbia Records, writes a column for *Sound Format*, operates his own publishing company and is editor of an underground country newspaper.

Coe said, "I feel a paper of this kind is necessary in Nashville because people like **Waylon**, **Willie**, **Billy Joe** and myself aren't getting the coverage we need."

We suggested he read our January issue.

Faron Young has been swinging in more ways than one, playing in Jackie Gleason's golf tournament in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Faron may never win the prize money for playing golf, but you can bet he'll be a winner with his ole golfing buddies when he entertains them. He always has a new joke or two and a few old ones sometimes.

Buddy Charlton, steel player for **Ernest Tubb's Texas Troubadours**, is leaving the group after picking with them 13 years. He was a Troubadour when **Jack Greene** and **Cal Smith** were in the band. Since then they have gone on to be top recording artists with Ernest's help and blessings. Buddy just wants to give up traveling and go home to Harrisburg, Virginia.

It's a baby girl for **Connie Smith** and **Marshall Haynes**. She is named Julie Rae... **Mickey Newbury** and wife Susan are parents for the first time with a son named Christopher

John... Hickory recording artist **Leona Williams** is expecting her third child in April.

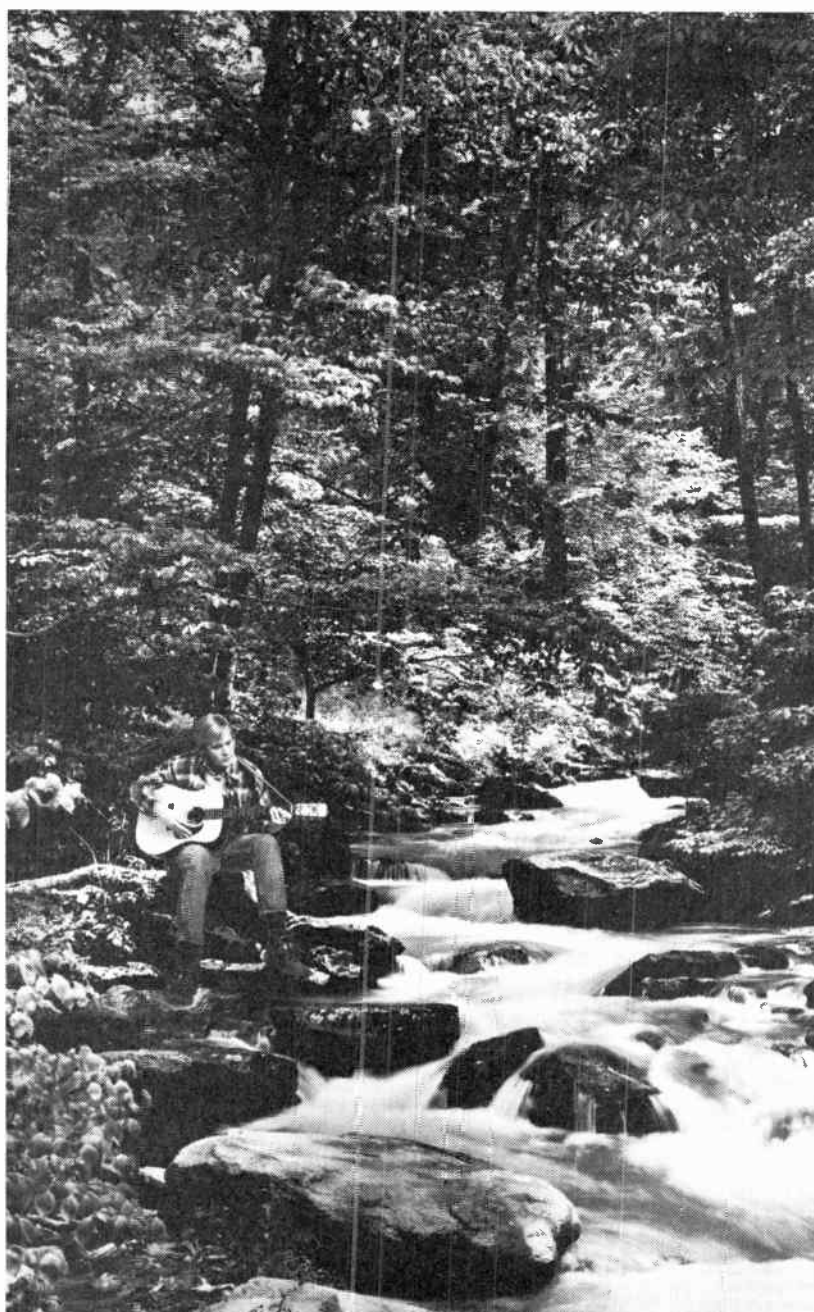
Minnie Pearl was backstage at the Opry talking with **George Morgan**. In a deadpan expression she said, "George, you know the man I was telling you about... the one that has been following me. Well, I lost him."

WBT Radio in Charlotte, North Carolina made its debut in the country music field when they declared themselves "all country." Tom Miller, host for the all-night, powerful station, invited "**Crash**" **Cradock** to be his first guest. The ABC artist took 30 out-of-state telephone calls during the visit. Calls came from such places as Canada, Miami, Oklahoma and New York.

MCA Records has signed two artists who have been on the music scene for a while. Both are good singers and writers. They are **Jimmy Peters** and **Atlanta James**. Producer **Walter Haynes**, who made quite a name for himself with his artists last year, will produce them. Walter produces **Jeanne Pruett**, **Cal Smith**, **Jack Greene**, **Jeannie Seely**, **Wayne Kemp** and others.

Wayne Kemp was performing at the Starlight Club in Greenville, Tennessee, when someone siphoned all of the gasoline from his two-tank station wagon. On a Saturday night, too. ■

Now there's CumberlandTM— the newest name in strings. From one of the oldest names in strings.



Cumberland is for a special kind of music. The kind played on old flat-top guitars in places where the only wealth is the richness of a man's spirit.

The remarkably inventive kind played by people who often can't read music and maybe can't even read reading.

The beautifully lyrical folk and country kind that is the root of all American music.

Cumberland is an unusually supple, comfortable string—rich and full-bodied. We think it makes an ordinary instrument sound extraordinary. And it makes a professional's guitar sound spectacular.

There's a reason. Every Cumberland String is made with 17 different hand operations. Real people, who really care, cut, wind, snip and tie every string.

So the pitch is true. The vibes, in a very literal sense, are good vibes.

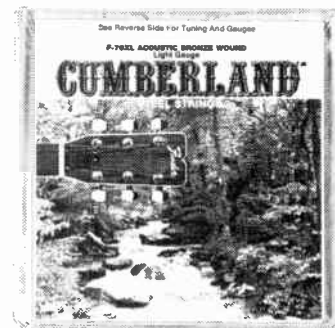
And the strings are strong. It takes a lot of pickin' and strummin' before Cumberland Strings begin to tire.

A string is where the music starts. We know. We've been making quality strings since 1890.

Famous Fender strings, for instance.

Now there's Cumberland.

Please try a set. String-up your flat-top or Spanish guitar with Cumberland and find out how good it can sound.



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Cumberland Strings are made by CBS Musical Instruments, Battle Creek, Michigan.

We're looking for some Country songs.

\$128,000 cash prizes

THE AMERICAN SONG FESTIVAL an international songwriting competition

What is it? The beginning of a new era in music—the first annual international songwriting competition for both amateurs and professionals.

The Festival will be crowned with a series of concerts to be held at the prestigious Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, N.Y., where winning songs will be performed by today's most popular entertainers. TV coverage of the Festival finale is planned. An album of the Festival's Best Songs will be released internationally.

WHAT KIND OF SONGS? There are six categories for both amateur and professional: Rhythm and Blues/Soul/Jazz; Rock; Country & Western; Popular; Folk; and Gospel/Religious. A song may be entered in more than one category. Amateurs compete against amateurs. Professionals against professionals. (Songwriters currently members of performing rights organizations: ASCAP, BMI, SESAC or their foreign counterparts will be considered professional.)

HOW ARE WINNERS PICKED? Each song entered will be listened to by experts from the music industry. Thirty-six semi-finalists' songs will be chosen (three

from each professional and amateur category). These then will be judged by an international jury comprised of eminent composers, publishers, artists and other representatives of the recording and broadcast industries.

PRIZES: Total cash prizes of \$128,000 will be awarded. Each of the 36 semi-finalists will receive \$500 cash and be the guest of the Festival for the August 30, through September 2, 1974 finals.

Twelve finalists (a winner from each category, each division) will receive an additional \$5,000.

The composers of the Best Amateur and Best Professional song will each win an additional \$25,000. The Laurel Award for best song of the Festival will be a concert grand piano in addition to cash prizes of \$30,500.

HOW TO ENTER: Start now. Enter as many songs as you wish for an entry fee of \$10.85 per song. (\$13.85 outside the USA and Canada.) Send the application below with \$10.85 for each song to the American Song Festival. Applications must be postmarked no later than April 15, 1974.

You will receive the Official Festival

Entry Kit, ASF Cassette by Capitol, entry form, and *Songwriters' Handbook*. This valuable book includes important information every songwriter should know; copyright laws, publishing, selling your songs, etc.

Record your song on the blank cassette and return it.

Instrumental and lyrical songs are accepted. You don't have to be able to write music—recording the cassette is enough. Elaborate production is not necessary. The song is what counts.

IMPORTANT FACTS: You do not relinquish ownership of a song by entering the Festival. All rights remain with the entrant.

The Festival is a competition, not a music publishing organization. Prizes are not tied to publishing contracts. Songs previously recorded and released commercially are not eligible for entry.

CLOSING DATES: Application for entry must be postmarked no later than April 15, 1974. The recorded cassette and entry form must be returned postmarked no later than June 3, 1974.

Enter now—fill out and mail the coupon below today.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. Competition is open to any person but employees, relatives, agents, independent contractors of the American Song Festival, Inc. (ASF, Inc.).
2. Each entry shall be wholly original and shall not, when used as contemplated herein, constitute an infringement of copyright or an invasion of the rights of any third party. Each entrant shall, by this entry, indemnify and hold the ASF, Inc., its agents, independent contractors, licensees and assigns harmless from and against any claims inconsistent with the foregoing.
3. Musical compositions heretofore recorded and released for commercial sales in any medium may not be entered.
4. An entry of \$10.85 (\$13.85 outside U.S. and Canada) shall be submitted for each entry kit desired (blank cassette, *Songwriters' Handbook*, and official entry form). After receipt, the entry form duly and accurately completed shall be returned with each recorded cassette. Any number of songs may be entered by an individual provided that a separate entry fee is paid for each song.
5. The entrant must designate the category in which he wants his song judged. A song may be entered in more than one category by sending an additional fee of \$6.25 for each additional category.
6. The rights to all songs remain with the entrant or the copyright owner. Notwithstanding, the ASF, Inc., its licensees and assigns shall have the right to cause any song to be arranged, orchestrated and performed publicly in connection with activities of ASF, Inc., at no cost to the entrant. Entrant, if requested, will issue or cause to be issued to the ASF, Inc. and its licensees and assigns, a license to mechanically reproduce the song on an original sound track album of the ASF in consideration of a payment calculated at the applicable rate set forth in the U.S. Copyright Act and will also issue or cause to be issued a license permitting the song to be recorded and synchronized with a filmed or videotape account of the ASF for use in any medium for a fee of \$1.00. All materials submitted in connection with entries shall become the sole property of ASF, Inc. and no materials shall be returned to the entrant. The ASF, Inc. shall exercise reasonable care in the handling of materials but assumes no responsibility of any kind for loss or damage to such entry materials prior to or after receipt by the ASF, Inc.
7. Each entry shall be judged on the basis of originality, quality of musical composition and lyrical content, if applicable. Elaborate instrumentation or recording is not a factor in judging. All decisions of the screening panels and judges shall be final and binding upon the ASF, Inc. and all entrants.
8. Application for entry must be postmarked no later than April 15, 1974. Recorded entries must be postmarked by June 3, 1974.

ENTER NOW

The American Song Festival, P.O. Box 57, Hollywood, CA 90028

7

Enclosed is my check money order entry fee of _____ made payable to the American Song Festival. (\$10.85 each —outside U.S. and Canada \$13.85 each.) Please send _____ Official Entry Kit(s) to:

NAME _____ AGE _____ ADDRESS _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

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Country News

After 15 million dollars and an awful lot of heartache, the Grand Ole Opry is finally leaving the Ryman Auditorium behind.

A Ten Mile Hike For the Opry by Marshall Fallwell

If you've been in the habit, like so many country music fans, of having a bowl of chili and a beer or two at Tootsie's before walking the half block up Fifth to the Opry; if you've gotten a comfortable nostalgic glow as you sit in the pews and watch the stars perform on the stage of the Ryman Auditorium; if you've gone, after the show, back across Broad to the midnight show at Ernest Tubb's Record Store—then you'd better get your fill of this version of the Opry good life before March 16, because the Grand Ole Opry is moving its headquar-

ters, lock, stock and barrel, out to Opryland and the new Opry building. And what's in store for Ryman? Officially, nobody knows.

The new building, says National Life (the owner of the Opry), will more than make up for any tears shed over leaving the old building. Costing more than 15 million dollars, the new Opry headquarters is located adjacent to Opryland, although admission to the Opry will not entail buying a ticket for Opryland as well. The land surrounding the building will be landscaped—to the right of the building's entrance is the Dogwood recently transplanted in memory of David (Stringbean) Akeman and Estelle, his wife, both murdered last November.

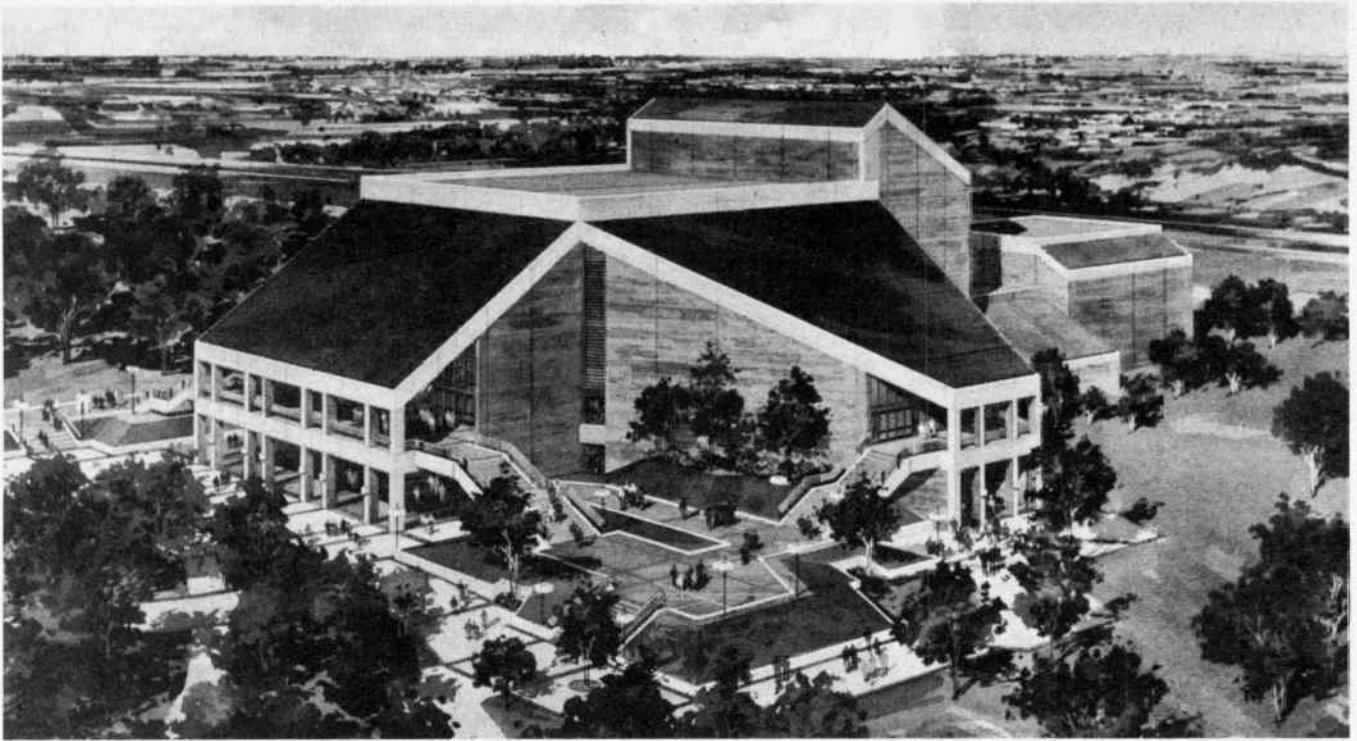
The equipment—sound and lighting equipment, stage facilities, etc.—will be the most modern available, not only in the South, but elsewhere as well. In fact, says National Life, the new building will qualify as the world's largest recording studio equipped, staffed and ready for everything from recording sessions to films and stage shows. Hopefully, a great deal more than the Grand Ole Opry will be produced there.

The physical advantages the new building will have over Ryman Auditorium are obvious. First, the seating capacity will be more: 4,400 to Ryman's 3,000. The new building is, of course, air-conditioned, which Ryman is not, as anybody who's ever been there during the



The old Ryman Auditorium, soon to be deserted with only its ghosts to roam the halls.

PHOTO: MARSHALL FALLWELL



An architect's drawing of Opryland. Now it's a spanking new reality.

summer can tell you. In addition, there will be more than adequate parking space at the new location, while trying to find a space downtown on Friday or Saturday night is now next to impossible.

Despite these advantages and the concern and expense poured into the project by National Life, WSM and the Opry management, there are more than a few murmurs of dissent behind the scenes. Some people even fear that leaving Ryman will result in the end of country music as we know it today. Others feel that an old and beautiful tradition is being abandoned. Still others resent the fact that the homeplace of country music, the Grand Ole Opry, will henceforth be unavoidably connected in the public's eye to Opryland itself, which they consider to be no more than an amusement park. Furthermore, the dissenters are quick to point out, many businesses in downtown Nashville will simply cease to exist once the Opry moves (which, in the case of the massage parlors and sleazy movie houses, might not be so bad).

The two primary objections other than these, however, seem to be 1) that the atmosphere at Ryman, with its old stage and wooden pews and stained glass windows, will be lost forever, and with it, the guts of what country music is all about, and 2) that Ryman Audi-

torium itself might be torn down.

There can be no denying that Ryman has had a unique appeal for almost everyone who visits there. You get the feeling that you have entered a kind of time machine and you're witnessing life as it was in the good old days—the music and the people are genuine, and for a while, you can forget the cold, impersonal look and feel of steel and glass and chrome and concrete. Guy Willis puts it this way: "I can remember not too long ago, seeing women nurse their babies in the front rows during the shows. And that means to me a kind of real comfortable feeling I don't think you're gonna see at the new place." Still, Willis agrees that the benefits of moving outweigh the disadvantages. And yet, the same wooden planks you walk on today have seen so much history, so many fine talents who are themselves gone—Stringbean, Tex Ritter, Hank Williams, Red Foley, Rod Brasfield, Uncle Dave: the list could go on and on.

The actual future of Ryman Auditorium is a subject of concern to a growing number of people. Although the future of the building is undecided yet, many feel that National Life is determined to see the Ryman destroyed. Dr. Benjamin Caldwell, a Nashville obstetrician, heads an organization of members of the Historic Sites Federa-

tion of Tennessee dedicated to saving Ryman from being reduced to a pile of bricks and splinters. Dr. Caldwell and his group insist that Ryman is a place of great historic significance and that dismantling it would be like tearing down the Brooklyn Bridge or the Washington Monument. Says Dr. Caldwell: "The only reason National Life wants to get rid of the building is because they're greedy. The location is good, and they want to build a parking lot or something. They also don't want Ryman to be any kind of competition for the new place as a performing arts hall. They know that concerts and what-not can be held there and people will go to see them, if for no other reason than to see the place the Opry was for so long."

Oddly enough, Dr. Caldwell agrees with National Life on one point: that the Opry ought to move. Where he differs from them, of course, is in what is to become of Ryman. Caldwell says that it was only through pressure exerted by himself and others that National Life ever agreed to sponsoring a study of the possibilities for saving Ryman and adapting it to another use. But, argues Caldwell, National Life failed to conduct a thorough study. What happened is that a stage designer from New York, Jo Mielziner, was called down to Nashville to look Ryman

over and make recommendations as to its possible uses in the future. Mielziner's opinion was that Ryman wasn't worth saving.

Caldwell counters by saying that Mielziner, a stage designer, is only one of a large group of experts that should be consulted before a future for the building is determined. Engineers of various types and historical architects must consider aspects that a stage designer isn't qualified to pass judgment on. Mielziner himself, according to Dr. Caldwell, said that he wasn't looking at Ryman as a historical site at all, but as a possible home for performing arts.

Caldwell insists only that the future of Ryman Auditorium be properly and adequately studied before any decisions are made. So far, he contends, National Life has been dragging its rich heels in the matter.

While there are a few of the performers who, like Guy Willis, are a little reluctant to leave Ryman, most say the move is long overdue. Grandpa Jones: "The new place will be cool in the summer and there'll be plenty of parking space, the fans'll be comfortable, so I'm all for it." After asking Tex Ritter if he minded moving from the place that saw such great performers as Hank Williams and Red Foley, Tex said: "Look, country music is bigger than any one performer, I don't care who he is. Now, Hank was a friend of mine, but the Opry didn't belong to him. No, the move is for the best. After all, the new building will be the first real home the Opry has had." Minnie Pearl, like Grandpa Jones and most of the other stars, seemed most concerned about the comfort of her audiences: "That's what it's all about, really. I just want anybody who pays to see me to have a comfortable seat to sit in, without having the stage blocked from view by a post, and I want him to be cool when it's hot."

Perhaps the most straightforward answer of all came from Roy Acuff: "Look, I hope you don't take this wrong, but I don't care one way or the other what happens to Ryman. It's not mine, and I don't want it. I'll be glad to get into the new place."

Will Tootsie's survive? Tootsie thinks so. "We may have to cut back a little, but we'll be here, don't you worry." ■

A Tribute to Tex

by Nick Tosches

Last winter, when New York City radio station WHN switched from Easy Listening to Country programming, the Country Music Association threw a luncheon party at the Plaza Hotel to celebrate the station's move. To serve as master of ceremonies, the CMA had recruited America's Most Beloved Cowboy himself, Tex Ritter, to serve as master of ceremonies. At one point about halfway through the festivities, Tex introduced a speaker to the podium, stepped back to his chair at stage-right and, much to the amusement of those present, proceeded to fall asleep. Serenely, guilelessly, unreservedly asleep.

And somehow it seemed fitting. After all, at that point in time, less than a year before his death, Tex Ritter had probably forgotten more about country music than most people will ever know. Some 40 years earlier, for instance, when a good many of those present were still on warm milk and Gerbers, old Tex had been the host and featured performer of two WHN radio series, "Tex Ritter's Campfire" and "WHN Barn Dance."

Released just a few weeks before Tex was cut down on January 2 by a fatal coronary occlusion, *An American Legend* (Capitol SKC-11241) with its 90 minutes of song and 30 minutes of spoken annotation by Tex, stands as a consummate representation of the most active decades in a long and storied career.

An American Legend opens in the summer of 1942 with "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle," Tex's first release on Capitol Records. Tex was 35 then. Already behind him were ten years' worth of Columbia and Decca records; assorted singing cowboy roles on the New York stage; rodeo, lecture and concert gigs; various radio shows; and more than 30 Hollywood Westerns. By the spring of 1967, where *An American Legend* comes to a close with his "Just Beyond the Moon," Tex's movie roles had come to number in the seventies. His bestselling records, though not as plentiful as his films, had provided a steady stream of commercially successful songs. (Even at the time of his death, more than



PHOTO: JOHN JEFFERSON

30 years after "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle," Tex had a song, "The Americans," riding the country charts.) He had also been elected to the Country Music Hall of Fame, in addition to having served two terms as president of the CMA.

The 20 songs comprising this nicely packaged set cover the entire Tex Ritter spectrum. There are the moaning-in-the-moonlight heart-ache songs like "Jealous Heart," "I'm Wastin' My Tears on You," "You Two-Timed Me One Time Too Often," and "When You Leave, Don't Slam the Door." There are the humorous ditties like "Boll Weevil," "Froggy Went A-Courtin'," and "Rye Whiskey" (Tex's own favorite). There are the cracker-barrel Americana songs like "Deck of Cards," "I Dreamed of a Hill-billy Heaven" and "The Pledge of Allegiance." And, of course, there are the romanticized cowboy songs like "Bad Brahma Bull," "High Noon," "Green Grow the Lilacs," and my favorite, "Blood on the Saddle."

In the spoken introductions that preface each cut, Tex leisurely recalls dates and anecdotes, flicking

out pertinent information and reminiscences with all the ease he once exhibited in wasting bad guys in such celluloid paeans to everybody's fantasized West as "Rollin' Plains" and "Roaring Frontiers." One moment he's impishly admitting stealing melodies from such diverse sources as Leadbelly and Hoboken burlesque shows; another he's expounding on his unorthodox theory concerning the derivation of the word "gringo."

Although present-day America's, and the world's, fascination for the romanticized West may have changed somewhat in its myths and the forms it takes, it hasn't diminished. When 1974's Technicolor West flutters before us in Panavision-70, and we pan in on some bleak, grungy Peckinpah tableau, or watch Clint Eastwood saunter into town from the mesquite-covered horizon and fan the contents of his oversized .44 into the bowels of some swarthy antagonist, we are, in a strange sort of way, witnessing the legacy of Woodward Maurice Ritter, the singing cowboy from Panola County, Texas.

Adios, Tex. You were great. ■



Skeeter Davis: a tussle between her, the Opry, and religion.

PHOTO: MARSHALL FALLWELL

Skeeter Davis in Clash With Opry Officials

by Marshall Fallwell

Since she was summarily suspended from the Grand Ole Opry on December 16, Skeeter Davis says some of the other Opry members have made her feel like a "leper." "I don't understand what the fuss is about," she said. "All I did was tell it like it is."

Apparently, "telling it like it is" involved criticizing the Nashville Police Department for arresting members of a religious organization called Christ is the Answer, Bill Lowery, Elder, on the evening of December 15, at a South Nashville shopping mall. Between shows at the Opry that Saturday evening, Skeeter went to the mall herself and witnessed the arrests. At her 10:15 show on the Opry, rather than singing her own new record, Skeeter dedicated "Amazing Grace" to those arrested, saying that her heart was "burdened" that people were being arrested for witnessing for Christ. As she left the stage, she was met by a policeman who proclaimed himself "shocked" that she could say such things over nationwide radio. The next day Skeeter was suspended.

The Opry management has no comment about the affair besides confirming the fact that Skeeter is, in fact, suspended for the time being. Unworried, she plans to make a

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tour with Christ is the Answer. "Isn't it a shame, though," she says, that people can be arrested for telling the truth?" ■

"Crash" Craddock Finds Formula for Success

by Carol Offen

People are always asking Billy "Crash" Craddock how he got his nickname. Not that he's a 90-pound weakling or anything, but Craddock just doesn't look like he could have earned the name playing football. "It's true though," he says with a wide grin. "I played in high school and I have pictures somewhere to prove it."

When the 140-pound teenager wasn't out on the gridiron, he was pursuing another—and undoubtedly more realistic—passion: picking and singing with his brother Ronald. The Craddock Brothers teamed up with two high school friends to form a local band in Greensboro, North Carolina. When the band split up a year after graduation, Billy set out on his own.

After a quiet debut on Date Records in 1958, Craddock moved around a bit—"I think I've been on most every label in the business"—before hitting paydirt in '71 with "Knock Three Times." Billy had been in the dry wool business (he'd given up music during a discouraging lull in his career) but a tempting offer from Dale Morris, who's now his manager, drew him out of "retirement."

"When Dale asked me if I wanted to record, I said 'hell, yes.' Nine weeks later I had a number-one record on Cartwheel" [now ABC/Dunhill].

Billy "Crash" Craddock's new-found formula for success seems to be country rock. "What I call country rock is really what Elvis was doing in '57 and '58," said the man who's known as "Mr. Country Rock." Billy singles out Presley as the artist he "most respects all-around."

Craddock's recent hit, "Till the Water Stops Running," was written by the same team that came up with "Knock Three Times" and the tune is hauntingly familiar. The lyrics have raised a few eyebrows, however, and prompted some radio stations to take the song off their playlists.

Craddock isn't worried. "I don't think anyone's ever minded a risqué song. Whenever you ban a song, more people buy it. Somebody once told me 'Till the Water Stops Running' was the cutest dirty song they'd ever heard. I tell that to audiences now before I sing it and I ask them to decide for themselves if it's cute or dirty. You can see the people in the audience just cracking up as they listen to it," he added with a chuckle. Risqué or not, "Till the Water Stops Running" made it into the top ten on the country charts and his newest single, "Sweet Magnolia Blossom," has already started the climb.

Craddock recently set his sights on a new goal, a venture that may take him to the Broadway stage. A few months ago he tried out for the male lead in New York's first country-western Broadway musical, called "Silver Queen Saloon." Billy described his acting aspirations with his characteristic good humor. "My producer called and asked me if I can act . . . I laughed. I figured 'sure, why not?' I had wanted to try



Mr. Country Rock: "What I call country rock is really what Elvis was doing in '58."

some acting. If this part doesn't work out, I'll think I'll still consider any other roles that might come along. Of course, though, if I don't get it 'cause I wasn't good enough, I don't think I'd keep 'trying . . . I might get a complex," he added coyly.

How does he view the prospect of giving up concert dates and recording sessions for a while if he lands the part? "Well, if the play's a success, it'll be worth it. If it flops, then it'll take some time to make up for a long absence and rebuild a reputation. But I think it's worth the risk."

Billy and his wife, Mae, still make their home in Greensboro. Their oldest child, 13-year-old Billy, Jr., knows some chords on the guitar, but "Crash" isn't pushing. "If he wants to get into the business I'll help him all I can, but I certainly wouldn't encourage him at this point. It's a helluva life, y'know, if you don't get that hit." ■

Jean Shepard—Starting Life Anew

by Don Rhodes

After the show in the east Georgia town was finished, and the autographs were signed, Jean Shepard picked up her heavy coat with the fur collar, put it on and started for the backstage exit of the auditorium, still talking to friends. "Hey, Jean. How about a couple of pictures?" said one lady fan holding up her Instamatic with the flash cube all ready for instant firing.

That taken care of—with the usual big smile and friendly arm around someone indicating "life-long" friendship—Jean walked down a short flight of concrete stairs and into the cold December night air. Just outside, she paused to talk briefly with her husband, Benny Birchfield, who was pushing a large speaker on wheels. Atop the speaker, riding it like a hobby horse, was Corey—Birchfield's 3-year-old son from a former marriage. Corey was enjoying his bumpy ride as the large speaker bounced along the concrete alley.

Jean kept trying to finish an interview.

"Was it you or Norma Jean who did a song that went something like [in my totally non-professional



Jean Shepard's songs reflect a new vocal style — and perhaps a new lifestyle, too.

singing voice], 'I wa-ant to go, whare no one knows me...?' I asked.

"Yes, that was me," Jean said. "I recorded that a few years back." As if on cue, she picked up the next line and began singing as we continued walking to the bus. "... Where I can start my life anew.

"I want to go where no one knows me,
"No one can ask me about you."

It wasn't until later, when Jean had gone on to the next show date, that I thought of something she had said during our conversation.

"I thought so much about quitting the business after Hawkshaw died. It was a very trying time. But, after a few months, after I got my wits about me, I thought to myself, 'This is ridiculous. My kids and I can live decently off of Social Security money, but why should a 28-year-old woman, who's in good health and capable of working, live off the government?' Technically, there wasn't much else I could do. You see, country music was then—and still is—my love. I really don't think Hawkshaw would have wanted me to give up my life in country music."

Jean was in the final months of her second pregnancy when the news came that cold March day in 1963 that her husband, singer

Hawkshaw Hawkins, had been killed in a plane crash only a few miles from home—a crash that the country music world still remembers as if it was yesterday.

"Hawkshaw died on the sixth of March and Harold Franklin II was born on the eighth of April. Country music has been a closely-knit business, and the closeness of the entertainers is the greatest feeling in the world, especially when they come to you in your time of need. I don't know what I'd have done without friends at that time. You can go a year without seeing an entertainer you know well. But, there exists a strong feeling for one another, an unspoken love for your fellow entertainer."

The Jean Shepard of today is considerably changed from those events of a decade ago. She practically has started her life anew. Once again her life is filled with much happiness, and Benny Birchfield is one reason for that frame of mind. Besides adding his guitar to Jean's band, Birchfield added a couple of his own sons from a previous marriage to Jean's two sons. "His boys are just great around me, and sometimes it's hard to determine off-hand which is which. They love me, and I love them."

Another big reason for her happiness is that Jean has embarked on a new phase of her career. After 17 years on the Grand Ole Opry ("I'm the senior female singer"), and 20 years with Capitol Records, Jean has a new record label (United Artists) and has acquired a new producer, Larry Butler. He has shown his worth already by making "Slippin' Away" a number-one hit for Jean. Even before that hit, Butler began producing for Jean while she was concluding her Capitol contract. Some of the songs Butler has produced showing Jean in a new, polished style have been "Virginia, You've Taken My Man," "Safe In These Loving Arms of Mine," "Another Lonely Night With You" and "Seven Lonely Days."

"When I did 'Slippin' Away' I knew that it was different enough to catch on. I have a lot of respect for Larry Butler as a producer and Bill Anderson as a songwriter. In fact, my new single is a song Bill wrote called 'At The Time.' When Bill started his syndicated television show in 1965, I was his first

regular girl singer before Jan Howard came."

The songs of Jean Shepard today reflect a new vocal style... one considerably refined from the releases of a few years ago. On stage and in her recordings, she exhibits a high degree of sophistication, which even she recognizes as newly emerging. "Red Foley once told me that I was like wine that mellows with age. If that's true, I'm as ripe as I'll ever be! I don't mean for that to sound bad. It just means I feel I'm at the best I've ever been. It just means that most people get better from experience."

For Jean Shepard, those years of experience began in Paul's Valley, Oklahoma, where she was one of eleven children. "We lived on a sharecropper's farm in Oklahoma. We didn't have electricity until I was 10 when we moved to California. I remember many Christmases getting a homemade toy my daddy built. I think the greatest gift the Lord gave me was to be born poor. If I had been born rich, I'd probably be a spoiled brat."

When Jean was a freshman in high school near Visalia, California,



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she and some girl friends formed an all-girl Western swing band—The Melody Ranch Girls. Jean sang vocals and, believe it or not, played the bass fiddle. “None of the other girls could play one and we needed one for our band. So, my mama and daddy hocked every stick of furniture in our home to pay for my bass fiddle. It cost \$350. That was a lot of money in those days. Back then, \$350 would have bought a whole house full of furniture.”

At one of those California dates, singer Hank Thompson heard Jean, and managed to get her a recording contract with Capitol. When the recording started, the bass fiddle playing stopped. Jean says that her habit today of standing with her hands behind her back and tapping her foot probably came as a result of not having a bass fiddle to play and leaving her hands with nothing to do.

Her first record was called “The Crying Steel Guitar Waltz.” Her second single, a duet with Ferlin Husky called “Dear John,” sold a million records. Later, she was to record a successful duet with Ray Pillow called “I’ll Take The Dog.”

In her some 24 years in the country music business, Jean has seen many changes. “Country music has moved uptown. It’s changed. Due to better recording equipment, the business has moved forward. Yet, some people still think of country performers as hillbillies. When some television executive thinks of doing a big country music show, the first thing he does is to throw down a bale of hay on the set and get a cow. I personally resent being called a hillbilly.

“I don’t think I’ll ever retire,” she says. “I haven’t done all I’ve come here to do. I love country music so much. It’s 95 per cent of my life. If it came down to the needs of my family, though, I wouldn’t think twice as to whether or not I should retire. But, my kids have a capable nurse that has been with me for five years. And most entertainers’ children are a special breed. They grow up in the business. It’s a part of their life, too. I remember we used to tell my youngest son, Don, that his birthday was on Pearl Harbor Day, December 7. At one party we had he asked loudly, ‘Who got bombed on my birthday? Minnie Pearl?’” ■

Ferlin Husky on the “Comeback” Trail

By Richard Luongo

It’s difficult to imagine Ferlin Husky appearing before an audience without exercising his vocal chords or even slipping on a guitar to do some picking. But that will be the case in the motion picture, “The Car Thief.” The movie is due to go into production sometime this year, and although 48-year-old Ferlin won’t be doing any singing in the film, the character he’s signed to play—father of the car thief—is at least a country music fan.

The role of movie actor is somewhat of a departure for Ferlin but his long career has touched almost every aspect of the country music world. His new five-year contract with ABC-Dunhill holds a promise of even more diversity and a comeback that could produce material surpassing even the award-winning “Gone.”

“I was with Capitol for 21 years,” said Ferlin. “I signed with ABC-Dunhill a year ago. My contract calls for at least two albums a year, not including singles, but I’ll probably make more during 1974.”



That’s Ferlin Husky, but where’s Simon Crum? We thought they were inseparable.

To call his new record pact the beginning of a “comeback” might be misleading. When his teenaged son, “Buckshot” Danny, died in an auto accident some four years ago, Ferlin went into seclusion and you didn’t hear much from him. His career slackened off, he sold his bus, dissolved his group. He did work to a degree but not on the scale he had in the past. The loss of the 16-year-old boy deeply affected him. Danny had been the drummer in Ferlin’s group. He was a songwriter and extremely talented. “He was like 16 going on 25,” said Larry Graham, Ferlin’s personal manager and head of Ferlin Husky Enterprises in Nashville. Danny had replaced Graham as drummer in the band. Finally, after three years, Ferlin was urged to go back full-swing into the business. The result was the ABC-Dunhill contract.

“We pushed him to start again,” said Graham. The “we” included Ferlin’s wife, Marvis, who used to sing in his band, and his eight other children (there’s a ninth on the way).

And Ferlin is definitely back on the track. His singing is better than ever . . . better, in fact, than he’s sung in ten years. While with ABC-Dunhill he hopes to record a lot of new ballads, and possibly an album of recitations, some of which might be originals.

New ventures and new projects might be on the horizon for Ferlin, but bluegrass is out. It’s not that he doesn’t like it, he just admits he doesn’t have the voice for it. But Simon Crum can sing bluegrass and is ready to record again after seven years.

Simon Crum is Ferlin’s alter-ego. The character has been part of Ferlin’s act since he started in the business and is based on an actual person. When Ferlin was growing up in Missouri, an old gent by the name of Simon Crum lived near him. When Ferlin’s on a plane, Simon will often surface and a conversation will develop between Simon and Ferlin. Other passengers in the cabin will either laugh at the shenanigans or quietly slink away to other parts of the plane.

Simon is included in all of Ferlin’s personal appearances. “If he isn’t part of the act,” Graham declared, “Simon would be mad and wouldn’t speak to him for a month.” ■

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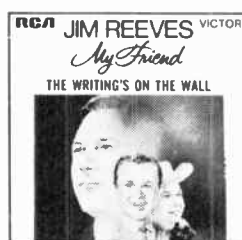
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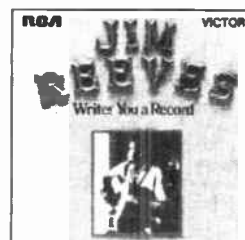
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Missing You Includes: The World You Left Behind, Missing You, I Missed Me, I'd Rather Not Know, and more
LSP-4749



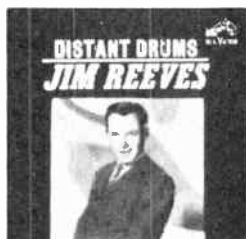
My Friend Includes: The Writing's On The Wall, This Letter, From A Jack To A King, more
LSP-4646



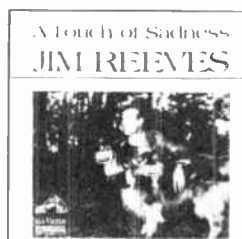
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R034

How Come the Kids Are Into Country?

Johnny Rodriguez,

Tanya Tucker

...That's How Come

by J.R. Young

They've been touring together off and on for a year now, and wherever they appear teenage girls and boys line up in droves. Unusual for a country music show. Even Waylon or Willie or Kris and Rita don't draw an audience with an average age of 16. But Tanya Tucker and Johnny Rodriguez represent a new bloodline in country music, a bloodline that has been missing for almost 20 years. They've infused a new strain of life into the whole business.

Promoters across the country are saying that Johnny Rodriguez does something to young ladies, the likes of which we haven't seen since the early days of Elvis Presley. And if Tanya isn't lighting up the clear eyes of young

cowboys throughout the land, then nobody will. Tanya and Johnny have brought back the kids.

Country music hasn't been terribly youth-oriented in the past 20 years. It resented that upstart of country and rhythm & blues, rock & roll, mainly because within two years of Elvis' spectacular entrance and reception, rock & roll had drained off country music's most promising stars, as well as the entire youth market. By 1957, it was clear that the kids were marching to the beat of a different drum. Back in Nashville in those years, long established country bands were coming in off the road bemoaning the fact that country music was dead.

Down, perhaps, but not dead.

Country music had its back up against the wall. Long established stars saw their record sales fall, and auditoriums held fewer people. Throughout the early sixties, country music remained almost static, known outside its own domain as a reactionary element in a fast changing world. As the youth movement of the sixties spread to the farthest outposts of sanity, country music became the spokesman for traditional values in an exploding world.

Then came Dylan and the Nashville cats, Kristofferson, and Johnny Cash growing his hair long, and suddenly all kinds of cross currents were running between rock and country. A whole school of low riders emerged in Nash-

PHOTOS: EMERSON-LOEV

ville, good writers and performers who broadened the spectre of country music through the sheer intensity of their songs, but their faces didn't make their marks in the minds of the multitude. The older established stars continued to dominate the country music personality parade, and their appeal was one that would hardly turn on today's youngsters.

Face it. It's difficult for an eleventh grade girl to fall giggly in love with Johnny Paycheck, much less Ray Price. Or for your average high school cowboy honcho to have big eyes for Tammy Wynette. Country's established superstars just don't play for a teenage audience. So if you were sitting in fifth period world geography bored to tears, and were slipping into a daydream, who would you pick? Donny Osmond or Freddie Hart? But if you're young and lovely and you can dream of Johnny Rodriguez... well, that's something else again. Yes, indeed, and it is happening all over the country, and to girls who may have never listened to country music before.

"At first, I didn't notice that I was attracting people who really weren't into country music. Then people began to ask me where all these people were coming from, all these kids." Johnny Rodriguez, dressed in faded blue denims, sat in a tight cafe booth on the outskirts of Phoenix. He had just flown in from a recording session in Hollywood, and two hours later he would be performing at the coliseum two blocks away on the same bill with Tanya Tucker. He is a very busy man these days. He was dog tired and slumped forward over his coffee, but his dark eyes sparkled as he talked about his problem. He's shy and he swallows his words, but punctuates them neatly with quick smiles.

"Like at Knott's Berry Farm the first time I was there. I was shocked. People were rushing the stage. California kids are funny, man. After I finished my last number, the girls came right up *on* stage. I didn't know what to do... so I split." He laughed softly. "It was funny. And that's the reaction I get almost everywhere now."

There's a certain pleasure in Johnny's amazement, a pleasure that embarrasses him, but one that

he doesn't try to hide. "It's funny how it happened, because the first time was in San Antonio when I played my first gig at the Farmer's Daughter. When I was on stage, there were some young chicks there. Not too many, but they kept reaching out to grab my pants as I sang. I didn't pay them any mind. But it got worse the second show. They got more courage or something. And the next time I came to San Antonio, it was really bad. And pretty soon, all over Texas. Then New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, California. Even New Jersey." When asked if he now expected that reaction, he dropped his head and again chuckled shyly, and flashed a quick sideways smile.

an argument about that.

The big news that day was that LaCosta, suffering from a cold that had her hoarse, had recently signed with Capitol Records.

"We've got another one here," Bo Tucker, Tanya's dad, smiled and pointed at LaCosta as he unloaded the bus. "We'll have a record out in about a month." LaCosta grinned and pulled her coat tighter round her in the midmorning coolness. Within the family, there is a calm and assumed assurance that LaCosta, like little sister Tanya, is a sure success. LaCosta would be singing a couple of songs on the program that night, and would probably look familiar to a few of the Phoenix folk. In 1970, LaCosta



Fans, fans, fans — most of them kids. Tanya obliges with autographs.

"I don't know what it is. The kids like Tanya in the same way. I think it's because we're young. I think that's all there is to it."

Tanya Tucker had arrived earlier in the day in her new bus and with her whole family in tow: Mom and Dad, her brother, Don, and his wife and new baby, and her sister, LaCosta, and LaCosta's husband. The only members left home in Henderson, Nevada were the dogs, and there was probably

was Miss Country Music of Phoenix. She still looks the part.

The other prime topic of conversation, and in a not-so-light-hearted vein, was Tanya's newest single, "Would You Lay With Me." Mrs. Tucker, especially, had reserve written all over her face about this latest item.

"You know, Bo didn't want Tanya to record that. And I didn't either, because... well." She didn't have quite the words to convey

the doubt in her mind. It was clear to her that the song was just too mature for Tanya to be singing. "Oh, I don't doubt that it will be a big hit, another number-one," she added as if to reassure herself, "but..." Again she didn't have the words. Bo just shook his head. His sense as a father took precedent over his sense as a business manager.

Perhaps they're right. On both counts, but it will be a giant hit.

There was a hum that never quit, and seemed to go somehow with the building.

"That doesn't sound right, does it?" he said more than once.

Ten minutes before the scheduled showtime, Bo was still shaking his head. Tanya's band, the Georgia Suns, was on stage warming up, and the emcee hadn't arrived. A crowd nearing 5,000 folks had gathered out front, and in the right sized hall, at the right temperature,

people out there," Bo muttered while Tanya dressed. Then, as if to buoy his spirits, he recounted how it was in this very arena that Tanya got her first break more than four years ago when she sang on the Judy Lynn show during the state fair.

Five minutes before showtime, the emcee showed up, and ten minutes later, the lights dimmed, and Tanya took the stage. She was dressed in black velvet pants, and a black short-waisted velvet coat with an embroidered Phoenix Sun on the back which she displayed proudly, red shoes and a smart red top. No doubt about it. She looked great and the crowd responded warmly. Young cowboys smiled secret smiles.

Tanya did "Jamestown Ferry" for openers, and then moved easily through familiar country hits ("Paper Roses," "Satin Sheets"), and, of course, her own string of number-ones. Midway through she introduced LaCosta for her two numbers, and then came back out with "Delta Dawn," and finally, "CC Rider" for a closing rouser. The crowd loved it, and they all came to their feet. It was at that point, however, that she was informed by somebody backstage that she had ten more minutes. Tanya didn't exactly panic, but there was a moment of confusion before a young cowboy rose up out of the third row and hollered, "Sing Happy Birthday to Rhonda." So Tanya, in a moment of grace, led 4,000 plus voices in tribute to Rhonda, and when that was over, voices from different parts of the hall started shouting more requests. Tanya finally ended up looking over at Bo standing off to the side of the stage.

"What should I do now, Daddy?" she called out into the microphone.

Bo just waved her on. "Sing."

And she sang. Exactly what nobody really remembers, but what the audience won't forget is that they saw the real Tanya Tucker at that one precise moment of teenage insecurity, a typical 15-year-old peering out from behind the gloss of a polished show. When the chips were down, however, she turned to her greatest strength, her voice. Minutes later she left to even greater applause and whistles.

Meanwhile, backstage, Johnny was warming up with a little

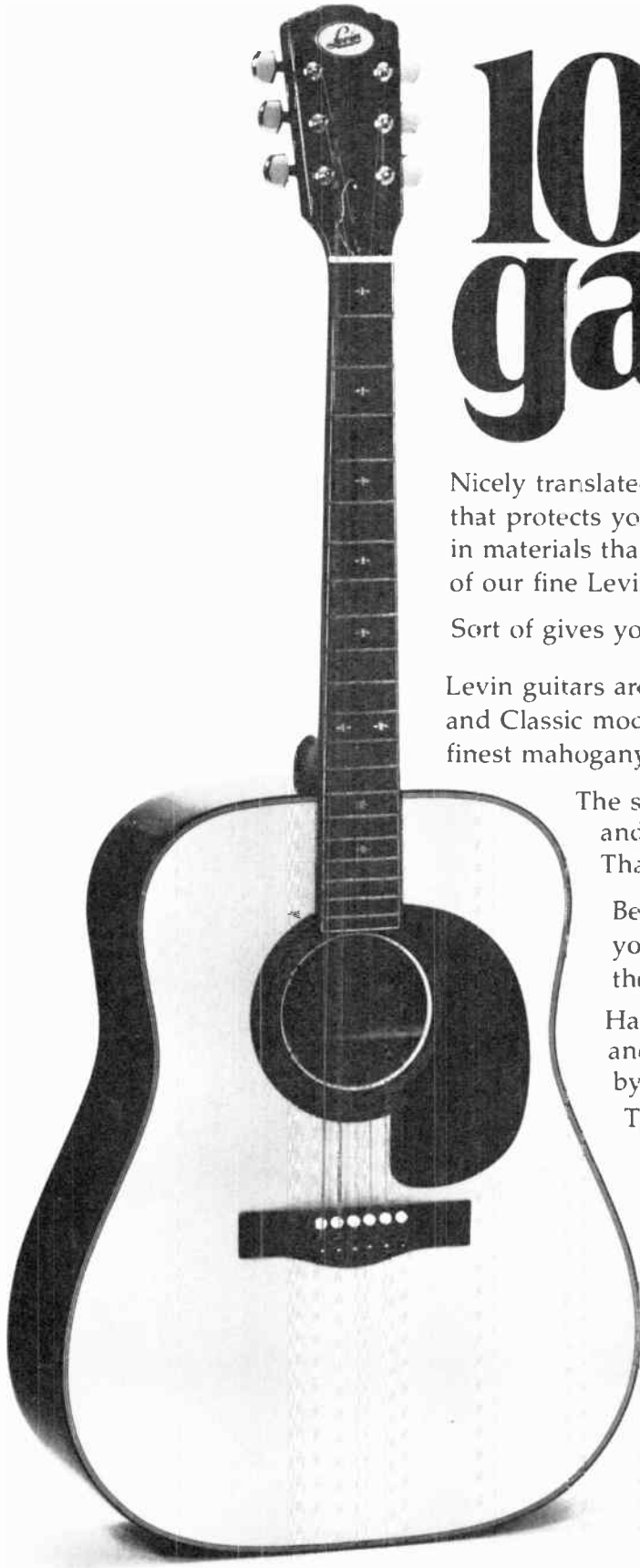


Those two guards look friendly, but try mobbing Johnny sometime . . .

The Coliseum was a big one with a capacity of about 12,000, and with a thick layer of fiberboard insulation flooring laid down over a permanent ice rink during hockey season. And, yes, it was hockey season. It was cold in that building and organization was distinctly lacking. The sound system presented what were clearly terminal problems from the outset. During the afternoon rehearsal, Bo walked around shaking his head as he listened from different vantage points.

It would have been great. Tonight, however, they seemed dwarfed by the sheer size of the hall. And just as one would have expected, there were far more kids and teenagers than would ever turn out for the average country concerts, and far more young ladies than is normal. They tended to cluster toward the front for the best view. The crowd as a whole looked very much like a Carpenters' audience with a heavy Western accent.

"Looks like there's about 500



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Miss Junior Country herself with her band, the Georgia Suns.

whiskey and Coke and steadfastly avoiding the growing lineup of lovelies hanging over the irongate that separated them from him in the backstage foyer.

"Tell Johnny we've brought him something," one young lady called to this passerby. "We've brought him some homemade tacos... to be *hand delivered*." Her eyes pleaded ever so much more than her thin voice, and those eyes were the spokeswoman of the entire entourage waiting faithfully for a glimpse of Johnny R. The matronly black guard, however, was having no part of it.

"Do you want the tacos?" Johnny was asked. John glanced out of his dressing room door, and then smiled wanly as he took another taste from the paper cup. He'd heard the offer before, and every possible variation. Thanks, but no thanks, his smile read. His lady friend smiled understandingly. So did the two uniformed guards who had been hired to protect him from more aggressive feminine advances. The burly guards even followed him on stage and stood slightly behind him at all times.

Tanya finished on stage, and for the next 20 minutes signed autographs on 8x10 glossies and albums that her family was selling at the front of the stage. The crowd of takers was mostly kids, and mostly girls at that, young girls who were Tanya's age, along with a handful of young cowboy rowdies. When LaCosta passed by the boys, one noted with underaged assurance,

"Not a bad body for a 23-year-old."

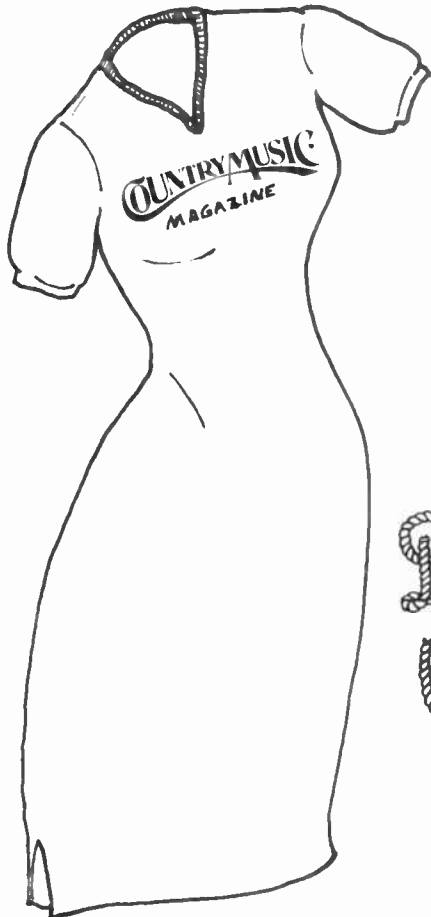
Johnny came on minutes later, and immediately the young ladies left their seats, Instamatics in hand, and crowded up front at

the stage. By his third number, there was an encampment 50 strong hugging the stage, and not about to be budged by the guards and their flashlights. And when Johnny jumped off stage into the pit, a mere railing away from them all, the girls rose up *en masse* and followed him stride for stride the length of the stage. When he leaned across and actually kissed one lucky and willing dewy-eyed recipient, the others pushed in even closer with greater anticipation. But alas... an instant later he was back on stage and deep into "Pass Me By." The girls all sighed and sat back down.

Tanya, in the meantime, was hosting an impromptu group of locals backstage. There were three tall girls her own age in absolute awe of Tanya, hanging open-mouthed on her every word, and one shorter boy in a broad-brimmed Stetson who was absolutely and almost painfully in love with the songstress. He could not have removed that certain



LaCosta on the left, Tanya on the right. Those lucky boys...



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shy smile with even a dentist's drill. Talk was of cutting horses (of which Tanya has two). Tanya did most of the talking, and when she mentioned her "one guy" in passing, the boy's face clouded over. As talk moved through horses and school and Tanya's travels, the young man kept coming back to *him*.

"What's his name? Where'd you meet him? When did you last see him?" High teenage crisis. The three girls' clean-cut and cowboy-hatted boyfriends made an awkward and silent entrance just at the time when Bo re-entered the room. "On stage, young lady." It was duet time. Tanya rolled her eyes and headed for the door, but not before she got off one more story about her guy.

"I wrote him a letter before

Christmas, and began it, 'I hate to tell you this because it hurts me to tell you. I don't want to hurt you, but it's something I have to tell you.' It went on with a whole lot of stuff like that." Tanya smiled impishly just before getting off the punch line. "And the final line was, 'There is no Santa Claus.'"

That drew a big laugh, and then with a promised "I'll see you next time through ("When?" young Mr. Lovelorn wanted to know immediately), Tanya headed back toward the big spot.

The duet was the highlight of the night as the two of them sat together on the edge of the stage, arm in arm, unpolished, unrehearsed and just sang the lift out of "Burning Bridges." Tanya smiled and giggled as Johnny sang and winked at her, and then he harmon-

ized beautifully as she took the lead. And then they finished to a standing ovation, Johnny hugged her tightly like a sister, and she kissed him on the cheek.

Backstage, Johnny probably put it best.

"Like I said, it's because we're young, and because we're more traditional. I may have long hair, but I don't go overboard with a lot of stuff. I'm just what I'm like if I was walking down the street. I hope that the kids who come to our shows and listen to our records will start going to Faron Young's shows or Tom T. Hall's shows. A lot of them don't even know who Faron Young is, or Mel Tillis. Maybe they know Hank Williams, but maybe not. I'd like to see them know though. I'd like to see that happen." ■



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Tootsie: Funky First Lady of Honky Tonk

by Jerry Thompson

"All right, you funkies, you've heard that whistle, now you're going to feel this hatpin if you don't get your butts out that front door. I'm going home." Tootsie Bess

When the regular patrons of Tootsie's Orchid Lounge hear that forbidding declaration, they head for the door automatically. The non-believers—be they an editor of the *New York Times*, a Hollywood superstar, or one of the biggest names in country music—might hang around, but they're going to feel the not insignificant impression of one long, sharp hatpin for their ignorance. One thing about Tootsie's: it's a democratic joint. Another thing about Tootsie's: this month it may well end up being a dead joint. The Grand Ole Opry is moving out of downtown Nashville to Opryland, which means that the three Cadillac lengths currently separating Tootsie's back door from that of "The Home of Country Music" will go forth and multiply in a fashion that may mean doom for the most famous bar in the realm of country music.

It was 14 years ago, on March 19, 1960, that Mrs. Hattie Louise Bess moved into the old building on Lower Broadway and began serving up her own very particular style of beer, fried chicken and country hospitality. The atmosphere of the place ("atmosphere" somehow seems too tame a word to describe it) began shortly thereafter.

"I got a drunk to paint this place when I first took it over, and it was that funky drunk that started all

this," Tootsie recalls as she resignedly shakes her head and surveys the cluttered walls.

"After he got it painted, he put the names of five or six of the big stars on the wall. Aw, he done a real good job, it looked real nice. But, the first thing I knew, everybody was asking me why their name was left off.

"After I took about as much of this as I could stand, I went out and bought a handful of magic markers and the very next one that wanted to know why his name was left off, I just handed him one of the markers and told him to go to

... The "big guys" are treated the same as the little guys—if they get rowdy, they get hollered at just like the rest ...

town. Once this started, everybody wanted his name on my wall and I reckon just about everybody who has been in here since has put their name up anywhere they could find a place.

"I don't care how big they are or how little or where they come from or what they do, if they want their name up here, all they have to do is ask for one of the markers."

Nashville has an overabundant supply of struggling songwriters, singers and musicians, and somehow most of them seem to wind up in the friendly atmosphere of Tootsie's. If they are hungry they're fed; if they are thirsty they get a beer, and if they are out of work or looking for a job, Tootsie is still their best bet. She is unofficially

the publicist and employment agency for the jobless picker and singer.

Tootsie employs the same principle in the use of one of her establishment's biggest attractions: the jukebox. The new machine she just installed holds 100 records and is one of the most sought-after sounding boards for budding artists in Music City. The fight for places on Tootsie's jukebox for new releases is pretty energetic. Many times, the records and the recording artists have never been heard of outside the establishment's bright purple front.

"I take the big hits off of the jukebox a lot of times," she says, "to try and help the little guys. The big guys don't need it so much because they've already got it made."

Although the "big guys" have it made, they seem never to forget Tootsie. They remember her on her birthday and on any other occasion they happen to dream up. But the big guys are treated the same as the little guys or any other regular patron. If they get rowdy, they get hollered at just like the rest.

"All the people that come in here are my young'uns," she says. "Some of these funkies are as funny as clowns—especially people like Del Reeves and Faron Young. But, they both know I'll just take that stuff they put out up to a point." It is obvious that she means what she says. Recently Faron Young was relaxing at Tootsie's when he went back to the kitchen, "just to bug Maggie," as Tootsie puts it.

"I just told him to get his funky tail out of the kitchen unless he could cook chicken as good as Mag-

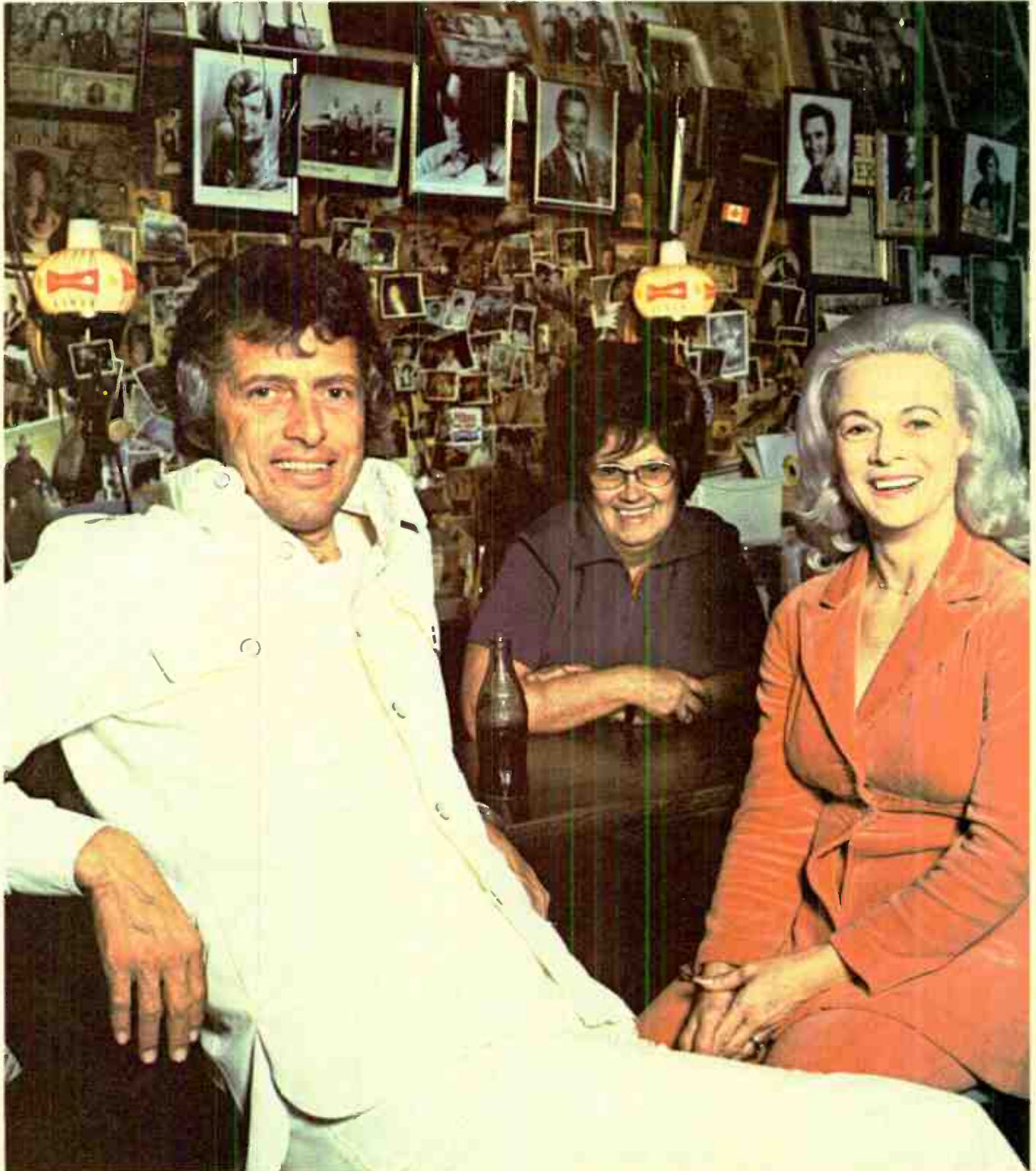
gie. He knew he couldn't so he got out and left her alone."

Maggie is Tootsie's faithful cook who has worked for her and her former husband, "Big Jeff" Bess, for more than 20 years. She is reputed to cook the best fried chicken in Nashville (even in direct competition with Colonel Sanders), and has also been known to serve a meal with a genuine portion of pure

diplomatic bull. "If I'd knowed that steak was for you I'da done it good. I thought it was for some old drunk."

With such a cross section of the country coming together at Tootsie's, it would surely seem that conflicts would develop. However, Tootsie is always in full control of all the goings-on in her establishment. Sometimes a drunk will wan-

der off the street and sometimes a person will develop that condition after arriving. But always, Tootsie will invite the person to "walk around a while old buddy, you've had too much already." If he should become unruly, Tootsie will come around the bar as fast as a sprinter, grab the uncooperative customer by the arm and escort him to the door. And, if this doesn't work, she is



Del Reeves is an old friend of Tootsie's and Jean Shepard joined him for a Coke. It was too early in the day for Tom T. and Faron.

"... I don't know what all these funky musicians would do if I ever took a vacation," Tootsie says ...

always armed with the familiar hatpin that Charley Pride gave her.

Recently a man described as "a playful, mischievous drunk" kept coming back to Tootsie's, throwing open the door, and treating the patrons to a rendition of his favorite country tune. Tootsie tolerated it for a while, then she met him at the door with a face full of cold water. He didn't come back.

Tootsie has had two operations within the past year for malignant tumors in her right leg. During her latest stay in the hospital, it was discovered that she also had a tumor in the lungs, and so she is presently undergoing weekly treatments at Vanderbilt University Hospital for the lung tumor and has since had a small tumor removed from her back. The weekly treatments resulted in her closing on Mondays. Each Monday she goes to the hospital for tests and a shot. Invariably, she returns to



her home in pain and suffering from nausea as a result of the treatments.

"I don't know what all these funky musicians would do if I ever took a vacation," she says in the tiredly harassed tone of a mother with too many kids.

"Some of 'em got all huffed up

when I started closing on Sundays, then they acted downright hurt when I started closing on Mondays too. I threatened to sell out once and a bunch of 'em threatened to move out to the house, so I had to stay open in self-defense."

However, on Tuesday afternoons

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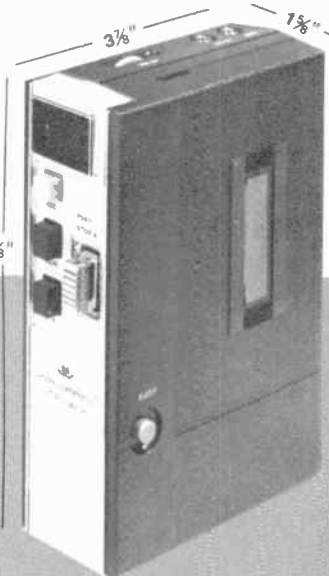
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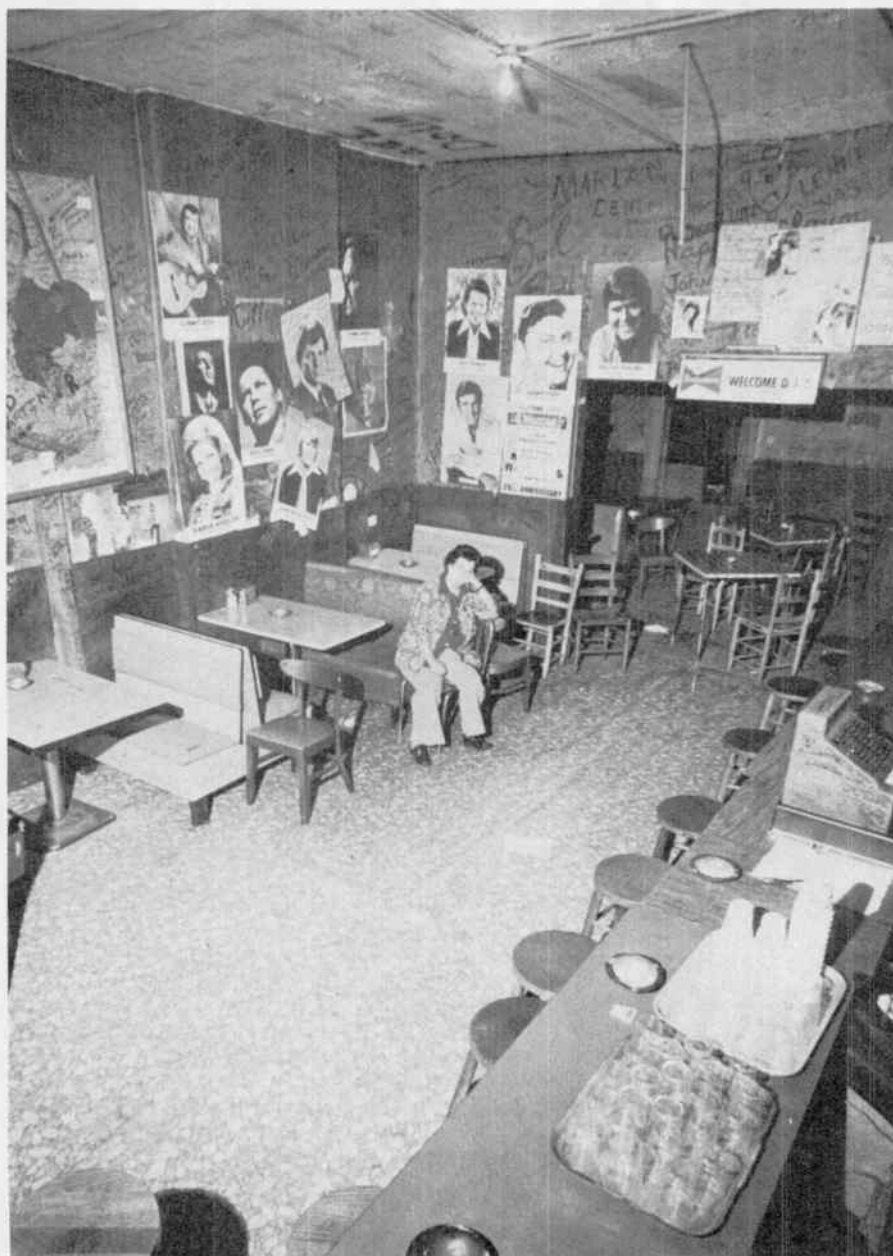
she is back at her familiar place behind the bar, jovial and ornery in her own sort of way, never mentioning her illness or the pain associated with it. She proudly blows an imported, multi-toned whistle to signal the last call each night, then delightedly prods any slow pokes with her cherished hatpin.

Tootsie is optimistic that her place will endure the abrupt closure of the Ryman Auditorium on March 15. Not only is she rather well-heeled financially, but she anticipates that something of the old atmosphere will survive. Other business establishments in the downtown area are more apprehensive, though. Now, it is common for crowds to elbow around in Er-

nest Tubb's Record Shop, Linebaugh's Restaurant and Buckley's Record Shop on Saturday nights, but that will probably change. Even the newly-opened massage parlor, which does a flourishing business despite the dire displeasure of Tootsie, will be hurt.

"I don't think it will hurt me too bad when the Opry leaves," she says. "There will be the tourists down here every day. The most it will hurt will be Friday and Saturday nights, but I think my friends will still come by after the Opry.

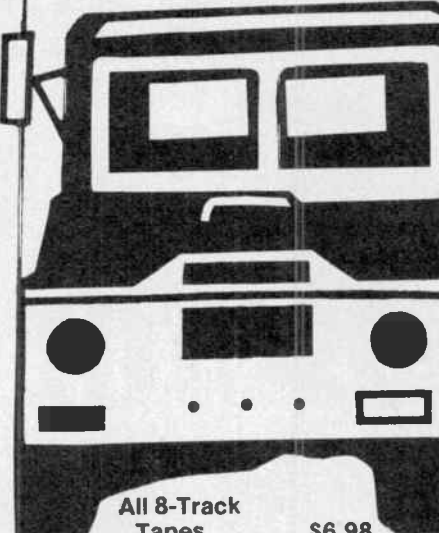
"If it hurts too bad, I'll just find me a little hole out there at Opryland. They might not let me sell a beer, but I can always sell a hamburger here and there." ■



You want your name up here? Just ask for a marker. But then you'd better sit down and behave yourself — or keep your eye on that hatpin.

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They Knew Glen Campbell Before He Was a Superstar

By John Fergus Ryan



Young adults who were in classes with him back in the late forties are affected by his story. They remember him. He is in the cities today—Los Angeles, Las Vegas—sleek and prosperous, doing clean work, having strawberries whenever he wants them. *They* are still in Delight, married to locals, working on farms, in chicken houses, crating eggs, plucking, wringing necks, and they speak with a strange tone about how he was no different than they were or how they hardly ever noticed him or never knew him, really, at all.

Giggling pre-teen girls who now

live along the road to his parents' house also know about Glen Campbell. He figures in their fantasy; they imagine they see him passing in fancy cars, that he comes to call on them, that they will grow up and marry him.

Delight, Arkansas is in the center of the southwest quarter of the state, about a hundred miles south of Little Rock, 50-odd miles from Texarkana, Arkansas-Texas. Delight could even be Ralph, Texas, Norwood Pratt's home in Glen Campbell's second movie, where the only possible excitement on a Saturday night would be a fist

fight at the AMOCO station. You enter Delight on Highway 26 from Arkadelphia, Arkansas through a block-long junkyard on both sides of the road, cluttered with indescribable metal objects that look like they have something to do with the merchant marine.

People living in Delight work on farms or raise cattle and chickens and all along the highway from Arkadelphia to Delight to Murphreesboro there are long, low buildings where hen eggs and frying chickens are produced by the thousands. The buildings are kept lighted all night so the chickens will eat more, fatten themselves and lay eggs around the clock.

People in Delight are stable and traditional. Women get their hair done on Saturday and go to church on Sunday, and there are Bibles, concordances, Sunday School manuals, religious tracts, hymnals and church newspapers in evidence in the homes. The people are good-natured and slow-talking. Delight is a whole town full of Lum and Abners.

When Glen Campbell was growing up there in the forties, Delight had a movie theatre and a big ice cream parlor, but they cost money. Poor kids like him stayed home and amused themselves. For entertainment they organized musical shows, performances where they



PHOTO: JAMES CREWS



sang and played musical instruments; no horns, no brass, no reeds, just strings. These performances were called "musicals," and even now, when a Delight resident speaks of a "musical" he does not mean "Hair" or "Irene" or "A Little Night Music." He means some good old boys on the back of a flat-bed truck or standing in the shade of a Sweet Gum tree, playing guitars and singing "My Little Black Face Filipino." Glen Campbell was born in Delight, in his parents'

my Dad when Glen was born. I remember the very day. Wes drove over to my Dad's house in a little old wagon. He had a little wagon then, pulled by two tired little old mules. He drove over to my Dad's to show him a catfish he had just caught, down in the Little Missouri River bottoms.

"That catfish weighed over 40 pounds. It had a head the size of a basketball!

"That was the day Glen Campbell was born. I remember it well,

(technically Billstown) where he raises cattle and is a Minister of the Gospel. His handsome, well-kept home is a short walk from the old family farmhouse (now painted green) and the new, big house Glen Campbell built for his parents.

It was the first day of deer season and Lindell Campbell had got up early, put on his hunting clothes and gone into the woods. Around noon he had come in because there was a brier stuck in his foot, and the right rear tire on his blue-and-white pick-up was down. He was at the Gulf station in Delight.

Lindell sat down on a stack of cast-off tires, pulled off a rubber boot, rolled down his sock and looked at the brier. He plucked it out of his foot and put the boot back on. "It all started," he said, "when Daddy bought Glen a little old three-quarter guitar. He had to have one that size so that his fingers would reach all the strings. Glen was four years old then."

Mrs. Libbie Lamb remembers Glen Campbell because her son, Roger Lamb, was about Glen's age, and they used to play together. She lives today in the heart of Delight, across the street from the town's only beauty salon, in a spotlessly clean house with glistening floors, two thick mattresses on the bed and over 50 African violets blooming at the window.

... People in Delight are stable and traditional. Women get their hair done on Saturday and go to church on Sunday ...

house. The Campbells, ultimately to become a family of 12, lived in a small farmhouse at Billstown, Arkansas, five miles outside of Delight. Glen's father, John Wesley Campbell (he was named after John Wesley Hardin, the Texas badman, but is known as "Wes") was a farmer with a little land of his own, who also worked on other farms in the area.

"I remember the day Glen Campbell was born," said Perry Reid. He's a man in his early forties, slight and thin with deep-set eyes. He was leaning on the counter in Witt's Department Store.

"Wes Campbell was working for

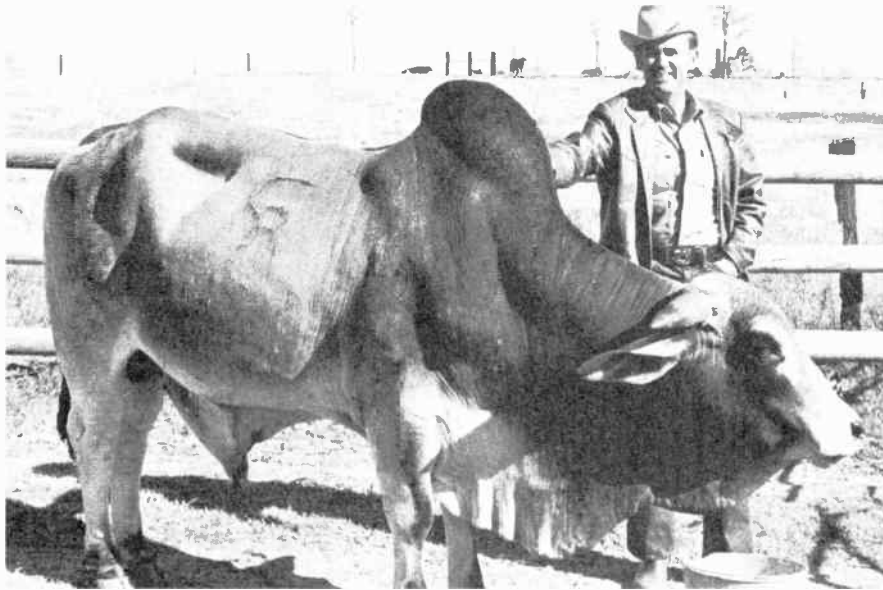
because of that catfish. Wes left our place to hurry home when he got the word that Glen was on the way.

"That catfish had a head the size of a basketball!"

Life was hard for Wes Campbell. He had ten children and there was only farm work for a living, but he had one thing that kept up his spirits. Music! He loved music and taught his children to sing and play, and while they were still very young, he organized them into a band called the Saline Creek Ramblers. They entertained at "musicals" and in the school.

Glen's half-brother, Lindell Campbell, still lives in Delight,

PHOTOS: JAMES CREWS



Glen's brother, Lindell Campbell, a cattle-raising minister.

"The whole family, from Wes Campbell on down, was musical. I can remember seeing them, all working down in the land alongside the Little Missouri bottoms, all those little boys and girls, working and singing and yodeling.

"Every Fourth of July, the Campbell family put on a musical at Mr. Dan Campbell's farm. He was their grandfather and lived on the Pisgah Road. They would start at night on the third of July and sing until way after midnight. People would come from miles around.

"Glen Campbell was a good boy. All he had on his mind was music and just being a boy. I just feel like he was a little old boy who had a dream and went after it until he got it. I'm thoroughly proud of him."

Mrs. Ardith Fagan, a retired teacher in the Delight school, now living in Murfreesboro, was sponsor of the class play when Glen Campbell was in the seventh grade. "I was looking for someone to entertain between the acts, someone who would come up on stage and sing a song while we changed the scenery," she said. "Miss Atkins, the seventh grade teacher, suggested Glen Campbell and we asked him to do it. I had no idea what was going to happen.

"He played one number and the audience loved him so, they made him do an encore and then another and another. He must have played everything he knew. He was on nearly an hour. The audience loved him and kept on applauding and

yelling for more and he gave it to them.

"Of course, the play was forgotten!"

Mrs. Lynn England, who was in the class ahead of Glen Campbell in the Delight school, and who is now on the faculty of Harding College at Searney, Arkansas, re-

members another thing about him and school.

"He only went half the time," said Mrs. England.

Turn south off Highway 26, just outside Delight, at a road sign reading GLEN CAMPBELL HOME PLACE—Straight Ahead, go for five miles, cross the locally celebrated "low water bridge" where creek water, sometimes traffic-stopping deep, rushes right across the highway, and you come to Billstown. The old Campbell farm house is there, and down the road from it is the Glen Campbell Goodtime Grocery Store, which is operated by Glen's brother, John Wesley Campbell, who is known as Shorty.

It is not certain why they call him Shorty. He was behind the counter, selling packages of sliced bologna to deer hunters (carefully looking up the price in the wholesaler's catalogue), and unless he was standing on what Jerry Clower and others call "R-ruh C" cases, he is as tall as the next fellow. Shorty Campbell has full brown sideburns and the blue jowls of a



Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley Campbell in the house son Glen built for them.

man with heavy whiskers. He was wearing a Western hat with a Fort Worth crease, and there was a gold earring through the lobe of his left ear.

Like all the Campbells, Shorty is a musician. He flipped through the pages of a copy of *Country Music*, commenting on the performers pictured there and recalling dates when he had appeared on shows with them.

"All I do now is play clubs around here or in Hot Springs, and Little Rock," he said.

The Glen Campbell Goodtime Grocery Store sells some groceries

"... No, I didn't know Glen Campbell when he was growing up. But I can sell you a lovely ash tray with his picture on it..."

but its big stock-in-trade is Glen Campbell souvenirs. Directly across the street from it is the modern ranch style home Glen Campbell had built for his parents.

It was near Thanksgiving and some of Glen's brothers and sisters who live in other cities were home to visit their parents.

"Glen left Delight when he was 14 and came to live with me," said Mrs. Billie MacDonald, who lives in Houston, Texas. "He was already a professional quality guitar player by then. In Houston, he went to school and played in the clubs at night. He went to school about half the time. Music was his thing, not school.

"We were all musicians, all ten of us Campbells. As soon as we were old enough, Daddy put us in the family band, the Saline Creek Ramblers. Daddy played French harp and banjo, Glen the guitar. I remember those old songs we sang, 'That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine,' 'Turn Your Radio On,' 'You're Drifting Too Far From the Shore,' 'Throw Out The Lifeline.'

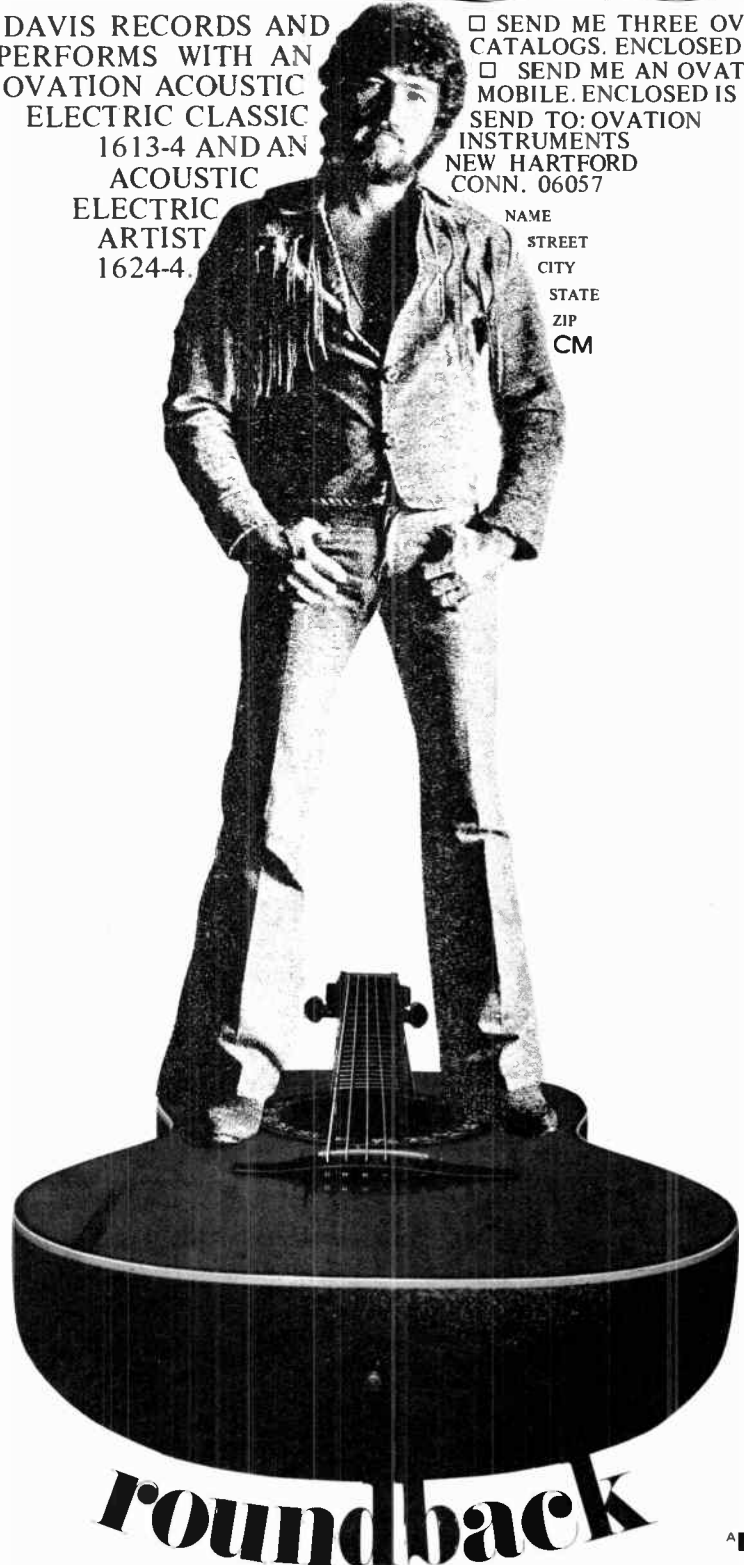
"On a Saturday, when we were 10 or 12, we would all ride horses to Murfreesboro and go to the movies. We'd leave here in the morning, and stop halfway for a picnic. "Sometimes, we'd go to Murfreesboro to look for diamonds in the diamond mine. I still go over there. Last time I went, though, the mud was so bad it pulled off both my shoes and I never

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could find them. I had to come home barefooted."

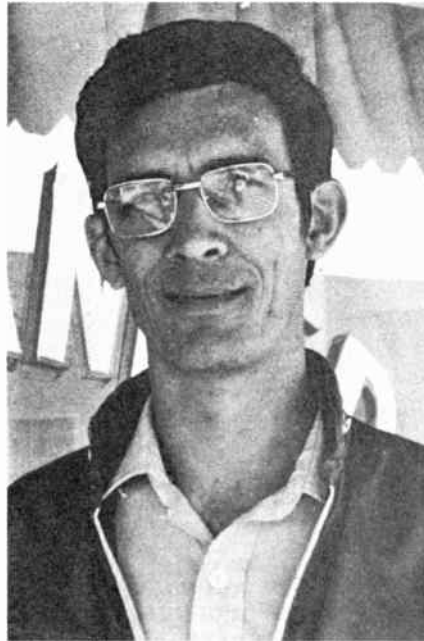
Back in Delight there are more people who knew Glen Campbell before he was a superstar.

"Did you know Glen Campbell when he was growing up here?" I asked the lady who ran the variety store.

"No, I sure didn't, but I can sell you a lovely ash tray with his picture on it."

"Did you know Glen Campbell?" I asked Mrs. Junie Cooper. Mrs. Cooper, who is in her late sixties, had her hair set in pin curls for Sunday, and was in the department store buying thread, a zipper and a piece of elastic for a waistband.

"I've lived here all my life," she said. "I guess I knew him. I know all of the Campbells by sight and they're all alike—tough as boots! My husband says he's seen them time and again swimming across that Little Missouri River, when it was flooded, bank to bank. They'd just jump in and swim across! A flood never made any difference to the Campbell brothers!"



Delight schoolmate Wallace Alexander . . .

One of Delight's leading businessmen is Mr. Flanoy Alexander of Alexander Printing and Lithographing Company which prints religious material. Wallace Alexander, who is associated with his father in the printing business, knew Glen Campbell in school.



. . . and Frankie Williams of Williams Cafe.

"I remember when they had the dedication of the new athletic field over at Murfreesboro," he said. "They named it the Dan Campbell field, after Glen's grandfather. Glen arranged that. He told them that he would come down here and sing at the dedication if they named it after his grandfather.

"In the mid-sixties, before he was real famous—on his way, but not real famous—he came back here to see his sister play basketball and I met him on the street. He said 'Hello, Wallace.' He remembered me, remembered my name. I was impressed. I knew then that he had not let things go to his head."

There are two restaurants in Delight, the Kozy Kitchen and Williams Cafe. At the Kozy Kitchen, I asked the waitress if she had known Glen Campbell.

"No, I didn't," she said. "But the owner's mother, she knew him. She could tell you a lot, but she's out of town this week."

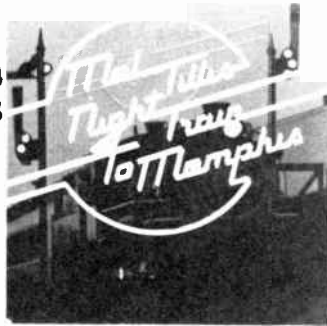
Newspaper clippings, stories of the sort Norwood Pratt's brother-in-law used to read with interest in the *National Insider*—"Widow Leaves Oil Well to Talking Dog" . . . "Family of Five Lives In Tree House"—are pasted under glass at the cash register at the Kozy Kitchen to divert customers as they wait to pay their check. Those in the Kozy Kitchen read, "Boy, 3½, Receives Notice From Army" and "55.91 Carat Diamond Sells For \$875,000.00."

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Later that day, at Williams Cafe, I asked the owner, Mrs. Frankie Williams, if she had known Glen Campbell.

"I knew them all," she said. "I dated his brother, Ronald. When he was young, Glen Campbell was just average, except for his music."

Mrs. Williams is in her early thirties, with blonde upswept hair and pretty, bright eyes.

"The Campbells were poor, I mean *extra* poor!" she continued. "They were too poor to buy hair oil. Glen wore his hair long then just like he does now, long and combed over. He wore it long then because he was too poor to go to the barber shop. He was too poor to buy anything to put on his hair. He would just wet it with water

... There are two juke boxes in Delight. They have almost everybody who ever cut a country record. Except Glen Campbell ...

and comb it over. I remember seeing him, time and again, his overalls striking him between his knees and his ankles and streaks of dirty water from his hair running down his face. In those days, we had a big ice cream parlor here in Delight. On weekends, everybody would hang around the ice cream parlor and Glen would sing and play guitar.

"Glen is the sweetest of all the Campbell boys, always good to you, always friendly and dependable. When he left here to go to Texas, I remember some old ladies saying 'He'll never amount to a hill of frost bit beans.'"

There is a juke box in Williams Cafe and another next door at the Kozy Kitchen. As far as I could determine, they are the only juke boxes in all of Delight. Both feature country music. Both have a wide variety of country performers, almost anybody you ever heard of who ever cut a record. Except one: Glen Campbell.

It was now late Saturday afternoon and the barber shop in Delight was filled with young men getting spruced up for Saturday night, which in Delight is spent just like it was when Glen Campbell was a young man singing at the ice cream parlor, back in the nineteen forties



Delight, Arkansas — a whole town full of Lum and Abners.

PHOTOS: JAMES CREWS

when now-forgotten governors like Carl E. Bailey and Homer M. Atkins sat in the statehouse at Little Rock.

Saturday night begins in Delight at about 6:30 P.M. Those with cars, those old enough, gas up and get out, to Hot Springs or Texarkana where they can buy beer. The rest, those under 16, gather at dusk on the main street. The boys perch on the oily rigging of a well-digging

machine parked at the Gulf Station, drinking Cokes and flirting across a dirt road with the girls who lean against parked cars at the Dairy Delight lot.

About an hour after dark, everybody goes home to get ready for church the next morning.

That is Saturday night in Delight, that is what Glen Campbell's talent made it possible for him to escape. ■

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Jody Miller:



Silent Queen of Country

There is something about her that suggests that everything up to now has just been a prelude, that Jody's day at stage center is still to come.

by John Gabree

Staring down my camera lens is one of the meanest outlaws I've ever set my eyes on. He is half a ton of dynamite—Monty Brooks' number-one hope in this year's races—and right now he looks as if he'd just as soon run on me as on a track. In fact, I know he'd rather run on me.

Every time he looks my way, he squints up his eyes, presses his ears back against his head and gives a little snort. Ichibon is one horse who does not like to have his picture taken. The only thing between me and my Maker are Jody Miller's little hands tugging on the reins.

Jody Miller has been showing me around the 1,100-acre horse ranch that she and her family call home. Ichibon is the current favorite for quarterhorse racing honors.

"Just tell him to raise his head up there so you can get a good picture." That is Monty Brooks, Jody's husband and Ichibon's trainer, talking over my shoulder.

I am not going to tell this horse to do anything. I have been around all kinds of animals, under all kinds of conditions, but race horses are the only ones I've never been able to warm up to. Something about their nervousness—and they are usually as neurotic as they are powerful—gets under my skin. Ichibon is reminding me that he feels the same way about writers. Jody, on the other hand, who is half my size (well, four-fifths, but you know what I mean) and who doesn't ride (not that I do) is leading this monster around like they're on a Sunday afternoon stroll.

It's the second time I have been struck by Jody Miller's size. If you listen to her records or have seen her on a stage, say belting out "House of the Rising Sun," her recent hit, you get the impression of someone quite large. It is a voice that wouldn't sound funny coming



Jody doesn't ride, but her charms seem to work wonders on any creature.

out of Kate Smith. Instead the voice is that of someone almost petite, someone who could be called cute, if anybody still used that word. It is an extraordinary voice, one upon which Jody has been able to build a major career without resorting to hype and without murdering herself with single-minded devotion to work.

"... I love to sing but I hate the commercialism that goes with the business ..."

"We went to Los Angeles in 1962, mainly because Monty believed in me as a performer. I wanted to be a singer, but he was the one who said I should really try. I grew up on country, but I never really thought of becoming a country singer. I guess country seemed a lot harder than pop.

"I started out singing folk music, then had some pop hits for Capitol Records." Jody was with Capitol for six years and had hits with songs like "He Walks Like a Man," "Home of the Brave" and

"Queen of the House," the latter winning her a Grammy for best new country artist. "'Queen of the House' was a crossover hit on the country charts. I had been recording country-flavored material, but for the first time I saw that I might really be more comfortable as a country singer. When my contract ran out with Capitol, I called Billy Sherrill and asked him if he'd produce me. He said yes and I've been with Epic three years."

Like almost all the performers who have worked with him, Jody can't say enough nice things about the producing dynamo at Columbia-Epic. "I did a Christmas single last year, 'Silent Night, Lonely Night,' which Billy had written to the tune of the old carol. Some people wouldn't record it because they thought it was sacrilegious, but I said, 'do you think there's anything wrong with it?' He said 'no' so I did it. I think it's a beautiful song."

It is much easier to get Jody Miller to talk about her home and family than her professional life, not because she doesn't take her singing seriously, but because she also



Robin, Jody's daughter, age eight: doesn't sing but she can twist—in the gymnasium, that is.

... Jody Miller is one of the few performers who can talk with equal enthusiasm of Loretta Lynn and Elton John ...

likes being wife and mother.

The Brooks' farm is about three miles outside of Blanchard, a town of about 2,000, or what's left of Blanchard, after last fall's tornado. "The twister went right down the road here. We had rain coming down the chimney and through the storm windows. That garage which was carried away was the one where my father worked as a mechanic when I was growing up."

Their house is a 60-year-old school building which they had moved—to a hilltop with a good view of much of the farm—and refurbished. They plan to add a wing next year, but in the meantime they have managed to carve out a spacious living room, two bedrooms and two baths, a kitchen, an office shared by the ranch business and the performing business, and a work room leading out to the garage. The house is shared by Jody, Monty, their 8-year-old daughter Robin, and three dogs including an enormous 2-year-old Saint Bernard.

Robin, who is in third grade, is

one of those children who looks like both parents. She is forever spared the rivalry of "she looks like a Brooks," "no she looks like a Miller." She is the youngest member of the Oklahoma Twisters, the state capital's gymnastic team and when she isn't watching television she is doing cartwheels down the plastic mat dividing the living room or doing back flips over the furniture.

"Monty's father raised cattle on this land, so it really was a homecoming when we moved back here two years ago. I am a country girl at heart, but it was Monty who needed to come back. This is his element, the land, the horses.

"We still have about 70 cattle, but most of the time is spent on the horses. We have 70 head, breeders and colts, and then about 15 being trained by Monty and Bobby Harmon, our jockey." Monty can buy a horse for \$10,000 and turn it into a winner worth ten times that much. Some of the horses he owns, some he trains for others. In his stable

now is one that belonged to Doc Severinsen. His sometime partner is Dale Robertson. Like his horse, he doesn't like his picture taken. He is by all appearances a happy man.

"I didn't like Monty when we were in high school"—Blanchard High, population about 35. "He was mean and a fighter." Just what people from the city, even tiny little cities, always say about wild country boys. "It wasn't until after high school that we started going together, but it wasn't too long before we decided to get married. It was 12 years January 2.

"Living here is nearly perfect. I love to sing but I hate the commercialism that goes with the business. If I have that really big hit, I'll do a lot more performing, especially television, but I'm happy with what I have now. I get to spend a lot of time with Robin, and then there is the paperwork that goes with the farm. And I don't have a manager or a press agent, so there is a lot of work to do of my own. And I'm out about a hundred days a year playing rodeos and fairs. I'm keeping busy."

To anyone who knows her work

it is a puzzle that she isn't a bigger star. She came to Epic with an already familiar name and it is arguable that Sherrill has been able to do even better by her than any of the other performers he handles. Jody has a beautiful voice, and she knows how to get everything out of it. She has a fresh, clean-cut attractiveness that would seem to be custom-designed for the networks. Watching her work, especially belting out a number like "House of the Rising Sun," can be an electrifying experience. Yet superstardom

"... Some people think 'Silent Night, Lonely Night' is sacrilegious. I think it's a beautiful song ..."

eludes her.

"There may still be some suspicion that I'm not really country," she told me over supper—broiled steaks, baked potatoes with sour cream, broccoli and some fine California wine. "But, you know, I really am country. I live on a farm 3 miles from where I was born and I'm married to a guy I went to high school with. I love country music. It's where I belong."

Like those of most good artists, her records don't sound quite like anyone else's, and it may be that just not enough people have gotten used to her sound, which falls at the sophisticated end of country. Her albums are remarkably interesting. She can be convincing on weepers like "A Week and a Day," classics like "Stand By Your Man," or con-



Keepin' an eye on the spread.

verted pop tunes like "Be My Baby" (the latter an example of Billy Sherrill's expertise: he had Sandy Posey do the same tune in a totally different but equally convincing



Jody's husband, Monty Brooks, has an uncanny knack for turning out prize-winning race horses.

version). She has done four LPs in three years, each one a little more polished than the one before it.

Nor have her singles been other than among the best. And though "He's So Fine," "Darling Come Back Home," "There's A Party Going On" and "House of the Rising

"... There may still be some suspicion that I'm not really country," Jody said ...

Sun" have not hit the number one spot, they, like all her singles, have usually surfaced in the top ten.

Jody Miller is 32 years old, yet there is something about her that suggests that everything up to now has just been a prelude, that Jody's day at stage center is still to come. She has let a decade in the music business polish her, deepen her, but not discourage her. She has never lost the fun of making music. She

can still sit with her Martin and sing herself happy with beautiful music. There are few performers who can talk with equal enthusiasm of Loretta Lynn and Elton John. She has seen it all in the business, played Tahoe with Roy Clark, and hundreds of shows in small southwestern towns. You know that when her turn comes she's not going to miss it. And she's not going to stop having fun.

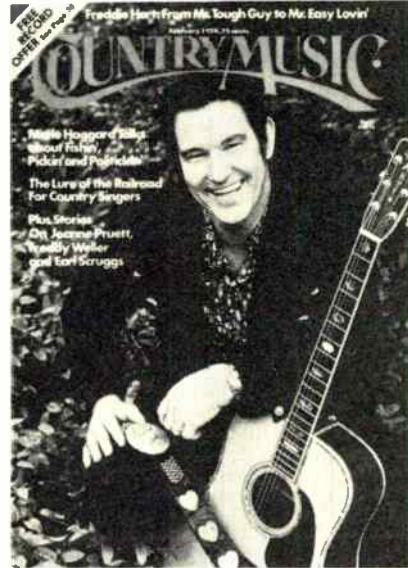
I said that I was struck by Jody's size twice. The first time was at the airport in Oklahoma City where she was waiting, leaning against the flight insurance counter. But I was struck by more than that. It's rare for a celebrity to drive 30 miles to pick up an itinerant journalist. But that's the way Jody Miller is. She drives a Caddy spattered with red Oklahoma mud. She watches TV football the way some women watch the soaps. She sings country because it's "true life music." ■

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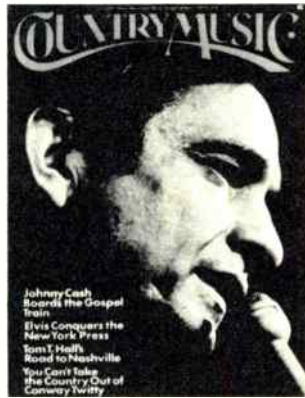
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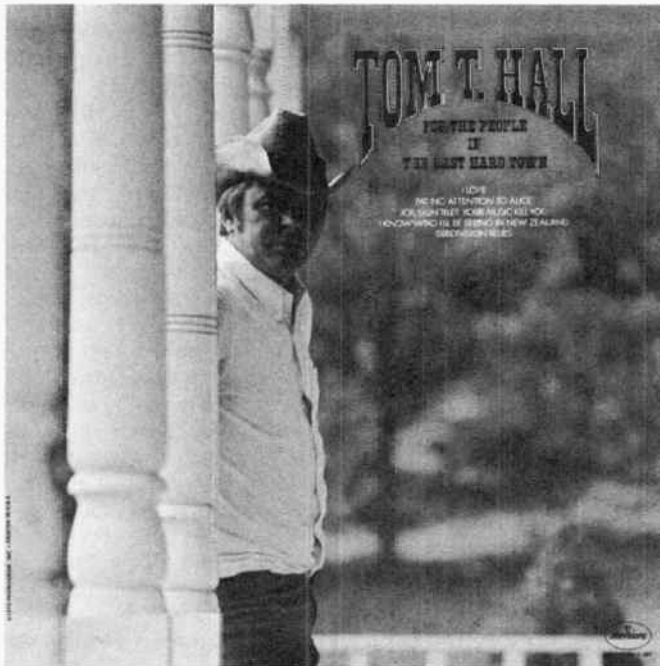
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Reviews

Tom T. Hall . . . Bobby Bare . . . Jeannie Seely



Tom T. Hall
For The People In The Last
Hard Town
Mercury SRM-1-687 (record)
MC8-1-687 (8-track tape)

Tom's up to his usual tricks here. Spinning soft yarns and wrapping everybody within earshot into a neat musical ball. His words, direct, simple and chock full of feeling, flow along in a fascinating conversational tone, pausing only for a sip of bourbon and a change of key.

Tom has that ancient craft down pat. From the sad, all too believable tale of his Army buddy's wife who is slowly drinking herself to death, through Rod McKuen's "Love's Been Good To Me," Tom is at his best. He takes country into the 1970s with songs like "Never Having You," which departs from the traditional lament to become a matter-of-fact statement that isn't hard to take. It doesn't encourage weeping into your beer. It makes you want to buy Tom a drink so he'll sing another one.

"Last Hard Town" is a great song of life in these times, and a wry tribute to the small towns across the nation where Tom T. stops to swap stories and rub elbows with people he loves and who love him.

"They explain away the difference," he sings, "because the folks who love a picker can be blind . . . they misunderstood the words but understood that our intentions were always good." After all that's been said and sung, leave it up to Tom T. to tell us what love means.

Some famous architect once said: "Less is more." That's true for Tom. He hardly raises his voice. He just delivers a string of careful, soft-spoken words sung sweetly. And the point always comes across like a slammed door. Every song is full of images, thoughts and observations within everyone's experience. Wistful, hilarious, romantic, intimate recollections sparkle throughout. Wait'll you hear "Sub-division Blues"! Or "Joe,

Don't Let Your Music Kill You." Tom rambles on like the kind of next-door neighbor everyone should have. "I Love" is a song so disarmingly simple; you're just pulled gently over these incredible Tom T. Hall rhymes before you know what's happened. And then you want to hear it again.

RICHARD NUSSER

Bobby Bare
Lullabys, Legends and Lies
RCA CPL2-0290 (record)
APS2-0290 (8-track tape)

This is as much Shel Silverstein's album as it is Bobby Bare's. All 14 songs on this two-record set were written by Silverstein, that bald-headed New York Jewish cartoonist, one-time singer and generally lovable weirdo. The title pretty much fills you in on the general content of the album; they're all ballads telling some sort of a story. They range from the realm of legendary tall tales like "Paul" (Bunyon,



that is) and the sacred "Bottomless Well" Indian Story, to the ordinary world of "Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe." Now, Bobby Bare is one of my very favorite country interpreters, consistently interesting and affecting; the album is forced to rise or fall on the strength of the songs. First of all, this shouldn't have been a two-record set. Some of the record is truly first-rate—side A is one of the finest sides you'll ever hear, brimming over with in-

fectious enthusiasm—but side C is, although somewhat amusing, generally useless. There's just too many of the same type of song, all concentrating on the lyrics, with the melodies generally being kind of insipid. It gets a little tiresome after a while. But Silverstein sure can tell a good story, with a great imagination and a fine eye for detail.

Bobby Bare sings the stuff out of each song, and he produced the album. It was recorded in a kind of semi-live studio situation, that is, with a crew of friends applauding and interjecting and singing along when the spirit moved them. It's a warm album, as when little Bobby Bare Jr. joins his father on the touching "Daddy What If," singing about those eternal questions kids have a knack of asking. And there's a lot of impromptu ad libbing, and joking between songs, highlighting the famed Bare sense of humor.

That's the real story here, Bobby Bare's personality. He's smiling on the front, smiling on the back and laughing in the center photo. And although the album has some serious faults, I found myself smiling and laughing along with Bobby most of the way.

JERRY LEICHTLING

Jeannie Seely
Can I Sleep In Your Arms
MCA 385 (record)
MCAT 385 (8-track tape)

Jeannie Seely has a voice that's capable of just about any kind of song, but it's tailor-made for singing the kind of songs a country lady would want to sing. Up-tempo, high-spirited, or heart-tugging rhythms are her strong suit, and this album provides plenty of opportunity for that kind of music. The backing musi-

Glen Campbell . . .



cians are perfectly matched to her style, and the whole package is as bright as a winter morn outside her Pennsylvan farm.

Hank Cochran, Mel Tillis, Larry Gatlin, and Cliff and Barbara Cochran are among the writers Jeannie draws upon for this collection. She also contributes one of her own called "Farm in Pennsylvania." Gatlin's song, "Hangin' On Alone," is a good example of Jeannie at her best. Drawing crystal clear notes from the depths of her heart, she demonstrates the strength a lady needs when she has no man

to "make a house a home."

The title track, "Can I Sleep In Your Arms," written by Hank Cochran, is very much in the traditional country vein. More than slightly reminiscent of "Red River Valley," it's another example of the timeless melodies with which Jeannie's voice swings best. Ditto on the following cut, same author, same approach: "Hold Me." Writers Wayne P. Walker and Irene Stanton contribute a little number called "Pride" that carries out the same feelings. "My heart tells me to stay, but my pride tells me to leave," Jeannie sings.

"Lucky Ladies" is the opening cut of the album's second side, and it doesn't make much sense to me to have the title emblazoned in red on the cover. That is, unless the ladies in question secretly enjoy the processes of heartbreak, abandonment, and "Hangin' On Alone." Could it be? Maybe Jeannie, or some other gal, might get

to that question on another album. RICHARD NUSSER



Glen Campbell

I Remember Hank Williams
Capitol SW-11253 (record)
8XT-11253 (8-track tape)

The musical legacy of Hank Williams survives in myriad re-packages and permutations of his greatest hits. And there's hardly an artist worth mentioning who hasn't at one time or another cut one of his songs. In fact, some of the biggest names in music have devoted entire LPs to his memory.

At one time, recording Hank's tunes proved to be

a safe way for an artist to generate some additional attention. But there's always a hidden trap in that kind of gimmick: you cannot escape being compared to Williams, and no artist can come out ahead in that match.

Surely, more than 20 years after Hank Williams' death, you'd think performers might have stopped building entire albums around his music. But it is clearly the case that Hank's tunes have survived, not only because the legend of Williams the man refuses to die, but also because of the sheer commerciality and seemingly eternal appeal of the songs themselves.

Glen Campbell hardly has to ask the public to compare him with anyone to get people to take notice. Millions have already been hooked on the kind of polished country sound he has delivered since the sixties. Why he has chosen at this point in time to salute Williams can

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 4. Love Me Like That
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 4. E Se Domani
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only be explained by the validity of the music. It's probably something he always meant to do, but never got around to before now.

The results are pleasing, but far from exciting. Glen Campbell has not changed his style one iota to fit these standard classics. Perhaps he has neither desire nor reason to do so. In any event, his performances are typical of his work over the past three years. Campbell seems to be rivaling Perry Como in terms of who can impress most with his sense of calm. Hank may have reveled in the sharp edges of his own music, but Glen does everything he can to smooth them out. In this respect, the tribute resembles a eulogy.

Since it's safe to conclude that neither the "why" nor the "how" matters much here, *I Remember Hank Williams* is best considered just one more glossy feather in a cap Campbell deservedly wears with pride. Not everyone can be a Hank Williams, and not everyone has to try.

ROBERT ADELS



Diana Trask

It's A Man's World
Dot DOS 26016 (record)
GRT 8150-26016 (8-track tape)

The rule usually goes that females have an easier time than the men becoming overnight sensations in country music, and Diana Trask may well be the exception that proves it. Along with a few other women like Penny DeHaven, she has been tottering on the brink of a big break for years. Unfortunately, Diana's new album does not issue the wind velocity necessary to blow her career over the top, although it does occasionally puff itself

some nice short gusts of air.

When Diana performs a straight ballad, she is merely adequate. Her voice is obviously professional and not without a strong degree of sensitivity, but it lacks the character needed to set it up there with Tammy's, Loretta's, Lynn's or Donna's. In place of character, Diana does have something that only Barbara Mandrell has ever successfully brought to country music—deep-down soul. That aspect of her musical personality only gets to show itself here on numbers which should be up-tempo, but are compromised by ballad-type production.

"Say When" is on Diana's new LP. It has been her biggest hit to date, fitting the mold into which she can most successfully pour her talents. Unfortunately, the only other song on the album that takes this approach one step further is "(If You Wanna Hold On) Hold On To Your Man." Remakes of "Teddy Bear Song" and "Till I Get It Right" just don't belong alongside songs like these, but that's what producer Norris Wilson has chosen in all too many instances.

It will only be Diana's world when Miss Trask is allowed to rip through an entire album of tunes which will enable her to be to country music what Aretha Franklin is to R & B.

ROBERT ADELS

Jerry Lee Lewis

Southern Roots
Mercury SRM-1-690 (record)
MC-8-1-690 (8-track tape)

Memphis, circa 1955, boasted one of the greatest conglomerations of talent ever gathered together. Sam Phillips' Sun Records was the home base of, believe it or not, Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Roy Orbison and Charlie Rich, all young and struggling. Jerry Lee went on to become one of the early greats of rock 'n' roll with a string of hit records as long as your arm, but circumstances forced him from the limelight, and only after a few years of relative obscuri-



ty did he re-emerge as a country singer. And Lord knows, he is one heck of a country singer, maybe the finest pure voice in the field. But on this album he's returned to Memphis rock roots, and he ain't lost a thing.

He's added quite a bit though. One of the greatest rock 'n' roll singers, he's brought the sound of ten years of country to this record, and has managed to create a down-home, cotton pickin', soulful masterpiece.

There are ten selections here, and from beginning to end it doesn't let down. Memphis' finest musicians, the guts of all those great Stax records, help him out. But Jerry is in command all the way, his piano kicking everything along. He opens and closes the album with two songs by Mack Vickery, "Meat Man" and "That Old Bourbon Street Church," the latter having the same Dixieland horn flavor that made Merle Haggard's last record so fantastic. Jerry does "Blueberry Hill," "Hold On I'm Coming" and "When A Man Loves A Woman," all soul classics transformed into something uniquely Jerry Lee. Doug Sahm's "Revolutionary Man" is also pure "Killer."

There's just no one like Jerry Lee. He's in a class by himself, and back home in Memphis, with the aid of ace producer Huey Meaux, he has proved it once again.

JERRY LEICHTLING

Hank Thompson

Kindly Keep It Country
Dot DOS-26015 (record)
GRT 8150-26015 (8-track tape)

Hank Thompson has been singing country music for over 25 years. It shows, and then again it doesn't. He's

seasoned, but never tired or bored. Thompson always knows just how far to take the contemporary approach, and happily, so does producer Larry Butler. Hank's new album does everything its title promises, and then some.

One of the most pleasurable aspects of the album is the use of the fiddle. Whoever is playing it here (none of the sidemen are credited, but they sure play like they should be), he is doing one hell of a job. Most of the



impressive licks are purely melodic in nature, beautiful (rather than fanciful) stuff that blends perfectly with Hank's sound. The mood stresses a voice and a rhythm track, and it's unhampered by an egotistical lead guitarist or a pedal steel player too infused with self-importance to work for the good of the entire production.

There's hardly a piano key to be heard until we get to Hank's remake of a classic, "Little Red Wagon." The ivories seemingly pop out of nowhere, but then prove to be there in order to introduce "Behind Closed Doors"—and there's no way of doing that song without a melancholy keyboard.

Recent hits like "It's Four In The Morning" and "The Lord Knows I'm Drinking" straddle today and yesterday, much like Hank's voice which sits on a fence between the shrill and the breathy. Its power is quietly psychological rather than blatantly dynamic, relying on tender, thoughtful touches and well-chosen soft trembles at the right moment. Thompson never has to raise his voice to make you listen.

Whether or not the whole issue of the title song inter-

ests you—the fact that country music sometimes forgets where it came from—you've got to find Hank Thompson a man who matters as much today as he ever did.

ROBERT ADELS



Willie Nelson
Phases And Stages
Atlantic SD 7291 (record)
TP 7291 (8-track tape)

While Willie Nelson was with RCA, he was of course granted the opportunity to cut albums, but for some reason best known to whoever decided it, he wasn't exactly promoted with a view to mak-

ing him a star. His albums were more like writer's demos, a series of trout ponds from which other artists could draw a seemingly inexhaustible supply of prime material. Now, however, Willie is on Atlantic and it seems that the company is giving him a chance to be his own man.

Like Bobby Bare's *Lullabys, Legends and Lies*, this is a "concept" album. It's built around the theme of what goes down in a classic man/woman relationship—Side One being devoted to songs from the woman's position, Side Two from the man's. The theme songlet of the album ("Phases and stages, circles and cycles, scenes that we've all seen before") crops up at appropriate points between cuts, setting the kind of world-weary, slightly desperate, ironic tone typical of Willie's writing.

The woman's view begins with "Washin' The Dishes," in which we find her deeply

disillusioned, going about her housewifely duties for a husband who doesn't care anymore, and "learnin' to hate all the things that she once loved to do." An ominous hint—"Someday she'll just walk away"—ends this short, mournful little song, leads into the "Phases And Stages" theme music, and out of that into "Walkin'," another exquisite dirge-like number the conclusion of which is that "Walkin' is better than runnin' away, and crawlin' ain't no good at all." And we should all know where *that's* at; a clever summary of a universal dilemma. Then comes "Pretend I Never Happened," which should be familiar to followers of the Nashville/Texas hipbilly contingent from Waylon's previous version of the song.

"Sister's Comin' Home" continues the gradual increase in tempo that "Pretend" began, finds the now-independent woman sleeping all day at Mother's house, and

sweeps straight into an account of her exploits down at the "Corner Beer Joint," where she's dancing to the rock 'n' roll, movin' her soul, and generally funk'ing it up. You know the story. Then she falls in love again like she never thought she would again. The tempo slows, and the woman asks "If I lose again, how will I ever know?" as Johnny Gimble's tragic fiddle fades out into the vinyl.

It's a neat, precise, realistic, poetic treatment of something very important, and together with Side Two it succeeds in saying the most about the heaviest in a brilliantly concise form. It also sounds damn good, and for that we have to acknowledge Willie's very strong performing talent and the contribution of producer Jerry Wexler and the folks down in Muscle Shoals. Atlantic seems to have adopted a policy of keeping Willie out of Nashville for recording purposes, and on this album it's

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#2 STOP THE WORLD & LET ME OFF

Songs: I Cried All the Way to the Altar
I'm Moving Along
Stop, Look and Listen
Try Again
Crazy Dreams
Gotta Lot of Rhythm In My Soul
Honky Tonk Merry-Go-Round
How Can I Face Tomorrow
Stop The World And Let Me Off

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R034

Johnny Paycheck . . . Larry Gatlin

worked out just fine. It's more than pleasant to see one of country music's most sensitive and intelligent songwriters getting a chance to bite into something very ambitious and make a go of it like we all knew he would someday. **PATRICK CARR**

Johnny Paycheck Song and Dance Man Epic KE32570 (record) KA32570 (8-track tape)

Johnny Paycheck's really been through a lot. Everyone knows he's paid his dues; his bouts with pills and booze are famous, and long in the past. In the last couple of years he's emerged as one of the premier country artists in the land, and for many good reasons. He's got a great voice—a deep, rich, full-flavored baritone that he's completely in control of. He's got style, that hard to define essence that sets a performer apart from the pack; and he is undeniably handsome, like straight out of a cigar advertisement. It's easy to explain his success, and success, like death and taxes, is one of those things you can't argue with. Well, here goes nothing.

First of all, for a good voice to function well you've got to give it good material. Pay-



check is not known as a writer, so he and producer Billy Sherrill picked eleven songs for this album from other writers, seven of them from the J. Foster and Bill Rice combine. Almost all the songs on the record are medium-slow tempo love songs that, unless you're involved in a medium-slow love affair, don't have much to offer.

Secondly, the production is on the same level, competent but boring. Sherrill and Johnny aren't taking any chances, that's for sure. I really wish we could hear Paycheck work out on tunes by some of the country's better writers: Nelson, Kristofferison, Hall, Feller and others.

Basically this is an album for dyed-in-the-wool Paycheck fans. Except for the title cut, it's very forgettable. Even the "warmth" seems a little forced, the difference between a good lover and an

electric blanket.

JERRY LEICHTLING

Larry Gatlin The Pilgrim Monument KZ 32571 (record) ZA 32571 (8-track tape)

Larry Gatlin has turned in a particularly interesting album of evenly-paced country songs that speak softly, sadly and sometimes wistfully about love, loneliness and The Lord. It's not something you'll likely find on a honky tonk juke box, because it's a little too serious and eloquent. Gatlin picks themes—or they pick him—that provoke sober thoughts.

Particularly catching is a song called "Penny Annie," who danced at fairs for a "penny or for free." She disappears for a while and turns up in a bump and grind palace. She's hooked on drugs. "Didn't anybody ever tell you, Annie, if you dance you pay the man who plays the tune?" What's remarkable is that Gatlin manages to sing this tale without getting maudlin. If it's released as a single, it should grab ears and draw tears.

The rest of the album provides plenty of opportunity for Gatlin to demonstrate that he has as much sensitivi-

ty in his voice as in his pen. They're not the usual country weepers, though.

Gatlin's approach to life's miseries is so damn reflective and, as I said, so evenly-paced, that he avoids those melodramatic, high-pitched



wails usually associated with country weepers.

He delivers messages like "Dig A Little Deeper," and "Light At The End Of Darkness" that call for thought rather than emotion. They're not the kind of songs you'd want lulling your mind around a downhill curve while you're behind the wheel of a White Freightliner.

To repeat, these are sober songs for moments when you want to relax, at home, with time to sit back and think about them. It's not heavy intellectual stuff. It's just a bit more than closet preaching, if you know what I mean.

RICHARD NUSSER

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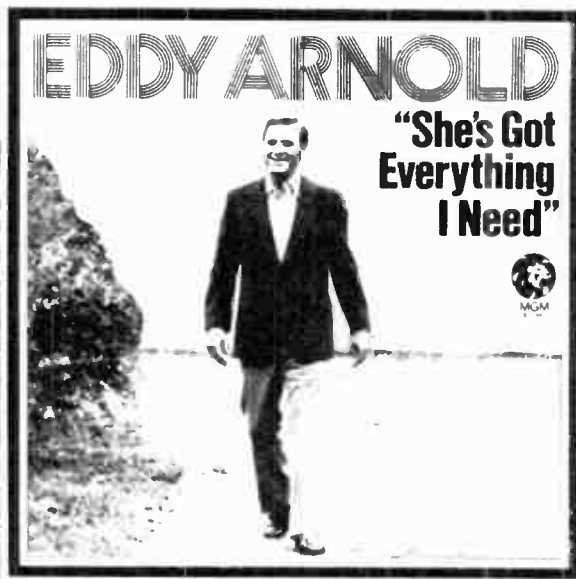
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Other Recent Album Releases

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Joe Stampley	I'm Still Loving You	Dot DOS 26020
Charlie Rich	There Won't Be Anymore	RCA APL1 0433
Mickey Newbury	Live at Montezuma Hall/Looks Like Rain	Elektra TE 2007
Bob Luman	Bob Luman's Greatest Hits	Epic KE 32759
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Hi-Fi Corner

The Country Music Guide to High Fidelity

By Michael N. Marcus

High fidelity means realism—electronic equipment that can reproduce in your home the same sounds that were put on the master tape back in the concert hall or recording studio, without adding anything or losing anything. This means that a music system must have wide, even *frequency response* (reproducing every note, from highest to lowest, without emphasizing or de-emphasizing any—even the notes that are too high or too low for you to hear); wide *dynamic range* (reproducing the full range of loudness, from heart beat to thunder, from dulcimer to electric guitar); and low *distortion* (basically sounding crisp and distinct—not fuzzy or scratchy or muddy or dull).

You can get these three basic ingredients in a single channel (*monophonic*) hi-fi system, but a two-

channel (*stereophonic*) hi-fi system can provide higher fidelity by reproducing the spatial relationships of the performers—spreading the musicians across your wall rather than squeezing them through one little hole in the wall.

The new four-channel (*quadraphonic*) hi-fi goes a step further. In addition to putting all the musicians and singers in their proper places, it reproduces all the sounds that bounce around the concert hall or studio—sounds that hit you from the walls and ceiling rather than directly from the stage.

Regardless of the number of channels, any hi-fi system has three basic sections: something to pick up stored or broadcast musical signals (a *record player*, *tape player*, or a radio “*tuner*”); a device to boost, control, and modify those

signals (an *amplifier*); and something to make the electrical signals audible as music (*headphones* or *speakers*).

Those three sections may be packaged together in one cabinet (a *console*), may come in three pieces from the same manufacturer (a *compact* or *modular* system) or involve four or more interconnected pieces of equipment made by several manufacturers (a *component* system).

WHAT KIND TO BUY

People usually buy console stereos more to fill their living rooms than to fill their ears, so the companies that make them are usually much more concerned with appearance than sound. The basic flaw with consoles is that the speakers and



The Grundig “Studio Modulus I” is a cross between a console and a compact. Cost: \$400. Quality: above average.

AR-2ax

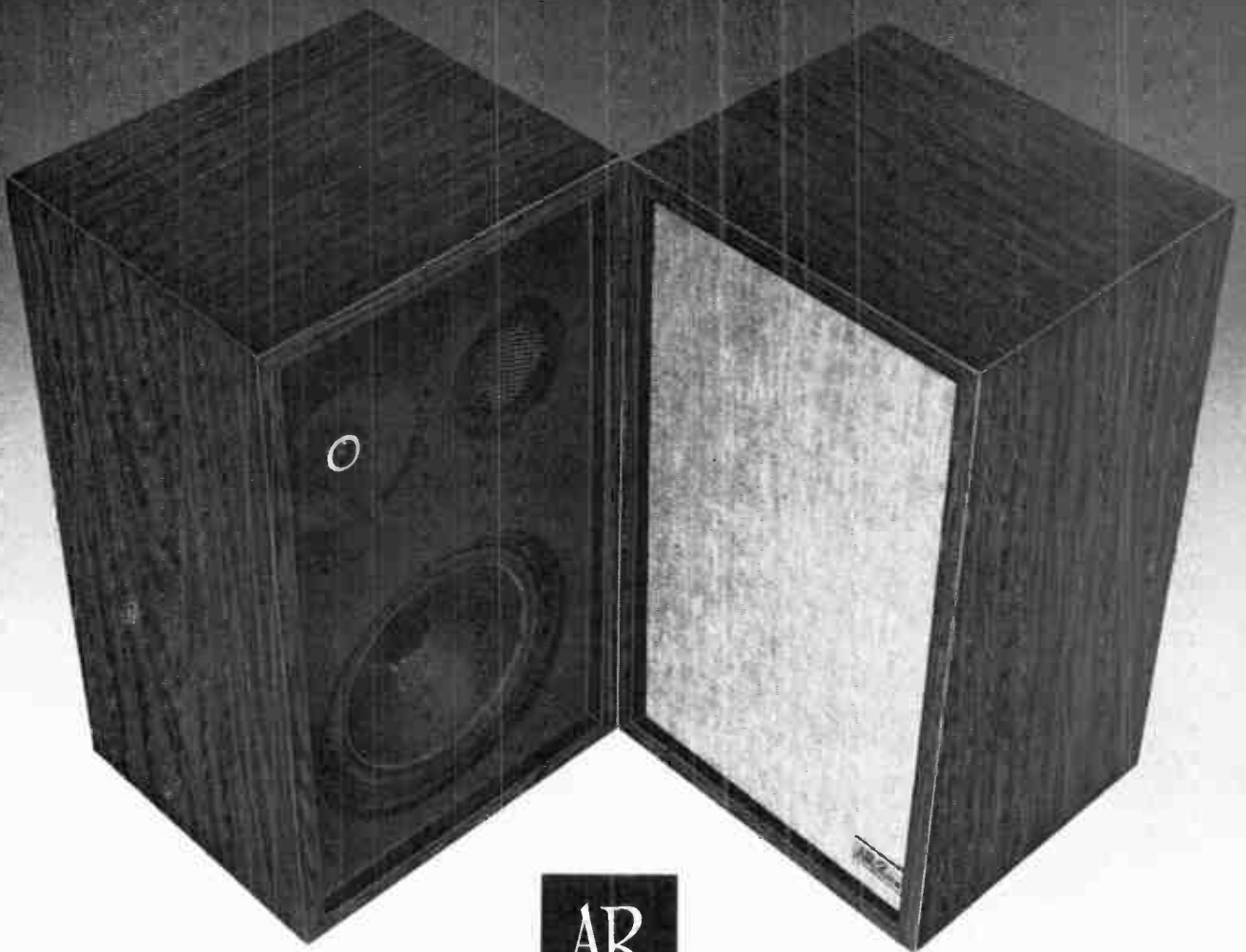
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The AR-2ax is a good example. This 3-way speaker system offers a well bal-

anced, accurate and finely dispersed response over all frequencies. Natural reproduction of music without exaggeration or artificiality of sound. Separate controls on the back permit independent adjustment of the level of the mid-range and high frequencies.

You'll find it difficult, if not impossible, to find any speaker to equal its performance anywhere near its \$149 price. For more detailed information, please write.



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the record player are mounted in the same not-too-rigid cabinet; some of the sounds that come out of the speakers stay in the console and vibrate the record player, causing their sounds to be fed through the amplifier and then out of the speakers and back into the record player

and amplifier: an endless cycle called "acoustic feedback."

In short, unless you're prepared to spend \$600 or more for a top-quality console Fisher, Magnavox, or Zenith, you're not going to get good sound.

If you only have a few hundred

to spend, and you want music, forget about the fancy furniture. A compact music system is a nice compromise. It makes it possible for people with little technical aptitude to get the sound quality otherwise attainable only in a complex component system, in a package as easy to buy, install, and operate as a single-box console. The typical compact system has a central "control unit" consisting of an AM/FM receiver (tuner plus amplifier—we'll talk about them soon) with a record changer mounted on top, plus two speakers.

The manufacturer has done the difficult work—selecting separate components that work well together, connecting them together, and adjusting the record changer—so all you do is plug the control unit into a wall outlet, plug the speakers into the control unit, connect an FM antenna with a couple of turns of a screwdriver . . . and in less than ten minutes you have music.

The whole thing can be hung on wall brackets or fit into bookshelves, and there's usually enough speaker wire to make a convenient and pleasing arrangement. It'll prob-

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SAME TRAIN, DIFFERENT TIME	<input type="checkbox"/> SWBB-223	<input type="checkbox"/> 8XTT-223
A PORTRAIT OF MERLE HAGGARD	<input type="checkbox"/> ST-319	<input type="checkbox"/> 8XT-319
OKIE FROM MUSKOGEE	<input type="checkbox"/> ST-384	<input type="checkbox"/> 8XT-384
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TRIBUTE TO BEST FIDDLE PLAYER	<input type="checkbox"/> ST-638	<input type="checkbox"/> 8XT-638
SING A SAD SONG (2 RECORDS)	<input type="checkbox"/> STBB 707	<input type="checkbox"/> 8XFF-707
HAG (WITH THE STRANGERS)	<input type="checkbox"/> ST-735	<input type="checkbox"/> 8XT-735
SOMEDAY WE'LL LOOK BACK	<input type="checkbox"/> ST-835	<input type="checkbox"/> 8XT-835
LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT SONG	<input type="checkbox"/> ST-882	<input type="checkbox"/> 8XT-882
STRANGERS	<input type="checkbox"/> ST-2373	<input type="checkbox"/> 8XT-2373
SWINGING DOORS (WITH THE STRANGERS)	<input type="checkbox"/> ST-2585	<input type="checkbox"/> 8XT-2585
I'M A LONESOME FUGITIVE	<input type="checkbox"/> ST-2702	<input type="checkbox"/> 8XT-2702
BRANDED MAN (WITH THE STRANGERS)	<input type="checkbox"/> ST-2789	<input type="checkbox"/> 8XT-2789
SING ME BACK HOME	<input type="checkbox"/> ST-2848	<input type="checkbox"/> 8XT-2848
THE BEST OF MERLE HAGGARD	<input type="checkbox"/> SKAO-2951	<input type="checkbox"/> 8XT-2951
MAMA TAIED	<input type="checkbox"/> ST-2972	<input type="checkbox"/> 8XT-2972
BEST OF THE BEST OF MERLE HAGGARD	<input type="checkbox"/> ST-11082	<input type="checkbox"/> 8XT-11082
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ably sound best with the speakers about 6 to 8 feet apart, and most people put the control unit somewhere inbetween. Try not to have the control unit and speaker on the same shelf, or in an unsteady wall unit or etagere—or you'll run into that old acoustic feedback hassle that plagues the consoles.

Acceptable sound in compact systems starts in the \$180-\$200 range, but you're not getting *real* high fidelity until you hit \$300-\$400. Models with built-in 8-track tape players go for about \$25 more than comparable units that just handle records and radio; 8-track play *and* record adds \$40 to \$70 or so; and cassette play and record adds \$60-\$100.

The compacts that sound best come from the companies that also make separate audio components, especially KLH and Fisher—two that are particularly skilled in making speakers, the single part that most decides how the music will sound. Other brands I recommend, but rank a few hairs lower in the speaker department, are Panasonic, Sony, Lafayette, Hitachi, and JVC. The physical styling of these brands

is particularly attractive, as are such brands as Miida, Electro-Phonic, GE, and some models from Philco, Zenith, and Brother; but they are a few significant notches below most from the other group of companies I mentioned, and they can cost just as much.

ON TO COMPONENTS!

For really super sound you want a fancy, full-blown component music system. This means coordinating separate devices made by different manufacturers for the particular tone quality, loudness, complexity, sophistication, styling, and price that suits you.

The first step in buying a component system is to pick out speakers that sound good to you. But before you hit your first hi-fi store, it'd be a good idea to listen carefully to the speakers in some of your friends' homes and try to develop a sense of what speaker types and brands you prefer. Speakers, like any other audio components, are supposed to be completely neutral; but because they're essentially mechanical rather than electronic de-

vices, and because their sound will vary in rooms of different size, shape, and decor, it's sometimes hard to make the right choice. At any rate, you'll have a better chance in a relaxed living room than in a hectic stereo showroom.

Most hi-fi dealers have switching systems that let you compare ("A-B") one speaker against another until you find the right one. For a meaningful comparison, stick to speakers within a particular price range, and make sure the speakers are positioned similarly in relation to the walls, ceiling, and floors, and that their tone controls (usually located on the back panel) are set to the same position so as not to give one model an unfair advantage.

Traditionally, "real" hi-fi speakers start at around \$50 apiece, with fine products available from Advent, AR, KLH, and Dynaco. These companies also make better speakers ranging up to several hundred dollars, as do such respected firms as Altec, JBL, Pioneer, Jensen, Bose, BIC Venturi, Electro-Voice, Ohm, Lafayette, Empire, Frazier, Fisher, and EPI.

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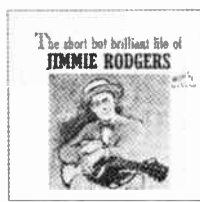
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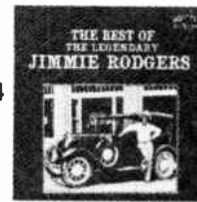
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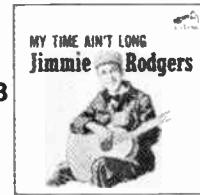
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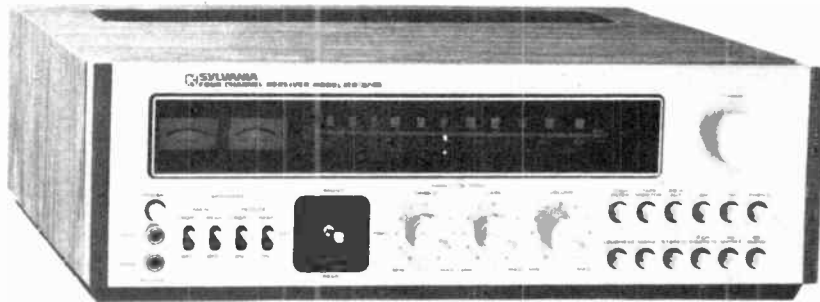
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called "bookshelf" speakers, and are sized to fit on one. If you don't have a convenient bookshelf, most of them can be supported by screws and brackets, and if you want to hide your hi-fi there are nearly flat speakers available from Fisher, Magnavox, and Poly Planar that look like pictures when hung on a wall. If you can't snake wires around your room, take a look at the "Sound Island" speakers put out by Magnavox; they pick up their sound via a special ratio trans-

mitter and receiver connected to the AC power line, and don't need any special speaker cable.

To get off the walls, there are lots of floor-standing speakers to coordinate with different furniture schemes, or to hide, disguised as end tables or pedestals with models from Empire, JBL, and EPI.

Once you find speakers you like and can afford, you'll need a receiver. A receiver contains a tuner to pick up AM or FM radio signals as well as an amplifier that boosts and

controls the signals before they're fed to the speakers. The amplifier section of the receiver also works with your record player and tape deck, and if you don't want to have a radio you can buy just an amplifier without a tuner.

Speakers vary in *efficiency*—some models need more powerful amplifiers than others to reach the same loudness—so make sure you get a good match. Read the specification sheets that come with the speakers and ask the hi-fi salesman for advice. Make sure you mention what kind of music you like, what your listening room is like, and how loud you like to play your music. Amplifier power is rated in watts, and most speakers need somewhere between 5 and 25 watts per channel to power them in normal rooms.

Receivers start at about \$180 for mini-power models with clean sound, and go up to \$800. In the medium and high price ranges good brands to look for include Pioneer, Kenwood, Harmon-Kardon, Marantz, Sony, Sherwood, Technics by Panasonic, Akai, Lafayette, JVC, Fisher, and Onkyo. Among the console-oriented brands Sylvania is



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best, Magnavox a close second. Below \$200, check the products made by Nikko, Lafayette, Superscope, and the bottom-of-the-line models from Sherwood, Pioneer, and Sansui.

To play your records you need a record player, and you can get either a *manual turntable* or an *automatic changer*. The question of which is better, automatics or manuals, has been and will be debated by audio hobbyists and experts for many years, but basically the answer is this: theoretically, the best manual turntable in the world will be just a bit better, in terms of minimum record wear and overall sound, than the best automatic in the world. *However*, the best automatics, and even some of the mediocre ones, are *so* good that it just doesn't matter.

Strange as it seems, the manual, which is less complex mechanically, goes for more money than a changer. There are no good manual turntables available for less than \$100, yet there are some damn good changers available for around \$60. BSR and Garrard are the big names at that price range, and they have



The Pioneer Model RT-1050, a 3-motor, 3-head reel-to-reel tape deck.

fine models ranging up to and beyond \$200. Starting above \$100 you'll also find Dual, PE, and Miracord, the names generally favored by audio hobbyists although not necessarily better than similarly-priced BSR and Garrard models.

In manual turntables, you'll find AR and Pioneer at around \$100, Philips at \$150, and Sony, JVC, Toshiba, Technics, Empire, Pioneer, and Thorens in the \$200-\$500 range. They're all fine machines... kind to your records and very sexy to look at.

Changers and turntables are often heavily discounted, either by chopping 30-40 per cent off list price or by selling for list and including a wood or plastic base, a dustcover, and a cartridge listing for \$30-\$75. The big names in cartridges are ADC, Shure, Pickering, and Empire, and you should *never* pay more than 60 per cent of list price for one of them.

In record-playing equipment, both cartridges and turntables or changers, the price is a good indication of quality. You pay more, you get more. You can buy a changer for as little as \$19, but it will rapidly wear out your records, and the

\$2 cartridge and stylus that go with it won't last very long, or sound very good; but it will eat up a lot of vinyl!

TAPE RECORDERS

If you want tape as well as records and radio, you can choose *8-track cartridges, cassettes, or open-reel tape*. The first is the most convenient, the last the best sounding, and the second a fine compromise. Cartridges are very convenient—stick one in a slot and you have instant music—but are somewhat prone to mechanical failure after repeated plays, and are difficult to use for home recording. Machines that play back pre-recorded cartridges are available under about 100 different names, and go for \$19 to over \$100. For play and record you'll spend \$50 to \$250. Some of the better ones are made by BSR, Sony, Lafayette, Akai, and Telex, and the best come from Wollensak.

Open-reel tape is the oldest type we have, and provides the best sound and the most difficulty in operation, but if you are serious about making your own tapes (particularly of live performances) this

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ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL	RECORD #	TAPE #
Charley Pride	<i>Amazing Love</i>	RCA	APL 0397	APSI 0397
Freddie Hart	<i>If You Can't Feel It</i>	CAP	ST 11252	8XT 11252
Glen Campbell	<i>I Remember Hank Williams</i>	CAP	SW 11253	8XT 11253
Jerry Reed	<i>The Uptown Poker Club</i>	RCA	APL 10356	APSI 0356
Jeannie Seely	<i>Can I Sleep In Your Arms</i>	MCA	385	MCAT 385
Ray Price	<i>You're The Best Thing That Ever Happened To Me</i>	COL	KC 32777	CA 32777
Diana Trask	<i>It's A Man's World</i>	DOT	DOS 26016	150 26016
Eddy Arnold	<i>She's Got Everything I Need</i>	MGM	SE 4912	APSI 0239
Jerry Lee Lewis	<i>Southern Roots</i>	MER	MB 4712	MCB1 690
Bobby Bare	<i>Bobby Bare Sings Lullabies, Legends and Lies</i>	RCA	CPL 20290	CPS 20290
Jody Miller	<i>House Of The Rising Sun</i>	EPI	KE 32569	EA 32569
Joe Stampley	<i>I'm Still Loving You</i>	DOT	DOS 26020	150 26020
Hank Williams, Jr.	<i>The Last Love Song There Won't Be Anymore</i>	RCA	APL1 0433	APSI 0433
Charlie Rich	<i>Different Drummer</i>	CAP	ST 11269	8XT 11269
Lindo Ronstadt	<i>Entertainer Of The Year</i>	CAP	SABB 11264	8X2T11264
Roy Clark	<i>Bakersfield, Nashville West</i>	CAP	ST 11238	8XT 11238
Buck Owens and Others	<i>Song and Dance Man</i>	EPI	KE 32570	EA 32570
Johnny Poycheck	<i>Just Another Cowboy Song</i>	BAR	BR 15011	136 15011
Doyle Holly	<i>Let's Go All The Way Tonight</i>	MGM	SE 4937	M8 4937
Mel Tillis	<i>Hello Love</i>	RCA	AP10455	APSI 0455
Sherry Bryce	<i>On His Way</i>	ATL	SD 7280	Tp 7280
Honk Snow	<i>Live At Montezuma Hall</i>	TE	TE 2007	T8 2007
Don Adams		ELE	(\$6.98)	(\$7.98)
Mickey Newbury	<i>Fastest Harp In The South</i>	MON	KZ 32749	ZA 32749
Charlie McCoy	<i>God Is Abundant</i>	COL	KC 32492	CA 32492
Connie Smith	<i>Roy Clark's Family Album</i>	DOT	DOS 26018	150 26018
Roy Clark	<i>Where My Heart Is</i>	RCA	APL1 0338	APSI 0338
Ronnie Milsop	<i>All About A Feeling</i>	DOT	DOS 26019	150 26019
Donno Forgo	<i>Elvis Presley, Vol. 1, Legendary Performer</i>	RCA	CPL 10341	CPS 10341
Elvis Presley			(\$7.98)	(\$8.95)

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Artist	Title	Record/Tape Code	Price

FOREIGN ORDERS ADD \$2.00
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is what you need. Open-reel machines start at about \$160, but few machines are available until you reach \$250-\$300; and if you want, you can spend over \$1,500.

Sony covers the entire range of prices; Akai goes almost as high and low; Teac goes from around \$300 to \$1,200, Crown and Revox \$1000 to \$1,800, and Panasonic, Tandberg, and Pioneer go from about \$300-\$600. Open-reel tape decks are the most complex hi-fi gear on the market, with the widest range of prices and features, but fortunately it's hard to buy anything bad. Read the catalogs, and explain your needs to a knowledgeable hi-fi sales person.

Cassette tape decks combine the convenient package of the 8-track cartridge, with the fast forward and rewind convenience found on open-reel. Sound quality of the best machines is nearly as good as open-reel, and I strongly recommend cassette as the number-one tape medium for most people. Cassette decks range from \$100 to \$1,000, with excellent fidelity and versatility available at around \$250-\$350. Figure on \$160 as a minimum for decent



Another from Pioneer. Model CT-3131A is a standard stereo cassette deck.

music, and try to get a model with *Dolby* noise reduction to eliminate the annoying hiss noise that accompanies all recordings, but is particularly annoying at the slow $1\frac{1}{8}$ speed of cassette machines.

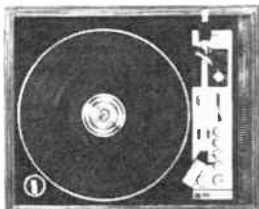
Brands to look for are Akai, Ad-

vent, Sony, Teac, Harmon-Kardon, Wollensak, JVC, Technics, and Tandberg.

The same cassettes that go on home cassette decks will work on battery-powered portables, and there are some excellent units available from Sony, Panasonic, Craig, GE, and Superscope. Their sound quality is impaired by small speakers, but they can be useful and a lot of fun.

Both hi-fi specialists and department store TV/Radio departments often promote complete systems of pre-selected components at substantial savings over list price. These system specials can involve several brands or just one name (usually KLH, Fisher, or Pioneer) and you can assume the speakers and receiver will be well-matched. The same goes for package deals offered by reputable mail order hi-fi discount dealers, but make sure you are buying name brand merchandise with full return privileges. My favorite mail-order house is Warehouse Sound Co. of San Luis Obispo, California—very good people with good products and good prices—and Dixie Hi-Fi Wholesalers (Washington, D.C.) Midwest Hi-Fi (Downers Grove, Illinois), and Carston Studios (Danbury, Connecticut) are some other firms that have been recommended. These companies offer complete systems as well as individual components and will send catalogs or quote prices on specific models. ■

Buy the BSR 710 or 810.



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The BSR 810 and 710 have their brains in their shaft. A carefully machined metal rod holding eight precision-molded cams. When the cam shaft turns, the cams make things happen. A lock is released, an arm raises and swings, a record drops, a platter starts spinning, the arm is lowered, the arm stops, the arm raises again, it swings back, another record is dropped onto the platter, the arm is lowered again, and so on, for as many hours as you like.

Deluxe turntables from other companies do much the same thing, but they use many more parts—scads of separate swinging arms, gears, plates, and springs—in an arrangement that is not nearly as mechanically elegant, or as quiet or reliable; that produces considerably more vibration, and is much more susceptible to mechanical shock than the BSR sequential cam shaft system.

When you buy a turntable, make sure you get the shaft. The BSR 710 and 810. From the world's largest manufacturer of automatic turntables.

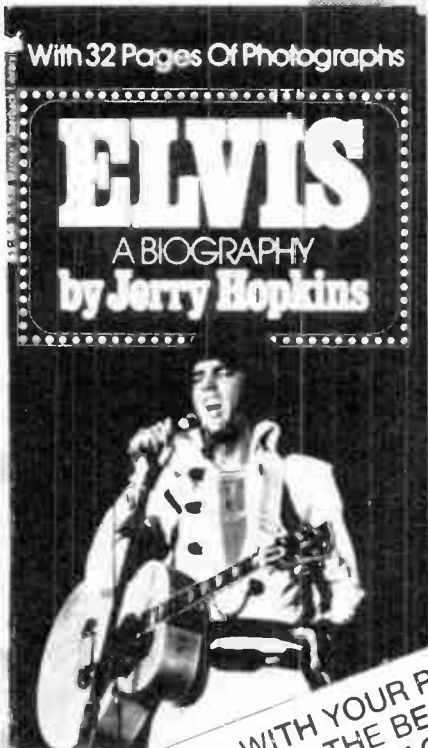


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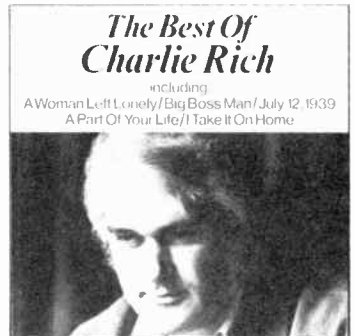
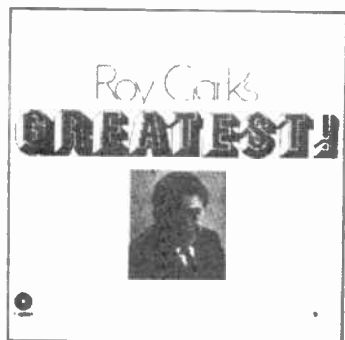
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The Incredible Roy Clark	Dot <input type="checkbox"/> DOS 25990	_____
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	<input type="checkbox"/> EA 32447 (Tape)	_____
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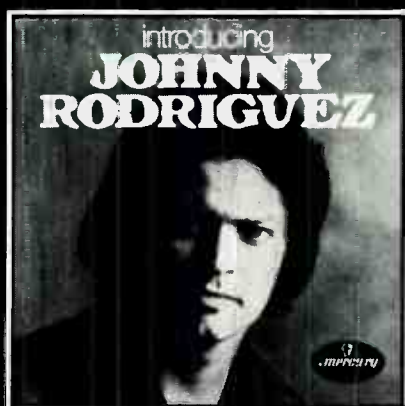
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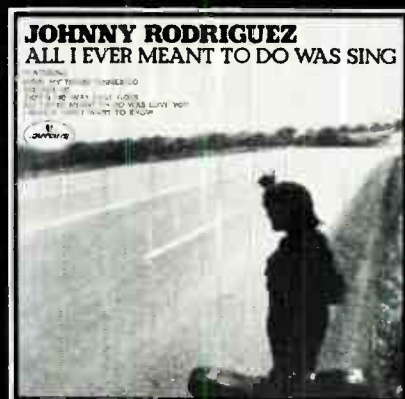
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"Man, this is a real drag," boasted Boffo Brakeman. Then, catching sight of Amos Ready hoisting his Telecaster* from the trailer, he called, "You still truckin' with that Telecaster®, babe? Tele's been around over 20 years!"

"Sure, man. When you get yourself a record making machine, you can count on making some records yourself, dig?"

"Let's do it," snarled Boffo.

Amos plugged into his Twin Reverb amp and very gently thumbed his machine. It responded like a crack of thunder. The crowd gasped as the combined force of those components launched Amos off the ground.

"Far out," thought Boffo as Tele's steely sound gave Amos the edge. "But I'll catch that dude yet."

No way. The juice from that Twin thrust Amos across the finish for an easy win.

"Just like I figured," smiled Amos.

"You get there faster on a Fender."

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