

June 1976, One Dollar

# COUNTRY MUSIC

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# COUNTRY MUSIC

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COVER PHOTO: BILL BARNES

CENTERFOLD PHOTO: LEONARD KAMSLER

# People on the Scene

JOHNNY RORIDRIGUEZ GET'S LORETTA'S GOAT  
DOLLY PARTON'S BACK IN SHAPE  
RONNIE MILSAP JOINS OPRY

BY AUDREY WINTERS



Tammy Wynette (above left), Mel Tillis (bottom left), Ronnie Milsap.

Most unusual gift at **Johnny Rodriguez's** wedding was a black baby goat with a red ribbon around its neck from **Mooney and Loretta Lynn**. Just a few weeks before the big Nashville wedding at the home of **Dixie and Tom T. Hall**, Johnny told friends he and best girl **Linda Patterson** had broken up because he wasn't ready to settle down. The happy couple are now settled in Brentwood in a new house Johnny bought a year ago.

Another bachelor soon to bite the dust is **Kenny Rogers**, engaged to Hee-Haw's Southern Belle, **Marianne Gordon**. Kenny, who formerly headed the pop group **Kenny Rogers and the First Edition**, has moved to Nashville to work as a single. The soon-to-be-married couple already bought a large home in Nashville.

The new man in **Tammy Wynette's**

life is **Rudy Gatlin**, lead back-up singer on her road show. Rudy, who is several years Tammy's junior, is singer **Larry Gatlin's** brother. Tammy had also been dating a New England Patriots football player, which prompted ex-hubby **George Jones** to quip on stage, "the least you could do is pick a winner." George, who has always been extravagant, has gone haywire since the divorce. He wanted to wear a certain suit on a show he was working in Kentucky, and when alterations on the trousers weren't completed before his bus left for the show, George instructed his manager to charter a plane to deliver them in time for his performance.

Another couple soon to be divorced is **Mel and Doris Tillis**—after nearly 20 years of marriage and five children. On the brighter side of marriage,

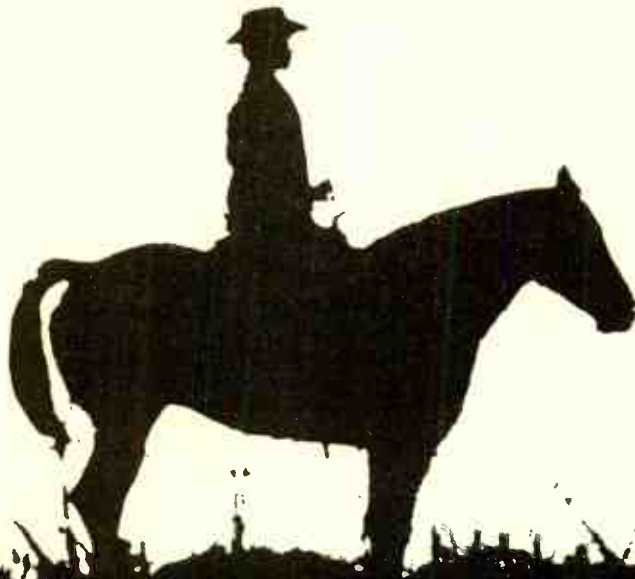
*Country Music* extends congrats to **Susan Raye** and husband **Jerry Wiggins**, who are expecting their second child this spring, and to **Barbara Mandrell** on the birth of her baby girl, Jamie Nicole. And a happy birthday to **Ray Price**, who just turned 50.

**Ernest Tubb** recently celebrated both his 33rd anniversary with the Grand Ole Opry and his 62nd birthday. Among the well-wishers who sent telegrams to Ernest's special Opry performance were **Elvis Presley**, **Faron Young**, **George Jones** and the mayor of Nashville. Ernest also did a special show at his Ernest Tubb Record Shop. After his opening song, he was surprised by a birthday cake and party hosted by his son **Justin Tubb**, who manages the record shop's radio show.

**George Hamilton IV**, in recent years more closely identified with country music in Canada and Great Britain than here, has returned to the Grand Ole Opry. "I guess I got homesick for it. It was a dream of mine for years and years—and still is—to be part of the family," says George . . . **Ben Smathers**, leader of the Opry's **Stoney Mountain Cloggers**, was made an Honorary Police Chief in his home state of North Carolina. In making the presentation, Ben's hometown Mayor said, "This award should read 'Ornery' instead of 'honary,' because I remember the time you turned a friend's 25 horses loose down Main Street with the police finally coraling them after hectic hours." Ben replied, "After 27 years a man should forgive and forget." . . . Opry vet **Jerry Clower's** autobiography, "Ain't God Good," is in its fourth printing . . . **The Four Guys** have left the Opry to devote full time to their new Nashville supper club . . . On the plus side, **Ronnie**

Photo: Leonard Kansler

# OUR COUNTRY 'TIS OF THREE...



## SUPERSTAR!



Glen's new album was produced by those hitmakers, Dennis Lambert and Brian Potter, who produced "Rhinstone Cowboy," too. They also contributed four tunes including the single, a medley of their "Don't Pull Your Love" and John D. Loudermilk's "Then You Can Tell Me Goodbye." Also included, Jimmy Webb's "Christiaan No" and Stephen Geyer's title tune, "Bloodline."  
SW-11516

## NEWCOMER!



Although only in his mid-twenties, Larry Ballard has already developed his own style. He utilizes a bit of downhome tongue-in-cheek humor in his music. Ballard wrote four of the songs in his debut Capitol album, arranged and produced by Pete Drake. Recorded in Nashville.  
ST-11520

## LEGEND!



There's no question about it, Tex Ritter had a special way with a song. This album is a new collection of ten wonderful songs recorded during the last years of his life.  
ST-11503

**Milsap** has become the Opry's newest member. Said a gratified Ronnie, "The only music I heard for the first six years of my life in North Carolina was country. I have played and can play any kind of music, but you must do what your heart feels is right, and to me that's country." Ronnie is also a collector of old radio shows—some dating back to the 1920's.

**Buck Trent** and wife Pat threw a change-of-address party in Nashville at Pee Wee's Dinner Club before moving to Tulsa, to be near **Roy Clark** with whom Buck works. Said Pat, "I wouldn't move if I didn't think we could come back to Nashville often. We'll be here the entire month of June for Hee-Haw and again in October. I just couldn't imagine leaving Nashville without a party" . . . **Hank Locklin** left sunny Florida to come record at **Shelby Singleton's** Plantation Recording studio in Nashville. Hank's the mayor of McClellan, Fla., and draws royalties from his oil wells, as well as from such hits as "Please Help Me I'm Fallin' In Love," and "Let Me Be the One" . . . **Roy Clark** has had a hair transplant toward the

back of his head. That's why he wears those caps so much . . . Ever wonder what happened to pretty **Miss Norma Jean**, who was with the **Porter Wagoner** show? Well, she's alive and well, and very rich living in Tulsa with her husband, Jody, her daughter, Roma, 11, and Jody's two children. Norma has retired from the road, but occasionally does benefits in Tulsa. Her latest ambition is to open up a dress boutique close to home.

**Dolly Parton's** the first female country star to host her own TV series. She's sure had a rough time getting the show, "Dolly," together. First she had to postpone taping due to throat and vocal chord ailments. Then Nashville was hit by a snowstorm and it had to be put off again. Dolly reports she and the show are now doing great, and "I'm in great shape and my voice just needed rest." Also look on your tube for **Bill Anderson**, who's taped some network shows, including "The Match Game," and **Tanya Tucker**, who did segments of "American Bandstand," "Hollywood Squares," "Midnight Special" and the "Dinah Shore Show" during a recent trip to Los Angeles.

It was a big month for the state of Texas. **Huey Meaux** and **Freddy Fender** visited the La Tuna Prison while Freddy was in town to do a rodeo. Huey reported, "Freddy and I walked in there and saw a whole bunch of guys we knew. One of them was **Mickey Gilley's** guitar picker." Freddy, himself no stranger to prison, stayed and entertained the 750 inmates. Freddy also opened at the Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo recently, and broke the matinee and first-day attendance records there . . . then **Ernest Tubb** was made Admiral in the Texas Navy at a special Ernest Tubb day staged in Livingston, Texas. After the award was presented there was a barbecue and a concert featuring ET and the **Texas Troubadors** . . . Still in Texas, an exhausted **Willie Nelson** opened in Dallas at the Whiskey River the 300-plus seater club that he is rumored to part-own. Willie collapsed on stage during his opening performance, but was back at work on Monday, saying, "I've been pushing myself too hard lately, but we're gonna do it tonight." Willie opened the show with "Whiskey River" and covered all of his hits as well as some newer material. During intermission he was presented with a Texas Ranger baseball cap . . . Another Texas boy, **Roy Head**, is making a comeback. Roy's career began in the '60's during the rock and roll days when he knocked out million sellers like "Treat Her Right," "Apple of My Eye" and "Just a Little Bit," all produced by none other than **Huey P. Meaux**. Roy blames his decline after that early success on fist fights and the bottle.

A number of friends of the late **Tex Ritter**, including **Tom T. Hall**, **Roy Acuff**, **Johnny Rodriguez**, **Johnny Bond** and **Ernest Tubb**, are getting together to form a Tex Ritter Memorial Scholarship fund. The non-profit organization, which is a brainchild of Tom T., will serve to give scholarships to needy and worthy students of law at Vanderbilt University. A concert was held in April to launch the fund . . . **Jeannie C. Riley** is back on the recording scene, on the Warner's label, with **Shelby Singleton** producing. Shelby produced all of Jeannie's hits during the "Harper Valley P.T.A." days, before she left him to record first for MGM, and later for Mercury—without much success. Jeannie is one of the few artists who has managed to work the road without a top song in the charts. ■

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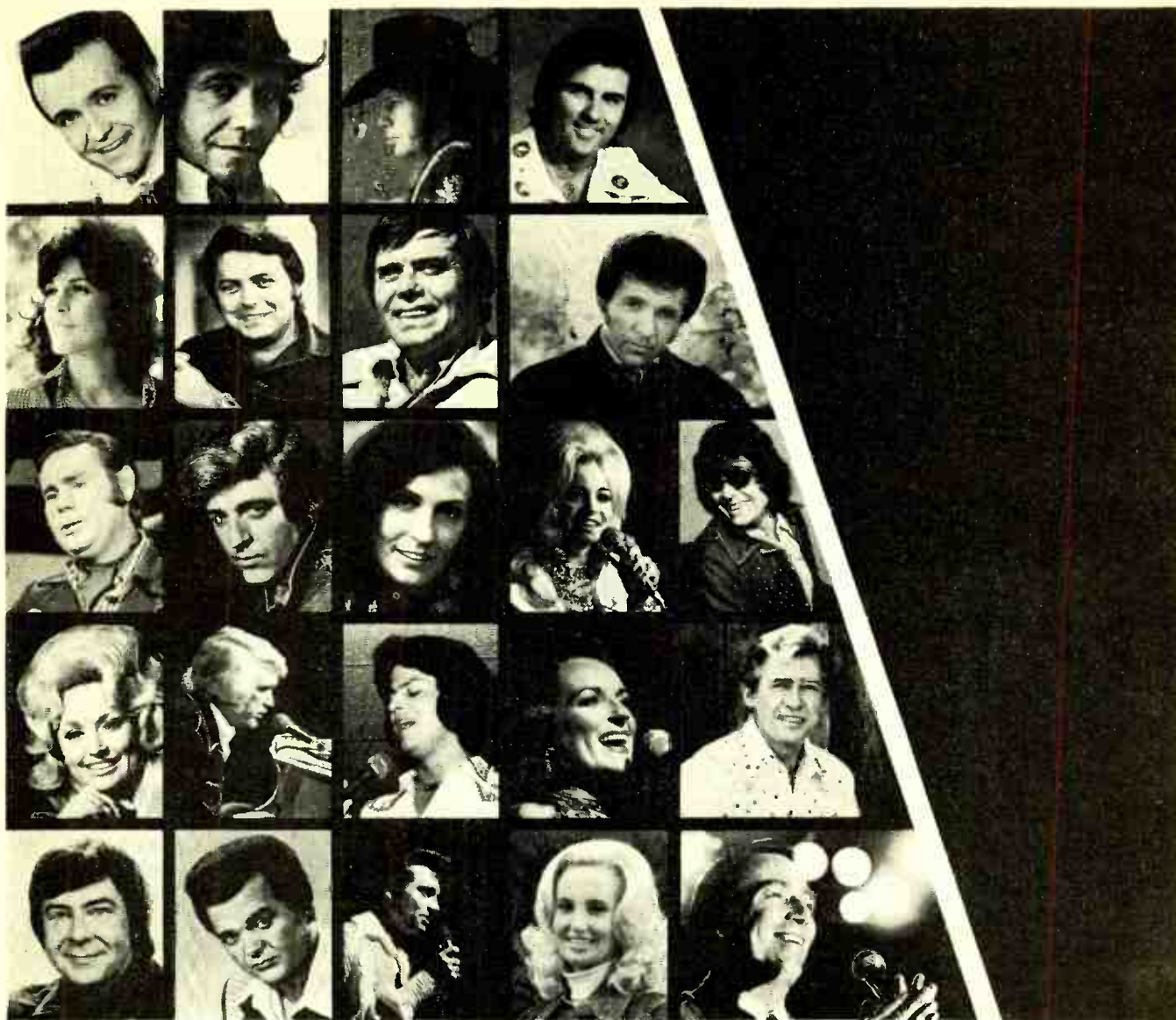
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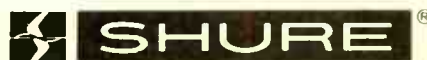


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# Hillbilly Central

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JUNE CARTER IS FUNNY LADY  
ELVIS PRESLEY IS BIG LOSER  
LONEY HUTCHINS WORKS FOR CASH

by HAZEL SMITH

Well, here it is once again, straight from the heart of America, Music City U.S.A. . . . The unfounded, astounding gossip according to Ms. Hazel. This being my third prestigious for said prestigious *Country Music* mag, I am quite sure that all you good ole country music fans are by now aware that I work under the extreme conditions of revelation, and you know where I am coming from.

Saw and talked with pretty **Connie Smith**, who isn't feeling too good these days, what with her fifth on the way, plus the flu hit here and her entire family forcing her to cancel her scheduled trip to the Holy Land . . . Jeez, it's great to learn that one of the best comediennes around has taken her "Aunt Polly" garb out of the moth balls and is again at what she is best at doing. Yes sir and yes ma'am, **June Carter Cash** is kicking up her heels again. Why, I can remember when June Carter was funnier than **Minnie Pearl**. I can't wait to see her . . . And thank you June's husband, **Johnny Cash**, for the autographed copy of your book "Man in Black." I've read it twice. It is par excellence . . . and singer/songwriter **Loney Hutchins** has been named Professional Manager, House of Cash Publishing Company. Big John's got good taste, 'cause Loney's one of my favorite people.

**Dr. Hook** making phonograph records in Nashville under the production of the master . . . **Ronnie Haffkine**. Country fans, I heard a sneaky of the forthcoming LP, and I assure you it is definitely something that you can get

your teeth into. By the way, did you know that **Ray Sawyers** (lead singer with **Eye Patch**), is a third cousin of **Hank Williams**? And that's about as close to country as you can get without being in a barnyard.

If you want to know where **Harlan Howard** lives, it's right beyond **Faron Young** on a hill. I know, 'cause I been there . . . Saw **Sammi Smith** at a party last week. She's thin, but looks good. One of these days that lady is gonna break loose with a '45 that's gonna make "Help Me Make It Through the Night" look like minor league . . . Producer **Felton Jarvis** tells me that **Elvis** is down to 185 lbs. and looks great. Felton was in Music City mixing the LP that he and the big "E" had just completed at Graceland, Elvis's Memphis home, via the miracle of RCA portable studio paraphernalia. Understand the forthcoming single is a **Dennis Linde** tune.

Me and Mrs. Gov. **Ray Blanton** have our hair done at Head Masters. Don't know a bunch about the gov, 'cept what I read in the papers, but the Mrs. definitely has my vote.

Saw **George Jones** coming out of the rest room at the Hall of Fame . . . Only in Nashville could a body see **John Hartford** walking down the street with a fiddle under his arm, and I saw just that over on 17th Ave. . . . **Don Gibson** in studio at Acuff Rose . . . Saw **Mrs. Tex Ritter** at party t'other night. Truly a lady, Mrs. Ritter handles public relations for Opryland . . . Houston Oiler **Jim Ussey**, in town, dropped by to see his favorite hillbilly,

**Tompall.** Said Ussery, "Tompall, I got me a hat as near like yours as I could find," removing his big, black 'outlawish' looking sky from his cloud.

I saw **Dottie West, Connie Eaton, Ruby Falls, Stella Parton, Pee Wee King, Brenda Lee, and Ed Bruce** watch a surprised **Ben Peters** being named Songwriter of the Year by the Nashville Songwriters Association . . . **James Monroe** recorded an album of songs penned/sung by his late Uncle **Charlie Monroe**.

I decided that **C.W. McCall** was doing so good that it wouldn't be no sense in my becoming a fan. Then I got a copy of his LP, "Black Bear Road" and became addicted too . . . **Tommy Jennings**, singing brother of **Waylon**, going across the waters to sing for the London country music lovers . . . Me and **Peggy Sue** and **Sonny Wright**, and **Glenn Barber** had lunch at Hall of Fame on the same day, but not together . . . Nice folks: *Country Music's* **Audrey Winters**, and **Mr. Bell**, who is the backdoor guard at the Grand Ole Opry . . . **Rev. Jimmie Rodgers Snow** escorting troupe to Holy Land. **Stu Phillips** is in

the entourage . . . **Guy Clark** had an ole timey jam session at his house and **Jerry Jeff Walker** was there.

Saw **Vince Matthews** singing his new self-penned song to CMA Executive Director, **Jo Walker**. Vince's writing is hot and getting hotter with **Crystal Gayle's** "This Ain't My Year for Mexico," and **Gene Watson's** "Love on a Hot Afternoon." **Captain Midnite** held onto Ms. Walker's arm as Vince sang. This might not sound funny, but it was. It happened in the CMA lobby! . . . Me and **Webb Pierce** stopped at the same red light on the corner of 19th and Broadway. 'Course **Webb** had a chauffeur driving his limo as per usual . . . **M-M-Mel Tillis** ain't on MGM no more . . . My neighbor picks steel for **Bobby Bare**.

I hope you had the good taste to keep last month's *Country Music* mag with **Bill Monroe** on the cover . . . 'Cause if you look amongst the pages and find the gal that the mag had redone from a look-like-nobody to a look-like-a-star, you will see her band members . . . namely **Billy and Terry Smith** who were manufactured by Smith Manufacturing Co.: Me!! Yep,

them's my younguns, and they can pick and sing too.

I saw **Chet Atkins** putting a letter in the mail box . . . **Kinky Friedman** owes me a phone call . . . **Dotty's** first LP on sale . . . "Hi **Ronnie**," I said to **Milsap**. "Good to see you again," he replied and really doesn't know me that well. But knows my voice better'n most know my face!!!

Saw **Red Stegall** getting into his bug on the corner of 18th and South. Sure like his tune, "Lone Star Beer and Bob Wills Music," don't you?? . . . And I waved at **Johnny Duncan** and **Larry Gatlin** who were rapping in front of Columbia Records . . . **Pretty Carole Lee Cooper** and father **Stoney** dining at **Marchetti's**. Me too, but not with them. Don't you see, I can't eat without seeing a star!!

Thanks to all ya'll for the nicities you've said referring to Hillbilly Central . . . especially to my **Mama** who is really excited, so excited that she said, "It's alright I reckon." Not to mention my 84-year-old **Granny Phillips** who asked the classic question, "What that got to do with the Good Book?" ■

# OUTLAWS

WAYLON & WILLIE - "GOOD HEARTED WOMAN"  
 JESSI - "I'M LOOKING FOR BLUE EYES"  
 TOMPALL - "PUT ANOTHER LOG ON THE FIRE"  
 WAYLON & JESSI - "SUSPICIOUS MINDS"  
 WILLIE - "ME AND PAUL"

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## WANTED! THE OUTLAWS

Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson, Jessi Colter, Tompall Glaser

REWARD



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Night Train To Memphis; I Saw The Light; Were You There When They Crucified My Lord; Mule Skinner Blues; Waiting For My Call To Glory; Great Speckled Bird; Wreck On The Highway; Fire Ball Mail; Tennessee Waltz; Wabash Cannon Ball; Freight Train Blues; Lonesome Old River Blues; It Won't Be Long; The Devil's Train; If I Could Hear My Mother Pray Again.

## EDDIE ARNOLD - ANLI-1078 SPECIAL \$2.98

What's He Doing In My World; Bouquet Of Roses; Anytime; I'll Hold You In My Heart; Just A Little Lovin' Will Go A Long Way; Cattle Call; Make The World Go Away; You Don't Know Me; That's How Much I Love You; I Really Don't Want To Know.

## GENE AUTRY - CS-1035 ALBUM SPECIAL \$2.98

Mexically Rose; Boots And Saddle; Have I Told You Lately That I Love You; You Are My Sunshine; South Of The Border; Sioux City Sue; Mule Train; Someday You'll Want Me To Want You; Goodnight Irene; I Love You Because; That Silver Haired Daddy Of Mine; Red River Valley; Buttons And Bows; Back In The Saddle Again.

## TERESA BREWER - ANLI-1131 SPECIAL \$2.98

(Put Another Nickel In) Music, Music, Music!; Let Me Go, Lover; Jilted; Ricochet; Bo Weevil; A Sweet Old Fashioned Girl; Till I Waltz Again With You; What A Wonderful World; A Tear Fell; Pledging My Love; Empty Arms.

## THE BROWNS - ANLI-1083 - SPECIAL \$2.98

The Three Bells (Les Trois cloches); You Can't Grow Peaches On A Cherry Tree; The Old Lampighter; I Heard The Bluebirds Sing; Scarlet Ribbons (For Her Hair); Then I'll Stop Loving You; Send Me The Pillow You Dream On; Here Today And Gone Tomorrow; Looking Back To Sea; Shenandoah; I Take The Chance; They Call The Wind Maria.

## THE ORIGINAL CARTER FAMILY - ANLI-1107 \$2.98

Keep On The Sunny Side; The Winding Stream; My Cinch Mountain Home; 'Mid The Green Fields Of Virginia; Bury Me Under The Weeping Willow; Over The Garden Wall; Motherless Children; The Evening Bells Are Ringing; The Homestead On The Farm; Cowboy Jack; Longing For Old Virginia; The Foggy Mountain Top; The Poor Orphan Child; This Is Like Heaven To Me; Picture On The Wall; Will You Miss Me When I'm Gone?

## JOHNNY CASH - C33087 SPECIAL \$2.98

Precious Memories; Rock Of Ages; Old Rugged Cross; Softly And Tenderly; In The Sweet By And By; Just As I Am; Father Along; When He Rols Is Called Up Yonder; Amazing Grace; At The Cross; Have Thine Own Way Lord.

## COUNTRY HITS OF THE '40s - SM 884 \$2.98

Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! (That Cigarette) Tex Wil-Wakeley; Divorce Me C.O.D. (Merle Travis); There's A New Moon Over My Shoulder (Tex Ritter); Pistol Packin' Mama (Al Dexter); Mule Train (Tennessee Ernie Ford); You Are My Sunshine (Jimmie Davis); One Has My Name, The Other Has My Heart (Jimmy Wakely); I Love You Because (Leon Payne); Oklahoma Hills (Jack Guthrie).

## COUNTRY HITS OF THE '50s - SM 885 \$2.98

Sixteen Tons (Tennessee Ernie Ford); Gone (Ferin Husky); A Satisfied Mind (Jean Shepard); The Wild Side Of Life (Hank Thompson); Loose Talk (Freddie Hart); Young Love (Sonny James); If You Ain't Lovin' (You Ain't Livin') (Faron Young); A Dear John Letter (Jean Shepard/Farin Husky); You Better Not Do That (Tommy Collins); Don't Let The Stars Get In Your Eyes (Skeets McDonald).

## 18 KING SIZE COUNTRY HITS - CS-9468 \$2.98

Signed, Sealed And Delivered; Cowboy Copas; I'll Sail My Ship Alone; Moon Mullican; It's Raining Here This Morning; Grandpa Jones; Rainbow At Midnight; Carlie Brothers; Seven Lonely Days; Bonnie You; Why Don't You Haul Off And Love Me; Wayne Rainey; Death Of Little Kathy Fiscus; Jimmy Osborne; Blues Stay Away From De; Delmore Brothers; Slow Poke, Hawkshaw Hawkins; Tennessee Waltz; Cowboy Copas; Sweeter Than The Flowers; Moon Mullican; Mountain Dew; Grandpa Jones; I'm The Talk Of The Town; Don Reno & Red Smiles; Next Sunday Darling Is My Birthday; Clyde Moody; Lonesome 7-2023; Hawkshaw Hawkins; Death Of Hank Williams; Jack Cardwell; How Far To Little Rock; Stanley Brothers; Money; Marbles And Chalk; Pop Eckler.

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## LES PAUL AND MARY FORD - SM 11308 \$2.98

The World Is Still Waiting For The Sunrise; How High The Moon; Whispering; The Best Things In Life Are Free; Lover; Bye Bye Blues; Deep In The Blues; The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise; I Really Don't Want To Know; Walkin' and Whistlin' Blues; How Deep Is The Ocean (How High Is The Sky); I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles; Vaya Con Dios.

## TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD - SM-2097 SPECIAL \$2.98

Try Me One More Time; No Letter Today; Born To Lose; Don't Rob Another Man's Castle; There'll Be No Tears Tonight; Worried Mind; No One Will Ever Know; Funny How Time Slips Away; Sweet Dreams; Tears On My Pillow; May You Never Be Alone.

## LEFTY FRIZZELL - CS-9288 - SPECIAL \$2.98

I Love You A Thousand Ways; Saginaw, Michigan; Mom And Dad's Waltz; Release Me; She's Gone, Gone, Gone; Always Late; I Want To Be With You Always; The Long Black Veil; Shine, Shine, Shower; A Little Unfair; If You've Got The Money, I've Got The Time.

## JOHNNY HORTON - CS-8779 SPECIAL \$2.98

Honky-Tonk Man; Goodbye, Lonesome, Hello Baby Doll; I'm Coming Home; I Got A Hole In My Piraque; She Knows Why; They'll Never Take Her Love From Me; Ole Slew Foot; I'm A One-Woman Man; Sleepy-Eyed John; Everytime I'm Kissin' You; The Wild One; Honky Tonk Hardwood Floor.

## JOHNNY HORTON'S HITS - CS-8396 SPECIAL \$2.98

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## STONEWALL JACKSON - CS 9177 SPECIAL \$2.98

Don't Be Angry; Life To Go; Waterloo; Smoke Along The Tracks; Second Choice; Why I'm Walkin'; A Wound Time Can't Erase; Leona; Old Showboat; I Washed My Hands In Muddy Water; Lost In The Shuffle.

## SPIKE JONES - ANLI-1035 - SPECIAL \$2.98

Cocktails For Two; William Tell Overture; Chloee; My Old Flame; The Glow Warm; None But The Lonely Heart; Laura; The Man On The Flying Trapeze; You Always Hurt The One You Love; Der Fuehrer's Face; Dance Of The Hours; Hawaiian War Chant (Ta-Hu-Wa-Hu-Wai).

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## ELVIS PRESLEY - ANLI-0971 - SPECIAL \$2.98

Kentucky Rain; Fever; It's Impossible; Jailhouse Rock; Don't Be Cruel; I Got A Woman; All Shook Up; Loving You; In The Ghetto; Love Me Tender.

## RAY PRICE'S GREATEST HITS - CS-8866 \$2.98

Crazy Arms; You Done Me Wrong; City Lights; Invitation To The Blues; I've Got A New Heartache; Who'll Be The First; Heartaches By The Number; The Same Old Me; Release Me; One More Time; My Shoes Keep Walking Back To You; I'll Be There.

## CHARLEY PRIDE - ANLI-0996 - SPECIAL \$2.98

Intro By Bo Powell; The Last Thing On My Mind; Just Between You And Me; I Know One; Dialogue; Lovesick Blues; The Image Of Me; Kaw-Liga; Shutters And Boards; Six Days On The Road; Streets Of Baltimore; Got Leavin' On Her Mind; Crystal Chandeliers; Cotton Fields.

## TEX RITTER - SM 1623 - SPECIAL \$2.98

I Dreamed Of A Hillbilly Heaven; Green Grow The Lilacs; Love Me Now; High Noon; The Deck Of Cards; Jealous Heart; Have I Stayed Away Too Long; Ol' Shorty; We Live In Two Different Worlds; There's A New Moon Over My Shoulder; Jingle Jangle Jingle; The Pledge Of Allegiance.

## DEWAYNE WEAR, CHAMPION FIDDLER - AND THE WEAR FAMILY - RR Fiddle-121 ALBUM SPECIAL PRICE \$2.98. OLD STYLE COUNTRY MUSIC-FIDDLE-MANDOLIN-ETC.

Under The Double Eagle; Hand Me Down My Walking Cane; Snow Deer; Year Of Jubala; Texas Rag; Durango Hornpipe; Wilson's Clog; Soap Suds Over The Fence; Little Gird Dressed In Blue; Beaumont Rag; The Irish Jig; Ricketts Hornpipe; My Little Girl; Run Boy Run; I Ain't Loving Nobody; Sailor's Hornpipe; Shamus O'Brian Skip To My Lou; Little Liza Jane; Red Bird Waltz; Cotton Eyed Joe; Irish Wash Woman; Green Corn; Climbing Up The Golden Stairs; Jordan Road; Walk Along John; Sweet Betsy From Pike; Solly Ann.

## MARTY ROBBIN'S HITS - CS-8639 - SPECIAL \$2.98

A White Sport Coat; The Story Of My Life; Ain't I The Lucky One; The Last Time I Saw My Heart; Long Tall Sally; The Blues Country Style; The Hanging Tree; Sittin' In A Tree House; She Was Only Seventeen; Singing The Blues; Knee Deep In The Blues; Aloha-Oe.

## MARTY ROBBINS - C-32586 - SPECIAL \$2.98

Tonight Carmen; Moonin' The Blues; I'll Step Aside; The Girl With Gardenias In Her Hair; Have I Told You Lately That I Love You; I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry; Lovesick Blues; You Only Want Me When You're Lonely; I Hang My Head And Cry; Love's Gone Away.

## MARTY ROBBINS HITS - CS-8435 SPECIAL \$2.98

El Paso; Don't Worry; Ballad Of The Alamo; Like All The Other Times; Is There Any Chance; Ride, Cowboy, Ride; A Time And A Place For Everything; Streets Of Laredo; Saddle Tramp; I Told My Heart; Red River Valley; Big Iron.

## JIMMIE RODGERS - ANLI-1209 - SPECIAL \$2.98

Jimmie Rodgers' Last Blue Yodel; Mississippi Moon; My Rough And Rowdy Ways; Blue Yodel No. 9; My Blue Eyed Jane; The One Rose; Southern Cannonball; Long Tall Mama Blues; In The Jailhouse Now No. 2; Peach Pickin' Time Down In Georgia; Blue Yodel No. 1; Travelin' Blues; Mule Skinner Blues; My Carolina Sunshine Girl; The Brakeman's Blues; Away Out On The Mountain.

## ROY ROGERS and DALE EVANS - SM-1745 \$2.98

The Bible Tells Me So; Whispering Hope; Just A Closer Walk With Thee; In The Sweet By And By; There'll Be Peace In The Valley; Pass Me Not; It Is No Secret; Amazing Grace; Take My Hand Precious Lord; The Love Of God; I'd Rather Have Jesus; How Great Thou Art.

## SONS OF THE PIONEERS - ANLI-1092 - \$2.98

Cool Water; Wind; Cowboy's Dream; The Last Round-Up; Ridin' Home; Twilight On The Trail; Red River Valley; Wagon Wheels; Riders In The Sky; Blue Prairie; Way Out There; Empty Saddles; Tearsdrops In My Heart; Blue Shadows On The Trail; Ridin' Down The Canyon; Timber Trail; Tumbling Tumbleweeds; Whoopie-Ti-Yi-You.

## CARL SMITH - CS 8737 - SPECIAL \$2.98

Hey Joe; She Goes; Old Lonesome Times; A-e You Teasing Me; I Feel Like Crying; Doorstep To Heaven; Let Old Mother Nature Have Her Way; The Little Girl In My Hometown; If You Saw Her Through My Eyes; You're Free To Go; Gettin' Even; I Overlooked An Orchid.

## KATE SMITH - ANLI-1135 SPECIAL \$2.98

When The Moon Comes Over The Mountain; That's Life; Born Free; The Impossible Dream (The Quest); Climb Ev'ry Mountain; I Left My Heart In San Francisco; You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You; Medley; Somebody Else Is Taking My Place; That Old Feeling; There Goes That Song Again; Theme From "The Sand Pebbles" (And We Were Lovers); How Great Thou Art; God Bless America.

## KAY STAR - SM 11323 - SPECIAL \$2.98

Bonaparte's Retreat; Crazy; Side By Side; Oh, Lonesome Me; The Man Upstairs; Wheel Of Fortune; Never Dreamed I Could Love Someone New; Make The World Go Away; Angry; Just For A Thrill.

## KAY STARR - SM 1795 SPECIAL \$2.98

Pins And Needles (In My Heart); Crazy; Four Walls; My Last Date (With You); Blues Stay Away From Me; Walk On By; Oh, Lonesome Me; I Can't Help It (If I'm Still In Love With You); I Really Don't Want To Know; Singing The Blues; Don't Worry.

## HANK THOMPSON - SM 1878 SPECIAL \$2.98

Humpty Dumpty Heart; Squaw Along The Yukon; Wild Side Of Life; Six Pack To Go; Oklahoma Hills; Waiting In The Lobby Of Your Heart; Wake Up Irene; Hangover Tavern; Rub-A-Dub-Dub; Whoa Sailor; Blackboard Of My Heart; New Green Light.

## MERLE TRAVIS - SM 2662 - SPECIAL \$2.98

Sweet Temptation; Sixteen Tons; Follow Thru; John Henry; Three Times Seven; Fat Girl; I'm A Natural Born Gambler; Man, Dark As A Dungeon; I'm Sick And Tired Of You Little Dalin'; Nine Pound Hammer; Steel Guitar Rag; I Am A Pilgrim.

## JAMES WALL - GREAT COUNTRY SINGER - NO SQUEALING - SINGS SONGS OF THE CARTER FAMILY - RRJW-175 ALBUMS SPECIAL PRICE \$2.98 OLD STYLE COUNTRY BAND - DO BRO GUITAR - ETC.

Are You Tired Of Me My Darling; A Faded Coat Of Blue; I'll Never Marry; I'll Be All Smiles Tonight; Drowning In The Deep Blue Sea; Little Joe; Gathering Flowers From The Hillside; A Stern Old Bachelor; The Storms Are On The Ocean; Somebody Stole My Darling; Give Me Your Love; They Cut Down The Old Pine Tree; The Pale Wildwood Flower; Hello Central Give Me Heaven; Just Another Broken Heart; My Church Mountain Home; Short Life Of Trouble; Take Me Back Again; Over The Hill To The Poor House; Ensign No. 9.

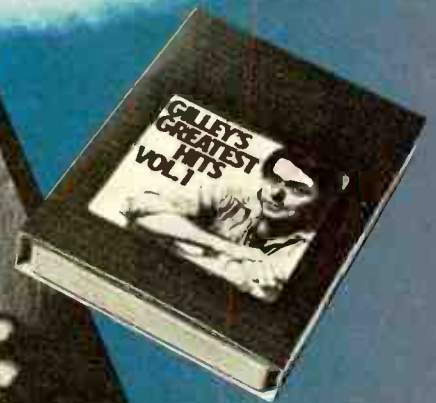
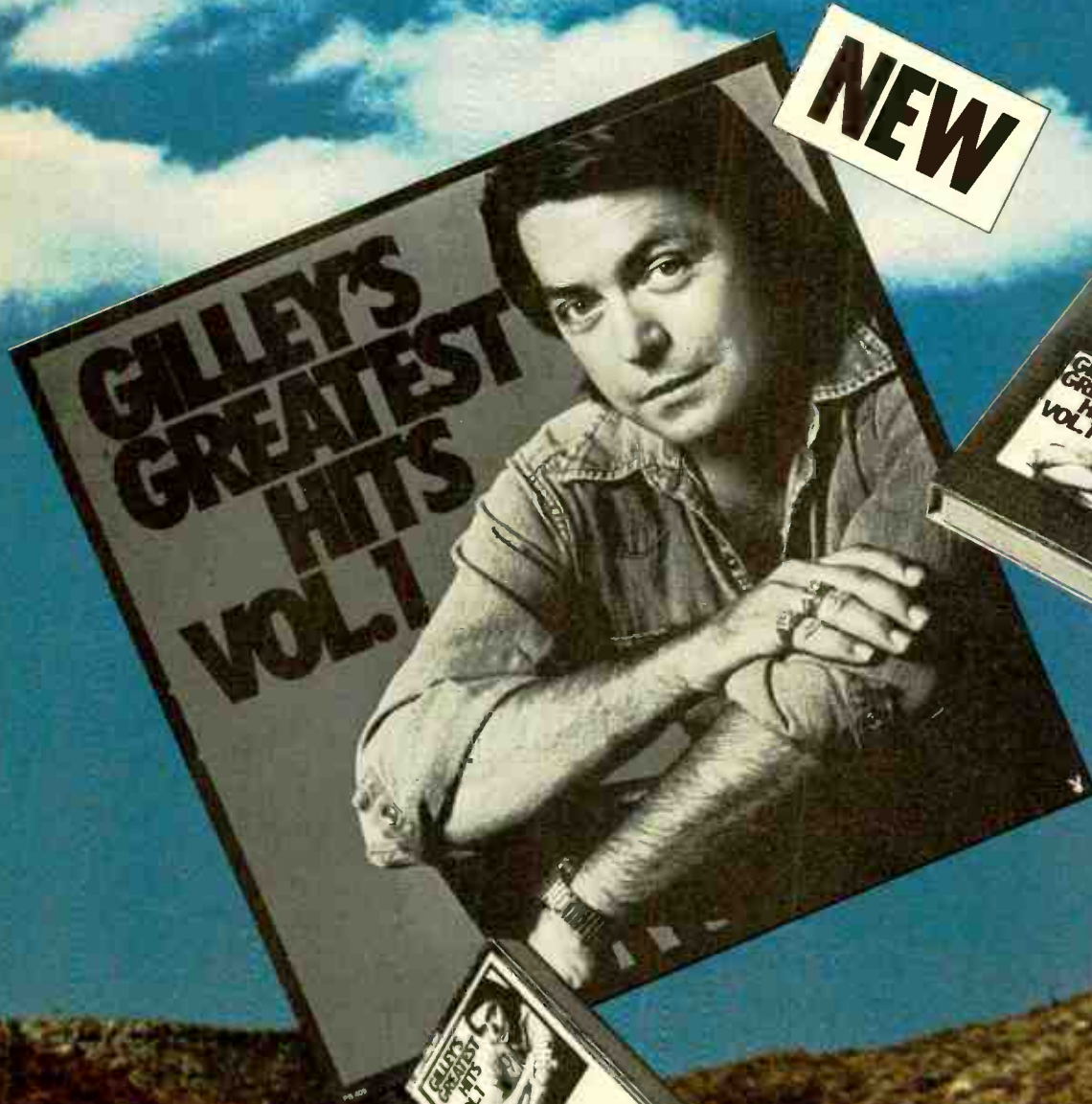
## MAC WISEMAN - ANLI-1208 - SPECIAL \$2.98

Eight More Miles To Louisville; Keep On The Sunny Side; It Rains Just The Same In Missouri; Mama, Put My Little Shoes Away; City Of New Orleans; Will The Circle Be Unbroken; Sunny Side Of The Mountain; A Tragic Romance; Catfish John; Let's TII Go Down To The River.

# Nothing but the best.

"Room Full of Roses," "I Overlooked An Orchid," "Bouquet of Roses," "City Lights," and seven more choice cuts. Positively no fillers. This one is all meat. Order it. It's the house special. *Gilley's Greatest Hits*. Album, 8-track, cassette. For Mickey Gilley's good friends.

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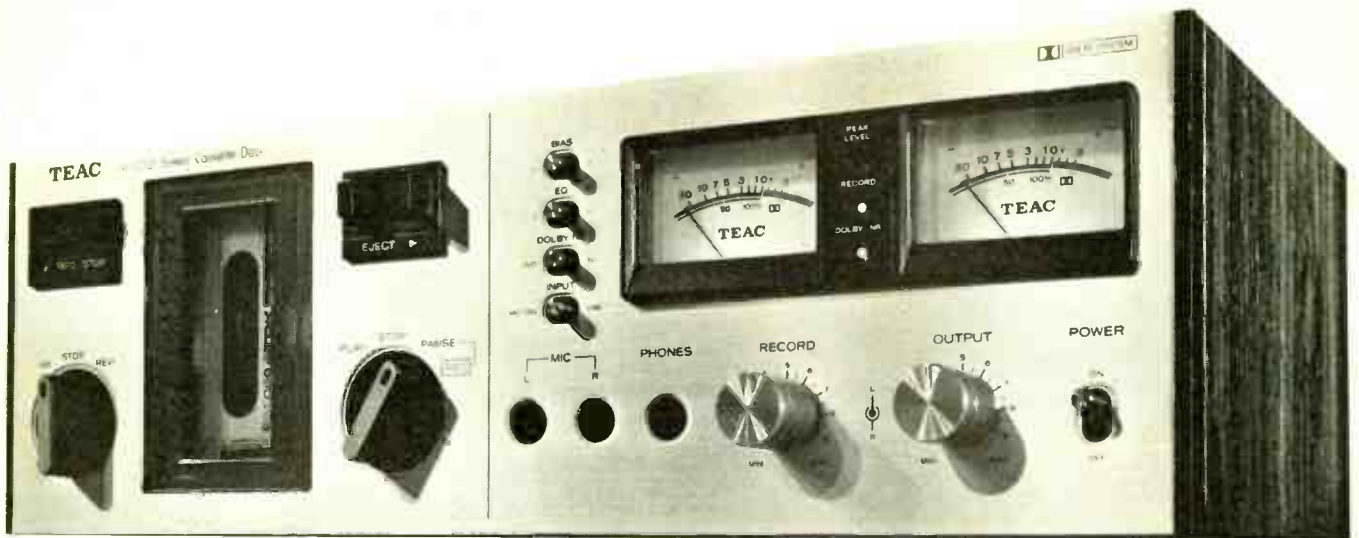
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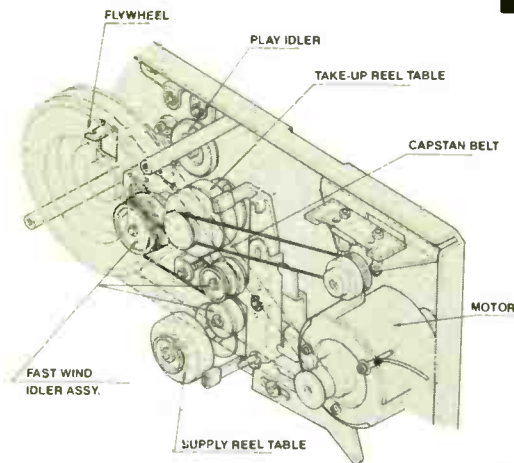
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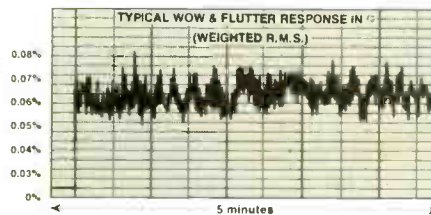


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# A-400

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# COUNTRY NEWS

## LINDA & WILLIE TAKE GRAMMYS



Willie Nelson and Linda Ronstadt won top country honors at the 18th Annual Grammy Awards presented by the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, Saturday night, February 28.

Linda Ronstadt's "I Can't Help it if I'm Still in Love with You" was voted best female country vocal performance. Willie was named best country male vocalist for "Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain." Chet Atkins was also honored for best country instrumental performance for "The Entertainer," and The Eagles' "Lying Eyes" won them the top pop vocal group slot.

Big winner of the night was Paul Simon who was voted top pop performer and whose "Still Crazy After All These Years" was named best album of 1975. Youthful songwriter Janis Ian was named best pop female vocalist for her recording, "At Seventeen." Newcomers, Captain and Tennille's "Love Will Keep Us Together," was named record of the year.

Jessi & Waylon—country music's answer to Sonny & Cher—were among the presenters.

## Loretta Lynn is Still Queen of Country at ACMA

The 11th Annual Academy of Country Music Awards were televised from Hollywood's Paladium this February, and the evening belonged to Loretta Lynn. Loretta was named Entertainer of the Year, Female Vocalist of the Year, she and Conway Twitty were named Top Country Group and their album *Feelings* was named Album of the Year. Appropriately enough, Conway was named Top Male Vocalist, and Loretta's sister Crystal Gayle was named Most Promising Female Vocalist. Winners outside Loretta's circle were Freddy Fender, named Most Promising Male Vocalist, and Glen Campbell whose "Rhinestone Cowboy" was voted single of the year and won its author Larry Weiss the Song of the Year award. There was also a Jim Reeves Memorial Award which was presented to Dinah Shore.



Happy winners, Crystal, Dinah, and Loretta, who got more awards than she could handle.

# Ben Peters is songwriter of the year

Songwriter/publisher, Ben Peters, was named Songwriter of the Year at the ninth annual banquet of the Nashville Songwriters Association, held at Nashville's Sheraton South Inn, February 17. The author of such country hits as "Love Put a Song in My Heart," "All Over Me," former Grammy-winner, "Kiss an Angel Good Morning," and "Before the Next Teardrop Falls," which netted Freddy Fender the 1975 CMA Single of the Year award, confessed to the crowd of 350, "I've won other awards before, but nothing meant as much to me as this songwriters award."

Peters (rt.) gets trophy from Biff Collie.



## HANK IS REINCARNATED ON STAGE

Jim Owen is no dead ringer for Hank Williams. But with his stage make-up on and the spotlight bouncing off the studs on the white costume that's so much like one Hank wore, many people get the eerie feeling that their favorite country poet lives again.

In a sense, he does (did he ever really die?), through Owen's one-man play based on Williams's life. He calls it "Hank," and does it in the tradition of Hal Holbrook's "Mark Twain" and James Whitmore's "Will Rogers, USA." It's a 90-minute production, followed by a half-hour question-and-answer session with the audience.

Jim Owen is a 34-year-old Nashville songwriter ("Louisiana Woman, Mississippi Man," "Southern Loving," "Broad-minded Man"), who has parlayed a lifetime hobby into a profitable entertainment venture. The day Hank died, Owen began collecting every scrap of information he could find on his idol. He hasn't stopped yet.

When the idea for the show came to Owen, he was a counselor for the Office of Economic Opportunity in his native Kentucky. His wife, whom he believes is psychic, dreamed she saw him singing at the Opry, but with Hank Williams's voice coming out. "Holy cow!" he thought. "What an idea!"

Her dream became his dream, growing in the back of his mind as he

began singing and writing songs. He did Williams's songs on his own shows. "People would ask me questions about Hank, and their ideas were so far-fetched as to what I knew basically the truth was, that I thought, 'I'll put together a show that tells the truth,'" the curly-haired Owen said.

He began writing the script in early 1975, starting with five pages, ending up with 10. He talked with people who knew Hank well—Grant Turner, Ernest Tubb, Wesley Rose—and his



ex-wife, the late Audrey Williams, who approved of his idea but didn't get to see the end results. He watched the three available films of Hank performing, paying close attention to his mannerisms.

In October, 1975, he had the show ready for the road. He tested it first in

small towns in Missouri and Kentucky, then moved on to the big cities. In February I saw "Hank" in Birmingham, Ala., where the 1,500-plus crowd gave Owen a standing ovation. In April the tour swung through Montgomery, Ala., Hank's hometown and the city where he and Audrey are buried.

The show covers the last three years of Hank Williams's life, from the time he hit Nashville like a shooting star until he burned out Jan. 1, 1953, at 29. Owen sings 16 Hank Williams hits and does portions of five more. Between songs, "Hank" talks about his career, his bouts with the bottle, his bouts with Audrey ("Me and Audrey don't fight; we go to war") and with the Opry. As Hank, Owen approaches the microphone sideways, does a deep-knee bend and hunches over at the shoulders in the familiar Williams stance.

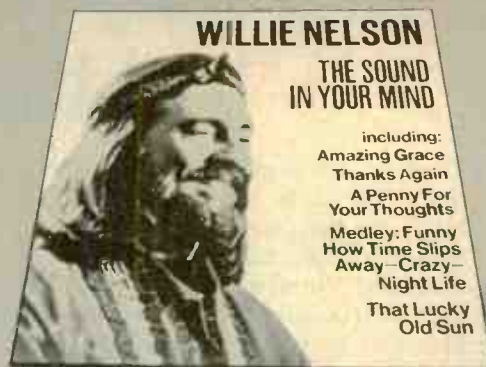
A "must" for Hank Williams fans, the show has been filmed for television. It was broadcast March 13 in Nashville, and will be aired at a later date nationally. A small label called Gold is releasing a short version on an LP.

Asked how long he intends to do the show, Owen said for as long as people are interested in knowing more about Hank Williams. If that's the case, "Hank" could turn out to be the longest running show in the history of the theater.

ELAINE HOBSON MILLER



# THE NEW WILLIE NELSON ALBUM COULD GET YOU TO TEXAS.



Now, how can a record album possibly convey a person like you all the way to the Lone Star State? Well, in the past three years, 230,000 people have trooped to the Annual Willie Nelson Picnic in Texas to listen to Willie Nelson and enjoy the festival of stars who join him.

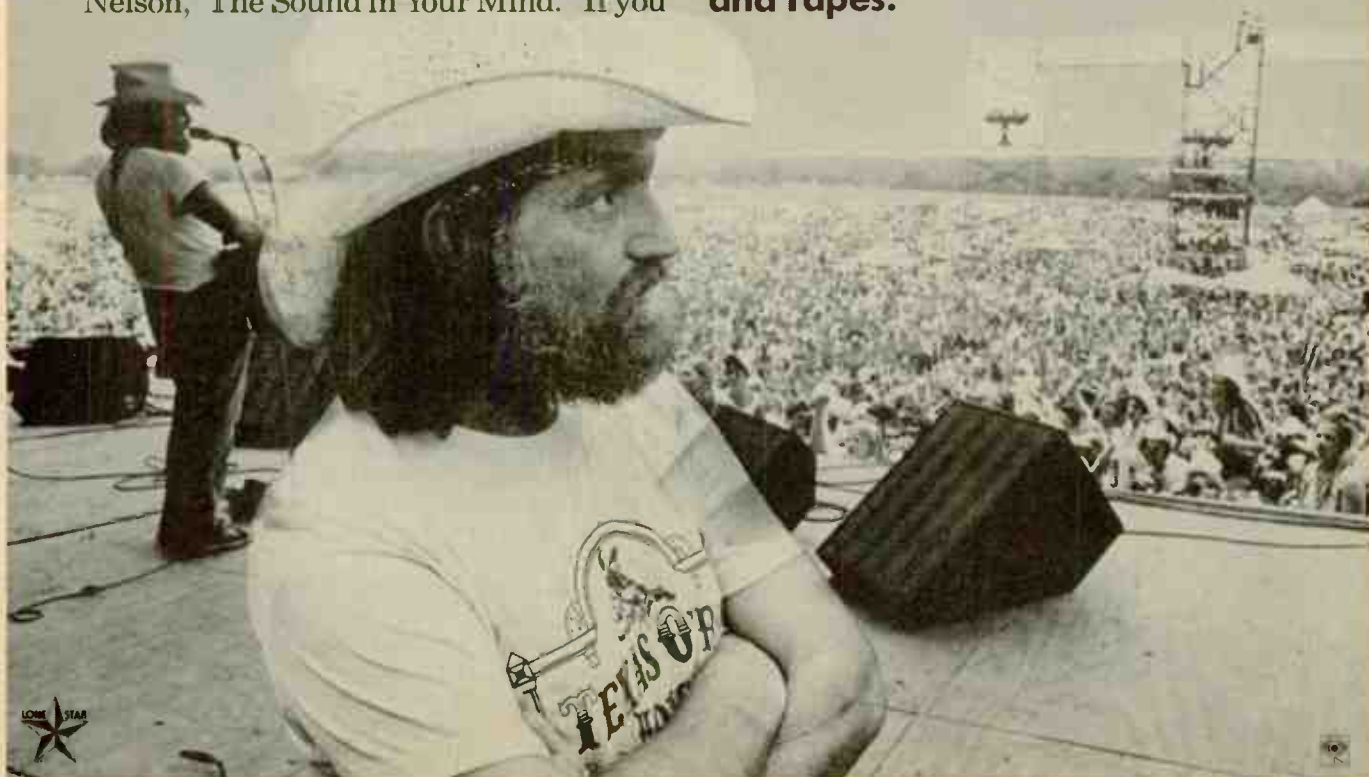
And, all across the country, more and more people like yourself are discovering the new wave of music Willie is leading. The music establishment has recognized Willie's importance, awarding him a Grammy for "Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain," the million-seller from Willie's gold album "Red Headed Stranger" that defied classification, with airplay on Top-40, FM and country music stations and sales to every kind of music-lover imaginable.

Now there's a new album from Willie Nelson, "The Sound in Your Mind." If you

haven't already picked up on Willie's pure, beautiful voice, his telling lyrics, and the unaffected beauty and simplicity of his music, "The Sound in Your Mind" is a perfect introduction. It features "I'd Have to Be Crazy" and "That Lucky Old Sun," as well as Willie's classic versions of his own great tunes, "Night Life," "Crazy" and "Funny How Time Slips Away."

About that trip to Texas—watch the papers for more information about the Willie Nelson July 4th Picnic. And when you've listened to Willie Nelson, don't be surprised if you find yourself in Texas in July.

**"The Sound in Your Mind."  
New Willie Nelson.  
Only on Columbia Records  
and Tapes.**



# Thursday nights swing at the Pal

Thursday evenings are indeed something special at the Palomino, the No. 1 country music club in all of Southern California: for 17 years now, wide-eyed contestants from as far and wide as Bakersfield, San Antonio and Montreal have been flocking to this LA hotspot for the weekly talent showcase, with a prize of \$100 going to the winner. Backed up by such worthy house combos as the Brian Mark Band and Jerry Inman & His Palomino Riders, young hopefuls strut their stuff before an always-polite and often-raucous audience of well-wishers who have paid an unbelievably low admission price of one dollar to witness all the excitement and pathos of this four-hour extravaganza.

Thursday the 19th of February had all the ingredients necessary for yet another memorable night of exposure for the previously unexposed, plus one happy addition: UCLA surprised everyone by sending down its media crew to videotape the event for posterity. Spotlights and cameras can really make a novice feel like a star, and the usual battles with pre-performance jitters and on-stage tension quadrupled among the assembled troupes: high-schooler Laurie Canterman, her denim sleeves neatly rolled up, gallantly crooning "When Will I Be Loved?" through adolescent braces; grizzly Jamie Wayne at the piano, beginning Ray Price's "Crazy Arms" in the key of C, then changing his mind and starting all over in F; prematurely-balding Chuck Schaefer forgetting a stanza to "Help Me Make it Through the Night"; Bill (not *the*) Anderson closing a passable version of "Don't You Ever Get Tired of Hurting Me?" with a rather professional hold-the-guitar-vertical move at the very end; an unabashedly cr-r-r-razy black-clad gent by the appropriate name of "Goat" wailing away on the old harmonica between riffs of a tortured and incoherent "gun at my side" improvisation, occasionally shoving the mike at ringsiders and asking them to "testify"; 300-pound country comedienne Tiny Brooks—'no stranger to the Palomino"—dishing out her usual

sequence of knee-slappers and rib-ticklers. And somewhere along the line there was a relaxed John Anderson, white stetson afloat on his brow, gliding through a rather polished performance of Waylon and Willie's "Good Hearted Woman," which netted him the coveted \$100 prize.

But John was not the only winner that night.

At the very same time that the Palomino's down-to-earth festivities were in full-swing, not far away, in the tinsely wilds of Hollywood, the annual Academy of Country Music Awards ceremonies were also busy conspiring, and pertinent messages were being received at the Palomino and announced all the while: *Bass Player of the Year*: Billy Graham, staunchly holding down house-band fiddle chores at the moment. *Radio Station of the Year*: KLAC, whose ace dj Harry Newman was in the midst of funning it up as regular talent-night emcee. And—ahem!—*Nightclub of the Year*: Let's see, oh right, the Palomino!

And so, just as one might expect, being recognized as a super-club was reason enough for a goodly number of visiting super-celebs to drop into the "Pal" for at least a short stopover after the awards. One by one, newly arrived luminaries were introduced from their tables to the neck-craning throng: cowboy star Jimmy Wakely; Tex ("Smoke that Cigarette") Williams; Dale ("Tales of Wells Fargo") Robertson; songwriter Lola Jean ("When the Tingle Becomes a Chill") Dillon. And then there was Mel Tillis and Tom T. Hall, who, as an added treat, wowed the crowd with a pair of medlies. All this for only a buck!

Bargain of the decade.

R. MELTZER

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Everything you should know about proper record care is contained in Watts' new "Just for the Record." A \$1.00 value, this informative booklet is yours for only 25¢ to cover the cost of postage and handling.



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# KATY MOFFAT GETS MUSIC CITY WELCOME



"She's got the best set of pipes since Tammy Wynette."

So says Chuck Morris, manager of Katy Moffatt.

Morris's enthusiasm is in concurrence with Billy Sherrill, Vice President of Columbia Records in Nashville, and producer of countless gold country records. Sherrill was "sold" on Katy after listening to her sing a quick 20 minutes during the Columbia Records convention in Toronto last July.

As Katy recalls: "Sherrill was absolutely inscrutable. He was very cordial and polite, but I couldn't tell whether he liked me or not."

Within a record time of two months the petite fiery red head joined the roster of Columbia country recording artists.

Since then Katy's first single "I Can Almost See Houston From Here" peaked nationally in the 60's on the charts, and hit number one on both Denver country stations. Not bad for a first record.

Back in Denver, Katy enthusiastically recalled her recent stay in Nashville.

"I felt so at home in the studio this time. The first time there I felt so green. But now I know the new single

"Easy Come, Easy Go" (written by Dobie Grey, Max D. Barnes and Troy Seals) and the album are gonna be real good. I felt twice as acclimated to Billy and the studio situation and feel real good about the material. I just felt so at home."

Giving a solid welcome to Katy were the talents of Charlie McCoy, Buddy Emmons, Pete Drake, Norbert Putnam, Johnny Gimble, Jerry Kennedy, Pig Robbins, Tommy Alsup and The Nashville Edition, to mention just a few of those on hand.

"We were working all the time, deciding on new material, arrangements, etc. There wasn't any leisure time *this* time around and I just barely got a chance to see Hugh."

"Hugh" is Katy's brother, Hugh Moffatt, who wrote Ronnie Milsap's number one single "Just In Case."

"It's funny, but when we both left our home town of Ft. Worth, I came to Denver, and Hugh went east to Nashville. Over the years he'd been telling me how Nashville was "it" and it's funny that I ended up there."

"Even more ironic is that one of the first tunes I ever learned, which is my all-time favorite, is 'Almost Persuaded.' I didn't know until several months ago that Billy Sherrill wrote it, let alone ever imagined that *he'd* be my producer."

Katy has come a long way since her early days in the Ft. Worth, Texas area where she recalls one of her first gigs was at a rest home. Her trail has included stints with The Beach Boys, Earl Scruggs, David Bromberg, Muddy Waters, J.J. Cale, Dave Loggins and Willie Nelson, plus the national coffee house circuit.

And for those who haven't seen her there's a chance they've already heard of her. B.W. Stevenson recorded a tune on his Calabasas album entitled "Song For Katy."

Said Katy: "I feel real good about Nashville and all the music we did."

Katy's single and album are due to be released soon, and the country music community will get their chance to feel real good too.

JANE COVNER

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# The surest way to get your song heard by the right people in the music business.

## The American Song Festival

### The break you've been looking for.

Chances are you know how frustrating it is to get your song heard by the "right" people — those music business heavies who can give you the big break.

That's why there's an American Song Festival songwriting competition. It's the surest and easiest way to expose your song to the "right" people . . . Our judges are A&R pros, music executives, artists, and publishers. They listen to each song at least twice — constantly searching for new talent.

It has proven to be one of the best ways new songwriters can become professionals. Many of our entered songs have gone on to be . . . Recorded by the writers themselves on such labels as A&M, RCA, Epic, Asylum and Buddah . . . Released by such noted artists as Barry Manilow, The Stylistics, B. J. Thomas, The Oak Ridge Boys, Al Martino, The Hagers and Ron Dante . . . And published by many of the top music publishers in the world. So if you've been dreaming about being in the music business, instead of just reading about it, the ASF could be the break you've been looking for.

### All you need is a song.

It's easy to enter and you can enter as many songs as you like. Just record each song on a separate cassette (lead-sheets aren't necessary). Perform it yourself or have someone else perform it for you.

There are categories for all kinds of music. And there are separate divisions for amateurs and professionals.

### Over a quarter-million dollars in cash prizes.

We've provided the largest cash prizes ever awarded in a creative competition — more than a quarter-million dollars in the last two years! And this year, we're expanding our prize structure to include more winners than ever before:

★ 600 Honorable Mention Winners (500 Amateur and 100 Professional) will receive \$50.00.

★ 45 Semi-finalists (30 Amateur and 15 Professionals — 5 from each category) will receive \$250.00.



★ 9 Category Winners (6 Amateur and 3 Professional) will receive \$1,000.00.

★ 2 Grand Prizes will be awarded to a category winner in each division. The Prize will be an additional \$5,000.00 for each.

### Special Features:

You retain all rights to your song. It's used only in conjunction with our competition.

You could win in more than one music category.

You may select the Judges' Decision Option. This lets our judges place an entered song into an additional category where they think it may win (25% of the 1975 winners won in the category that was picked for them by a judge).

### What you get when you enter . . .

The 1976 Music Business Directory. It contains an up-to-date listing of the top 100 record companies, the 250 most important music publishers, and 200 recording studios. (Regular \$4 value.)

The Songwriter's Handbook. It provides important information that every songwriter should know about the music industry (i.e., copyright information, music publishing, performing rights, mechanical rights, etc. Regular \$2 value).

The Final List of 1976 Winners. You'll get the complete results of this year's competition.

Feedback on Your Song. After the winners are announced, you may obtain a Judge's Assessment of each song you submit and for each category in which it is competing.

### What the judges look for.

The criteria for judging are: originality, musical composition, and lyrical content when applicable. The song is all that counts. Elaborate instrumentation, vocal arrangement or production will have no bearing upon the judging. (In fact, the simpler the production, the better. Many of last year's winning songs were submitted as simple home recordings, with only a vocal accompanied by a single instrument).

### Entry Procedure

1. Record the song on your own cassette. Start recording at the beginning of the cassette. Rewind tape before submitting. Only one song per cassette. (If your song has already been recorded on a disk or reel-to-reel tape, we'll duplicate it onto a cassette for one dollar per song.)
2. Complete the attached entry form or a reasonable facsimile, paying particular attention to the following:  
A. Write the title of your song on your cassette on the side on which you recorded your song.  
B. Song Categories — You must designate at least one category in which the song is to be judged. The fee for entering each song in one category is \$13.85. To enter your song in additional categories, indicate so on the entry form and enclose an additional \$8.25 for each added

category. You do not have to send in another cassette as we duplicate cassettes.

C. If entering more than one song, obtain another entry form or produce a reasonable copy for each entry.

3. Wrap your check or money order and entry form around each cassette, and secure the package with rubber bands or string wrapped both directions. Place the bound cassette in a strong envelope or box and send to:

THE AMERICAN SONG FESTIVAL  
P.O. Box 57  
Hollywood, CA 90028

Once we receive your entry, we'll have a postcard with an acknowledgement in the mail within one week.

JUNE 3RD IS THE ENTRY DEADLINE. We are accepting entries now. (It'll take awhile to process your entry. So the earlier you mail your song, the sooner, you'll receive the **Songwriter's Handbook** and the **1976 Music Business Directory**.)

4. Copyrighting your song. It is not necessary to copyright your song when entering the competition. ASF, Inc. acquires no copyrights in your song. You retain all rights.

### 1976 Rules and Regulations

1. Competition is open to any person except employees of the American Song Festival, Inc. (ASF, Inc.), or their relatives, or agents appointed by the ASF, Inc.
2. The entrant warrants to ASF, Inc. that the entry is not an infringement of the copyright or other rights of any third party and that the entrant has the right to submit the entry to ASF, Inc. in accordance with its rules and regulations.
3. No musical composition may be entered that has been recorded or printed and released or disseminated for commercial sale in any medium in the United States prior to 10/1/76, or the public announcement of the semi-finalists, whichever occurs first. All winners will be notified and all prizes awarded no later than 12/31/76. Prizes will be paid to songwriter named in item 1 of official entry form.
4. An entry fee of \$13.85, an accurately completed entry form, and a cassette with only one song recorded on it shall be submitted for each entry. Any number of songs may be entered by an individual provided that each cassette is accompanied by a separate entry form and entry fee.
5. The entrant must designate at least one category in which he wants his song to compete. Any song may be entered in additional category competitions by so designating on the entry form and including an additional fee of \$8.25 for each such additional category. Such additional category may be left to the judges' choice by selecting the "Judges' Decision Option" which permits the judges to place the song in the category in which in their opinion it is best suited.

6. The entrant shall (or shall cause the copyright proprietor of the entry if different from the entrant to) permit ASF, Inc. to perform the entry in and as part of any ASF, Inc. awards ceremonies, to record the entry in synchronism with a visual account of such ceremonies and to use the resulting account for such purposes as ASF, Inc. shall deem fit.
7. No materials submitted in connection with entries will be returned to the entrant, and ASF, Inc. assumes no responsibility for loss of or damage to any entry prior to its receipt by ASF, Inc.
8. Each entry shall be judged on the basis of originality, quality of musical composition and lyrical content if applicable. All decisions of the screening panels and judges shall be final and binding upon the ASF, Inc. and all entrants.
9. Cassettes with more than one song on them, cartridges, records, reel-to-reel tapes, or lead sheets are improper submissions and will invalidate the entry.
10. Recorded cassettes and accompanying material must be postmarked by June 3, 1976. ASF, Inc. reserves the right to extend this date in the event of interruption of postal services, national emergency or act of God.
11. For the purpose of ASF division selection, a professional is anyone who: (a) is or has been a member or associate member of a performing rights organization such as ASCAP, BMI, SESAC or their foreign counterparts; or (b) has had a musical composition written in whole or in part by him recorded and released or disseminated commercially in any medium or printed and distributed for sale. All other are amateurs.  
© 1976 American Song Festival, Inc.

#### Official Entry Form

#### SEPARATE ENTRY FORM NEEDED FOR EACH SONG

1. SONGWRITER \_\_\_\_\_  
(Print name)

2. ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
COUNTRY \_\_\_\_\_  
PHONE: Home ( ) \_\_\_\_\_ Office ( ) \_\_\_\_\_  
Area Code Area Code

3. TITLE OF SONG \_\_\_\_\_

4. CATEGORY SELECTION:  
\*Important: To determine whether you compete as an amateur or professional, see rules and regulations # 11.

#### FIRST CATEGORY

Select at least one category by checking the box corresponding to your first choice (\$13.85 entry fee).

#### ADDITIONAL CATEGORIES

Often songs fit more than one category. You may have your song judged and compete in more than one category by checking the additional box or boxes you desire.

(Add \$8.25 for each additional category selected)

#### AMATEUR DIVISION\*

Top 40 (Rock/Soul)  Folk   
Country  Gospel/Inspirational   
Easy Listening  Instrumental/Jazz

#### PROFESSIONAL DIVISION\*

Top 40 (Rock/Soul)  Country   
Easy Listening

#### Judges' Decision Option

Check the box provided if you want our Judges to place your song in an additional category which, in their opinion, it best fits.

5. ENTRY FEE:  
FIRST CATEGORY \$13.85

#### EXTRA CATEGORIES OR JUDGES' DECISION OPTION

\$8.25 x \_\_\_\_\_ = \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Total Fee Enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

6. Did you collaborate in the writing of this composition?  
Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_  
Collaborators' names \_\_\_\_\_

7. Feedback on Your Song: Check the box provided if you desire the judge's assessment of each song submitted.

I hereby certify that I have read and agree to be bound by the rules and regulations of the American Song Festival which are incorporated herein by reference and that the information contained in the entry form is true and accurate.

SIGNED \_\_\_\_\_ DATE \_\_\_\_\_

Send entry to  THE AMERICAN SONG FESTIVAL  
P.O. Box 57  
Hollywood, CA 90028  
A presentation of Sterling Recreation Organization

# The 1976 American Song Festival

An International Songwriting Competition

# ROY ACUFF SHOPS HERE

Roy Acuff is widely known as a man who is, well, careful with a dollar. Yet on the third weekend of each month he is out spending cash, prowling the booths in the Rollerdrome and the livestock pens at the Tennessee State Fairgrounds. The event? The monthly Nashville Flea Market, which draws thousands of bargain-hunters who peruse the mounds of items for sale, for the scarce, the not-so-scarce, and the downright trashy.

The Nashville Flea Market is just about like any other, really. Only bigger. The stalls full of junk jewelry, coins, paperback books, furniture, old kitchen and farm utensils, and countless other odds and ends spread to fill the three indoor buildings at the fairgrounds and out into the stock pens outside, where neither rain nor heat nor cold keep sellers and buyers



Photo: Leonard Kamsler

The Nashville Flea Market is a fertile hunting ground for music buffs.

from dickering.

But what makes Nashville's flea market a bit unique—aside from size—is the emphasis on music. Middle Tennessee has been a fertile musical area for years, and it shows: scores of instruments, a dozen vintage jukeboxes and scores of windup Victrolas, sheaves of songbooks and sheet music, and thousands upon thousands of records, from cylinders to 78s to 45s to lps are standard fare.

Acuff is not the only music personality to explore this bizarre bazaar. Shelby Singleton and Webb Pierce ("Guess I'm just looking for the same things you are") were recently seen strolling about the premises, mostly searching for Hank Locklin, who had wandered away, entranced by some treasure or another at some booth, somewhere.


And George Gruhn of Gruhn Guitars (formerly GTR), and Shot Jackson of Sho-Bud go there, scouting rare instruments brought from a dozen or so surrounding states—if they can beat Acuff to them: he's collecting for his museum at Opryland, and has found more than a few goodies at the flea market. Then, too, Bob Pinson of the Country Music Foundation hunts—and frequently finds—rare 78s for the already large collection at the Country Music Hall of Fame.

The musically notable are sometimes on the seller's side of the table:

the Opry's Alcyone Beasley's husband generally has a large stock of Gramophones and Victrolas for sale, and one of country music's great characters—James "Goobar" Buchanan, a comedian now associated with the Renfro Valley Barn Dance—is selling his fifty-year-old Gibson F-4 mandolin along with a large stock of watches, records, and knick-knacks.

The Nashville Flea Market is without question Music City's most recent landmark. You might just schedule any trip to Nashville to include the third weekend of the month: you can find the prewar pie-tin you've always wanted, buy all the records you can carry away, and see the stars: they're just browsing, just "doing the same thing you are."

DOUG GREEN



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"I have played and can play any kind of music, but you must do what your heart feels is right, and to me that's country."

—Ronnie Milsap on joining the Opry

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For a while there, it seemed like the strain had broken Charlie Rich.  
But it hadn't; only some things were shattered ...

# Silver Fox At Bay

by Peter Guralnik

**I**t's very difficult. I don't think other people can understand it, really. There are so many outside influences, there's so much outside pressure, there are just so many people who want things from you that it's almost impossible to cope. It comes as a little bit of a shock, really, but after a while you realize he doesn't just belong to you any more. He belongs to whoever happens to be around."

Margaret Ann Rich is talking about superstars, specifically about her husband, Charlie, who sits opposite her, restless and smoking Salems, in the spacious living room of their Memphis home. They have been through a lot together, weathered twenty-three years of a marriage which has sometimes been stormy but has always reflected a deep feeling of mutual dependence and trust. They sit surrounded by the tangible evidence of a success which had almost begun to seem unrealizable after nineteen years of steadfastly pursuing it.

For all those years Margaret Ann was the only one to maintain a consistent belief in Charlie's talent; for all the accolades he garnered from industry figures like Sun Records founder Sam Phillips, Jerry Wexler, *Billboard's* Paul Ackerman, and Leonard Chess, she was the one to push his career, arrange personal interviews, buoy up a sense of self-confidence that was never very strong to begin with, and contribute some of the finest songs that he recorded over the years. Today rumors swirl about them, prompted by the concern of friends, the curiosity of disinterested parties, and the malice of gossips: that Charlie is drinking again, that their marriage has at last fatally foundered after their recent well-publicized separation, that Margaret Ann is falling apart under the twin pressures of Charlie's success and the consequent diminution of her own role in his life. Everything is normal in show business.

"I think it's almost a tragedy when you lose your enthusiasm for something that suited you," she says. "That's what happens to writers, I guess. It turns into a business, and it just about destroys your creativity. I know that's what happened to me. The biggest pleasure that Charlie and I ever had came in working together. You know, we've never been very good at communicating verbally, but through our music we're able to. I don't think I ever missed a session until quite recently, but then all of a sudden there were all these outside forces at work, it was almost as if a wedge were being driven between us, and I've never been one to push myself where I wasn't wanted. When Charlie started doing other people's songs and going to sessions alone—I never could seem to get schedules straight from Billy Sherrill—I guess I started feeling just, you know, left out. Sometimes I wish that he was just playing somewhere for free, playing piano alone or with a small group, just so that he could enjoy the music."

"I did that for about twenty years," Charlie protests softly. His broad melancholy face always has a slightly hurt look about it. It is at once more mobile and more handsome in its private grief than in the countless grins and strained grimaces he has learned to adopt for TV appearances and ads. "When I first started working those little clubs in Memphis, I could play anything I wanted to for ten or fifteen dollars a night. Then when I went to Sun Records I went with the idea that I would do just about anything, as long as I could keep close to the music. I thought I could work the studio gig, make a little bit, and play my jazz at home. Which is the way it worked out. But, you know, when you have a wife and a family you have to sacrifice a little bit. Well, your family has to sacrifice, too. But there comes a time when you've been working at something so long, trying so long and so hard, that you reach a point where you get scared. And you start thinking to yourself, what am I going to be doing when I'm sixty-five? And I don't think I want to be playing in the Nightlighter Club when I'm sixty-five years old. Which could



Charlie and Margaret Ann Rich at home: tasteful but troubled.

very easily have been the end result. And still could be."

It's a continuing dialogue in the Rich household and one that is almost touching in its naivete. Margaret Ann understands the terms of her husband's success. In a way everyone does. And it's not easy, of course, to feel sorry for a superstar. But the issues which they debate without hope of resolution are issues which have application to every artist's life; they are the very terms of success. "You know," says Margaret Ann, "everyone thinks it's a matter of pills and booze, but that's got nothing to do with it. People think I'm lying, but I've lived with that kind of thing for so long that I can cope with it. That's a familiar hell.

"It's the lack of privacy . . . I don't know . . . it's the sheer magnitude of the problem that's frightening. You know, we had a fence built around the property, it was a necessity, really, and when the workmen finally finished, Charlie looked out and said, 'I feel like I'm being fenced in, rather than keeping anybody out.'"

That's the way it is for Charlie Rich these days. It's a little hard to believe, but success has hemmed him in, in a way that his twenty years of relative obscurity never did. For twenty years he played his own music, wrote and performed the songs that gained him initial attention, songs like "Lonely Weekends," "Sittin' and Thinkin'," "Who Will the Next Fool Be?" and Margaret Ann's brilliant, heartfelt summation of their life together,

"Life's Little Ups and Downs." For almost that length of time he lived a quiet, small-town existence in Benton, Arkansas, a corner of the world that at least provided a retreat from the craziness that is of necessity the musician's life. He watched his kids grow up, was supported in his bouts with self-doubt, guilt, and alcohol by family, friends, and a sense of place.

Today he oversees a world which he always dreamt of, in which his importance is recognized, his music is celebrated, and he has at last achieved a measure of that success which everyone from Sam Phillips to Bob Dylan had always predicted for him. It's the dream of every aspiring artist and musician, and yet somehow in some way, as it has for so many others all along the line, it's all gone sour.

\* \* \*

"Someday I'm going to write a book," says Natalie Rosenberg, his manager Seymour's ex-wife and Margaret Ann's publishing partner, "about the effects of success and what's happened to all the people involved with Charlie Rich."

"It's unbelievable," says Charlie himself. "Everyone connected with the rise of Charlie Rich and 'Behind Closed Doors' is having trouble with their personal lives and with their marriage, and I don't except Margaret Ann and myself. You just can't imagine the disruption that it causes in people's lives."

One place to start is with the music. Since the unprecedented crossover sales of "Behind Closed Doors" and "The Most Beautiful Girl" in 1973, a

whole new market opened up for Charlie Rich, and, for the first time, a convenient method for pigeonholing his music. Up until then Charlie Rich was an artist who defied classification, a musician whose unique approach allowed him to span the most widely separated of categories—blues and jazz, rockabilly, country, and gospel—while maintaining the most personal and soulful of styles. With success he was finally typed as a country crooner, a kind of latter-day Jim Reeves, with access to the countrypolitan, easy listening, and soft rock audiences, and—despite the subsequent sales of repackagings of some of his earlier and more idiosyncratic offerings from RCA and Sun Records—countrypolitan was the label that stuck. One thing you learn in the music business is not to tamper with success.

At one time there was brave talk of one more hit, just one more big chart-maker and Charlie would be free to make the kind of music that he himself cared about most. He would be sure enough of his audience then to lead them a little instead of blindly following fashion. At that time he carried around a briefcase full of unpublished songs. He took it everywhere he went. "His whole life," said Bill Williams, Charlie's longtime friend and then national publicity director at Epic, "is in that briefcase."

Well, that may be true, but if it is, Charlie Rich's biography has yet to be written. He still carries the briefcase with him, but none of the songs have yet surfaced. Nor have any of the ideas which seemed so exciting at the time: to do a jazz album; to include a solo version of Charlie's beautiful "Feel Like Going Home" as the final track of the album that became *Very Special Love Songs*; to cut a session with Ray Charles; to record C.J., the black sharecropper on his father's plantation who taught him blues piano. Instead what we have had is more of the same: lush Billy Sherrill productions in which Charlie's voice is all but drowned by elaborate orchestrations, soaring choruses, and melodramatic crescendoes; a preponderance of sloppy middle-of-the-road material, not a small portion of which originates with Al Gallico Music, Billy Sherrill's publishing corporation; and a drift away from the very personal kind of music, deeply felt and almost naked in its honesty, for which Charlie Rich has always been known.

Some feel that Billy Sherrill is the root of the problem. "I think that

Charlie Rich is the only person that Billy Sherrill has ever dealt with who has more talent than Billy Sherrill," says one observer. What this means, according to this individual, is that Billy Sherrill feels threatened by Charlie Rich's musical potential and buries him as a result under layers of sweetening and overdubs, presenting him as part of a prepackaged product. That's why he took Charlie Rich's piano away from him, preferring instead to use Pig Robbins on nearly every record since "Behind Closed Doors."

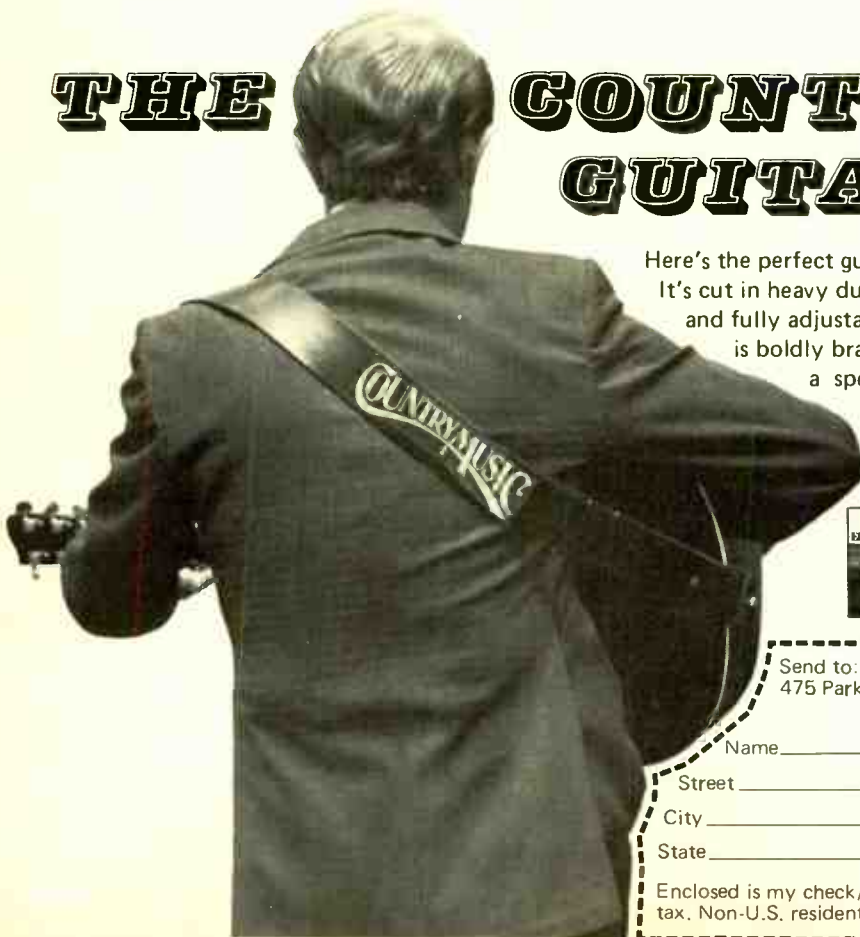
It isn't so, Charlie staunchly insists. Pig playing on the sessions is something that just evolved. Besides, he doesn't like the arduous process of instrumental rehearsals and working out arrangements with the session men, and his voice comes through more cleanly when it is recorded off a separate voice mike. In the matter of song selection he points to his own "Every Time I Touch You (I Get High)," co-written with Billy Sherrill, the beautiful blues standard "Since I Fell For You," and several of Margaret Ann's compositions as evidence that some balance is being kept.

"I feel as if he could experiment more," says Margaret Ann, whose feelings are definitely mixed and who is not at all sure that Billy Sherrill's way does not make the most commercial sense. "I know what Billy Sherrill wants, and it's fine to a degree, but I guess it's just rather bland to my taste. I don't think Charlie has asserted himself as much as he could have, because I don't think that Charlie fully realizes that he's holding the trump card."

Perhaps that's the key as much as anything else to the problems Charlie Rich has had in coping with success. Like many so-called instant stars who have been struggling for a decade or two, he was not really prepared to deal with the many demands and career decisions that were immediately thrust upon him. He was not prepared for the enormous expectations that were all of a sudden riding on each new release, and he was determined not to repeat the mistake he had made on Smash when he followed up the novelty success of "Mohair Sam" with "I Can't Go On," a personal favorite and one of his finest songs, which sank without a trace. Neither was he prepared to deal with the sudden economic explosion

that was attendant upon success, with its talk of tax shelters, deferred earnings, investment portfolios, growth patterns, and the like.

He has had to learn all this in a hurry, and to his surprise it is even something for which he has shown an aptitude. But along Charlie's stardom road, his manager a Memphis lawyer named Sy Rosenberg, extended his holdings to include real estate, hamburger franchises, cattle ranches, a personal management firm, and a payroll (at one point) of over twenty under the corporate umbrella of Charlie Rich Enterprises. For over two years Charlie Rich had to work a grueling schedule of personal appearances just to keep this operation afloat, and it is only recently—with Seymour preoccupied with his divorce and Charlie increasingly concerned with his own home life and marriage—that he has begun to cut back to a more sensible level. Today Charlie Rich Enterprises consists of no more than six or seven full-time employees at its pleasant, airy offices in a rambling suburban development twenty minutes outside of Memphis; the private plane (dubbed, naturally, the



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Charlie at play. With success firmly in the corner pocket, he feels strangely hemmed in.

Silver Fox) is leased out to touring rock stars like Joni Mitchell, and Charlie seems intent on making the business work for him instead of the other way around.

Even so, the life which he leads today has something of the aimless quality of the superstar. When he is not gigging he gets up late, goes to the office, makes a few calls, drinks a few Cokes. There may be a business

meeting, and there is always some piece of paper for Charlie to sign. He concerns himself with the details of the business, how big a group he will be taking to Lake Tahoe, what the overhead will be, if it will pay to have the plane bring them back to Memphis, whether one of the musicians might give them a break on his price due to the length of the engagement.

It's a comfortable life, a pleasant

enough life, but everyone is sitting around waiting for something to happen. "Here comes the Chief," is the watchword out at Charlie Rich Enterprises when Charlie comes back from lunch with Margaret Ann. Everyone tries to anticipate his every whim, but Charlie himself, always the gentleman, seems unsure of just what form that whim should take. There are charity appearances and manufacturers who want him to try their product; there are deals in the offing, hangers-on anxious to do his bidding, maids, swimming pools, vacation condominiums, and a style of living which is generally opulent. At the center of it all are Charlie and Margaret Ann Rich, struggling to come to grips with a situation they neither actively sought nor altogether aspired to.

"I worry about Margaret Ann," says Charlie. "I've always liked to do the kind of things I like to do. To tell you the truth, I've never been a big mixer, so I have all the social life I want. But Margaret Ann thinks the only reason people want to have anything to do with her is because of me. Numerous people tell her different, and I tell her the same thing, but I don't know, man, as far as doing things together, that's where the problem lies."

"We rarely ever have a good time together," says Margaret Ann simply. "Rarely."

Charlie speaks of their son, Allan, an aspiring musician and a fine songwriter with one album out of his own. "Sometimes I envy him. He's twenty-one, he's got no ties, he's got complete and total freedom to do what he wants. He doesn't have to compromise at all. Of course I married when I was nineteen." "Was that a mistake?" says Margaret Ann.

"It depends on what happens from here on out," says Charlie, who is nothing if not totally, and painfully, honest.

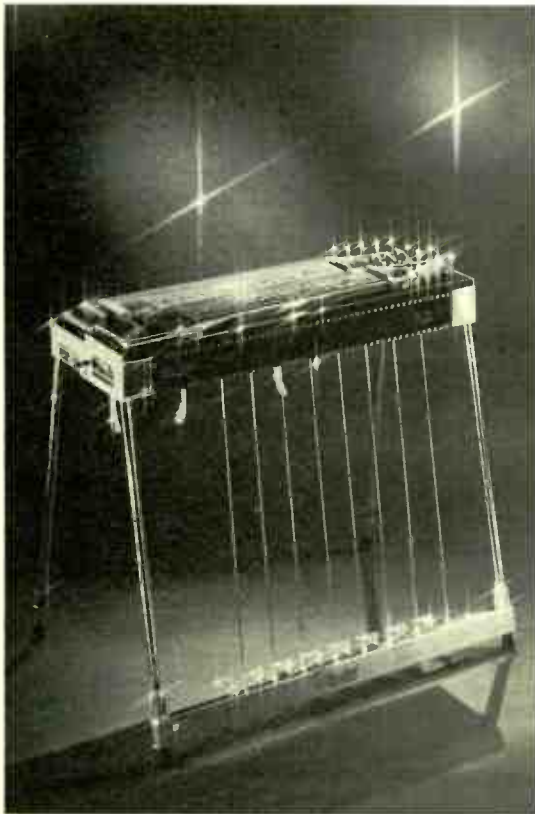
\* \* \*

What is left perhaps is the music, an expression of the deepest and innermost feelings in the lives of Charlie and Margaret Ann Rich. It is the end of a long evening, and Charlie and I are sitting in Charlie's studio, designed as a projection room by the previous owners, out behind the house. The studio is sparsely but expensively furnished with a grand piano, an upright and little electric, a bar, a pool table, several gold records, and emblems everywhere—carica-  
(Continued on page 62)

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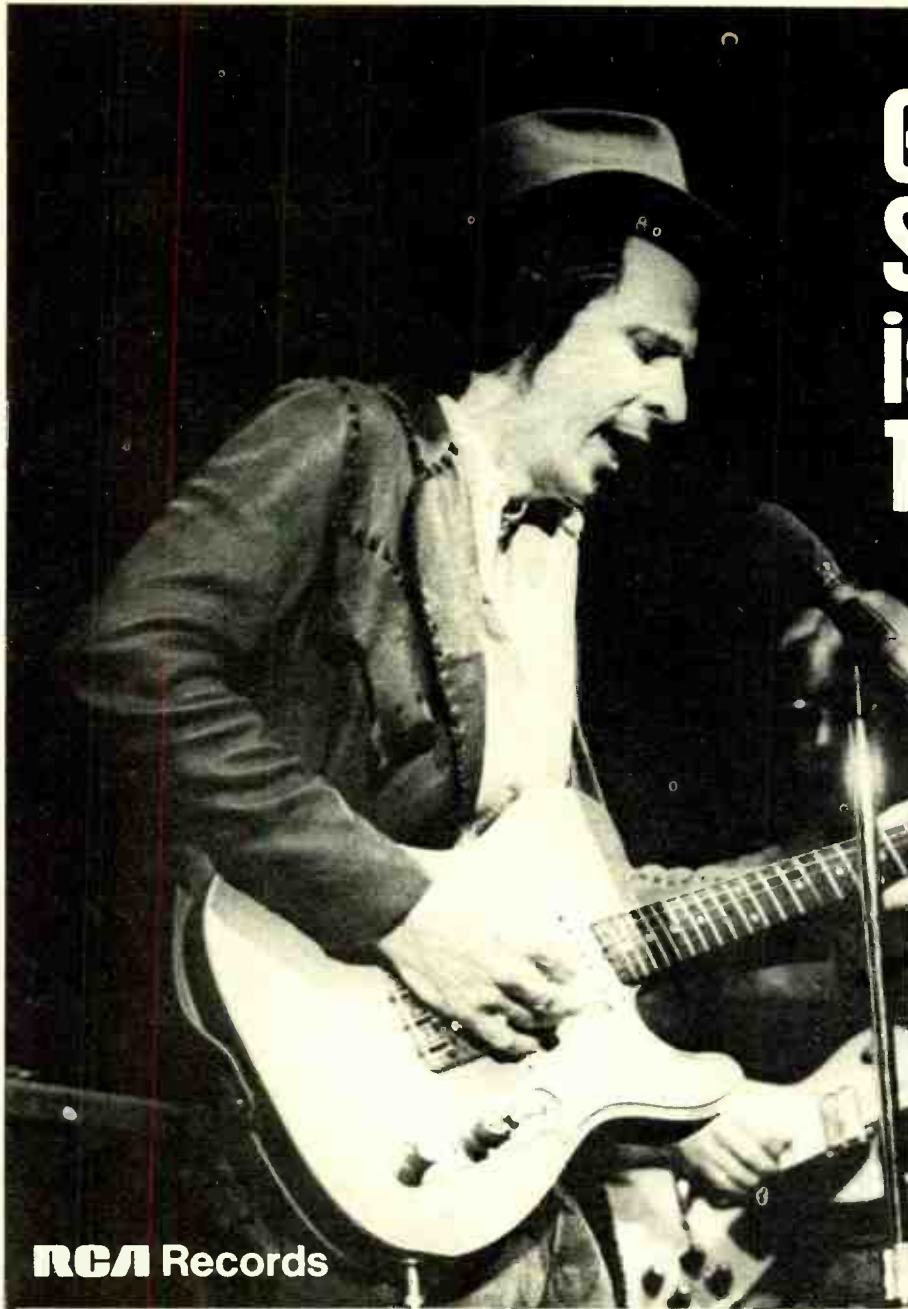
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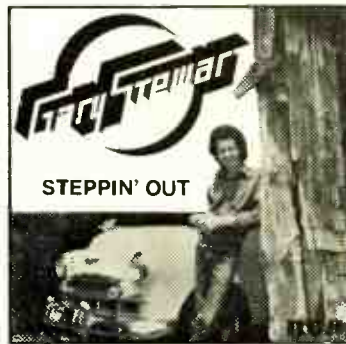


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He'd already decided he didn't want to be his Daddy's Living Proof. Then came the fall . . .

---

# HANK JUNIOR

BY MICHAEL BANE

**M**aybe you heard the song from the nickel jukebox at the corner honkytonk; or maybe from a ripped speaker on an ancient pickup truck, bouncing along a rutted back road on the chilly first morning of deer season. And maybe, that first time around, you snorted just a tiny bit when Hank Williams Jr. evoked once again his daddy's memory; wished just a little that your worst problem was carrying the most famous name in country music. "Living Proof," you may have laughed, is just another couple of words for more money in the bank. After all, didn't everyone know Hank Williams Jr.—Hank Junior to the world—was born with a silver guitar in his hands, the living proof—as his record company biography so delicately states—that musical genius can be inherited?

But suppose, a little nagging voice pricks at the back of your mind, just suppose that being the "Living Proof" of your daddy's genius isn't all it's cracked up to be? Just suppose Hank Junior really *has* "sang them old songs of daddy's/Seems like every one comes true"? Suppose Hank Williams Jr. doesn't want to be the living proof, and if he doesn't, then who is Hank Junior anyway, and what's he doing down there in the piney north Alabama woods?

\* \* \*

The receptionist at Buddy Lee Enterprises—Hank Junior's Nashville management—recoils as if I'd suggested some bizarre liaison. Out of the question, she says, Hank Williams Jr. simply isn't available for interviews.

There are, she adds with a frosty glance, at least three months of plastic surgery left after that horrible hunting accident, and she would suggest checking back in, say, three or four months?

A quick call to MGM Records, Hank and Hank Junior's label, produces a telephone call from J.R. Smith, Hank Junior's new personal manager and genuine Alabama good old boy with a fifth of Wild Turkey and a Smith and Wesson .357 Magnum in the trunk of his new Lincoln to prove it.

"Sure," he says without a moment's hesitation. "Cm'on over and we'll talk."

A few days later J.R. and I are prowling around the outside of Hank Junior's A-frame in the piney woods overlooking what is euphemistically called Cullman, Alabama's reservoir—a picturesque if somewhat small lake. Hank Junior is still in Cullman, engaging in his absolute favorite pastime—buying guns just like his daddy—but the delay is hardly noticeable. One would be hard pressed to imagine a more beautiful day. An early morning storm has flushed even the last wispy vestiges of cirrus clouds from the crystal blue Alabama sky.

"What we're doing down here in Cullman," J.R. is saying, virtually unnoticed, "is sort of setting up a small-scale Nashville. We've already signed Ray Price and Mickey Gilley to Bocephus Music—that's what we call our company. Bocephus, you know, is what Hank Junior's daddy called him. Bocephus."

Gravel flies as Hank Junior—a mis-

placed rough rider in denims and a Teddy Roosevelt campaign hat at the helm of a four-wheel-drive Chevy truck—bounces down the narrow, rutted driveway. A few amenities are exchanged, a few shots are fired at errant tin cans, and finally J.R. heads off for the ubiquitous telephone duties, leaving Hank Junior and me alone with the tape recorder.

"Of course when you're Hank Williams Jr., you're branded," he says, leaning back into the overstuffed couch in the A-frame's den. He is poised and calm, rested after a six-month recuperation from his near-fatal accident in the Montana Rockies. "I've played the road since I was, well, since I was eight years old really. Eighteen years—it's going to be 19 soon—hell, I'm going to be 27 in two months."

But the road, he says with an absolutely demonic grin, came to a grinding halt a couple of months before the accident. In fact, a whole series of events were grinding to a halt just before the accident, not the least of which included his second marriage and his already strained relations with the Nashville music hierarchy.

"I quit," he says. "I said hell, no more honky-tonks, high schools, daughters' auxiliaries and all that bullshit right now. I moved down to Alabama where we are now. Just me and the woods and the dogs and the guns and the girls and the guitars. I just kind of slowed down, said hey Hank, you gonna do what you want to do."

The first thing he wanted to do was a new album. But instead of heading



BABI JENY

for Nashville with a couple of new compositions and a hatful of old standards—including maybe a few by Hank Williams Senior in his pocket—Hank Junior headed for Muscle Shoals, a long-time recording mecca for pop artists but virtually ignored by Nashville musicians. He disregarded the more established Nashville session players—the roots of “the Nashville sound”—and opted instead for the funkier, rock-oriented Muscle Shoals people. Hank also added a few friends he’d picked up along the way, including Marshall Tucker’s firebrand guitarist Toy Caldwell, Tennessee fiddler Charlie Daniels and Chuck Leavell of the Allman Brothers Band, one of the best keyboard men in the country.

The net result was *Hank Williams Jr. And Friends*, an incredible checkerboard album that bears a closer resemblance to present Southern rock than earlier Hank Williams Jr. The album, riding the Caldwell-composed “Can’t You See” and the powerfully intimate “Living Proof,” immediately grabbed airplay on, of all things, progressive rock and roll stations, and the latest phase of Hank Junior’s career was successfully launched.

“On the other albums, I had certain people saying do this and do that; do this song and do that song. But I can play other things,” he says. Hank Junior pauses for a few minutes, gazing out over his porch to the glistening lake. “You know, I can play on any country music show—that’s for sure. That’s there. That’s in my hand and I’ve been doing it for years.”

\* \* \*

In the beginning, he says, the music was fun—just a kid up there on stage and all. Was there ever any doubt, I ask, that Hank Williams Jr. would follow in Hank Williams Sr.’s footsteps? Hank cracks up.

“Well, damn it, I’m afraid not.”

Was there ever any chance at all?

“There you are. You put your finger on it. No, there was no chance,” he says, still laughing. “No, I was born right in it. You know, when I was growing up there were some people over at the house. Perry Como would be there. Fats Domino would be there. Jerry Lee Lewis would be there. Charlie Rich, Al Hirt—I was just around them all the time. I dunno. I got to be a regular showoff I guess.”

There was also the adulation reserved for the living proof, the son of the legend. “You should have seen me

every time I walked out on stage,” he says, rocking back and forth with laughter. “It was fun sometimes. Gawd, when I was eight, nine, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14—all those years, that voice—you know your voice is changing. I could go out there and fall on my ass and they’d scream ‘AAAAAAW, it’s Hank’s boy!’ and go crazy. You know, it was fun at the time. When you get around 17, 18, 19 it can start getting cruel. You know—‘I knew your daddy and he did this and he did that and why don’t you do it? Why, by God, he’s have done it if he was here.’”

The situation might have been more palatable if Hank Junior hadn’t been



able to tell a guitar string from a clothesline. But Hank Williams Jr. the singer and songwriter was making waves in his own right, and the living proof label chafed more and more.

“It took a long time for the country audiences to listen,” he says. “Daddy was a legend, and you know it and I know it and I know what his BMI is today. And thanks to Linda (Ronstadt) and,” he pauses to laugh, “Terry Bradshaw and all these people, it’ll keep me in shotgun shells and soup money.”

But no sooner had Hank Junior gotten the country audience’s attention than his personal life began crumbling around the edges. His marriage began falling apart. His

touring—up to 230 days a year—became a godawful chore, and he began taking his frustrations out on his audience. And the whispers began backstage—that Hank Junior was living too fast, heading for the same dead end as his daddy.

The whispers were right. “There’s a little devil and a little fire in there when you get to the beer joint and hear the amps going and glasses tinkling and the girls”—he pauses and laughs—“the girls drifting in the breeze. It’s either in you or it’s not, and me—it’s definitely in there.”

Hank leans back on the couch, his eyes focusing on some point far across the lake. “I’ve been off for a pretty good while, and boy, I wanted off bad. I did, uh, like an OD right here.”

He pauses again, then continues quietly. “Sleeping pills. Darvon. Then I went off to Nashville, the hospital, and they put me in there for a while. I did a lot of thinking, and I decided I was going to do this music for my own enjoyment,” Hank says. “When it started getting to that stage when it wasn’t fun anymore, you know, I’d take it out on them, the audience. I’d crank it up wide open, and you can destroy yourself inside.”

“It’s too much at once,” he says. “Daddy’s was too much at once. He went from a one-room log cabin and selling peanuts to . . . well, it was only about a seven-year career really. Sometimes he didn’t want to be in Wichita Falls, Texas, or Baltimore, Maryland. He wanted to be squirrel hunting.”

\* \* \*

Hank Junior has plans. He’s had plenty of time to plan, lying in hospital beds wondering whether he would perform—whether he’d be alive to perform—again. His life is neatly segmented into “before the fall” and “after the fall.” The pivotal point came on August 8, 1975, when his foot slipped on a patch of ice high on the Montana continental divide. He plummeted 500 feet, tumbling over once and landing on his face. And in the chill of a Montana night, the urge for self-destruction faded under an overwhelming urge to live; to be alive.

“By golly, the Lord spared me there. I had my brains in my hands, literally. Face absolutely gone . . .

“And now everything is going to be all right after all,” he says almost incredulously. “Almost no vision in my right eye—why did it come back? After the fall, I had a lot of time for

(Continued on page 62)



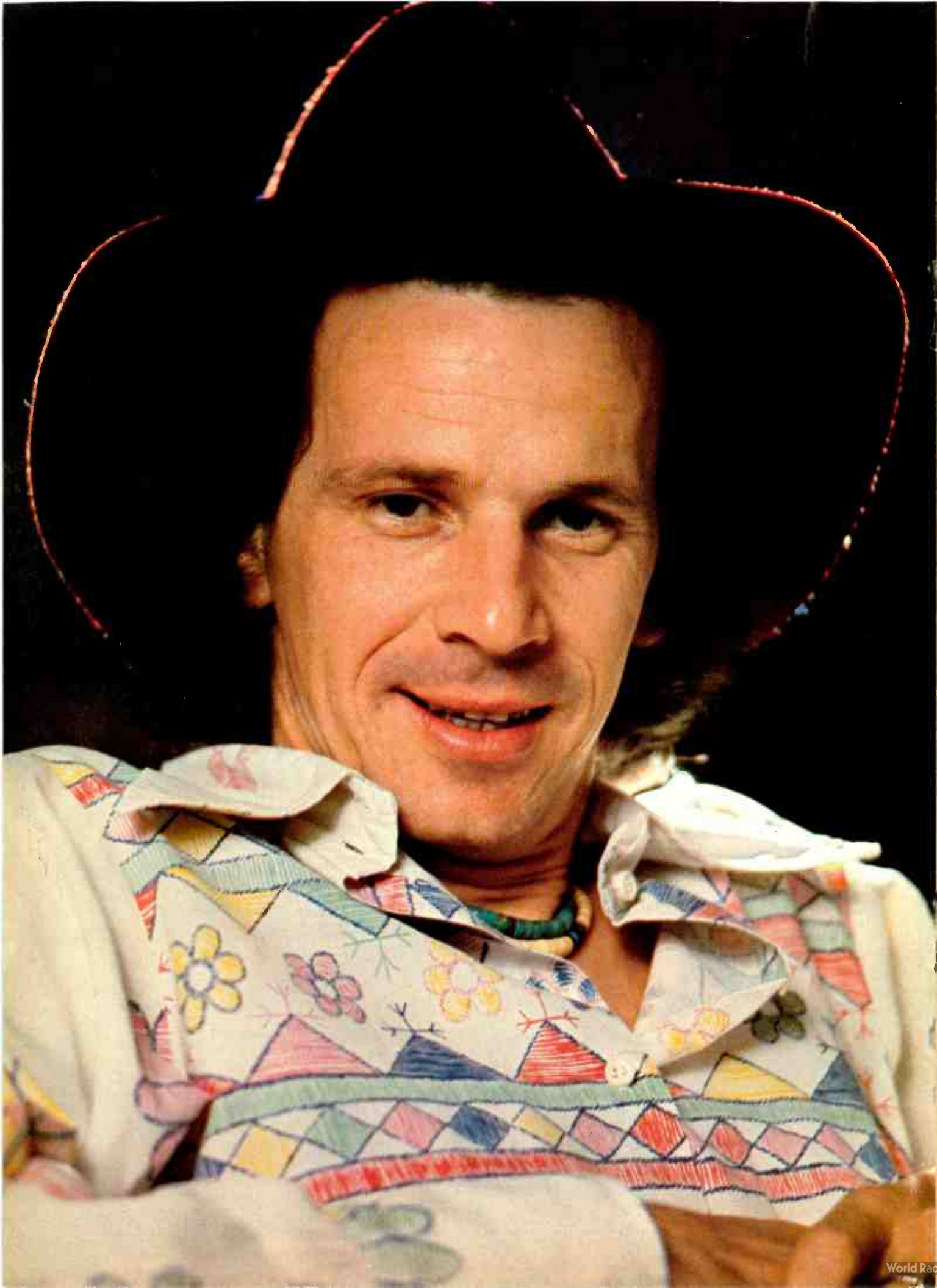
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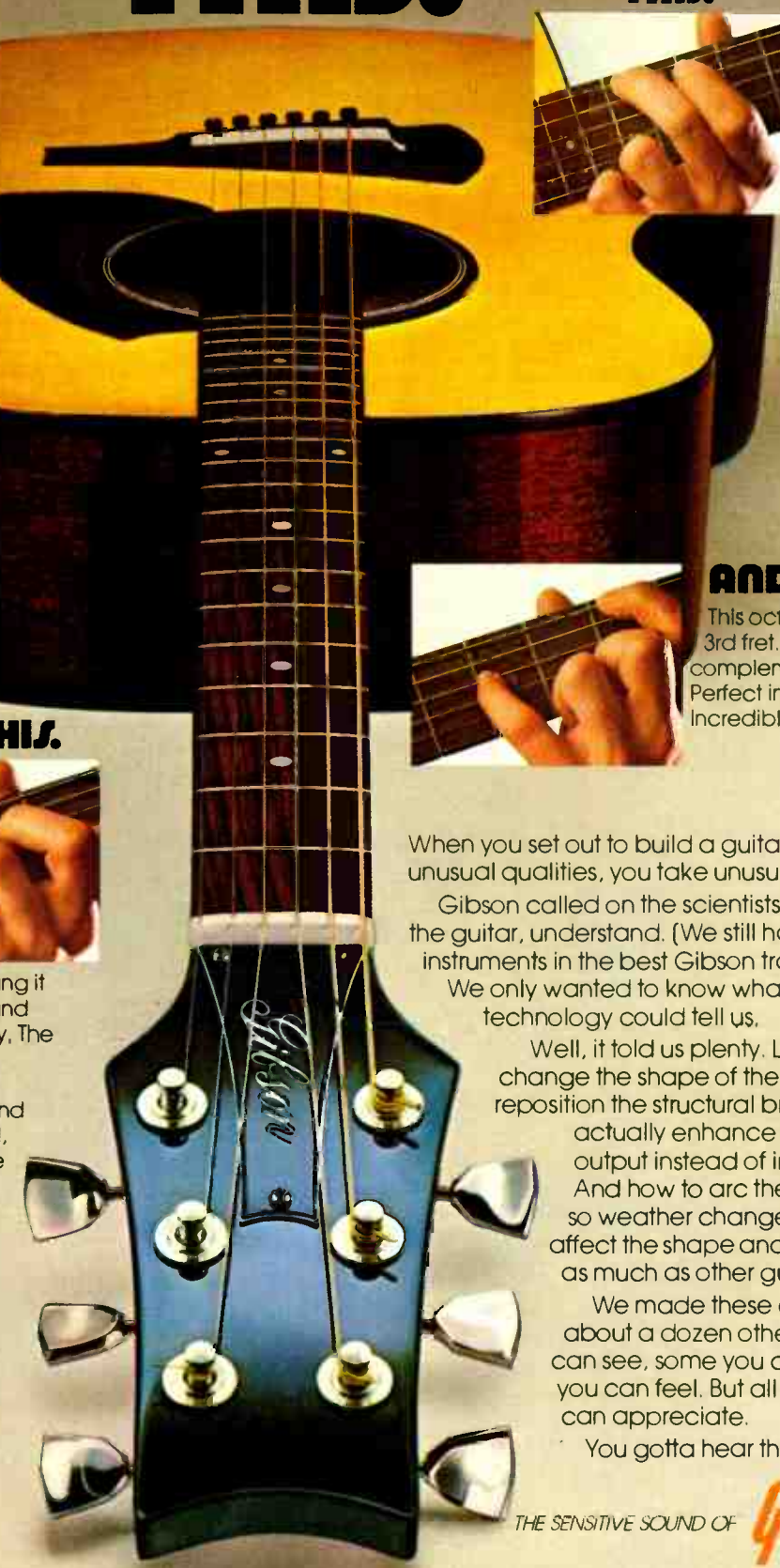
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# Good Time Gary

Honkytonkin',  
Homelife, & The  
Hot Lick Kid:  
Gary Stewart  
Gets It On

by Patrick Carr



The Hot Lick Kid at play. There's morning games with daughter Shannon (top photo), an afternoon visit with brother Grandel (second from top), a family portrait session with son Joey, wife Lou and little Shannon, and an evening giggle in the living room (bottom photo).



I t's the middle of the Florida night after a long weekend of hometown honking in the Stewart family, and Gary is strung across his antique velvet couch, one open eye squinting out from beneath his purple wide-brimmed rude boy hat, listening to the grandfather clock tick. He's thinking. He's been at it for hours—talking out the memories of his life as hillbilly boy and honky tonk hero amidst the tasteful *bric-a-brac* and memorabilia with which he and Lou, his wife, have filled this house over the years—and now, at the end, just minutes away from sleep, he's just trying to think of how he can say it about his music, what it means to him, why he does it. As if he had to explain.

He finds the key, and begins telling how it felt when he first heard the Allman Brothers and they lit him up like a light bulb, finally put the capper on a decade of funkng, working, honking, and paid musical employment. He's talking slow and soft, his hillbilly drawl almost inaudible.

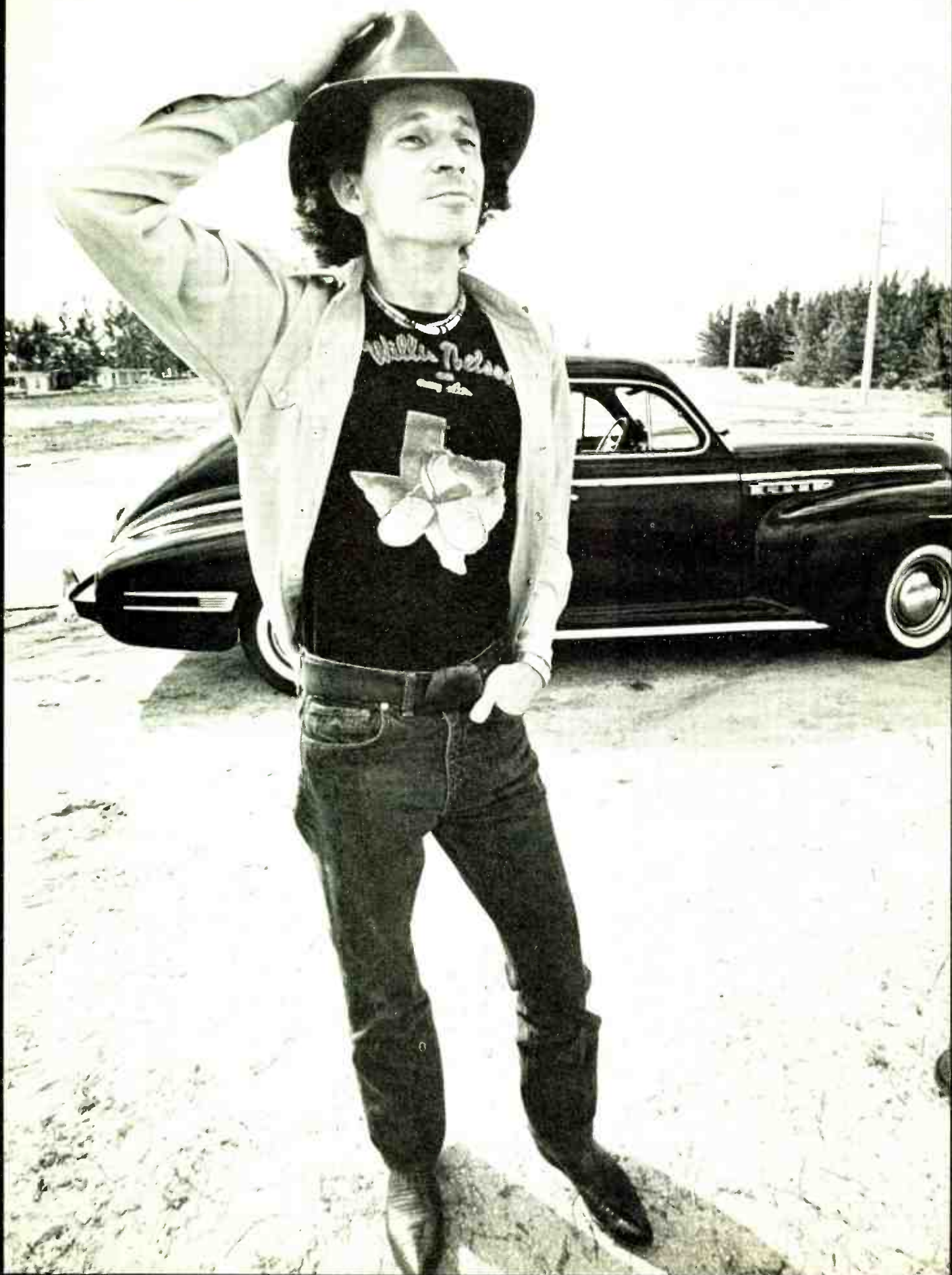
"Ah saw that there was a different way of approaching music, man . . . like, gettin' up an' gettin' into a song, puttin' *feelin'* into it . . ." Now he's accelerating, the drawl rising into a series of verbal explosions. He's on the edge of the couch, that lined, wasted nighthawk face alive with something only a hair away from complete ecstasy.

"An' the way I want to do it, man . . . the way I want to do it is *serious*. Like, if a nasty look comes on mah face, like a snarl, y'know, it's because I'm into the *song*, man. I mean, gettin' mean with the song, man, attackin' it . . ."

Now he might as well really be there on stage, wired beyond all normal

Black & white & color photos: W. Craig Angle

Fort Pierce, Florida: The honky tonk hero and his nostalgia wagon pose for their portrait in the noonday sun.



limits and gone from the inhibited modern country world of family entertainment and the programmed act. Now he's on his feet, shouting, feeling the rush he knows so well, his fatless frame jumping like a punk-boy puppet on musical strings.

"Yeah, man—*attackin'* it! *Stompin' down that foot*, man!!"

His boot crashes into the floor and his head flies back, eyes clamped shut.

"Like, ALLLLLLLLLLL . . . **RIGHT!!!!**"

It's a war whoop and a shout of joy, the essential Gary Stewart. He jumps into his guitar pose, right arm jerking.

"Like *knnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnch* on the gi-tar, ya know? . . . Like, **AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!**"

And that's it. This electrifying pantomime is what he means, and the message comes through loud and clear.

He slumps back onto the couch, calm again. "Whooooo-eeee, man, that's it. I got into *that*, man. Just that, right there. An' *that* is the big reward. That's *doin'* somethin'."

And it is, too. Gary Stewart—this flat-out, wired-up, skinny little kicker with the straight natural connection to the process of getting it on—stands out among the wilted flowers and tired lovers and up-beat career makers of modern mainstream country's continuing down-home soap opera like a loaded .357 in a collection of pocketbook .22's. That's not a value judgement, really. It's just that most of country music has been disconnected from one side of its primal energy—stolen by Elvis back in '56—for almost two generations of country artists, so that hearing Gary Stewart is like coming upon a sudden hurricane after a long and placid time of calm broken only by occasional squalls.

It isn't just that Gary is breaking new ground in the country/rockabilly axis (he's unique in that he's a serious traditionalist who's also taken that high-power, swampy, melodic fluidity first heard from the Allman Brothers Band and "crossed it over" into a Nashville setting); what sets him apart from the Nashville mainstream is the fact that in a field dominated by the musical results of *controlled* feeling (that's country, friends), Gary is letting everything out full blast. He's able to do that because he's not crazy and angry like the Killer (whose energy is primal but basically destructive), or calmly profound like Willie

Nelson (who's just as serious as Gary but miles away stylistically), or an emotional wreck like George Jones (whose problems are the source of his greatness); Gary is sane, intelligent, and happy, but most of all he's just *wild* about making music. It's that simple.

Now it's 5 a. m. in the balmy Florida hometown night and Gary, all honked out and happy, is almost done explaining. He sits there and grins.

"It is simple, man," he says as if the idea has only just occurred to him. "I'm in love. An' I always have bin." He doesn't mean just romance.

\* \* \*

Fort Pierce, Florida; this is home, a small town on the East coast of the peninsula, noted for nothing much but it's phenomenally high percentage of divorces and divorcees. It's a potpourri, this town, a bunch of natives, cowboys and transplanted billies thrown together. But it's a music town—not in the sense of Nashville or Macon or Austin, but because for some reason there are local musicians coming out of the walls and lots of honky tonk nightlife to put the boys to good use. Gary, cruising peacefully in his '49 Buick Special, accords it his ultimate compliment: "This town is *wild*, man." During daytime, however, it's more like a movie about how regulation easy some Americans' lives can be when the right combination of climate and local economics lifts the pressure off.

So here goes Gary rolling through the sunny day in the big black Buick with the wind blowing through the car, pointing out the local sights like some sort of proud parent (he is, after all, in love, and one of the things he's in love with is this little town). He's a local hero, obviously, and everywhere he goes there's a constant waving and honking of horns—today, so far, he's scored two half-naked hippies on a dayglo Harley chopper, three tasty young ladies in their daddy's Chevy, a cop or two and a number of unidentifiables—so when he returns the honk and wave of yet another passing motorist, it's no surprise until he happens to mention that *this* passing motorist was "one of mah brothers." Which in turn is no big thing until it happens twice again during the next ten minutes with two more brothers and you begin to get the impression that this town is stuffed with Stewarts, which it is, and that's another thing Gary loves.

Gary Stewart, you see, is your

ultimate family man, which is a clue to the reason why he manages to sing and write all those songs of broken homes and lost loves with such almost inappropriately passionate exuberance: those classic weepers are not pulled from his own bitter experience by means of a desperate Jones-like creativity, but rather they are his salutes to the classic weeper tradition in country music. In reality, Gary is very well set up. Right here in town he's got a dozen brothers and sisters, his mother, his wife and kids, his aunts and uncles and first and second cousins, his nieces and nephews, his friends, his family's friends, his Buick, his records, enough good musicians to keep his music going with, and a whole townful of folks who quite naturally consider him to be the bee's knees but also—a crucial point, this—like to think he's one of them, not some big star who happens to live among them. Result? Why, this time it really *is* nothing short of a remarkably friendly version of hillbilly heaven.

His home, for instance. At first sight it seems ridiculously unpretentious for a man who is after all a big national recording star and (according to everyone from *Rolling Stone's* official hip tipsters to RCA Records and yours truly) is destined for a brilliant future and lots of spare bucks. The house is a small, one-story wood frame affair indistinguishable from the other small, one-story wood frame affairs that line the unpaved road and nestle up close together in a manner distinctly un-reminiscent of Beverly Hills (or, for that matter, Nashville's Belle Meade).

Then, inside the house with its cowboy movie posters and mix-&-match antiques and Indian fabrics and potted plants—long-time-coming young folks' decor—there is Lou, the Older Woman Gary married without parental consent or means of finance at the age of seventeen and with whom he has lived ever since. Gary's already told me about Lou ("she's a gooooood woman, man" was his conclusion after one of those alcoholic male heart-to-hearts on the subject of Marriage In The Seventies) but meeting her is still a shock. She's even more naturally wired than he is.

She comes bopping into the kitchen in her tight-tight Levis and fancy Fifties cowboy shirt and tooled boots, black eyes flashing off life rays, greets the journalistic contingent with genu-

(Continued on following page)

ine welcome, and turns to Gary: "Hey, are you gonna *pick* tonight, man?" She always calls him "man" and she loves to see him pick. It's been one of those supportive marriages, Lou right next to Gary through all the struggling years of weekend pickin' and weekday work in the aircraft factories around Fort Pierce. Neither one has ever really left home, and Gary maintains that Lou never bugged him about his commitment to music when it was a \$90-a-week proposition—which I guess makes her either a saint or a person just as funky as the old man, and I'll lay my cards on the second proposition. Which also explains why Gary is more free from guilt, depression and anxiety than 99% of the rest of us.

Lou takes off to the supermarket in The Stewart family second car, '69 Dodge Dart, and Gary and the journalistic contingent join the Stewart kids (Joey the boy and Shannon the girl) in front of the television, which just happens to be tuned to what Gary calls "a real Roadhog station" on which five sub-teenagers from Joey's high school are pounding away at Gary's "Drinkin' Thing" with great enthusiasm and the mere beginnings

of technique. No matter, it's enough to get Gary Goodtime whooping with glee. "Lookit that, man! *Look at that!* Man, that's bee-ootiful. I love this town, man . . ."

\* \* \*

It's afternoon in Fort Pierce, and Gary's taking us on a nostalgia tour. Gary's very hot on nostalgia.

First, going right back to the roots, there's lunch, which is from the Fifties. The scenario is an intact Fifties burger joint-cum-soda fountain in downtown Fort Pierce where they've known Gary for more than a decade. Gary's delighted. "Cherry cokes, man! Orange crushes! *Steamed buns!*" True, the buns are steamed.

Second, there's The Hotel, a more recent memory. Gary parks the Buick and reminisces about how he and the band, decked out in Fifties gear, would recreate the golden era of rock and roll—hub caps on stage, automobile back seats on the floor, jitterbug contests, necking contests, Best Dressed Couple contests with cases of beer or free milk shakes at the Dairy Queen ("just 1950's tasty things") as the prizes. Then he points out the Buick window at a small jetty across

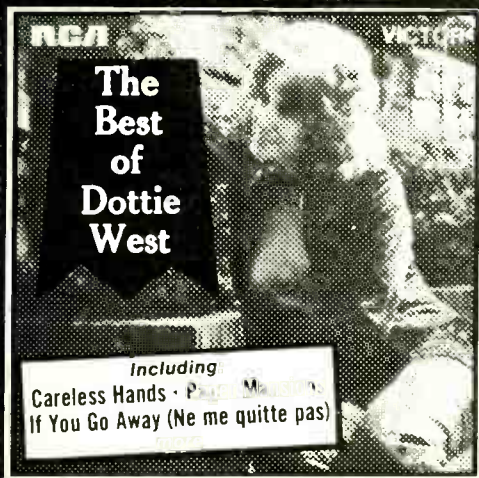
the road from the now-defunct Hotel's parking lot. "Man, ah had some of the best times of mah life right *there*," he says. "That joint was the honkingest honky tonk in the whole of Florida, man, an' right there on that pier is where we'd all hang out between sets, man . . . drinkin' that jug wine and doin' all the other stuff an' whoopin' an' hollerin' an' gettin' *down*. Man, we'd get so down we just couldn't get no higher, an' then we'd go back in that honky tonk an' sing all them dirty songs an' have us a *time* . . ."

"Dirty songs?" say I. "What do you mean, dirty songs?"

"Oh, yeah," says Gary. "That was before I got serious, like I told you. See, that's how I started."

Now, I already know how he started way back—son of a Kentucky coal miner, grandson of a Kentucky horse trader, brought up in the mountains around Payne Gap, Kentucky, pupil of a one-room schoolhouse where he was always at the top of the class, learned country music first on the guitar, then on an old organ with blood on the keys, moved with the whole family to Fort Pierce after his father (Continued on page 58)

# DOTTIE WEST



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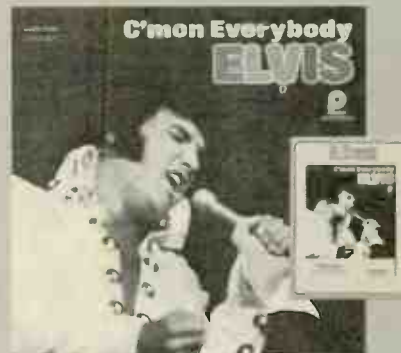
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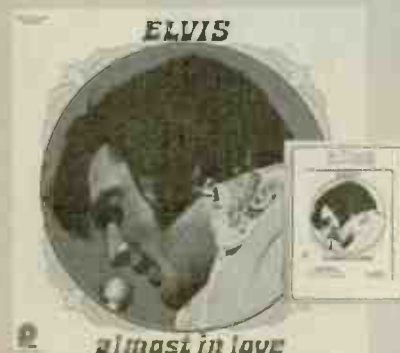
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# NASHVILLE

## UNDERGROUND



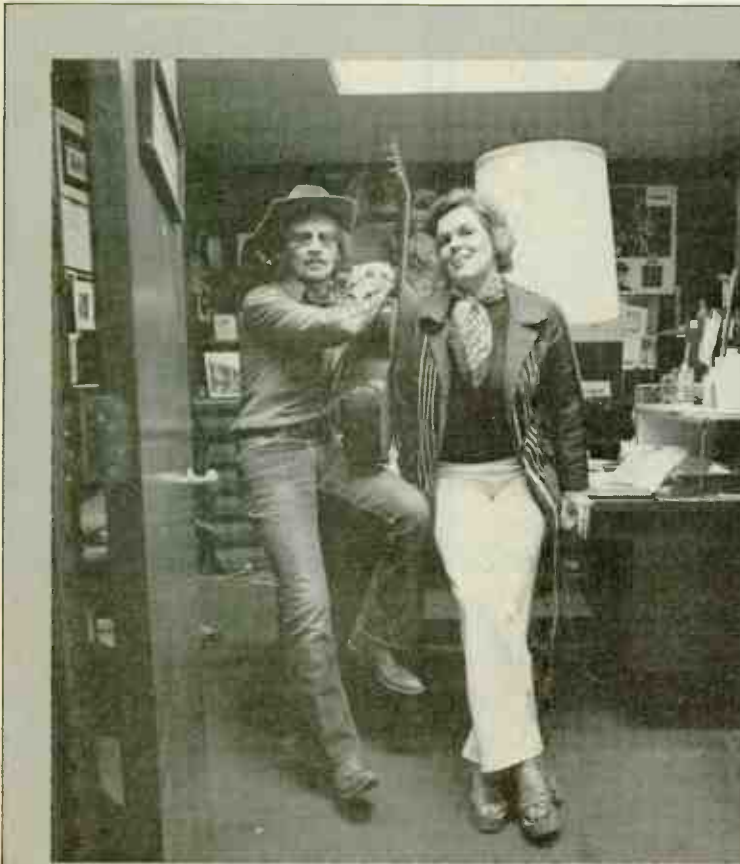
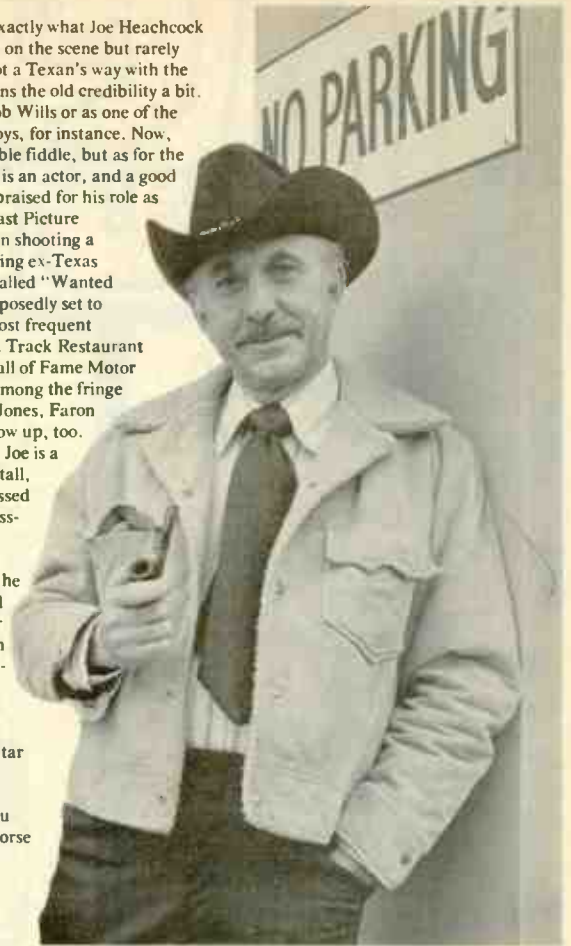
Photos: Leonard Kamsler

by **DOUG GREEN & PATRICK CARR** ★ All right, now, you know about all the stars of country music who live and record in Nashville, and you know about the Grand Ole Opry, and the Country Music Hall of Fame, and Webb Pierce's house, and maybe even all the other tourist attractions, but what about the featured attractions of Nashville that the tourists never see, or don't realize they're seeing? We're talking about the non-public superstars of Nashville, the people who are only stars to the stars. These are the invisible heroes, heroines, "characters," and outright lulus of Music City.



Tootsie Bess runs the most famous beer joint in country music history—Tootsie's Orchid Lounge, a haven for down-and-out musicians and songwriters, beat-up hookers, rubbernecking tourists and, in those not-so-very-long-ago days of glory, the stars and sidemen of the Opry who used to slip across the alley from the old Opry House for a few brews between shows. Those glory days have gone now, since the Opry moved out of town to Opryland. Massage parlors and friendly neighborhood porno stores have moved in where souvenir stores used to vie for tourists' business. Oh, the tourists still come around from time to time and Tootsie does have her regulars, but the days when she'd have to stick Roger Miller or Faron Young or Willie Nelson with that famous hatpin to keep them well-behaved (sort of) won't be coming back. When Tootsie retires, a great hunk of country music's raw, gritty past will go with her.

It's hard to tell just exactly what Joe Heacock does do—he's always on the scene but rarely working. Plus he's got a Texan's way with the truth that, well, strains the old credibility a bit. Like his days with Bob Wills or as one of the Light Crust Doughboys, for instance. Now, Joe does play a passable fiddle, but as for the rest of it . . . But Joe is an actor, and a good one, and was highly praised for his role as the sheriff in "The Last Picture Show." He's also been shooting a TV situation co-starring ex-Texas Playgirl Laura Lee, called "Wanted Again," which is supposedly set to run this Fall. Joe's most frequent hangout is the Sound Track Restaurant and Lounge at the Hall of Fame Motor Inn, a popular spot among the fringe set although George Jones, Faron Young and others show up, too. No question about it, Joe is a commanding figure; tall, lean, impeccably dressed in early Texas businessman gear, hatted, booted, and sagely puffing on that pipe, he looks for all the world like some oil baron or cattle rancher in town to close multi-million-dollar deals. Joe is all Texas. He brings a breath of fresh air to town from the Lone Star State. Only thing is, sometimes when you take a deep breath you can catch a whiff of horse manure, too.



Without these two funkies, the entire Outlaw clan would probably just have to shut up shop and go out of business, 'cause Captain Midnite (known to his relatives as Roger Schutt) and Hazel Smith (Haze) function as full-scale Den Father and Mother to the Waylon/Jessi/Tompall & Family axis. Midnite, to whom Haze refers as "the spiritual advisor of the hillbilly underground," has been in town sixteen years—hanging out, helping people, working as a journalist and disk jockey, and storing up a vast supply of friends and information. Midnite knew today's stars when they were Nashville street people half starving to death (he maintains that Roger Miller still owes him \$15); he can tell you all about the day Ernest Tubb shot up WSM with a pistol, or the day Johnny Horton declared that he was going to die; today, even though he's been fired more times than most of us have had hot dinners on account of his erratic ways and refusal to sell out to the bosses, he's good buddies with everyone from Nashville Mayor Dick Fulton to Billy Joe Shaver. Midnite knows who to call. Haze, on the other hand, is a relative newcomer. She moved to Nashville five years ago from Caswell County, Ky., and soon set up shop as "Promo Ms." for Tompall & Co. Like Midnite, Haze is one hell of a friend; if Haze likes you, you need never starve in Nashville. Mother of two pickin' sons (Billy and Terry) and good friend of Bill Monroe, Haze writes songs ("Thank God For Kentucky" for Bill Monroe, "Bad Eye Bill" for Dr. Hook), and is the esteemed author of our "Hillbilly Central" column.



Who's the most feared person on Music Row? Chet Atkins? No. It's Cathy Gregory. It's for her that the spiked gates at Music Row's ASCAP building are called "Cathy-catchers." Cathy's the one who got arrested at an ASCAP banquet. Why? Because of Bobby Gregory. Bobby Gregory was Cathy's husband and a country music accordionist who had his biggest years in the 1940s and wrote hundreds of songs, the most famous being "Sunny Side of the Mountain." Bobby was important enough in his day, but if Cathy had her way, the Bobby Gregory Hall of Fame would be located on Gregory City's famous Bobby Gregory Boulevard, etc., etc. Cathy has made it her mission to see that Bobby is "adequately recognized for his contributions to country music." Her banzai tactics, shouts and tears have mellowed lately since she got hooked up with a folk/rock/country/gospel duo called the Nashville Underground and an outfit called the Trinity Foundation—but it's still not safe to ask her who Bobby Gregory was.



You get the feeling that Mr. Linebaugh has seen it all; just watching and working that cash register for at least three decades. Linebaugh's Cafe, where steam tables turn most foods into gray mush, was the spot where hungry musicians ate and talked before or between Opry shows and hung out waiting for someone to need a bass player, a baggy-pants comedian, a takeoff man. Most of the excitement has gone now, but Shot Jackson still eats there daily and Roy Acuff drops in when he's in that part of town. Mr. Linebaugh stands impassively by the cash register and watches; counts change and watches.

Here's a story about Arizona Star. She was singing and dancing in a little Nashville bar called Joe's Village Inn. Star was wearing something fluffy, gauzy, and short, and a customer offered her a buck to do a handstand. Star accepted, but to the customer's dismay, she had her little dress pinned at the crotch. So he offered her another buck to take the pin out. She accepted. But Joe stopped it right there. Star kept the two bucks. That's Star, who came to town with her partner George (an overly slender

young lady who always wore a velvet jerkin and a sword) and began pickin' and bumpin' at the Greyhound bus terminal, which soon became the first of many local institutions to throw her out. George is gone now, but Star's fortunes have improved. She was crowned Queen of the Silver Dollar during a recent Emmylou Harris gig at the Exit 'Inn, and she has an album coming out on U.K. Records. We hope she sings better than she used to, but we know she sure can shake.



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## George Jones

The Battle

Epic KE-34034 \$5.98

EA-34034 (tape) \$6.98

Every four months, with the precision of the time-piece in Big Ben, George Jones puts out a new album, and it always provides a clue as to what kind of shape he's in. This one is no



exception, though appearances do deceive at first.

There's that classy white-on-white cover of a bed half empty, in reference to the title song. It's forbidding enough that you might not even notice that the song has a happy ending, but that sort of schizophrenia is what defines this album. It has a fair share of weepers, as always, but there's plenty more optimistic, upbeat material this time as well. George seems to be getting back on his feet okay.

He gives special attention to "Baby, There's Nothing

Like You," a song he co-authored with Peanuts Montgomery, and it's the best vocal performance here, with George stretching those words out to heart-breaking length in the way that he, and only he, can. It serves to remind that no matter how much George's musical arrangements have changed since he hooked up with Billy Sherrill, he's still basically the same old east Texas honky-tonker who cut "Seasons of My Heart" twenty years ago. As if to say so himself, he includes his version of David Allan Coe's "I Still Sing the Old Songs."

Personally, I wish he would sing them more often. But whenever I start getting upset by those soupy arrangements, whenever I wish there were a fiddle in place of those violins, I block everything out except George, and just concentrate on his voice. And then everything's fine again.

JOHN MORTHLAND

## Loretta Lynn

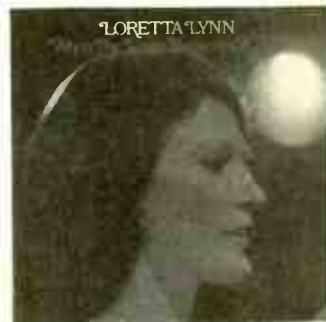
When the Tingle Becomes A Chill

MCA MCA-2179 \$6.98

MCAT-2179 (tape) \$7.98

As Loretta Lynn albums go, *When The Tingle Becomes A Chill* is unremark-

able. It follows what has become a pattern in Miss Lynn's recent releases in that it shows all the earmarks of having been hastily issued to "cover" the recent success of her single by the



same name. In addition to the title cut, the album contains no less than three covers of other people's hits, three songs by writers contracted to one of Loretta Lynn Enterprises' four publishing companies, and, for the first time in quite a while, a song written by Miss Lynn herself.

Like George Jones, Miss Lynn is such a talented singer that she can take absolutely inane lyrics and make them sound at least passable; most of the lyrics on this album are inane. It is only on her single and her own song that Loretta Lynn really shines. Her "Red, White, And Blue" can only be called a peculiar song reflecting, as it does, her compulsive pre-

occupation with her American Indian/Irish heritage. Nonetheless, she sings the lyrics, which are a bit strange, with conviction, and that's more than can be said for her rendering of "Rhinestone Cowboy," an odd choice for a Loretta Lynn album if I've ever heard one.

Loretta Lynn's best albums are the ones for which she has written the material herself. One hopes that in the future we will see fewer throwaway songs and more of the real thing.

MARTHA HUME

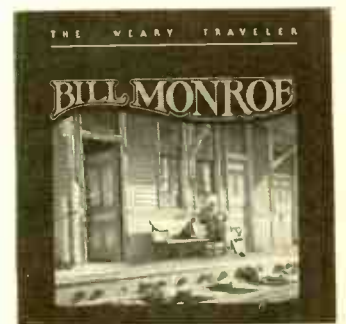
## Bill Monroe

The Weary Traveler

MCA MCA-2173 \$6.98

MCAT-2173 (tape) \$7.98

MCA couldn't possibly have meant this album title to convey anything about the



personality or well-being of Bill Monroe. At the age of sixty-five, and forty years

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after his recording career began, the man can still sing higher, clearer, and louder than most entertainers half his age. "The Weary Traveler" just happens to be one of those lonesome songs that Monroe is fond of singing. His wellsprings also seem to be as fathomless as ever; he can still write interesting songs, and the material he can summon from the past, from his famed Uncle Pen and others, appears to be inexhaustible.

This isn't my favorite Bill Monroe album. Some of the songs sound too similar to ones he has done in the past—"Mary Jane" is just one more of those sweet little roses waiting way back in the mountains—and there are others that won't get beyond these grooves and that Monroe himself will probably never perform again. On the other hand, I bet fiddlers and banjoists everywhere are already learning "Jerusalem Ridge," "Ashland Breakdown," and "Watson Blues." I'm sure these songs aren't wholly original with Monroe, but they do demonstrate his remarkable ability to create fresh and exciting sounds within the framework of tradition. "Jerusalem Ridge," named for the heavily wooded area near his boyhood home, is a superb showcase for Kenny Baker's and Joe Stuart's fiddling. Monroe may have had his Scottish ancestry in mind when he arranged this tune, but he has actually gone beyond this tradition to evoke a gypsy, or even oriental, spirit. And country music has few sounds as exhilarating as the swooping, bluesy fiddle of Kenny Baker.

Bill Monroe has been a professional musician for about four-fifths of country music's commercial history, but, unlike some of the other old-timers, he never

seems dated. This is not only a tribute to his strength and versatility, it also tells us something about his creativity. Here is a man who has persistently and successfully fused the old with the new, and who has always managed to sound both old-timey and contemporary at the same time.

BILL C. MALONE

### Freddy Fender

Rock 'n' Country

ABC-Dot DOSD-2050 \$6.98

DOSD-8-2050 (tape) \$7.95

Besides his obvious musical skills, there are a number of other things Freddy Fender has in his favor. He's always had a special appeal for the ladies, probably due in part to his Little Boy Lost look. Some-



how Fender, with his projection of a downtrodden Mexican struggling with unrequited love and an unfamiliar language at the same time, plays into the hands of those who would take him under their protective wings and tell him not to cry anymore.

A case in point: what other obviously male singer could get away with singing a wholly feminine song such as "Secret Love"? Try to picture Ernest Tubb, or Moe Bandy. Freddy, however, pulls it off. He's not the slightest bit macho, and he plays his air of shyness to the hilt.

Rock 'n' Country is an ex-

tension of the formula which worked for him on three previous ABC-Dot albums: several plaintive ballads, two or three blues, and a liberal serving of bilingual verse. The tender tracks are more noteworthy than in previous releases; "Just Out of Reach," with its hint of reggae, and "I Can't Help It" are obvious classics. The latter gets an especially poignant treatment, with Freddy affixing a spoken testimonial to Hank and Audrey to a reading that almost drowns in sobs.

Despite his wistful melancholia, Fender does get in his share of scowls. "You'll Lose a Good Thing" shows a rare, defiant pose, and the perennial "Big Boss Man," with its Mexican inflections, could be a blast at the foreman in a San Fernando grapefield.

As sociology or, better, as music, Fender has a lot to offer everyone. *Rock 'n' Country* is his most complete and believable disk to date.

RUSSELL SHAW

### Dave Dudley

Uncommonly Good Country

United Artists UA-LA

512-G \$5.98

UA-LA 512-H \$6.98

Dave Dudley's "Six Days on the Road" is still the definitive trucker's hymn in this four-wheeler's book. Powered by his chesty voice, it is both assertive and a little bit reckless, like a driver hungry enough to carry one extra load before he turns in. Over the long haul, since that song became a standard, Dudley has mellowed (his cab probably has a king-size bunk with all the comforts of home) and settled down to enjoy the spoils of his gravy train runs. "Me and Ole C.B.," the hit single from his album, reflects the change. It's neither as popular as C.W. McCall's

"Convoy" nor as humorous as Cletus Maggard's "White Knight," but it is sensible, peppered with citizen's band lingo, and retains that husky straightforward attitude that just hums down the road.

With material like "I Have Been Known Not To Go Home," he's a regular barfly, smelling of Old Spice and shooting pool with the waitress, reaching for the low notes at every refrain. But on the "Downers" side



of the album (his description) Dudley sounds as if he's in the twilight of his life, grabbing for a Charlie Rich balladeer's coat that doesn't fit. Such melancholy mettle can succeed at times, as on "Sentimental Journey," though "A Beautiful Love Song" and "I've Lived Like a Piece of Grass" are too tame fare for Dave's vociferous appetite. As long as he keeps the hammer down and sticks with the "Uppers" of side one, Dudley's wheels will roll him along as a trucker's favorite, overcoming the soft stuff.

JOE NICK PATOSKI

### Conway Twitty

This Time I've Hurt Her More Than She Loves Me  
MCA MCA-2176 \$7.98  
MCA-8-2176 (tape) \$6.98

Nobody can sing a country ballad like Conway Twitty. Nobody else has that growl that comes from somewhere way in the back of the throat and blends so achingly with steel guitars and fid-

dles that it makes you want to slap him on the back, this king of the good ole boys, and tell him you understand. Tell him you understand about cheating and being cheated on, about leaving someone you love, about trying to be a man in a world where all the superficial guises of manhood are being stripped away.

That's what this album is all about. The album presents eight ballads with two



country toe-tappers thrown in for good measure. Thankfully, there are no piped-in strings on any of the songs. The back-up band must be the best collection of studio musicians in Nashville. The background vocals, supplied by "The Nashville Sounds"

and Joe Lewis, are utilized skillfully and sparingly. Owen Bradley, Conway's long-time producer, doesn't have him sounding like every other country musician who is trying to cross over to the easy listening charts. Conway, on this album, comes across as an individual man singing in his own special style.

Since Conway's style is so individualistic, one wonders why he didn't write any of the album's songs. Conway is one of the best songwriters in the business. On this album, the worn-out song "The Race is On" and "Jason's Farm," another ill-cooked batch of cliches, could both be replaced by a song or two penned by Conway. The album's title song is Conway's hit single, but I think his sensual magic is best portrayed in Dicky Lee's "She Thinks I Still Care." All in all, the album is a great collection of songs you can carry around in your head all day and cry along with at night, if your nights are long and lonesome. Sing it, Conway.

MARY SUE PRICE

**Elvis Presley**  
 Elvis: A Legendary Performer, Vol. II  
 RCA CPL1-1349 \$7.98  
 CPS-1-1349 (tape) \$8.98

**A**lthough Volume I of this series was a million-seller, it was, for the most part, a disappointing rehash of Elvis's early hits along with an alternate take from a Sun session and a handful of live outtakes from his 1969 TV special. With a high list-price, you might call it a rip-off.

This second volume, however, contains more than its share of interesting, unreleased tracks, rendering it far more entertaining and guaranteed-to-please, even for the hard-core Presley connoisseurs.

Highlights of the package are a little known Sun recording of "Harbor Lights," versions of "Blue Suede Shoes" and "Baby What You Want Me To Do" (both

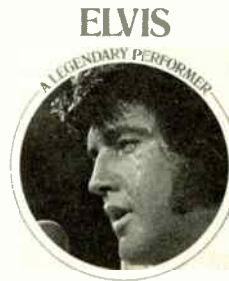
age is a colorful sixteen-page booklet, chock full of keen stuff. See how many mistakes you can find in the copy (any fan worth his sideburns knows that "It's Now or Never" was not included on Elvis's first post-army album).

If you believe there are two kinds of people in the world—those who grew up with Elvis and those who didn't—you'll agree: *A Legendary Performer, Vol. II* is an album fit for a king.

ALVIN COOLEY

**Sonny James**  
 200 Years of Country Music  
 Columbia KC-34035 \$5.98  
 CA-33414 (tape) \$6.98

**T**his was a good idea, and somebody really ought to try to work it out someday. The contents definitely do not conform to the rather ambitious title. If Sonny is saying that this is a tribute to the country music industry and its major performers, after 200 years of national development, then he has succeeded. On the other hand, if he intended to trace



from that classic 1969 TV program, and both featuring Elvis on lead guitar), a fun take of "I Want You, I Need You, I Love You," false starts from the master of "Such a Night," a live recording of "Blue Hawaii" from the early sixties, and a 1956 radio interview in which Elvis informs the jock that his debut movie role will be with Burt Lancaster in *The Rainmaker*. You also get half a dozen Elvis hits, such as "Jailhouse Rock," "Blue Christmas," and "It's Now or Never."

Rounding out the pack-

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200 years of country music history, then he's left out 150 years.

One almost suspects that when the album was being planned it was meant to be a commemoration of the Grand Ole Opry's fifty-year history, but partway through someone said, "Hey, Sonny, why don't we make it a Bicentennial album?"

There's a good selection of songs here, most of them identified with some of country music's great artists, from Vernon Dalhart and Jimmie Rodgers to Hank Williams and Elvis Presley, and Sonny does his usual competent job on all of them. On each cut he strives to recreate much of the flavor of the original performance and, in fact, he brings together an all-star array of musicians to lend authenticity to the songs.

This comes off very well in some cases, such as with "San Antonio Rose," "Back in the Saddle Again," and "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry," but in others, such as "Wildwood Flower" and



"The Prisoner's Song," the result is much like the smooth, antiseptic Nashville Sound of the fifties and sixties. "Hard to Please" is supposed to be a tribute to DeFord Bailey, but it comes out more R&B than country

blues. Somehow I can't picture DeFord Bailey playing his harmonica to the accompaniment of an electric boogie guitar.

My real quarrel with the album, however, lies with the great gap between what is recorded and what is promised in the title. Country music has a history that spans back farther than 200 years, but the oldest song here, "Wildwood Flower," dates only to the Civil War. Where are the ancient ballads and love songs, like "Barbara Allen" or "Pretty Polly," old songs that are still cherished and performed today? The performing styles herein are no doubt derived from traditional styles, but they encompass only a very small percentage of the total that have thrived. We find no acapella balladry, no hoedown fiddling, no con-

gregational singing; nothing that has the spirit of the brush arbor, the camp meeting, or the singing school; nothing that evokes the spirit of the medicine shows; and, except for "Waiting for a Train," nothing that reflects the occupational groups who contributed to the forming of country music.

The sad thing is that Sonny James could have produced an album that would have been historically accurate and commercial at the same time. But as it stands, the album fulfills only half of that equation. It will sell tremendously, but only because Sonny James is the singer. *200 Years of Country Music* is well conceived, well engineered, and well performed, but it isn't what it claims to be, or what it could have been.

BILL C. MALONE

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## DELMORE BROTHERS RETROSPECTIVE

From novelty songs like "Brown's Ferry Blues" to traditional material like "Frozen Girl," from sacred numbers like "Over in the Glory Land" to carefree stompers like "Mobile Boogie," from a Stephen Foster standard like "Oh Susannah" to an original like "Blues Stay Away From Me," the Delmore Brothers did it all. In a career that spanned some twenty key years of country music history—years that saw the music leave the rural hills of the South and infiltrate the urban centers of the North—they always managed to stay right in style and yet remain an unmistakably traditional group.

While best known for their close harmony singing and gospel inflections, they were both inventive guitar players, greatly influenced by the black blues and ragtime musicians of their day.

They were born in Elkmont, Limestone County, Alabama—Alton on Christmas of 1908, Rabon on December 3, 1916—to a tenant farming family already rich in musical talent. Alton learned first, from his Aunt Molly who could read and write music. He then taught Rabon the guitar, and by the time the latter was ten, they were teaming up for local dances. Already a unique style was beginning to emerge.

This derived mainly from the guitar parts. Alton had learned to play on a tenor guitar, an unusual enough instrument in itself, but he happened to play it like a tenor banjo, which is the technique he taught Rabon. Alton then took up the standard Spanish six-string, which he played with great melodic flair, and when the two of them played together they conjured up everyone from Jimmie Rodgers to jazzman Eddie Lang to the blues/ragtime Blind Boy Fuller. You can hear the results best on "Mobile Boogie" (1947), one of their hottest King numbers.

They developed into equally flexible vocalists. They were greatly influenced by 19th-century shape-note singing and rural gospel quartets; even many of their secular songs, such as "Take It to the Captain" (1946), featured call-and-response vocals. Alton usually sang the lead parts, and Rabon the harmonies.

In 1930 the Delmores won the annual fiddling contest in nearby Athens. (They barely beat a group that sang a novelty song, which compelled Alton to write "Brown's Ferry Blues" in case they ever needed one themselves.) The next year, they went to Atlanta to audition for Columbia. They recorded only two numbers then ("Got the Kansas City Blues" and "Alabama Lullaby"), but they did meet other Columbia artists such as Riley Puckett, Clayton McMichen, John Carson, and Blind Andy Jackson. With the encouragement of these seasoned pros, Alton began pestering Harry Stone, the manager of WSM in Nashville, for a spot on the Opry. Finally, in 1932, they got their audition and passed easily.

For the first time in their career, music looked like a definite way out of the crippling poverty they had known in Alabama. They crafted their style to better meet the demands of the newly emerging radio medium, and soon

became one of the Opry's most popular acts, and they started booking personal appearances in the outlying areas.

This was not difficult, for by now they were quite popular. The Opry exposure helped, but equally important were the seventeen sides they cut for Bluebird in 1933. Two of these, "Brown's Ferry Blues" and "Gonna Lay Down My Old Guitar" (their theme song) were good-sized hits. The majority of their output throughout the thirties continued to sell well. *Brown's Ferry Blues: 1933-41 Recordings* (County 402) contains fourteen of the Delmores' finest Bluebird recordings.

The relationship with the Opry lasted until 1938. "The people here, they treat me fine/They give me beer, they give me wine," Alton wrote in "The Nashville Blues" (1936). He was a temperamental sort to begin with, and that, combined with his drinking, apparently led to their departure from the Opry.

Perhaps it was Alton's fits of depression that forced them to keep moving, but they jumped from WSM to radio stations in Raleigh, Greenville, Birmingham, Del Rio, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Memphis, and Fort Smith. Not surprisingly, many of the songs from this period were traveling songs, but a good number more were about love gone bad, further indication of how unstable their lives had become (though both remained married).

This is not to imply that their music suffered; the opposite seems true, for their Decca sides from the early forties are precious works, and their King records from 1944 to 1952 were their most successful efforts, both commercially and artistically. They were among the few old-time artists able to make the transition to the newer country sounds, and they were quite prolific. At King, Wayne Raney often backed them on harmonica, adding further bluesy accents. In songs like "Good Time Saturday Night" (1951) we can see the roots of rockabilly, and "Blues Stay Away From Me" was on the charts for a full twenty-three weeks in 1949, climbing as high as No. 2. Rosemary Clooney's version of "Beautiful Brown Eyes" showed their ability to write for the pop market, but during this period they also continued to record favorite tunes from their childhood. In addition, they made up part of the Brown's Ferry Four, a popular King gospel group. (The other members varied among Wayne Raney, Red Foley, and Grandpa Jones.) The Delmores' years with King are represented by several out-of-print albums: *Sacred Songs, Vol. I* (King 551), *Sacred Songs, Vol. II* (King 590), *24 Songs* (King 943), all by the Brown's Ferry Four, and *30th Anniversary Album* (King 785), *In Memory: The Delmore Bros.* (King 910), *In Memory of the Delmore Bros., Vol. 2* (King 920), and *Best of the Delmore Brothers* (King 1090).

In 1950 they moved to Houston. Alton's drinking was getting way out of hand, he was losing interest in music, and the years of rambling were taking their toll. In 1952 the team broke up. Rabon went to Detroit and then back to Limestone County, where he died of lung cancer on December 4. Left to his own, Alton moved to Huntsville, Texas, and worked there for twelve years at a number of odd jobs. On June 9, 1964, he died of internal hemorrhaging caused by a bad liver. By then he and his brother had covered more ground, artistically and physically, than any other country artists they had started out with.

JOHN MORTHLAND

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# THE LATE, GREAT RED FOLEY

by JOHN PUGH

In the course of an average day of listening to your local country music radio station, you will hear a number of songs from the past, many of them by deceased former greats. You may hear a song by Hank Williams, Jim Reeves, Patsy Cline, Bob Wills, perhaps Johnny Horton, or possibly even Jimmie Rodgers. But there is one singer whose records never

seem to be played, a singer it is almost certain you have never heard, a singer who was apparently forgotten as soon as he was laid to rest almost eight years ago. Not only does he get little or no airplay, but last year, with so many books published on the Grand Ole Opry's 50th anniversary, as one of the Opry's former biggest stars, he was barely mentioned in any of them. A

TV special done for the same occasion mentioned him not at all.

Strangely enough, he was one of country music's best singers (many think *the* best) who sold over 25,000,000 records during his lifetime. He is alleged to have the first million selling country record, the first million selling gospel record and the first country hit ever cut in Nashville.

HONORING THE MEMORY OF COUNTRY

MUSIC'S FORGOTTEN GREAT



Photos Courtesy of the Country Music Foundation



And yet today all of this seems to count for little or nothing. Red Foley, the man who distinguished himself so brilliantly during his prime now has the perplexing "distinction" of being Country's Forgotten Great.

\* \* \*

He was born Julian Clyde Foley in Berea, Ky. in 1914 and came by his nickname early in life because of—surprise—his thick strands of auburn-red hair. He was naturally musically inclined and, while attending Georgetown College in the '30's, was spotted by a talent scout from station WLS in Chicago, who persuaded him to forego his studies for the time being and come launch his professional career on the WLS Barn Dance.

In 1945 the William Esty Advertising Agency in New York, who handled the account for Prince Albert pipe tobacco, decided, after much searching and auditioning, to bring Red to the Grand Ole Opry to host the famed Prince Albert Show. The Prince Albert Show is another former country music mainstay that seems to be largely forgotten by the public, but in its heyday in the 1940's and '50's it was the only network telecast from the Opry (running 30 minutes) and, as such, the Opry's choicest plum. Every Opry performer wanted to be on the Prince Albert portion, and many stars would have traded a summer's worth of bookings to be its permanent host. Everyone knew Roy Acuff had tired of the show's demands and would soon be leaving. The resultant conjecture as to his replacement was comparable to the daily wonderings of the *New York*



Top left: Foley (with guitar & black hat) picks with Gene Autrey for the silver screen. Above: Foley on the road.

*Times* on Henry Kissinger's latest secret pact. But it wasn't long before the Opry performers were shocked by the news that Acuff's successor would not come from their ranks at all, but was to be a total outsider. Some guy from up north named Foley.

When Red arrived the other Opry stars, almost to a man, were understandably distant and cool toward him. He rapidly, though effortlessly, won them over with his undeniable talent and his unaffected manner—attributes he retained throughout his up-and-down career and his often calamitous personal life. To this day it



Foley hosts a young Roger Miller (top photo) and poses for a fine portrait.

is well nigh impossible to find anyone in Nashville who has anything but praise for Foley.

"Red was totally unpretentious, he had no ego whatsoever," said Jack Stapp, former manager of the Opry during Red's prime. "He was at home with every type of person. He'd say and sign autographs for every tow-headed kid and little old lady. Being around Red was like opening the door to a furnace and feeling the warmth flooding all over you."

Former associates are even more effusive recalling Red's artistry and showmanship. Foley was one of the first, if not the first, to have a million selling country record with "Chattanooga Shoeshine Boy." (The quickest way to get an all-night argument started in Nashville is to bring up the subject of who had *the* first million selling country record.) He was the first country artist to have a million selling gospel record with "Peace In The Valley," probably the most well-known hymn in the South.

"Red was one of the forerunners of what I would call the 'great' singers in country music," said Ernie Newton,

one of Foley's lifelong sidemen. "He sang the first really soul country. I can't think of any singer today who can touch him."

"I have several favorite country music singers, but in his particular style nobody could top Foley," said Minnie Pearl. "As far as combining pure singing ability and interpretation of lyrics, he was the master. When he sang 'Steal Away,' for instance, he literally picked you up and took you inside that old Negro rural southern church. The first time I ever heard him I thought he sang better than anyone else in the world."

Ironically—almost incredibly—Foley, so peerlessly adept at any kind of material, never had a hit love ballad. He is most "remembered" for his up-tempo, rag-time numbers, such as "Chattanooga Shoeshine Boy" and "Tennessee Saturday Night" and even more so for his hymns, particularly "Peace In The Valley," "Just A Closer Walk With Thee" and "Steal Away," a recitation done in imitation of an old black preacher.

He was not a particularly *religious* person, yet he would often openly weep when performing a spiritual because he was such an *emotional* person. Associates invariably speak of Foley's breaking down and crying when doing a hymn, yet they remember it not as maudlin sentimentality, but as a genuine attribute, an ability to interject himself so strongly into a song until it completely overcame him—and his audiences.

"He wasn't what you would call a real showman," said Hillous Butram, another longtime sideman, "but I've never seen anybody else able to hold an audience the way Red did, except for Hank Williams and a fellow named Rusty Adams. We were playing the Showboat in Las Vegas once and everyone was drinking and gambling and generally living it up. Red came out and did 'Peace In The Valley' and it was like someone had turned off a switch; you could hear a pin drop. People were crying and everything. We asked him how he had the nerve to sing a hymn in a place like that, and how he could make it go over so strongly. He said, 'I pick out two people and sing just to them. I begin to reach them and then it just spreads.'"

"When he sang a hymn he had them so emotionally wrought up, you almost had to mop the tears off the floor," said Ernie Newton. "Lots of entertainers can make an audience go

wild with applause, but Red was the only one I ever saw who could just stun them speechless."

\* \* \*

Foley hosted the Prince Albert Show and enjoyed his greatest popularity in recording and personal appearances from 1945-53. He then went into a semi-retirement for personal reasons.

The country music mystique of the tragic or dramatic personal life (exemplified foremost by Hank Williams, Jimmie Rodgers and to a lesser extent by such personalities as Johnny Cash, Merle Haggard, George Jones and Jerry Lee Lewis) was never publicized by the press in Foley's case, nor did it cause the public to become attracted to him as a star-crossed figure of fate and destiny, locked in a climactic struggle with life. Nevertheless, the mystique was never more embodied than in Red Foley. His first wife died

be a good Christian, but just didn't have the inner strength. He once said something that's become quite a cliché now, but back then it was the first time I'd ever heard it. He said, 'I'm my own worst enemy.'"

Apparently he was. "Foley never hurt anybody but himself," Louie Innis sighed in a kind of sad reminiscence.

Though he was never himself after his second wife's death and subsequent alcoholism, he emerged from his despondency in 1955 to become host to the fledgling Ozark Jubilee on ABC-TV. On the first show, in his typical down home way, he ad-libbed, "If you folks want us to come and visit your house like this every Saturday night, why don't you drop me a line?" The next week he got over 25,000 pieces of mail, prompting ABC to let him come and visit every Saturday



An older Foley accepts a WSM award. Pee Wee King is the other star.

giving birth to their first child shortly after their marriage. His second wife, a beautiful, sophisticated former showgirl whom he had met and married in Chicago in 1933 and who bore him three daughters, committed suicide in 1951 after learning of his dalliance with a Nashville nightclub singer. Though Red soon after married the singer and for a time seemed happy, he quickly became an acute alcoholic and in 1952 even tried to take his life with an overdose of sleeping pills. To compound his troubles, he was never able to manage his money very well, and for several years was involved in a suit with the IRS, which drained both his physical and mental energies. Unfortunately, he approached Hank Williams in more ways than one.

"He was always trying to do better," said Gordon Stoker. "He'd quit drinking for a while, join a church, even talk about someday being a preacher himself. I felt like he really wanted to

night for the next five years. He then starred in another ABC series, "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" in 1962.

After that it was mostly over. Despite his excessive drinking no one ever remembers its affecting his talent or his professional responsibilities. He never showed up drunk, missed performances, pulled any crazy stunts, or did anything characterized by Hank Williams or, say, Johnny Cash and Roger Miller in their youthful, spaced-out jubulations. Rather, what happened to Foley was even worse: he lost all interest. "In his last years Red just lost his desire," said Owen Bradley, Vice President of the Nashville office of MCA Records, and Red's producer throughout his career. "It was just hard to get him enthusiastic anymore. He could still go into a studio, sing a hymn and have everyone on the session practically in tears; he never lost that. But he lost his inventiveness, his imagination, the things he used to (Continued on page 56)

# RED FOLEY

(Continued from page 55)

contribute to a record."

His career wasn't the only thing that failed to interest him. "I'll always remember Red as being such a practical joker, a lot of laughs, always having people out to his house and entertaining them till the wee hours," said Ernie Newton. "But after a while he quit laughing, quit joking, quit visiting with his old friends and just mostly stayed to himself. His last few years I rarely saw him."

On October 19, 1968 Foley was found dead in his motel room after doing a show in Ft. Wayne, Indiana. The cause of his death was attributed to water filling his lungs. No one remembers his drinking that night, nor appearing ill, nor ever saying that he felt a mite poorly. He did not make any prophetic statements, such as many people remember Hank Williams making the last few weeks before his death. Only Gordon Stoker remembers any sort of possible premonition.

"He sang 'Peace In The Valley' and began crying," Stoker recalled. "Afterward he said, 'Fellas, I'm sorry, but the first four lines of that song describe the way I feel. It just brought everything home to me and I got to thinking how sad everything is.' " (Those lines read, *I'm tired and so weary/But I must go along/Till the Lord will come and call me/Call me away.*) He was buried in Nashville's Woodlawn Cemetery alongside his beloved second wife. Hank Williams Jr. sang "Peace In The Valley," an ironically appropriate elegy since Red had sung the same song 15 years earlier at Hank Williams Sr.'s funeral.

After that, his memory, for all intents and purposes, dwindled and vanished from the country music consciousness. He was voted into the Country Music Hall of Fame the previous year, so at least he had the ultimate, but, in his case, brief satisfaction of knowing that his peers had remembered him. A few sporadic "tribute" albums have been released over the years, probably the best one by Kenny Price in 1971. Like the others, it received little, almost no, recognition. Eight years later Red Foley is still overlooked, bypassed, a vague name from a bygone era.

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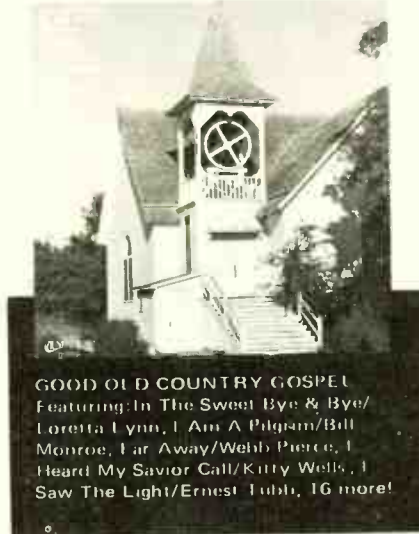
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# Gary

(Continued from page 38)

was crippled in a mine accident—but now Gary's talking about how he started his professional career. Dirty songs?

"Yeah, man. I started playin' in honky tonks when I was about fourteen, in a, er, rock and roll band. Bar called the Merry-Go-Round. The drummer's father would always go with us 'cause we were fourteen, fifteen, an' playin' in a nightclub, which is kinda against the law. It was in the days of 'Alley Oop' an' songs like that, 'bout 1959. An' I used to be real mean-mouthed, man. Like in 'Alley Oop,' I'd go 'look at that (four-syllable expletive deleted) go!' An' really, man, I had a *dirty* mouth, an' that's what all the people were really gittin' off on, this little kid singin' them dirty songs in the bar! WHOOOOOOOOOO-EEEEEEEEEE! . . . hell, yeah!" The mind commences to boggle.

At this point, Gary goes on to recount the history of his career in the honky tonks. There was a joint called Texas in Vero Beach, Fla., which

started off being a "nice place" and quickly got right down to it until it was, in fact, a classic (displaced) Texas honky tonk, blood on the floor and all. Texas was where Gary first began playing professional country music. This was after he was married (at 17, remember). Other joints followed, and so did a period of traveling with a pseudo-Beatles band, during which he learned to hate the second-string road life with a passion and decided to put all his eggs in the homelife basket. What followed was a series of gigs with rock and country bands in Florida, all leading up to the point at which he began writing and trying to get through to Nashville (which, with the help of Mel Tillis in Florida and Fred Burch in Nashville, he eventually did), on the theory that if he became a writer/recording star, he wouldn't have to go on the road full time in order to solve the old coffee-and-cake problem.

The precise details of his series of Nashville connections is unimportant in this context; suffice it to say that Gary became a successful country writer, moved to Nashville (Franklin, actually—another small town), fronted Nat Stuckey's band, wrote "on an assembly-line basis," couldn't stand it after hearing the Allmans and realizing he could be serious and also not being able to pick in Tennessee, moved back to Florida, and then, when his recording of "Drinkin' Thing" went to number five on the country charts, went on the road as Charley Pride's piano player until Ronnie Milsap left the Pride show and Gary took over Milsap's spot. And that's where he is today—living in Florida, recording in Nashville, and touring with Pride.

\* \* \*

Things around here are getting just as loose as a goose, the visitors transformed into honorary family (the Stewarts having nixed the idea of a motel without so much as a second thought), the kids running around posing for photos, the Coors supply dwindling rapidly, various Stewarts dropping in and out, the warm breeze fluttering the curtains through the little house, the Stewart heirlooms and knick-knacks pulled out for inspection and appreciation, and a feeling of benign non-professionalism settling over the often tricky business of journalistic fact-finding. Sunset finds Goodtime Gary, well stuffed on Lou's cooking, poring through his clothes collection (it ain't no *wardrobe*) and considering journalistic advice on the subject

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of how he should look at the honky tonk tonight. Eventually we settle on some combination of velvet and denim which has by now escaped from the realms of memory, and off we go to blow the night away.

What we're in for tonight is, Gary thinks, a portent of things to come. During the past few months he's been thinking of localizing his act even more than at present by (maybe) hooking up with the pickers down at this honky tonk and taking them out on the road with him and Mouse, his old drummer/compadre from the days of that pseudo-Beatles band.

"What do they do?" I ask.

"Well," says Gary, "they're sort of a, ah . . . progressive bluegrass band. I mean, they do my stuff an' they do rock & roll an' country an' everythin', but on their own that's what they are. Yeah, that's it. Progressive bluegrass."

Now, "progressive bluegrass" may sound like the latest trend your radio station is trying to cram down your throat 24 hours a day, but down there in that Fort Pierce honky tonk it sounds more like a heaven populated with heretic grandsons of Bill Monroe. Gary and Lou and I are busy propping

up the bar, which is shaking from the vibration of a couple of hundred pairs of longhair cowboy boots keeping a stoned version of time on the floor-



boards, and Gary turns to me and, as usual, expresses the right sentiment quite efficiently.

"Lookit them boys pick, man!" he yells. "Don't that just satisfy your

soul?" Whoooooo-eeeeeeee! All right! GIT IT ON, BOYS!!!" The boys, acknowledging this encouragement, speed up the tempo until Gary just can't resist it any longer, and he races up to the stage to join in the fun.

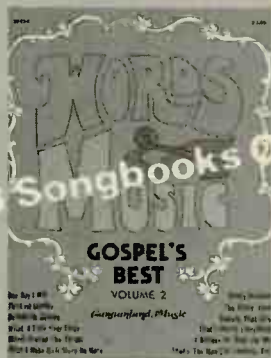
Lou is left at the bar, and before she moves down front for an unobstructed view of the band (now, with Gary sitting in, moving on out into a set which sounds like The History of Southern Funk Plus Timeless Gospel Favorites) I get to watch the passions of the music shift across her face and I start thinking about how many great musicians have ruined their lives and killed the gift of their music because they and their women couldn't or wouldn't love and help each other. The thinking's getting pretty morbid so I console myself with the notion that at least Gary Stewart's going to be OK. I'm just getting to the point of figuring how lucky that is for the future of country music's wild side when Lou comes up close, digs me in the ribs and says "Ain't he beautiful, man? I mean, don't he make you glad you're alive?"

"Yup, you got it," I say, and we both start giggling. ■

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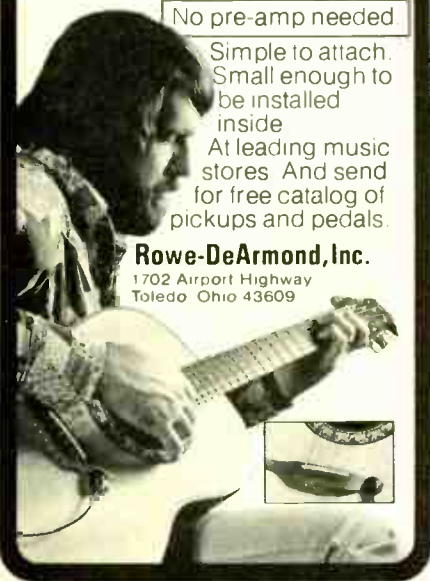
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## HANK

(Continued from page 30)

playing and working on instruments and songwriting. And a lot of thinking. Meditation. A lot of meditation"—he becomes emphatic, intense—"Why was I saved? Why was I spared?"

"You know, some of the other magazines have written that, well, since father died when I was young and my mother died recently and I had so much tragedy going on, I had a Williams' pall over me," he says.

"You don't seem very fatalistic at this point," I say.

"But I *was*, you see. I was," he says, leaning forward on the couch, clutching his hands. "All that has been pounded into me for 26 years. Yea, you probably won't live that long—all that crap. You're just like your daddy, living too fast. Poor this. Poor that—to hell with that. Not any more. I guess it's made me mule-headed or something, but I sure enjoy life a lot more. I don't sit around and listen to Men with Broken Hearts or Luke the Drifter stuff because that can get you . . . that's some double sad . . . well, I don't think I ever heard anything sadder than some of my daddy's stuff. A lot of those recitations, boy, they can mess with your mind—especially when you're sunk. You say yea, this is coming true; it's happening, oh my God. Uh huh—God got me out of that. He had to give me a pretty big lick. Took a hell of a lick, but He finally got my attention."

So we talk through the sleepy Alabama afternoon, taking time out now and then to assault a few tin cans from the porch and rummage through the gun rooms. We talk about the upcoming album—"It's going to be along the same lines as the *Friends* album, except I hope to have a big blues singer on the album"—and the increasing activity in Cullman. Hank Junior never refers to himself as a country singer—always as a Southern singer. He talks about his friends in rock music and the sheer elation he felt when his album started getting rock play—"It made it all worthwhile. It was the the beginning."

Finally, his demonic grin spreads across his face and he chuckles.

"You know that new album?" he says to me. "I think we'll call it *After the Fall*. Or maybe *The Rise After The Fall*. There's a very good possibility, I'd say. Very good." ■

## Silver Fox

(Continued from page 26)

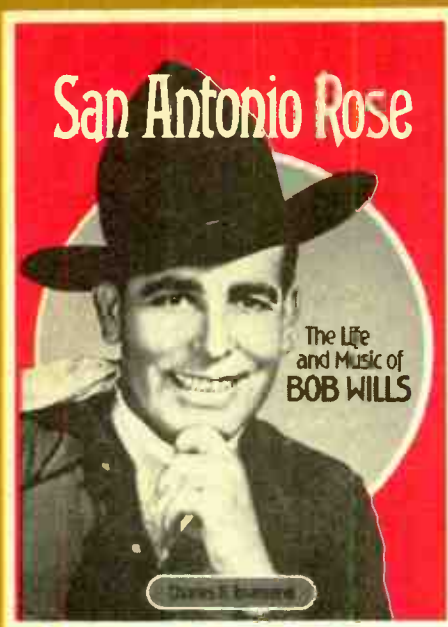
tures, monograms, designs—of the Silver Fox, Charlie's calling-card. On the piano bench sits a Bill Evans-Tony Bennett album which Margaret Ann has bought but Charlie has not yet had a chance to listen to.

"I don't keep up like I used to, man," he says. "Somehow I just don't have the time, or take the time . . ." He shrugs helplessly.

We are listening to an acetate of his new album, and the familiar sound of Charlie's voice fills the room with a purity and a sincerity that cuts through all the layers of talk and explanation. The cut that is on the turntable is "Milky White Way;" the album is a gospel album "of old Negro-type spirituals, mainly" in which he and Billy Sherrill have invested their whole lives and backgrounds ("Billy's father was a circuit preacher, Missionary Baptist, I think. We both practically got kicked out of the Baptist Church, but I think Billy put more of himself into this album than anything else he's ever done").

Over and over he plays the one cut, listening to the familiar words as though in a trance, transported by the sound of his voice floating free. I tell him how much I like it, and a smile wreathes his face. "I didn't know what you'd think of it, man. I wish you could see the cover. It's something I really dig. It's got a picture of me right in the middle, and then there's a Negro woman with a handkerchief up to her face, and over in the corner there's a picture of this circuit rider preacher on a horse. That preacher is Billy Sherrill's father. I've been telling him to put it on the back of the album, that it's his father, but I don't know if he will or not, he's funny that way. It was something we've been talking about doing for a long time now, and we just really let loose, let our hair down. It was a free, good-feeling kind of thing to do."

"I think that's the real Charlie Rich," says Margaret Ann afterwards. "At first he was hesitant to play it for me, but then he played it for the whole family out in the studio, and they loved it—his mother especially. That's his background, it's completely honest, there wasn't anything faked on that at all. It's got all the guilt and all the emotion that he honestly feels. I would venture to say that that's the quintessence of Charlie Rich." ■



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# Letters

Roger "Captain Midnite" Schutt made some mistakes in his story "Music City Mystics" (April COUNTRY MUSIC). Mr. Ricks (not Rix) asked me to please write you and have you print a correction on his name and marital status, so his lady friends won't think he is a charlatan. Mr. Ricks works for the post office and has been with them for 36 or more years, and only does his psychic work on the side for his friends which are legion. Mr. Ricks predicted a song I wrote, "The Tupelo Tornado" will be a smash hit and get me started in the songwriting trade, which Mr. Ricks insists I will be very successful at.

KENNETH J. HARMON  
OLD HICKORY, TENN.

Many friends and myself here at the University of Colorado would like to thank you for putting out a *terrific* magazine. Now we can still like country music and not be embarrassed! We have our own music journal, and *Rolling Stone* may have a surprise coming.

In your review of Jerry Jeff Walker's album *Ridin' High* you called Mike Burton's song "Nightrider's Lament" an "absolutely perfect cowboy song." We also think that Burton is an absolutely perfect songwriter and singer. Thank you for giving him the attention he's long deserved. We saw him last night and he knocked us out.

BILL LEWIS  
DENVER, COL.

Thank you for the story about my very favorite singer, Ray Price (March COUNTRY MUSIC). After all of the pleasure that he has given his fans it is nice to know that he is enjoying his life doing what he loves best. I noticed one mistake in the article, however. Mrs. Price's name is Janie, not Jeanie.

KAYEL HICKMAN  
KALAMAZOO, MICH.

In his review of Lefty Frizzell's *Remembering . . . the Greatest Hits* album (March COUNTRY MUSIC), John

Morthland states that "A double album would be appropriate. I miss 'Release Me' and 'If You've Got the Money I've Got the Time,' among others."

I'm not sure where Mr. Morthland left his eyeballs when he wrote that review. My copy of *Remembering . . . The Greatest Hits* has "If You've Got the Money I've Got the Time," on side 1, band 2.

How could any Lefty Frizzell album with that title *not* have that country classic on it?

MARSHALL WILCOXEN, DIRECTOR,  
SALES PROMOTION  
COLUMBIA RECORDS  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

I felt betrayed when I read about John Denver using "pot" (January COUNTRY MUSIC).

I have four children all of impressionable age who liked John Denver as well as my husband and I do (did). Here, I thought, was a young man who was a good ole country boy loving his family and country most sincerely. He put his image over very well.

I feel like I've been ripped off.

DIANNE J. SHEEHAN  
EAST MILLINOCKET, ME.

I'm a collector and specialize in the old timers and have thousands of records from the 1930's on and sure would love to hear from anyone who buys, sells and trades such C/W as, Roy Rogers, Sons of the Pioneers, Wilf Carter, Gene Autry, Kenny Roberts, Grandpa Jones, Yodelin' Slim Clark, Texas Jim Robertson, T. Texas Tyler, Charlie Monroe, Mac Wiseman, etc.

SID ROSEN  
BOX 181  
TORONTO 19, CANADA

Your news article on New York country station WHN in the April issue was way off the beam. If you want to find fault with WHN for playing "bland" music, I think you are missing the target. The blame for "bland" C&W music lies in Nashville,

not New York. For years the traditional C&W singers have been relegated to occasional Opry appearances while money hungry PR men and producers in Nashville have catered to so-called mass appeal by pushing the Denvers, Campbells, etc., in order to get more air play on more stations and more money. WHN is simply playing what people have been forced by Nashville to accept as C&W music.

New York is a very ethnically diverse city, and you just cannot expect bluegrass or Roy Acuff, etc., to be an immediate overnight success among blacks, Puerto Ricans, West Indians and other groups who have their own quite different musical traditions. WHN fills a void that needed to be filled and I for one am grateful.

G. R. MALONE  
BRONX, N. Y.

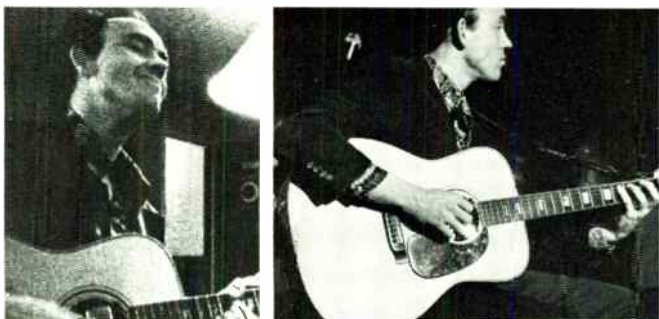
Permit me to enter an opposing viewpoint to the contention in your April issue (Country News, "Radio Forum") that interest in country music has waned in New York (and to the implication in the article that New Yorkers do not know about the music's artists or its history).

During the three years I've operated a night club devoted solely to country music, I've seen interest and knowledge build constantly, among people of all ages and all walks of life. The young people, particularly, show an awakening interest and this is perhaps best represented by the young bands being formed in the northeastern cities. Influenced in their earliest years by rock, many young musicians are turning to country music as if it represented their very roots.

And please don't believe that New Yorkers don't know who Dolly Parton and Willie Nelson are. Among members of the "rock press" in New York, they are two of the best-known, most-appreciated and most frequently written about artists in the country music field.

HUGH O'LUNNEY  
O'LUNNEY'S COUNTRY MUSIC CITY  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK





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Mr. Jerry Hahn  
616 Enterprise Drive  
Oak Brook, Illinois 60521

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Here's the information you need:

1. How old are you? \_\_\_\_\_
2. How long have you been playing the guitar? \_\_\_\_\_
3. What kind of music do you enjoy playing on the guitar?  
(You can check more than one.)  
 Classic  Rock  Country  Folk  Pop  Jazz
4. What kind of music do you enjoy listening to?  
(You can check more than one.)  
 Classic  Rock  Country  Folk  Pop  Jazz
5. What kind of music would you like to play?  
(You can check more than one.)  
 Classic  Rock  Country  Folk  Pop  Jazz
6. Do you... (You can check more than one.)  
 Play for your own enjoyment?  
 Play and sing for your own enjoyment?  
 Perform by yourself?  
 Play with a group?  
 Play and sing with a group?  
 Accompany large groups?
7. What's the hardest thing (piece of music) you can play well? \_\_\_\_\_
8. How much do you want to spend on a new guitar?  
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