FREE GIFT OFFER See Page 43

SPECIAL ISSUE

The Women In Country Music

July 1974, 75 cents

COUNTRY MUSIC

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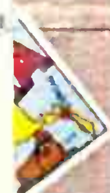
Country's Founding Mothers

The One-Woman Traveling Road Show

Women Speak Out!



Baron von Ripoff was cruising his three-winged Fokker on a reconnaissance gig when he heard the throbbing hum of the Telecaster® Deluxe flying machine.

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World Radio History

Volume Two, Number Eleven, July 1974

COUNTRY MUSIC

Letters 4

People on the Scene AUDREY WINTERS 6

Country View PAUL HEMPHILL 10

Country News ("Don't Look, Ethel, It's Ray Stevens!") 13

Watch This Face: Brian Collins 20

Dolly Triumphant, Dolly The Star DAVE HICKEY 24
Dolly is beautiful. Dolly is talented. Dolly is smart; she shines like a star. On the eve of her solo career, Dave Hickey finds out why Dolly is The Most.

The One-Woman Traveling Road Show KATHY KAHN 28
For this special Woman's Issue, Kathy Kahn—singer, musician, songwriter, and author of the acclaimed book "Hillbilly Women" —tells the story of what it's like to be a woman entertainer on the road.

The Big Speakout: L'il Darlin' Knows The Score CAROL OFFEN 36
Country's top women artists—Loretta Lynn, Tammy Wynette, Lynn Anderson, Jeanne Pruett, Connie Smith, Donna Fargo, Tanya Tucker, Kitty Wells, Barbara Mandrell and others—tell it like it is.

Record Reviews 49

The Founding Mothers of Country PATRICK CARR 58
We present a tribute to the small group of women whose influence on the course of country music has been as great as any man's.

Women of Caliber: Who Wears the Boots on Music Row? JACKIE WHITE 62
Behind the scenes in the country music business, these women hold some of the reins.

Hi-Fi Corner MICHAEL MARCUS 67

24

28

36

58

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:

Eddy Arnold, in the Old Tradition . . . Willie Nelson Writes about Bob Wills . . . Barbara Fairchild on the Road . . . "Cowboy" Jack Clement, Nashville Legend.

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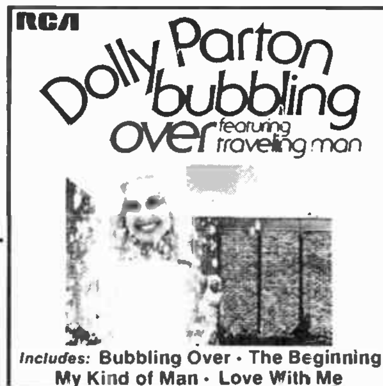
World Radio History

So good it hurts.



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Dolly Parton

One big part of Country Cookin' '74

RCA Records and Tapes

World Radio History

Letters

As a woman songwriter who writes about women as individuals, I was very skeptical when I read your review of Willie Nelson's *Phases and Stages*, especially of the side of the relationship from the woman's point of view. Where the hell does Willie Nelson get off telling how women feel about anything?

I bought the album and I loved it. Finally, a perceptive writer has had the insight and courage to skip over all the female stereotypes in country music and get down to some gut level realism. As a woman, I congratulate *Country Music* magazine for recognizing and rewarding a real contribution to music and to women. As a writer I paid my highest tribute to Willie Nelson. I wrote a song about him.

LYNETTE EASLEY

I want to thank you for the wonderful magazine you sent me. I've been a country music fan since I was real small. I'm 15 years old now, and it's my favorite magazine. I hope there never is a paper shortage, 'cause if there was, a whole lot of people would be unhappy. Keep up the good work.

JANICE DIRKS
ANAMOSA, IOWA

Streaking, the sport that is so popular on college campuses, won't last too long, for it is only a passing fannie . . .

T.B. GIDOEN
WHITEVILLE, TENNESSEE

I can differ with Dave Hickey's review of Gram Parsons' *Grievous Angel* album only in that my praise would have been more lavish. *Grievous Angel* stands as the finest work of an artist ignored by the country music world, to their loss. There is no need to excuse Parsons for having "pop" roots.

Parsons' audience has always been small because what Parsons was is foreign to rock, pop, or country. Parsons was an artist; and he was a genius. Parsons did not follow trends. He set them before people were aware they were being set. Parsons sang of bars, unfaithfulness, love, law 'n order, and contemplation of death because he knew them all. He could write a line so poignant that its meanings will haunt you for years after first hearing it, and his singing of that line will literally bring tears. Why is it that Parsons has been ignored? He was not popular, but he was not unknown. Can it be that he was suffering from the bigotry of the country music establishment? Because one thing is certain: Parsons was no Tex Ritter. Parsons was a long-haired, drug-using "freak." And he was a genius.

BRAD AVERILL
PENINSULA, OHIO

I've just recently discovered your great magazine, but I'm sure I'll be a faithful reader from now on. I'd love to read *anything* about my favorites—Charlie Rich and Ray Stevens. I realize that Ray Stevens isn't exactly "country," but I thought his last album was brilliant, and he's been terrific on TV's "Music Country, U.S.A." Please don't disappoint me!

SHERRY MILLER
PORTLAND, OREGON

Just turn to our Country News section, Sherry. Ray Stevens is revealed in (practically) all his glory. —Ed.

I just received the Best of Country Music, Volume One, and as a regular subscriber to your *great* magazine, I must say that it's just as I expected it to be—the very best quality possible. I'm glad you included my favorites, Waylon Jennings, Johnny Cash, Merle Haggard, Charlie Pride, Tom T. Hall, and Tanya Tucker. Thank you so much again for a *great* publication.

JANICE WALBUCK
ROYALTON, WISCONSIN

I just read Richard Nusser's review of the Mel Tillis and Sherry Bryce album, *Let's Go All The Way Tonight*, and honest to Pete, it made me madder than a hornet! Listen here, Mr. Nusser, you don't expect them to be Tammy and George, do you? How dare you try to say that they don't sing with feeling? In my book, Mel Tillis is the greatest, and there's *no way* you can say he doesn't sing with feeling. And Sherry Bryce *has* feeling! And another thing: Where did Alan Whitman ever get the illusion that he could be disappointed by a Hank Snow album? I've listened to Mr. Snow all my life, and I've never been disappointed yet!

KATHY GAMBLE
MADISONVILLE, TENNESSEE

You have a fine magazine and a good write-up on Chet Atkins in your April issue. Would you please do a story on Merle Travis? On page 25 of the Chet Atkins issue, Chet said that Merle was the greatest. I feel that he needs some write-ups. He has done some great things, but we cannot find enough stories about him.

HENRY COURTNEY
ATKEN, SOUTH CAROLINA

Watch our next few issues, Sir. We have a full-length feature on Merle Travis in the works, and you'll be seeing it soon.—Ed.

While I enjoy your magazine very much, I must say that I'm becoming very discouraged. My reason is that there are so many songwriters in Nashville, what chance does anyone outside Nashville have? I think myself to be a very good songwriter, but I can't afford to go to Nashville and I don't trust the publishing companies enough to send my material in. I can't understand why there aren't places set up in all the major cities for the purpose of new talent. I'm just a housewife and mother, but I'm also a person who enjoys writing.

ROSE BAKER
ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA

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After "The Best of Charlie Rich" there weren't any real surprises.

The music on "The Best of Charlie Rich" contains the stuff of which superstars are made.

Produced by Billy Sherrill, it includes all of Charlie's biggest Epic hits before "Behind Closed Doors," and at the time of its release, it was the tip-off to exactly who Charlie Rich was and what he could become.

Listen to this lineup:

"Big Boss Man" was Charlie's first rocking hit. "Life Has Its Little Ups and Downs" was the song that Charlie's friends and loyal fans most identified with Charlie up until "Behind Closed Doors." "Sittin' and Thinkin'" is probably Charlie's most revealing personal statement on record.

"I Take It on Home," written by Kenny O'Dell, the writer of "Behind Closed Doors," won Charlie a Grammy nomination once upon a time.

"July 12, 1939" is a very soulful performance that combines all of Charlie's musical loves into one song.

And there are still people who insist that their favorite Charlie Rich song is "Nice 'N' Easy."

If you're one of the three million people who discovered the talents of Charlie Rich through "Behind Closed Doors" and "Very Special Love Songs," you're cordially invited to enjoy more of those very same talents on "The Best of Charlie Rich."

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World Radio History

People on the Scene

by Audrey Winters

"Cowboy" Jack Clement ventures into the public eye . . .
Grandpa Jones searches for old-time country . . .
A baby daughter for Kris and Rita.

Sam Phillips, the man who ran Sun Records and brought you Elvis, Johnny Cash, Roy Orbison, Jerry Lee Lewis, Charlie Rich, Carl Perkins and others back in the early days of rock 'n roll, got some talent together and staged a benefit show in his home town of Florence, Alabama, a few weeks back. Sam owns a couple of radio stations in the area, and after his success in the record business *and* his Holiday Inn ventures, Sam qualifies for a Local-Boy-Makes-Good title with ease.

For the purpose of building a Veteran's Memorial—which Florence lacks—Sam got The Killer, **Elmer Fudpucker, Atlanta James, Susan Hudson** and a couple of other acts to do a show in the local high school auditorium. He also got **Jack Clement**, his old friend and co-producer from Sun days, to get himself down from Nashville and perform publicly for the first time in ten years. Jack—"Cowboy" around Nashville—rendered "Dirty Egg-Sucking Dog," "Guess Things Happen That Way," and "That's What Makes The Cowboy Sing The Blues" before departing in what seemed like the middle of a mandolin version of "Cripple Creek." He later explained that the number "needed a fade." Jack is a producer, so he knows about those things. He produces **Charley Pride**, owns and runs JMI Records, has written dozens of country standards, dabbles in movies, has built five recording studios, and has a tree in his living room. The tree is a real, life-size dead tree trunk with 28,000 silk leaves.

"Cowboy" Jack Clement ventures into the public eye . . .

Jack thinks that Nashville is on the verge of becoming the center for a new wave in popular music, not just country. He thinks of it as a matter of approach; getting as "pure" a sound as possible, so that records will sound more real than "produced." To judge from JMI's product, he may be right.

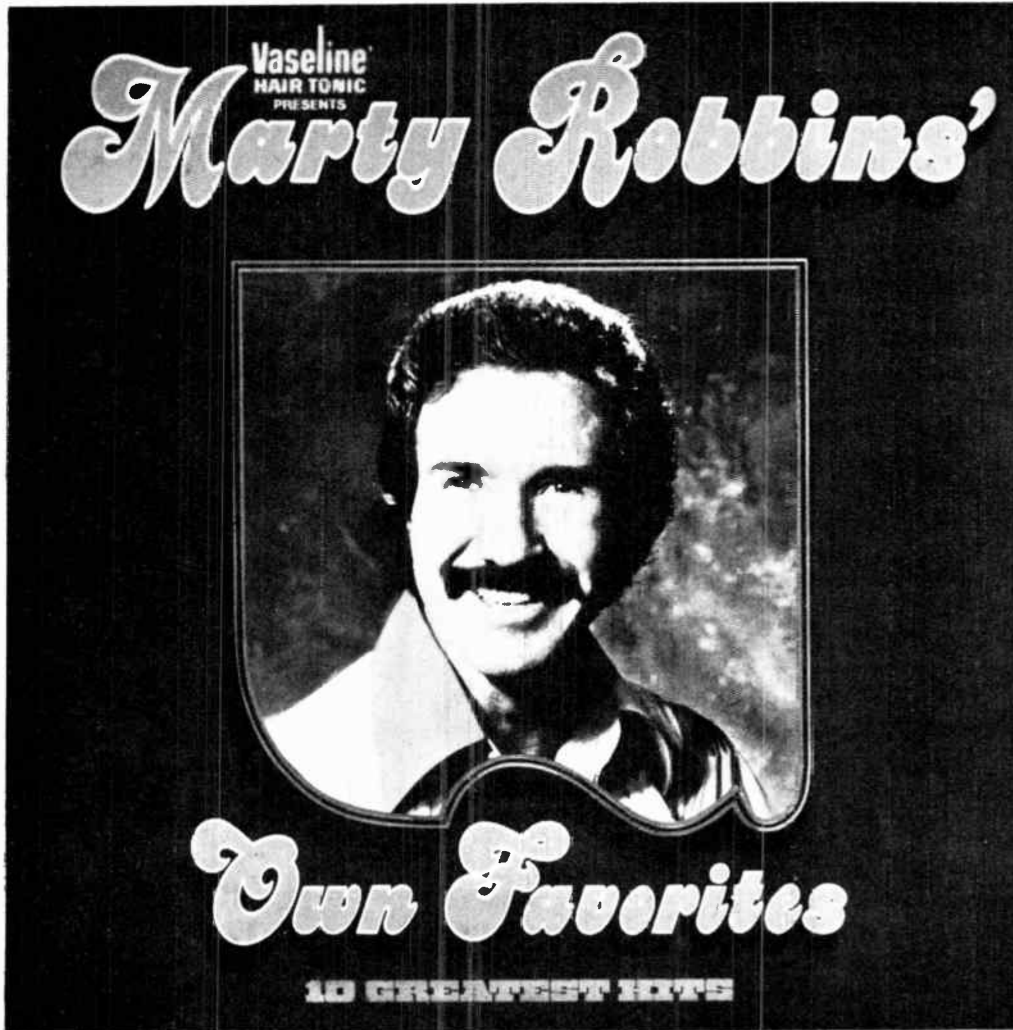
Audrey Williams, Hank's widow, also made her first onstage public appearance in some time at the benefit in Florence. **Grandpa Jones,** his wife Ramona and son Mark, recently went out on their farm to search for a cow that was presumed lost or stolen. After failing to find it and thinking about its possible fate, Grandpa remembered that the cow had been butchered for the freezer, and had been feeding the family for more than a month. Grandpa has just signed a recording contract with Warner Brothers. Of his singing style, he said, "I don't do any of this modern country, about men running around on their wives and all. I like songs about country, mother, and train wrecks. Us old-timers call that other stuff *skin songs.*" Grandpa added. "If you want to hear real country, you've got to go to college or a university beer joint."

Faron Young, the old BC headache powder commercial man, has been ill and in Vanderbilt Hospital in Nashville. Just recently, he took on the task of helping a friend in need—Mrs. Sue Brewer, who has been a great friend to many of the singers and musicians who have "made it" in country music. Mrs. Brewer has had to undergo a number of expensive operations recently, and Faron and friends wrote to many of country's top entertainers, asking them to help out. The money that arrived was much more than was expected, and **Webb Pierce** sent her a new two-tone blue Cadillac with a note saying "no more bumps in life for you, Susie, 'cause I love you."

Tammy Wynette was back in the hospital recently for the sixth time this year, with complications from recent surgery. She and **George Jones** will soon be moving to their new half-million-dollar house on Franklin Road in Nashville . . . **Conway Twitty** and his band performed atop London Bridge at Lake Hava-

World Radio History

"You can't find my 'Own Favorites' album in anybody's record store."



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Her voice. And it's placed her among the Country Music Association's Top-Five vocalists every year since 1967. It's also given her a Grammy (for "Rose Garden") and the honor of being named Top Female Vocalist by *Billboard*, *Cash Box*, *Record World*, NARAS, the Academy of Country Music and the Country Music Association.

Lynn Anderson's voice. It's matched only by her smile. They're both on her new album.

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su City, Arizona . . . **Donna Fargo** and husband **Stan Silver** had their home hit by a neighbor's roof during a tornado. Donna said that since two people were killed in the storm, she wasn't worried about her messed up kitchen . . . **Hank Williams, Jr.** is wearing a mustache these days . . . and so is **Bill Carlisle**. . . the Acme Boot Company, an Opry sponsor, recently paid tribute to **Tex Ritter** by relinquishing their commercial time on the Opry show so that the **Willis Brothers** could sing "Hillbilly Heaven," one of Tex's favorites . . . Casey is the name of **Kris Kristofferson** and **Rita Coolidge**'s newborn daughter . . . **Lonzo and Oscar** are negotiating for a syndicated television show in Louisville, Ky . . . Some long-time fans of the **Oak Ridge Boys** in Columbus, Ohio have named their baby boy after Oak Ridge Boys **Bill Golden** and **Duane Allen**. The boy is called William Duane . . . The mother of **George Jones** died after a lengthy illness in a hospital in Beaumont, Texas. She was 76. George and Tammy were performing at the Wembly Festival in London when they heard the news, and they flew home for the funeral.

Everybody should know by now that the Japanese are semi-fanatical country music fans and even musicians, but here's a new one: **Shoji Tabuchi**, a Japanese fiddler who fronts the **David Houston** Show, is recording "Colinda," the old Cajun tune, on an album featuring vocals in English, French, and Japanese. Tabuchi is renowned for his prowess on the fiddle.

Shelby Singleton, the record wizard, never misses an opportunity to promote his company. Recently a drug store next to the SSS Corporation was held up by a robber and then caught by the police. While the television cameras were busy covering the incident, Shelby's national promotion manager stood with his back to the camera, wearing a jacket with SSS emblazoned on its back in huge letters.

14-year-old **Jimmy Hartsook** made quite an impression at a banquet and show at the Barn Dinner Theatre when all of RCA's executives and sales people gathered in Nashville for their annual sales meeting. The young artist sang his RCA

PHOTO: STEVE DITTLEA

Kris and Rita: happy parents.

record "Anything To Prove My Love To You" and brought the house down by those guys who sell his records. Jimmy lives in Lenoir City, Tenn. and hosted his own local TV show there for two years when he was 12. Although small in stature, his voice is all grown-up.

Black singer **Ivory Joe Hunter**, whose songs "Since I Met You Baby" and "Empty Arms" sold millions, turned country a couple of years ago and now has his first album with Dot Records. He encores every time he sings a song on the Grand Ole Opry. He has had a setback recently and has been in the Methodist Hospital in Houston recuperating from lung surgery . . . **Del Wood**, queen of the ragtime piano players, said that she is on a diet, and her goal is to lose 84 pounds. She has joined Weight Watchers. Del was the first female artist in Nashville to sell a million records —the tune being "Down Yonder," on Tennessee Records. Del has been a member of the Grand Ole Opry for 21 years.

Sonny Louvin, Charlie Louvin's son, has been working as a musician for his father for several years. Now, he is singing too, and he and his father sound very like the original Louvin Brothers. The late Ira Louvin's 16-year-old daughter, Cathie, joined her uncle Charlie in singing at the Opry recently. The Louvins were a top vocal duet, recording for Capitol Records, until Ira died in an auto accident in 1953.

©MCMLXXIV United Artists Records, Inc.

This is the only picture *ever found* of Bob Wills with a fiddle this early in his life. His father John Wills is to the left.

The recording session that resulted in this album was an important event in the history of American music. It reunited Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys, the man and the band that created Western Swing and, for over forty years, influenced popular American music in general and country and western in particular . . . James Robert Wills first called his band the "Playboys" in 1933 in Waco, Texas. The fact that this album was recorded forty years later tells a part of the story of their enduring popularity and incredible appeal.

Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys For The Last Time

is a boxed two-record set produced by Tommy Allsup. Included is an extensive biography of Wills by Dr. Charles R. Townsend, author of SAN ANTONIO ROSE: THE LIFE AND MUSIC OF BOB WILLS, soon to be published by the University of Illinois Press. Dr. Townsend also provided us with the many historical photographs used throughout this package, which has been accepted into the Library of Congress.

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United Artists Records & Tapes

World Radio History

Country View

by Paul Hemphill

Teresa Leggett: "She's a trouper."

Joe Leggett had worked a full day at the Hercules pulp plant in Brunswick, where he is an assistant to the chemical engineer, and then driven across the marshes of southeast Georgia to St. Simons Island. Now, as the late afternoon sun warmed the pier outside the Binnacle Lounge, he ordered a beer and aimlessly listened to the rock music being played on the jukebox by a gaggle of longhairs shooting pool in the back room. "Got to get some *music* on there," he said, fumbling for a quarter and trudging to the jukebox. By the time he got settled again at the bar, his first selection was playing. It was a song called "I Miss You," sung by a girl named Teresa Leggett.

Somebody said, "Who's the singer?"

"Teresa something-or-other," said Joe. "A real comer."

"Where's she now, Joe?"

"A farm over in Hortense, last I heard."

"A farm?"

"Family of Jesus people. We don't talk much lately."

"She doing any singing?"

Joe said, "Gospel stuff. Religious ballads." He swallowed the last of his beer. "I don't know what's the matter, to tell the truth. She's only 17 years old, and already feels like a failure. About all the old man can do right now is let her go and try to find herself. That, and pay for the record."

There was a time in country music's history when it was possible for a young unknown to make it big almost overnight. The best of those stories concerns Stonewall Jackson, who drove up to Nashville from rural South Georgia and parked his pickup truck in front of WSM, coming out an hour later with a Grand Ole Opry contract before he had even cut a record. But that was nearly 20 years ago, and the recording industry has become so crowded that you practically need a manager to get so much as an audition. "I'm afraid we miss a lot of good ones that way," says RCA's Chet Atkins, "but there just isn't enough *time*."

And so a lot of them get involved in the do-it-yourself recording business, which is what Joe Leggett and his daughter did two years ago. Although she was only 15, Teresa had played her share of obscure bars and clubs—"She used to take her guitar along when she baby-sat," says Joe—and her fondest dream was to become a star in country music. So they got into the car and drove to Nashville, the doting father and his precocious teenaged daughter, to find the brass ring. At Hilltop Studios she recorded two songs she had written herself, and five weeks later the record was released by Southland Distributors in Atlanta. For some reason the record played steadily for three weeks over a station in Fort Wayne, Indiana, but that was about the size of it. Joe got it installed on the jukebox at the Binnacle Lounge, where Teresa was a familiar face, and now and then a classmate of Teresa's would come by and ask her to autograph a copy. Mainly, though, Joe had to bend himself to the task of paying back the more than $2,000 it had cost to cut the record. He figures the record sold something like 2,400 copies, he and Teresa getting two-thirds of the retail price.

Joe Leggett shows no bitterness about the affair. "The people who put out the record sent out a card with it, asking people to rate the artist, the song, and the production. Most of them said the production was bad, the song and artist good, but I didn't expect a big-league recording." He is worried, most of all, that Teresa may come out of the experience with her confidence damaged. "It's a lot like the chicken-and-the-egg. You've got to have experience, or a record, but how are you going to get either one of those? You've got to be with a 'name' label, and getting there isn't easy." In addition to working at the pulp plant, Joe also tends bar at night to help pay back the friends who came up with "$100 here and there" to back the record.

"Right now she won't make a move without God telling her to move," he was saying, "but I can't tell you how much music meant to that girl. I got her a guitar for Christmas when she was 10, and that did it. My brother bought her a two-year correspondence course from a school of music, and she finished in six months. She's a trouper, too. One time she was working a convention over on Jekyll Island and when I told her she looked pale, she said it was just her period, and she went ahead and sang."

"Maybe the record broke her spirit," he was told.

"Could be," said Joe. "I don't know. We were raised on country music, out in the country. It's good, basic music. It's hard to give it up. I keep hoping she'll get straightened out and come back and try some more. She's her daddy's girl. Whoever heard of somebody being washed up at 17?" He got another quarter and punched "I Miss You" three more times. ■

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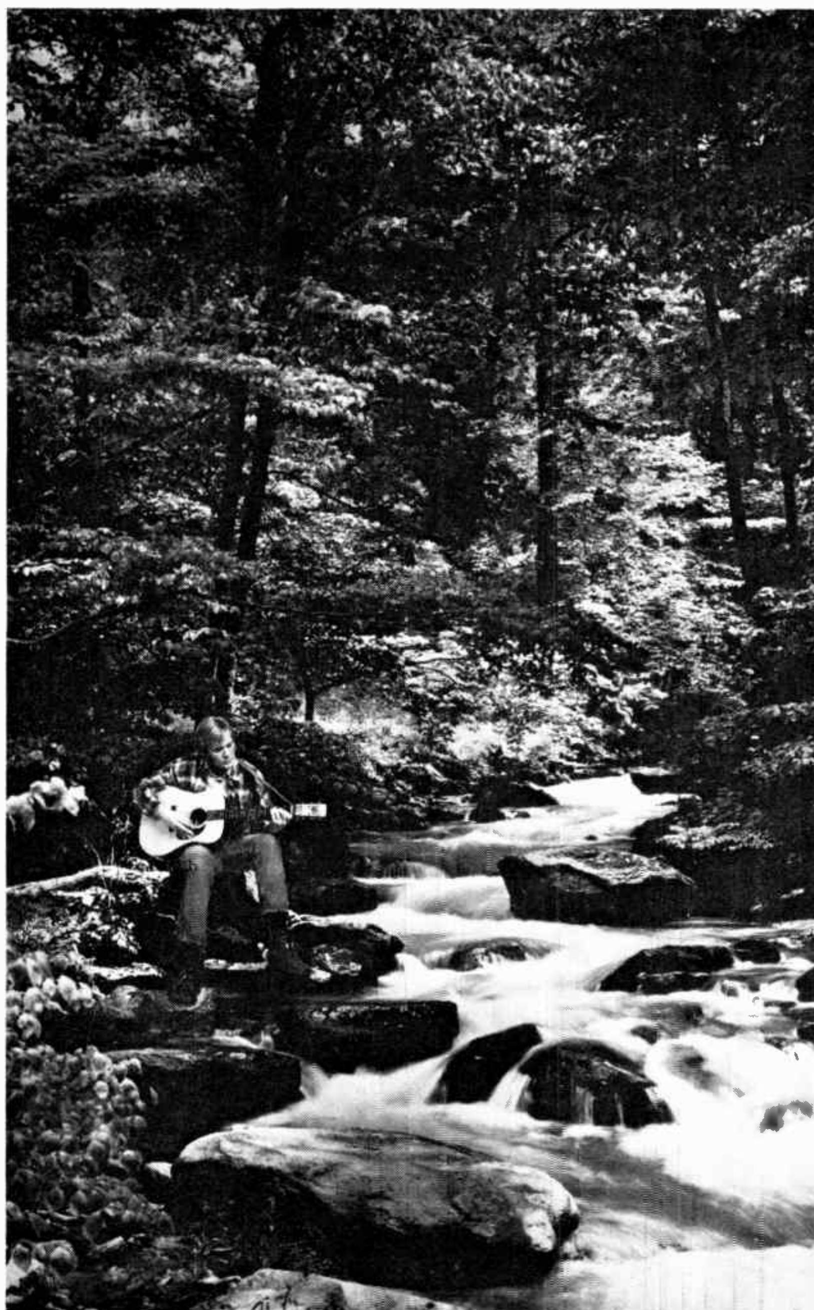

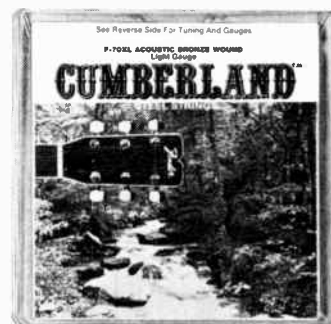

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World Radio History

Country News

A master of the popular song
bares his thoughts on streaking, authority,
and the difficulty of limerick writing.

'Don't Look, Ethel, It's Ray Stevens!'

by Richard Nusser

Sometimes it's hard to believe that Ray Stevens, a shy, soft-spoken man who carries the aura of suburban affluence so quietly, is the same *Ray Stevens* of "Jeremiah Peabody's . . . ," "Along Came Jones," "Ahab The Arab," "Gitarzan," not to mention "Everything is Beautiful," "Have A Little Talk With Myself," "Mr. Businessman," "Turn On Your Radio," and now—"The Streak." There's more. In fact, the Barnaby album *Ray Stevens' Greatest Hits* stands as sort of a one-man history of American popular music. Truth to tell, the Georgia-born Stevens' music isn't so much country as it is pop, that uniquely American amalgam of musical styles that defies categorization. Some could be called highly contemporary folk songs. Like "The Streak," many reflect the concern behind today's headlines.

Now 35 years old, a solid family man firmly established in the music business, Ray Stevens is beginning to take himself more seriously, notwithstanding his appearance in the flesh on the cover of his latest album. With the exception of a young Barnaby Records' artist, Layng Martyne, Ray won't be producing other acts anymore.

"You just go crazy," he said recently. "You spread yourself too thin producing others in addition to yourself." Ray was in New York at the time, overseeing the delicate task of airbrushing his nude album cover photo. It was essential, he explained, that those portions of the anatomy which comedian Mel Brooks calls "the gentles" were artfully concealed by Chess Records' art director. Neil Turk.

PHOTO: CHESS-JANUS RECORDS

"The Streak"'s success, like his earlier novelty songs, has again overshadowed Stevens' serious talents as composer, multi-instrumentalist, singer, arranger and producer. Yet "The Streak" has received the same careful treatment as any of Stevens' more serious productions.

Why?

"Well, it's somewhat meaningful," Ray explained. "It's healthy. People are subconsciously rebelling against rules and regulations imposed upon them by an unnatural society. Nothing's natural these days.

"Some of these restrictions are necessary," he added. "But there's too many of them. Stop. Go. Yield. One-way. You can't do this. You can't go here. Every other thing. I think people are rebelling against this in a very wholesome way. I think it's funny. I think subconsciously it's a way of telling authority to jump."

Although Stevens' comment on what you could call "a passing fanny" came out after a score of other "streaking" songs were released, it's a tribute to his particular skill that "The Streak" surpassed them, selling a million records within two weeks.

World Radio History

Ray's 'Streak' struck gold.

Despite its subject, "The Streak" combines many of the elements Stevens' songs are noted for: sparkling wit, insight that goes beyond the surface of things, a knack for understanding the meaning of life's absurdities. "Don't look, Ethel!" seems to be indicative of an attitude shared by many of us at one time or another.

In the future Ray says he'll be devoting more time to "writing and producing Ray Stevens," working at his Nashville home, or in his 16-track studio downtown, one of two he owns.

His *24*-track studio, The Ray Stevens' Sound Laboratory, regarded as one of Nashville's best, is booked solid with other acts. "It got so busy I couldn't get in it," he complained.

The new album features new material, including a follow-up to "The Streak" that pokes fun at secret agents trying to catch a "flasher." They lose their clothes in the attempt, however, and are themselves arrested for indecent exposure. The lyrics are set forth in 14 limericks.

"Did you ever try to write 14 limericks?" Ray asked. "It's not easy." ■

The Lewis Family Does It All Themselves

by Don Rhodes

"Come on, let's get going," says Little Roy almost impatiently. "Bring that coffee with you." Momma Lewis grabs a large thermos filled with coffee from a kitchen counter, and heads for the door. Seconds later, she steps aboard the silver and green Challenger traveling bus, where Little Roy is already seated behind the steering wheel.

Pop Lewis and his eldest daughter, Miggie, are next to leave the ranch-style brick home and board the bus. The youngest Lewis daughter, Janis, and her husband, Earl Phillips, join the group on the bus with Earl carrying his son, Lewis Phillips. On weekdays, Earl is vice-president and treasurer of the Augusta (Georgia) Federal Savings and Loan Association, but on weekends, he travels with his in-laws—serving as general assistant, chief album seller (along with Momma Lewis) and featured singer.

Earl, Janis and their little boy live down the road a short piece from the main Lewis Family homestead. With nine people now on board, Little Roy shifts the bus gears into reverse and backs the large vehicle from beneath the shed that Pop Lewis built a few years ago. This is the family's fourth bus.

First stop a mile or so down Georgia Highway 378 is the home of Wallace Lewis, where young Lewis Phillips is let off to stay with Wallace's wife. Meanwhile, Wallace boards the bus with his teenage son, Travis. As the shy young man is introduced to the guests along on this trip, Miggie says, "Little Roy named Travis after Merle Travis."

The next and final stop before leaving Lincolnton, Georgia, is near the home of Elzie Williamson, where the third Lewis Family daughter, Polly, meets the bus on the main road, not far from her house with the circular dirt driveway.

Eleven people are now comfortably settled onto the bus after completing their complicated boarding procedure, which would evoke pride from any efficiency expert. As the bus heads for tonight's show date in Douglasville, Georgia, still on Georgia Highway 378 (which amounts to a paved country road virtually free of traffic) the family points out the houses where various relatives live, including the old farm house where Pop Lewis grew up. "This isn't Lincolnton," says Little Roy. "This is Lewisville."

Somehow talk about the family gets around to another gospel-bluegrass family in Alabama. Little Roy comments, "They're pretty good, but they've got some hired

Janice, Polly and Miggie always decide who'll wear what.

PHOTO: LEE DOWNING

World Radio History

help. We've just got us."

It's been over 20 years since The Lewis Family started their television program, now shown in many major cities throughout the nation. Since those early days, they've traveled many a road . . . starting out with the bass fiddle tied to the roof of their Buick. "We just got the bass fiddle cause other groups had one," says Little Roy. "None of us knew how to play it. For years, we played it in the wrong chord."

In the past couple of years, the fruits from their labor have been paying off. Their albums sell in the thousands, they are constantly in demand for both gospel concerts and bluegrass festivals, and they are one of the few gospel groups invited to appear on the stage of the Grand Ole Opry. Today, their fans and friends include people like Bill Anderson, Chet Atkins, the Osborne Brothers, Jim and Jesse McReynolds, Mac Wiseman, Lester Flatt, Bill Monroe, and Earl Scruggs.

The Family recalls that a couple of months before his death, Stringbean came aboard the Lewis Family bus and played a few numbers with Little Roy. "You all have been working right smart lately, haven't you?" String noted.

Wallace picks guitar and Little Roy strums banjo. Pop relaxes.

Just off Interstate-20 at the Douglasville city limits, Little Roy swings the bus into a service station to ask directions. In the window of the station is a large red, yellow, and green poster which says, "Youth Development Program Douglasville Junior Police Presents Variety Music Show Starring the Lewis Family." Right away, the group interprets this as a good omen—that the word has been passed about tonight's show.

The performance site, it turns

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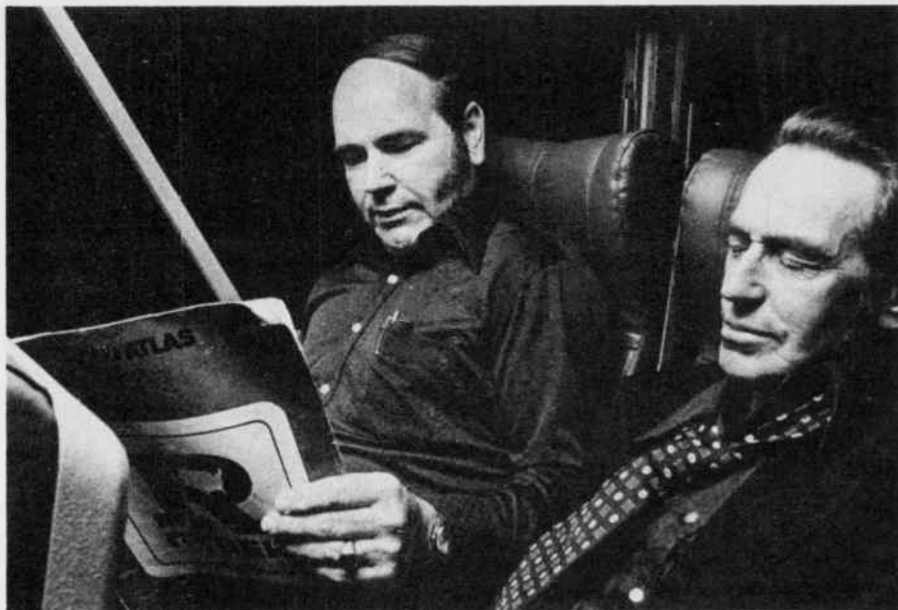


PHOTO: LEE DOWNING

Wallace studies a road map. Pop relaxes some more. Practice makes perfect.

out, is in a high school gymnasium. As Little Roy, Pop and Wallace erect the microphones and loudspeakers, Polly is on the bus with a medium-sized black book that resembles a diary. "We keep track of the dresses we wear on shows and the suits the men wear, so we don't wear the same thing on a show in a town we've played before," explains Polly. In a semi-secret ballot, the girls vote to wear black dresses for the show, and then they decide that the men should wear black suits. As he is dressing later on the bus, Little Roy complains, "All they like to do is wear basic black dresses. I'm tired of wearing my black suit. I look like a buzzard!"

A heavy rain started falling in Douglasville in the late afternoon, but by show time, only a steady drizzle is coming down. More than 1,000 tickets have been sold for the benefit, yet strangely—due to conflicting events—only 300 people show up. In spite of the small size, the crowd gives every indication of being a good one.

The first act, a local country and western band, is greeted by polite applause. It is obvious this is not what the crowd came to hear. Next on the bill come "The Blueridge Gentlemen," which consists of five businessmen from the Atlanta area.

Another bluegrass group comes and goes. Halfway through their act, signs of impatience in the crowd are noted. The audience has reached a level where all they care to see are the headliners.

The Lewis Family walks quickly onto the stage and into their spots amidst loud applause and cheers. Without saying a word, the family immediately goes into "I'm Living In A Happy World." Other numbers follow—"I Wonder How John Felt," "I Saw The Light," "Joshua," and the humorous Little Roy masterpiece, "Honey In The Rock," which is better seen than described. Polly excells singing lead on "Will He Call Out My Name," and Janis displays her talent on "Sailing, Sailing." The group's distinctiveness shines through on "He Whispers Softly To Me" and "Turn Your Radio On," both of which demonstrate their ability for complicated arrangements and fine harmony. As usual, Little Roy's rendition of "Foggy Mountain Breakdown" raised a high response that not even the acoustic tile ceiling can soften.

It is the group's final number, "Ezekial Saw The Wheel," however, that makes the trip worthwhile. The family receives such great applause they encore the number.

With everyone back on the bus who's suppose to be, Little Roy steers the vehicle from the parking lot near the gymnasium. Minutes later in the darkness, as the bus is once again rolling on Interstate-20 towards Lincolnton, Janis is heard saying, "Remember that time, Little Roy, when our old bus broke down near that pond late at night, and the frogs kept croaking, keeping us awake... and we had to look fresh at the show the next day. Remember that time, Little Roy?" ■

World Radio History

The Singing Cowboy Is Found

by J.R. Young

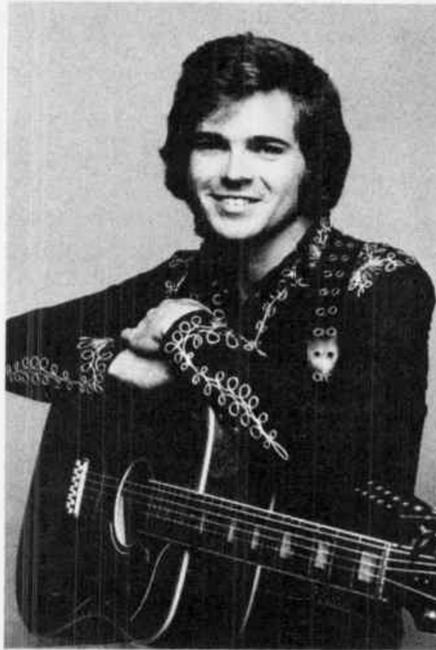
The Singing Cowboy of '74 has at long last been found. Following the "most exhaustive talent hunt in the history of show business," the initial effort of the scheme was wrapped up April 24 on ABC's Wide World of Entertainment with the announcement of the winner, Neely Reynolds, and his pending rewards as the Singing Cowboy. Quite frankly, it was weird. Weird because after promises of "A hero bigger than life . . . an Errol Flynn who rides in and saves the world," the production company of Wes Farrell and Pierre Cossette has come up with a singing cowboy who is a cross between Bobby Sherman and David Cassidy (another Wes Farrell creation). His first record is "Sweet Little Rock And Roller." For some reason I can't quite see Gene Autry, much less Errol Flynn singing "Sweet Little Rock And Roller." But then, I can't quite imagine Errol Flynn on a half-hour TV show slotted for Saturday night at 7:30 just before the Partridge Family, either. That, however, seems to be where the whole business is going. That's what's weird, because the initial premise and promise seem to be greater than the final result. On second thought, however, it all fits into the scheme of things. I mean, Hollywood TV, isn't it? And Hollywood always comes down to bucks, right? What do you expect? Monte Hale?

Neely Reynolds, the winner, is a cherubic kid of 25 from Nashville, and he so impressed Wes and Pierre in a hastily put together audition in Nashville at the Ryman Auditorium (following three major auditions in LA in which they saw almost 1500 contestants), that they flew him out to Hollywood as one of the eight finalists. At their own expense. And, lo and behold, he won. He has that classic baby fat look of the bubble gum rockers, that certain smile that puts pubescent hearts in palpitations. Or as one public relations man put it, off the record, "Sixteen Magazine . . . here we come!"

The initial story on Neely was that he had just arrived in Nashville three days prior to the audition, to take a shot at show biz.

"I didn't know what the audition was about," Neely said, "but I went down there anyway."

Later, however, it was revealed that Neely had worked in Nashville as a singer at Opryland for seven months in 1973, and that in local music circles he wasn't exactly known as a neophyte. He is a son of a career army man, and his life ranged from kindergarten in France to college in Texas. In his bio, he



Neely Reynolds, Hollywood dream.

says that he has wanted to be a movie star since he was three. The dream persisted and he majored in drama at the University of Texas. He also began taking his singing seriously at that time, and eventually dropped out of college because "Everyone was learning to be a teacher, and I wanted to be a doer." He moved on, gigging first at Six Lags Over Texas, then on to Nashville, and now . . . *Hollywood.* A chance to fulfill his life-long ambition. A TV show. Playing the big rooms. That first record. (Wes and Neely cut two sides in two hours and fifteen minutes, and that record was on the racks throughout the nation five days later. Wes Farrell don't mess around.) And then the albums. The concerts. The Dick Clark Show. Johnny Carson. A week with Mike Douglas. A private hearing with the . . .

Wes Farrell can see it all now, and he smiles warmly when Neely says, "You have to dream high, and do the best you can do, and know that if it's God's will, He'll do the rest."

Yes indeed. ■

Newgrass Comes to Bluegrass

by Alan Whitman

From all appearances, it was just another bluegrass festival at Carlton Haney's well-known Blue Grass Park in the tobacco ridge hinterland of northern North Carolina. Pasture-like fields of grass beaten down by rows of tents, and vehicle campers surround the entertainment area; groups of people gathered around camp sites and open auto trucks, engaging in impromptu jam sessions with friends from past festivals and newcomers who came knowing they would find this. More groups hang close by to listen and record the "pure" sounds on portable cassette recorders. Near the stage, encircling the seating area, vendors offer obscure and hard-to-find records. bluegrass music publications, instruments and instrument parts, ceramic statuary and instant photos of yourself mounted on a but-

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PHOTOS: ALAN WHITMAN

The sights of Newgrass: Lots of hair, banjos, togetherness, and a very happy Carlton Haney (center).

ton. Cooked to order hot meals and cold soft drinks are provided for those that did not bring their own.

On stage, as usual, is continuous music, performed by 18 different groups, each doing a 30 to 45 minute set, two shows a day, from 6p.m. Friday through midnight Sunday (time-off for sleeping, of course).

But the similarity ends with a closer look and a listen to the activity on stage. The traditional bluegrass instruments are there: the banjo, mandolin, fiddle, guitar, but they are in the hands of long-haired city boys wearing bluejeans and T-shirts, rather than the anticipated backwoodsy country-types in their Sunday finery and straw cowboy hats. For this is the second annual "Newgrass Festival" devoted almost entirely to new, young, relatively unknown groups experimenting with a new sound, a new style, in an effort to create a new future for this traditional form of music.

Newgrass music—perhaps also called "Progressive Bluegrass"—reaches into unexplored areas beyond bluegrass, extending its range. The basic bluegrass stringed instruments form the core of the music but its scope is augmented by the addition of instru-

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World Radio History

ments from other musical forms—such as saxaphone, trumpet, steel guitar, even the obscure harpsichord-like hammered dulcimer—all used to create strange, new and exciting harmonies. While its vocal styles, its tempo and rhythmic background are the same as bluegrass, newgrass music allows more freedom for improvisation, a greater variety of song types (including material from other types of music put to a bluegrass beat).

One of country music's time-honored and venerable institutions, bluegrass is undergoing a change—one that will be hard coming, but one that will bring it a new life. ■

The Eastern States Confer on Country

by Richard Nusser

Eastern States Country Music Inc., a group of about 600 people drawn from all walks of country music—promoters, musicians, artists, rack jobbers, DJs, record promotion men, radio station managers and just plain fans—gathered together April 18 through 21 at Kutsher's Country Club, a resort hotel nestled amidst New York State's Catskill Mountains, for four days of workshops and entertainment. The participants discovered (to no one's surprise) that country music is a booming commodity throughout the Northeast, but there are some problems of growth.

The most serious problem seemed to be that of supply and demand. "Some fans of country music just can't find their country music product in the stores," said Mickey Barnett, president of the group. Larry Gallagher, country sales manager for RCA Records, noted that the RCA Record Club, a mail order service, ships an "extremely high" volume of country album and tapes throughout the Eastern states, in proportion to its total number of mail order sales. The reason for this involves problems of distribution, and the reluctance of some record stores to stock country records and tapes until the turn-over increases. A level of cooperation must exist, several speakers noted, among radio stations, record companies, and retail stores, due to the fact that airplay (determined by fans' requests and national sales action charted in music industry trade papers) creates a demand that record stores must meet—providing they have the records in stock, which is where distributors and record companies enter the picture. Indeed, such a spirit of cooperation is exactly what Eastern States Country Music hopes to foster through its various activities.

Convention keynote speaker Bob Austin, publisher of Record World magazine, said: "In a span of less than 12 months, the number of full-time country stations jumped more than 25 per cent right here, so that now there are more than 125 of them right here in our backyard. Country music continues to be a story of demographic success. Its power to reach the 25-to-45-year-old age bracket continues to grow . . ."

Don Reno and the Tennessee Cut-Ups and Dick Curless joined Eastern artists in providing entertainment, and the rest of the time was divided between seminars and the usual convention merriment. ■

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Watch This Face: Brian Collins

I suppose I could start out with something a little literary, like "It's a long way from Texas City to Nashville," and then launch into a saga fit for the silver screen about how Brian Collins from Texas City clawed and bit and fought his way to the big time. But I won't. You've heard that kind of thing before.

So in order to characterize Brian Collins, I'm going to talk about first impressions, which you aren't supposed to trust, but invariably do. First first impression, on walking through the door at the Dot Records' office in Nashville: Brian is a good-looking 23-year-old whom it is instantly easy to like. As we are introduced, he shows me an album just autographed by none other than Sybil Shepard, star of "The Last Picture Show." Brian is very excited.

Second first impression: Brian does not immediately begin to tell me what a magnificent talent he is and how lucky I am to be writing about him this early in his career. Instead, he takes me into a small storeroom where all of Dot's and Paramount's product is stored. Like a kid in a candy store, he pulls out album after album; showing me his favorites, plugging his fellow artists. As yet, he hasn't said anything about himself.

Loaded down with freebie records, we leave the office and head towards a sandwich shop for a beer and some conversation. Beer for me, iced tea for him. He says he drinks almost nothing else.

For the record, Brian was born in Baltimore and raised in Texas City. "I started at a place called Pepe's Pizza Parlor in Texas City when I was almost thirteen. The first time I ever played in a club was when I was fourteen, in Altaloma at a place called the Nuthouse, which I helped to build just so I could play there. We had a band called The Nomads. Anyway, the boss called up and said he was sorry, he'd have to cancel our first show because the club didn't have a roof yet. So I got the band together and we put a roof on that place.

Knows 'em all, sings 'em all.

PHOTO: MARSHALL FALLWELL

"When I was seventeen I met Dolly Parton in Galveston. She said I sounded good and asked if I wrote songs. I said, 'sure,' and she gave me a piece of paper with her name and number on it. She said, 'Come to Nashville,' so I did. Didn't see her then, though, she was out of town. Just a few months back, I met Dolly Parton again. I gave her back the piece of paper and said 'Thank you kindly.'"

That first time in Nashville was hardly a success for Brian. It was to be a few years later, in 1970, that he finally came to stay after borrowing $20 from his brother.

"When that ran out, I told the lady at the rooming house if she'd trust me, I'd get the rent somehow. Right away, I wound up playing at a place called The Wheel. Soon I ran into Billy Carr, a producer I'd known in Houston, and he did some sessions on me, sold them to Mega records and all of a sudden I had a record out."

From 1970 to 1972, Brian had three chart records on Mega: "All I Want To Do Is Say I Love You," "Kinda Of A Hush" and "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter."

In 1973, Brian moved over to Dot Records at the urging of Larry Baunach, a key executive there who had been trying for some time to get Brian on the label. Since then, Brian has been produced by none other than Jim Foglesong, the boss man himself.

While we talked and sipped our drinks, Brian couldn't help but pay attention to the jukebox, which was going full blast. He seemed to know every song played by a pack of squealy young girls at another table. Before long, we were talking about music, about our favorite songs and artists.

"Lord, Charlie Rich just can't do anything wrong," Brian said. "I've always liked Otis Redding too. And Barbra Streisand knocks me out when she's good. So does Connie Smith.

"But when I do a show, I'm going to have something for everyone there. If the folks bring their kids to see me, I'll do something for them, something they'll like. Then, I'll go right into a Charlie Rich tune or George Jones. It don't matter. I know 'em all. And I do 'em all."

Then, right at the table with people looking around to see what was going on, Brian leaned over and said, "Remember this one?" and started singing an old Chuck Berry tune. He wasn't showing off. He was just doing what he loves better than anything in the world—music.

That's all first impressions. Later impressions are just as good. I can truthfully recommend Brian's album, *This is Brian Collins* on Dot Records. On it, he displays a fine, clear voice, technically better than most and with a feel for lyrics that only someone with deep roots in country music could have. With good promotion and a little help from his friends, Brian should go a long way. And I'm glad, because he's a nice, genuine guy, and you don't find them very often. ■

MARSHALL FALLWELL

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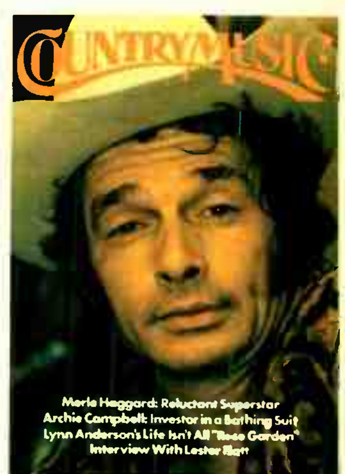

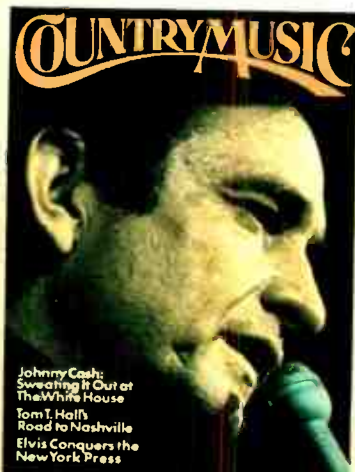

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Dolly Triumphant!

Dolly The Star!

PHOTO JIM MCGUIRE

World Radio History

by Dave Hickey

When the show was over, the curtain closed and the crowd stood up, but it didn't leave. The promoters of the show set up a long table in front of the stage, and when it was ready, Porter Wagoner, Dolly Parton and Speck Rhodes came out and sat behind it as nearly two thousand people formed a mishapen but orderly line to pass by.

These weren't flashy people, just folks from in and around Joplin: farm families numbering in the teens; couples: she, semi-formal, he, in his service station uniform (*Jim Bob* stitched above the pocket); local honchos in roping boots, felt Stetsons covering Army haircuts; sub-teen girls with disastrous complexions and autograph books; housewives, alone, in bouffant and pants-suit; old couples. They all filed slowly past the table, extending whatever they had to sign.

The people walked away clutching their autographs with strange smiles on their faces, especially the men. Since I had received one of Dolly's smiles earlier in the evening, I knew the devastation they spread. But it was so *nice:* the people in their working clothes passing by the table, politely smiling, stars receiving them without condescension, thanking them for coming. It was so pleasant and so decent that it upset my big city reserve, and I walked out into the lobby.

The concession stand was closed, so I lit a cigarette and read the names on a plaque honoring Joplin's war dead from the First World War to Viet Nam. I always read all the names on these plaques, one-by-one, war-by-war—it seems the least you can do. It's not the same in a big city, but in a town the size of Joplin each of the names represents an empty place in the life of the town—the dead-end of a family history, a family business—a small rent in the fabric of a community.

As I turned to walk back into the auditorium, I found myself thinking that, somehow, country music was about those names on the plaque, those people waiting patiently in line, and those three entertainers in spectacular costume signing their scraps of paper. All you get in Nashville is the prelude to this, and the aftermath—this was the center.

Down in front of the stage, Dolly and Porter were posing with a teenage girl while her friend fumbled with an Instamatic. The flash-cube wouldn't work, and the girl with the camera was becoming steadily more flustered, and her friend was getting a little hysterical. *She was taking up the stars' time! People were waiting!* Finally she took the camera from her friend, made an adjustment and handed it back. One more pose and *poof!* It worked. For an instant, Porter and Dolly were ablaze—with blinding smiles, sequins and blond hair, hovering like guardian angels around the frazzled teenager in her pedal pushers and sloppy shirt. People in the crowd applauded as the flash went off; they weren't annoyed by the wait; they were glad the girl got her picture.

"I never really thought about it being work," Dolly is saying an hour later, "I mean, they're my fans. They're who I work for. You know, they really care about you, at least country fans do. They'll come up to you afterwards and tell you what they like and what they don't like, as if you were a member of the family. They don't tell you what to do, but sometimes they don't like for you to change, to explore everything you *can* do. It's like the fans are parents who hate to see their child grow up—who want her to stay that pretty little girl. But they won't stop loving you if you grow up right . . . "

I'm far too young to be so foolish, but I'm actually sitting in the coffee shop at Mickey Mantle's Holiday Inn in Joplin Missouri and telling myself: *Come-on, boy! You've been to the fair and seen the bear. You've been to Terre Haute, Wilkes Barre and New York City. Are you gonna let a little yellow-haired girl turn you into silly putty? Huh?*

As if on cue, Dolly Parton looks up from her after-show dinner, unleashes a dazzling thousand-watt smile, and says: "Hon, you're not gonna write down how much I'm eating, are you?" Naturally, I turn to silly putty. I feel like the water-boy out with the home-coming queen. I'm so far gone that, when two good old boys amble into the coffee shop, I find myself thinking: *Hey, boys, you recognize Dolly Parton, don't you? Dontcha envy that smooth operator sitting with her? Dontcha wish you could change places? Well. . . eat your heart out, boys. . .* it's ridiculous.

". . . It's like the fans are parents who hate to see their child grow up—who want her to stay that pretty little girl . . ."

Supposedly, I am sitting here because Dolly is about to leave the Porter Wagoner Show and go out on her own (on the road, that is. She and Porter will still maintain the long-time friendship and goodly financial empire). The *idea* was to talk to her about being a woman in *macho* Nashville, but it's already obvious that interviewing Dolly Parton on the problems of being a female country singer is like interviewing a Rolls Royce on the problems of being a car.

"I really don't know what to say when people ask me about women's liberation," she tells me, "my life is a special kind of life. I mean, it's *my* life, so I don't know what it has to do with the way other women live. I'm just trying to put legs on my dreams . . . " She pauses a moment, then, "I can't even tell you any hard-time stories about Nashville. For me, it was like coming home. I loved east Tennessee, of course, but deep inside I always knew it wasn't the home of my heart. The minute I set foot down in Nashville, I thought, *Well, here I am, this is it.*

"And I was so lucky, you see. I met my husband the day I got to town, and it wasn't long 'til I met Chet Atkins. I'd only been in Nashville about two weeks when I replaced Norma Jean on Porter's show, and I been with him ever since. I just can't seem to have a bad time. No sooner did I start thinking about going out on my own, worrying about my obligations, than Porter comes up and tells me I should go out on my own . . . "

Then suddenly, she looks up and laughs. "You know what? All the liberated women I know are out supporting shiftless men. *Go-getters,* you remember that old song of mine? *He's a go-getter, when his wife gets off from work, he'll go get her.* You wouldn't know about that kind of thing, of course."

"Of course not," I say.

World Radio History

"I didn't think so . . . say, did you hear me dedicate that song to you tonight?"

"Yes, I did, and I was severly flattered."

"I certainly hope so," Dolly says with a mischevious grin. My own sophisticated smile is somewhat undercut by the fact that I am blushing to my knees.

I had met Dolly that afternoon on the dusty stage of the Joplin Memorial Auditorium, and the first thing I noticed (well, maybe the second) was that she was *never* at rest. She wasn't nervous, just always in motion. There was always a foot tapping, or a finger snapping, or her shoulders were swaying to the tempo of some private rhythm section—it was very disarming. "You know what?" she had said, smiling and moving around in a little dance, "I been feeling *good* all day, and haven't been able to do *nothing* about it." That was the first time I turned to silly putty.

Now, sitting across the table from me, she is simultaneously smiling, talking, tapping her foot and moving through her dinner like Sherman through Georgia. She is in a good mood and all my subtle questions keep dissolving in the presense of so much feminine energy. I keep relaxing and enjoying myself. It is really charming, I think, to be around a woman who is so sexy, and so straight-forward and so self-confident that she never even thinks about being seductive. Then I realize: *That* is how she is able to fog Uncle Harry's contact lenses and still keep Aunt Harriet as a fan. Aunt Harriet, you see, doesn't mind if Uncle Harry gets dazzled, as long as he doesn't get vamped.

While my mind is involved in these libidinous speculations I *know* that I am talking to one of the most gifted and sensitive singers and songwriters in the country. Not three hours earlier she brought tears to my eyes as she stood on the stage, hands clasped before her like a lost child, and sang, "Coat Of Many Colors." Still, when you get within her immediate aura, it is extremely hard to ignore the fact that Dolly is a girl.

". . . I don't know what it has to do with how other women live. I'm just trying to put legs on my dreams . . ."

There's no real comparison between Dolly and your average female singer with her medium voice, sorority-girl good-looks and sleekly produced repertoire of songs, all written by men who haven't left Music Row since the Greyhound brought them down. If you hang around Nashville a little, you can see how its cynical milieu of snuff-queens and ardent secretaries could give rise to the ultra-romantic "Warm-And-Tender-Body-Next-To-Mine" school of song-writing, but I really can't get off on the albums in which a girl's voice sings a catalogue of Music Row Male Fantasies: Cut #1: "I Love My Man In The Morning;" Cut #2: "I Love My Man For Lunch;" Cut #3:"I Gave My Man Good Loving This Afternoon" . . . et cetera. I understand male fantasies completely, and women not at all. As much as I would like to believe that women are just so many pneumatic, warm & tender statues standing by their men like inflatable party-dolls, just lovin' them all day—I suspect this is not the case. And Dolly's songs give me a glimpse of this undiscovered country.

Dolly asks me if her voice sounded all right. She

PHOTOS: BILL PRESTON

tells me she has been a little hoarse lately, and has always been a little self-conscious about her voice anyway, that she always thought it sounded "funny." I try to reassure her without gushing, and gradually she moves back to her basic topic: putting legs on her dreams.

"I been getting my band together, lately. Two of my brothers are gonna be in it so we can sing family harmonies. And I'll tell you. however much work it takes to get it right, that's how much I'll do. I'll work myself to death for my music, especially for my show. That's what I've always wanted: to be a singing star with my own show."

For the first time, there is a little flash of steel. When Dolly says, "star," it's like you've never heard the word before. The *idea* has so much force for her, and its meaning is so obviously clear. I can imagine her making a list of things to do to become a *star*—the way Jay Gatsby did in Scott Fitzgerald's great romance of American ambition. When she uses the word *star*, you know that, to her, it isn't just a fantasy or a vague term denoting success. It's what she's going to be . . . *will* be . . . *is*.

Sitting there, as she explains the purity and innocence of her ambition, I begin to realize what a perfect place Joplin, Missouri, is to meet Dolly for the first time. Resting as it does near the intersection of Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Arkansas, it doesn't have much regional identity. It's just an American town. And there aren't many places in it where you can't see a snippet of rolling Missouri farmland, or feel the subliminal roar of the river of trucks flowing along Route 66. But it is one of those places that, no matter where you're from, you never enter without feeling that you are coming back to something.

Everything, from the clean sidewalks to the trimmed lawns to the weedy lots and blank storefronts downtown, seems strewn with remnants of another time, another state of mind where *innocence, decency* amd *loneliness* were special words. Old-fashioned dreams like Dolly's had been dreamed here: pre-Oswald, pre-Viet Nam, pre-Watergate dreams in which ambition was honorable, enthusiasm was a virtue and honesty was more than a last resort. In dreams like

World Radio History

these a *star* doesn't consume itself in its own chemical brilliance.

Listening to Dolly talk so brightly and self-conciously about the dreams she made herself, I try to remember the last person I met whose ambition I could respect . . .

". . . Writing and performing," she is saying, "they're really my life, and I'm getting more mature about it. I don't run myself into the ground like I used to, staying up for days on the road. Oh, sometimes if I'm writing, I'll stay up, me and my friend Judy Ogle, but I been taking more care of myself.

"You'll have to meet Judy. She's my best friend, and when I get my show together, I'm gonna take her with me on the road. Traveling with Porter, it's usually just me and the boys, but Porter always has good people, like Bruce Osbon, over there, good Christian boys."

Dolly waves to Osbon, who is drinking coffee at another table with two others of the "Wagonmasters."

"Is it my time yet?" Bruce calls.

"Not yet!" Dolly calls back.

"Don't you ever feel over-protected?" I say, "I know Porter and the boys must look after you. And when you go out on your own you'll have your family . . . "

" . . . Let me tell you," Dolly says, "*nobody* is protecting me when I don't want to be protected. When that happens, it gets sorted out real quick. Everybody knows I'm not going to do anything to be ashamed of. The problem is really the other way around. I have to watch out and not protect *them* too much. I *will* take in stray cats."

"You seem to be pretty high-spirited, though. Is there anything that will really make you mad?"

"Disc jockeys who talk over the end of my records," she laughs. Then she says, "No, seriously, I can't remember the last time I got mad. What I have to watch out for, is getting my feelings hurt. I'm real sensitive, you know, and I'm all the time getting hurt over some little thing . . . that's why it's good to have a home outside of music."

And I believe her. I've only been around her a few hours and I have seen the instinctive way she reaches out, and with so many hands grabbing at you it is really difficult for *any* celebrity to reach out—much more so for a beautiful girl in a man's world—but I have never seen any performer reach out so readily, who will sense a fan's hesitation and take his hand, who will sense that a reporter is dazzled speechless and answer the question he can't get out with her personal specific truth, who will sing a song about the way she thinks things are, whether it is fashionable or not. She gives without thinking to save other people discomfort. This evening, for instance, before the show, the young man from the local wig shop presented her with two spectacular wigs as a gift, and when it was obvious that he was much too polite to ask, she immediately offered to record some promo tapes for him. *Well, of course, you can use me*, she seemed to say, *What are stars for?*

So you believe her when she says she gets her feelings hurt, that she takes in strays and tries to shelter her friends from the world—and it somehow purifies her ambition. She is laying her own feelings on the line—pitting her own emotional courage against the flashy ready-to-wear products that flood the market.

"Carl, my husband, he's not in the music business at all," Dolly says. "He doesn't listen that much. He doesn't even listen to me very much. Oh, I'll play him something every once in a while. And if I ask him what he thinks, he'll tell me all right."

"We used to have friends who didn't even know I was a singer, but Carl knew and that's what was important. He knows it's my life. Now, I might quit if he got sick or something. To take care of him, you know. For some kind of unselfish reason. But if he came stompin' in and said, 'You gotta quit this foolishness and be a housewife!' *Well!* He never would, but if he ever did, he knows it would be *good bye Dolly!* . . . Say, do you like antiques?"

". . . A star, you know, is something bright. Something that stands out, that's special . . ."

"Not much," I say, "Why?"

"I just wondered. You know, everybody in Nashville collects antiques. And when we first got our house I bought a bunch of old stuff, too. I didn't like it, it was just too drab. I like things a little more gaudy."

"Is that part of being a star?"

"I don't know. Maybe," Dolly says. "A star, you know, is something bright. Something that stands out, that's special . . . something *shining*, do you know what I mean?"

"Yes," I said, and I did. That evening I had been backstage when Dolly had come up from the dressing room, radiant in a tangerine dress. Beyond the curtain, the Joplin Memorial Auditorium was full of plain people sitting in chairs arranged across the basketball court. While the "Wagonmasters" were closing their set, Dolly moved around backstage, posing for pictures, greeting fans and old friends.

For some reason, made up for the stage, she looked very fragile, and light as a feather. Then she was introduced. She picked up her little Martin guitar and walked out into the applause. From where I was standing I couldn't see her, but I could see the faces of the audience as they watched the stage. So I knew what a star is. It's something bright, special and shining. It's something that gives light. ■

World Radio History

The One-Woman Traveling Road Show

Kathy Kahn is a singer, writer, feminist, and community organizer. She is also a 29-year-old mother of two. In August, 1973 she was in New York City to publicize her book, "Hillbilly Women." The book —about the women of Southern Appalachia with whose struggles Kathy is actively involved—was receiving critical acclaim, and she found herself to be the center of considerable attention. She was in demand. People wanted her. Kathy, however, was in an unusual position. Although she had been singing professionally for a year—her first album was "The Working Girl: Women's Songs of Mountains, Mines, and Mills"—she was not "in the music business" in the usual sense of being tied into the system of record companies, star billings, publicity operations and all the rest. But she was a singer and she was working to get her message across. That's why she started singing publicly in the first place. In response to demand, therefore, she began what was to develop into a national appearance tour without any of the assistance with which artists on the road usually travel. She was singing, playing her autoharp and five-string banjo, and organizing the whole thing herself. What follows is an account of that one-woman tour and what it taught her.

PHOTOS (copyright) DAVID GAHR

Austin, Texas, August 14, 1973: Good friends drive you to the airport. Great friends will stay and wave goodbye when your plane takes off. The folks who saw me off today are great, but they acted like I was leaving Austin forever instead of for two weeks.

I strapped my banjo into the window seat next to me and hoped the guy sitting on my right wasn't making conversation for the wrong reason. When we got into LaGuardia he asked me where I'd be staying in New York. "With my old man." "Oh . . . . ."

When I checked into the Chelsea Hotel, the man at the desk looked at me real funny. I didn't think I looked much different than the other folks in the lobby; blue jeans, western shirt, sandals. Well, I guess I don't really look sophisticated or funky. That must be the difference.

World Radio History

"The road is rough and it seems such a long, long way
It felt right for awhile moving on from day to day
The lonely stretches weren't bad and the free rides were fun
But I've reached an uphill climb and it's too late to turn and run."*

"Turning Back Don't Seem Right" Copyright 1974, Kathy Kahn/Lefthand Music

Nashville, September 1973: This afternoon I decided that the only way to handle all this pressure is not to sign anything until I understand more about the music business. I'll just manage myself for awhile.

A concert tour's coming together from the calls and letters I'm getting. Tonight I called an old neighbor of mine in Georgia, a factory worker, and asked her what I should do. She said, "Get out there and carry the message with you." I guess the folks in Austin were right. Looks like I'll be on the road for a few more weeks.

New York, September 1973: Man from Atlantic Records: "I understand you're an artist."

"No, I don't paint. I'm a singer."

I wonder why factory workers aren't called artists. Maybe they're not funky enough.

Cincinnati, October 1973: Well, they flew me here first class, had a chauffeur meet me at the airport, rented a suite at the Hilton for me, all of which made me feel uncomfortable. And then when it came time to do their television show, the host of the show, himself a singer, refused to pay me a performance fee. So I didn't sing. At least I got seven minutes on the show to rap, which was two more than the world's greatest kazoo player got. I noticed I was the only woman on the show.

Chicago, October 1973: One afternoon concert and a show the next night with two music and political workshops in between. Put together an impromptu band as usual: a guitar picker with an incredible tenor voice and a woman who plays fiddle like the devil.

Lately people in the business end of the music industry have begun to refer to me as a "girl singer." One promoter called me today and told me he could get me a recording contract overnight if I'd just keep my political messages to myself and let him "sell" me as a "girl singer." Well, I'm a singer, and I'm a woman, and I'm political, it's all a part of what I am. I won't give up being what I am. I wonder if John Prine would've made it if he'd been a woman.

A bunch of us went to a bar this afternoon to talk music and politics. And drink. Some construction workers at the next table asked me if I'd sing. I got my banjo out and we really got into a foot stomping, hollering session: little kids dancing around the table and everyone clapping to the music. Some older men sat at the other end of the bar, watching the World Series on television.

I was singing the woman's version of "She'll Be Coming 'Round The Mountain" when all of a sudden this guy jumped out of the telephone booth and shouted at me: "You shouldn't be singing 'sexist' songs for white people. You ought to be down in South Africa singing for the black people and organizing them."

Now, this guy was himself white. And I'm usually *not* criticized for *not* being far enough Left. I asked him if he'd listened to the lyrics, but he kept on screaming. I got up, walked over to him and laid my hand on his shoulder. "Did you see that?" he screamed. "Did you see it? She hit me." He was in a rage. I said, "Listen, I'm not used to dealing with folks in a violent way. Why don't you calm down and then we'll talk." He grabbed my arms and started shaking me. The construction workers were easing out of their chairs. They were going to beat him up. Some of the folks at my table started to get up. I felt like this was between him and me. I shoved him into the telephone booth and shut the door on him. He was inside screaming, but he was safe.

Gainesville, Georgia, October 1973: I think one reason my music is progressing so well is, everywhere I go I meet new musicians and work with them. I like putting together a new band in each town. There are obvious problems to putting a show together at the last minute with folks who've never worked together before and don't know a lot of the songs I perform, but I always end up learning from these groups. I learn a lot rehearsing, but I learn most after shows when we're all relaxed, just sitting around making music and trying to sort out our political differences.

I don't have many problems as a woman organizing and leading a band. Maybe it has something to do with including women musicians in my shows whenever I can. And I think it's easier to relate to both men and women in an audience if you're a feminist.

Nashville-Cincinnati, October 1973: Fellow airplane passenger: "What do you do?"

"I'm a singer."

"Where's your band?"

"I don't have one."

"Well, who travels with you?"

"Nobody. I travel alone."

"Oh . . ."

St. Louis, November 1973: Two benefit shows. The promotion was headed by a woman named Linda Geifer. She was doing it voluntarily, and did a better job than most folks who do it for a living.

Linda met me at the airport, and it wasn't long before she was marching me around to every college campus in St. Louis, to television stations, to interviews. I picked up her spirit and got so enthusiastic I was running behind schedule. A few times Linda had to come up on stage and drag me off, explaining to the audience that I had to go somewhere else.

I never perform a song unless I really believe in its message. Audiences don't want you to perform or record just to please them. It comes through if you're not happy with the song you're singing.

The sound system for both concerts was handled by volunteers, too. It was perfect for both shows.

One reporter in St. Louis turned out to be the most perceptive reporter I've ever met. After the interview, when she was leaving, she asked if she could hug me. She knew I needed that.

After the last concert I was talk-

World Radio History

ing to some people from the audience, holding a cigarette. I noticed Linda standing to my left holding an ashtray directly under the cigarette. I took it away from her and held my own ashtray. As we were leaving the hall, I stumbled over another ashtray and spilled ashes all over the carpet. In a flash, Linda was on her knees cleaning up the mess. Later, when we talked about it, she said she always thought per formers needed that kind of attention. After that, she started treating me like a human being.

Cleveland, Ohio, November 1973: A live show being taped for television. Performed my new song, "The Gem of Egypt," which is about a strip-mining machine in Egypt, Ohio. It's a satire, a parody on strippers: "She takes it off the top and leaves the rest to fall." Which is exactly what the machine does to mountains. After the show some folks from Egypt gave me their personal accounts of the destruction the Gem is doing. Other folks in the audience who'd never heard about the Gem before wanted to know more about it. Satire *does* work as a form of consciousness-raising.

Kansas City, November 1973: Often I meet men who resent me for being so independent. It shouldn't threaten them, but sometimes it does, the idea of a woman being on the road, traveling alone, taking care of all her own business.

Male friend: "I'm *not* jealous of you, but remember you only get recognition because of your body."

Same male friend: "I used to be a singer myself, but I gave it up for more important things."

New York, November 1973: The Chelsea Hotel is beginning to look like home. It's three o'clock in the morning and I can't sleep. It's just like they say about being on the road—lonely.

The thing I miss most is my kids. I miss them desperately, haven't seen them in over three weeks. I can close my eyes and feel them hugging me. Whenever my kids see me on television, they call me up and tell me what I did wrong. *You didn't sing the right song, you were nervous, you looked sleepy.* They're always right. My kids are my managers.

Today I did an appearance with Kinky Freidman and the Texas Jewboys at a New York University Children's Concert. The whole time I was up there singing, all I could think about was my own kids.

Had Thanksgiving dinner with some of the Jewboys at Umberto's. We ate squid and it wasn't even stuffed. Now, *that's* funky.

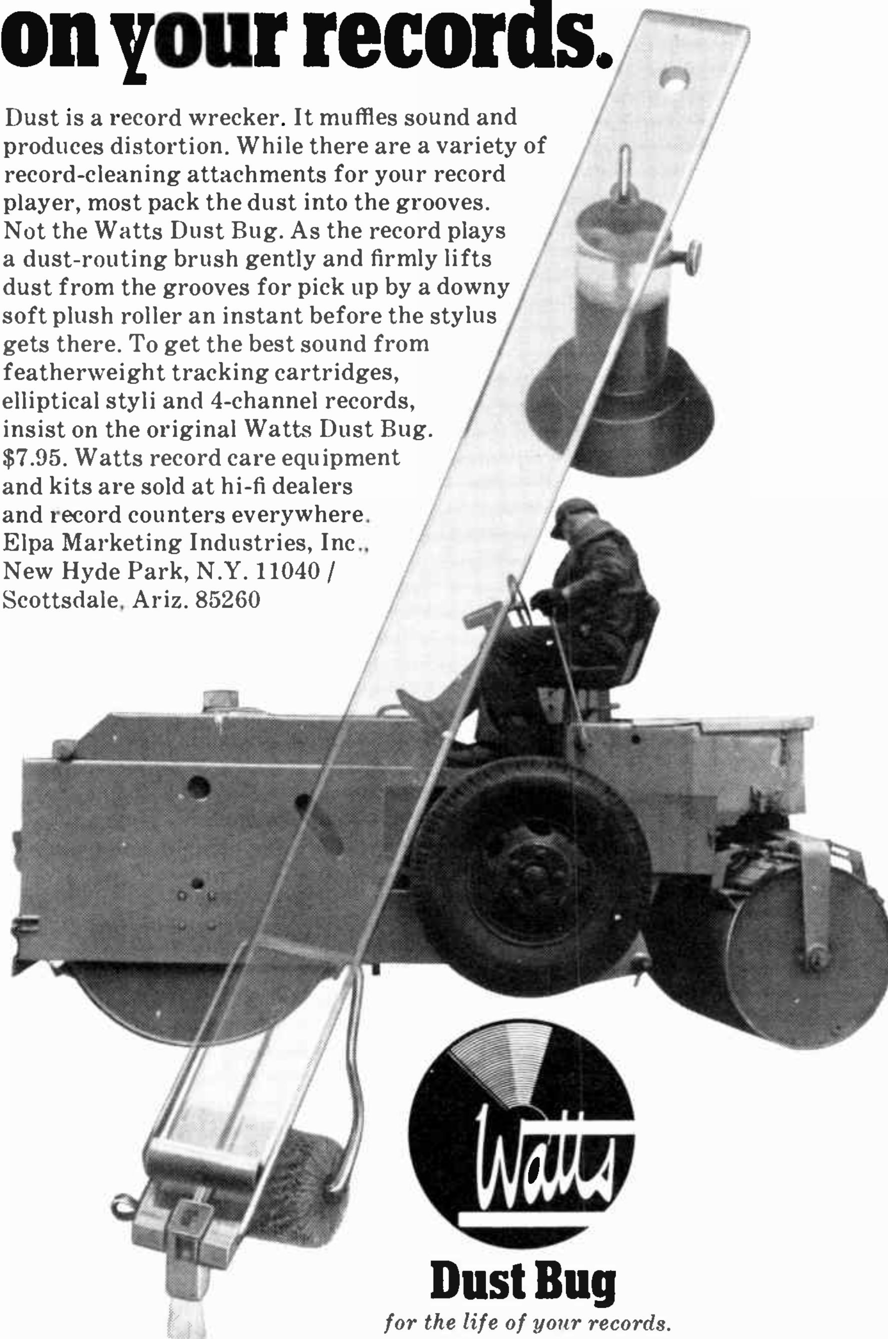
Atlanta, December 25, 1973: Youngest son, Jesse: "*My* mama's a *star.*"

Oldest son, Cowboy: "Yeah, but she's not a *Big* star."

Jesse: "She is *too* a big star."

Cowboy to Mama (over his shoulder): "He's only saying that to make you feel good."

San Francisco, January, 1974: I'm beginning to see a parallel between the music industry



World Radio History

The Essential Olivia Newton-John

The girl who won this year's Grammy for Best Female Country Artist, as well as the Academy of Country Music's Most Promising Female Vocalist award, is currently criss-crossing the U.S. in her first major American tour. The name Olivia Newton-John is not yet a household word, but with that curl-up-your-toes voice and remarkable face it's about to be. Here, including a few surprises, is a small history of what is becoming a mighty big talent.

- The soft Olivia Newton-John accent is Australian. She was born in Wales, raised in Australia, and moved to England only four years ago.
- Her first hit was in 1971, and it was also her first record. The song was "If Not for You," and her rendition of Mr. Dylan's tune was a success not only in America but in England, Australia, South Africa, and Belgium.
- "Let Me Be There" is the song that won her the country music accolades earlier this year. Her album of the same name reached the top slot in the country music charts, while the single crossed over to become a top 10 pop hit.
- Her current single is "If You Love Me (Let Me Know)," bulleted and moving fast in both the country and pop charts. It is also the title of her newest LP.

Which brings up to date the admittedly compact but essentially dynamic life and times of Olivia Newton-John. The girl most likely to.

And she is. On MCA Records and Tapes.

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Single: MCA-40209
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and other industries. In the music industry there are a lot of sweatshops and not many studios are worker controlled.

I've always been nervous in studios. Partly because I often feel manipulated and partly from lack of experience. Last month I cut a demo in New York and when I heard it played back I told the A&R guy it sounded like a bee trapped in a mason jar. But I learn fast when I'm in a studio with good musicians.

I cut a tape here this week, and it was the first time in a studio I could convert nervous energy into working energy. It was because George Daly, the producer, was relaxed, because he let me do my own material and because he and the musicians supported me. It was the first time in a studio that I felt like I shared in making the decisions.

I've noticed there aren't many female studio engineers and very few female studio musicians. It seems like that's the hardest place for women to break into the industry.

Charleston, West Virginia, March 1974: Desk clerk at Holiday Inn: "What kind of work do you do?"

"I'm a waitress."

"Oh. . . ."

I made two vows before the show: I was going to wear a dress for the first time on stage and not be hung up about it, and I was going to get the audience into singing rounds.

I like to write songs that relate to people's lives, that they can identify with. Since there were going to be a lot of working people at the Charleston concert, I decided to sing "Days Off" a song a friend and I wrote just before I came to Charleston.

"Seems like a lifetime I've been
working here
And I've had me nine babies,
one every year
With time off for Jenny, she
lived just one day
The doctors could save her but
we couldn't pay.

The trouble with working twelve
hours a day
You ain't got the time to watch
your baby play
The trouble with working the
shift three to three
You ain't got the time to rock
your baby on your knee."*

*"Days Off" Copyright 1974, Kathy Kahn & Pam Hefferman/Lefthand Music

Twenty minutes before the show we added a piano player and a drummer to the band. I was wearing my dress and a pair of my grandmother's platform shoes. I hadn't rehearsed in the shoes.

The minute I started singing, I realized the shoes were uncomfortable. They were so high, my ankles wobbled every time I tried to tap my foot.

The audience was so quiet it scared me. Later someone told me it was because they were listening to the songs. But at one point near the beginning of the show, I felt such a lack of support that I thought I was going to cry. I turned my back on the audience for a couple seconds and pulled myself together. Then I laid into a fast, humorous song to cheer me up. The crowd sang in rounds and they were fantastic.

"Right now I'm tired and I haven't
too much strength
I've got to stop and reflect on what
I've gained
But not for long or I'll remember
what I've lost
Worse than that, I might remember
what it cost."*

"Turning Back Don't Seem Right" Copyright 1974, Kathy Kahn/Lefthand Music

Chicago, April 1974: The era of "hype" is over. I think folks in the music industry are learning that performers and audiences can relate to each other without a lot of glitter and gimmick and shrouding of the performers in secrecy. Real people are getting back on stage now, a testimonial that the genuine survived the era of the "hype." Once again music belongs to the people.

New York, May 1974: A male friend of mine, a singer, once was talking to a guy in his band about me. He said, "She's just as cool as we are, only she's a woman." Maybe *that* means I'm funky.

"Turning back don't seem right
Pushing on too great a load
I'll dig my heels into the earth
*And make a brand new road."**

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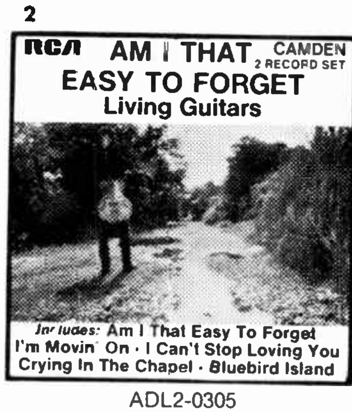

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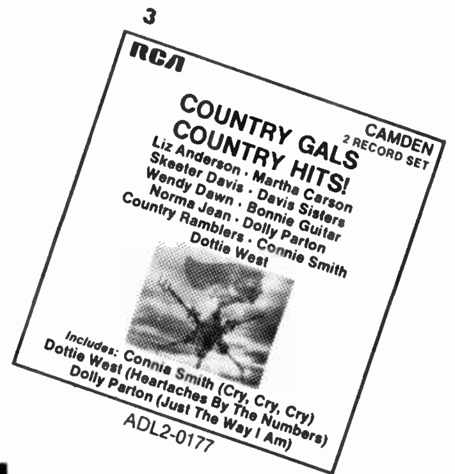

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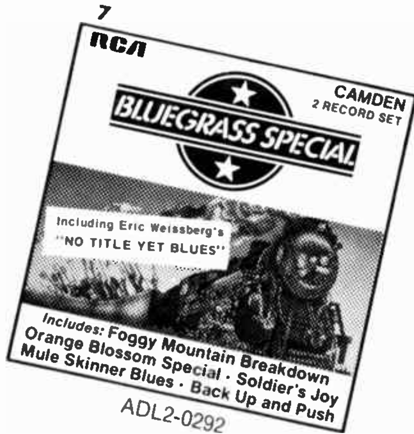

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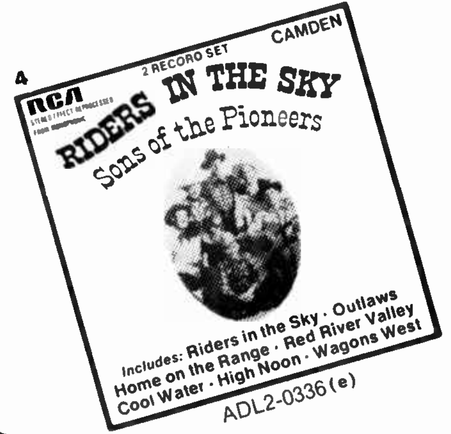

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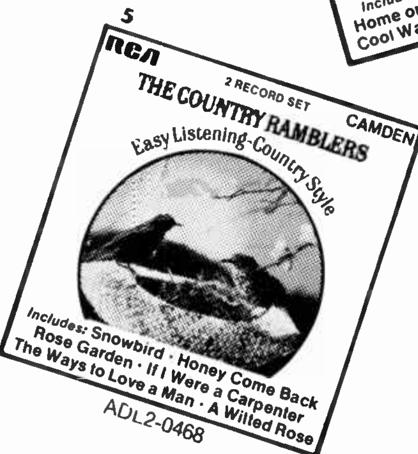

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PHOTOS: JIM McGUIRE, MARSHALL FALLWELL, BARRY BROWN, JOHN JEFFERSON, RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN

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THE BIG SPEAKOUT

L'il Darlin' Know The Score

Compiled by Carol Offen

In 1952 Kitty Wells paved the way for women country artists by scoring a huge hit with "It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels" in response to Hank Thompson's "Wild Side Of Life." That got things off with a bang, you might say—the song was certainly no lil' darlin' number—but the recording industry, controlled by men, didn't exactly fling open its doors to women artists. Women had a hard time getting anywhere in the business for a long time, and it wasn't milk and honey by any means. Now, it seems, things are a bit easier; but there are still problems. How do women entertainers feel about all this? Here, some of country's best-known women speak out on what it's like to be a woman in the country music business, how things have changed, how they feel about their men, and about country womanhood in the age of Woman's Lib. First, the business:

Loretta Lynn: "When I got here to Nashville in '61 there weren't hardly any women in country music. What women that was in the business tried to run me out of Nashville. They didn't want no competition. They tried to keep me off the Opry. I won't say any names—*they* know who they were. Patsy Cline was about the only one who stood beside me. She gave me clothes even. When she died, I thought 'What am I gonna do?' I really loved her. But I had to prove myself—I had three hits before I was even allowed on the Opry. Things aren't as hard for women now. I think woman's lib got a lot to do with it."

Dottie West: "I came to town around the same time Loretta Lynn did. In those days record men would tell you that women didn't sell, and on all the package shows there'd be only *one* girl. And I think that was really because they didn't think of us as artists—they just thought they should have a girl on the show. Y'know, for looks. But after Patsy Cline hit, there were more women making records because record men weren't as afraid of them."

Tammy Wynette "When I first came to Nashville they'd ask me if I was married. I was divorced at the time and I had kids, and that didn't go over well. One booking agent just refused to book me because he said he had a hard time booking women because they didn't like to work clubs."

Anne Murray: "I *personally* never have been discriminated against because of my sex. I've always been treated the same as the men. I'd say the only real difference was in airplay. I've heard dj's say they wouldn't play two women back-to-back. But that's changing. I think your attitude has a lot to do with it. If I was being put down in any way, I think I'd recognize it—I'm not stupid."

Lynn Anderson: "It just seems like we're always outnumbered on a show. If they promote a country show, they always could have 3 or 4 male vocalists, but never more than one female. That's why I can never get to see another gal, to see what they're doing in comparison and talk shop. It's kind of a disadvantage not to know what's going on. Guys compare what they're doing, but the gals really don't work together. Maybe 2 or 3 years ago I worked with another gal."

Barbara Mandrell: "Even with all the records female country artists are selling now, the feeling still seems to be that women can't draw on a show. I don't know

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why, but I definitely think it's much more difficult for a woman to be a headline act. I think Loretta Lynn made a tremendous breakthrough for women by being the first to win 'Entertainer of the Year'... I did a show in Norwalk, Conn., and the promoter booked myself and Jeannie C. Riley on the package—just us, no men. Everybody said, 'It won't work. You can't have two girls on a show.'

They had to turn people away."

Jeanne Pruett: "The music business is the one place that I have found that is open to talent—period—and they don't care if you're black, white, male or female. If you've got something to say, the industry's right there with its arms open... I didn't find it harder to break into the business as a woman, but I do think it's harder to stay in it once she's had the first hit. There's more competition among women artists. Women just naturally tend to be more competitive, I think, than men—in any field. I think that's good, because competition's not only good for the soul, it's good for the industry."

Jean Shepard: "I think women country entertainers have a tendency to let the man wear the pants, do most of the worrying. I don't think that's changed much, 'cause most of them are country girls, and this is the way they were raised. I don't think the men give the women credit for having real good sense—any intelligence, I should say. When you're discussing your contract or something, it's hard to deal with them because you are a woman. So you usually work it out through your lawyers."

Lynn Anderson: "Maybe it *was* the woman's lib thing, the fact that women started enforcing their opinions, buying records... It's just not workable anymore for the women in the business to be dependent upon the men in the business. The men can't handle it either."

Women On The Road

Connie Smith: "When I first got into the business, I wasn't very mature. I used to work clubs and often, the attitude was that if they booked you, they owned you as a woman. They bought you to play the club. They bought you, period. It didn't take much to set them straight, but it hurt just the same. And it was an insult. Not all clubs are like that, of course, but I've worked a lot of the smaller ones."

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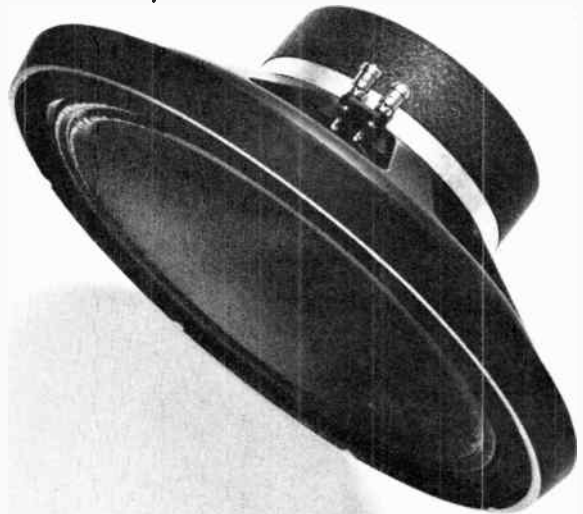

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Lynn Anderson: "Unlike a man, I don't feel I have to be on the road 300 days a year in order to feed my children. My husband has a good job and he's a very talented man . . . a woman on the road has a different kind of pressure. I travel with a band and for a woman to be boss over, say, six guys, you sometimes get into a very male chauvinistic thing. They look you right in the face and say, 'Hey, that's a woman giving me orders, and I'm not going to stand for it.' The only way I could do it most of the time is to use the old femininity and say, 'Well, boys, I couldn't do it without you and I really would appreciate it if you would help me carry this 900-pound suitcase. It really would be nice of you.' That's the only way I could exist. There is a very bad stigma about female vocalists being on the road. You have to work with a lot of men. So I hired another girl to go with me, so I don't have to go to dinner with the guys all the time."

Donna Fargo: "I think it's very important for a female country artist to fit into a certain image. It's a more conservative image. In country music, a woman has to be more careful. Quite frankly, when I perform I wear pants and a top, 'cause when I move around on stage I don't want women to think I'm tryin' to be sexy or something. I'm not comfortable in a dress. But I think it's changing."

Cheatin', Sexy Songs, And Careful Decisions

Loretta Lynn: "Y'know, I was the first girl to sing a real cheatin' song and put myself down, and people thought it was bad. But it sold—I mean, it *really* sold. Y'know, I write just about everything I sing, and every one of 'em's been dirty. And they've all been number one singles. The ones that don't record them, though, are the ones that are guilty. I could be wrong, but I believe that if you're doin' it, you don't want to sing about it—but if you're not doin' it, why worry about it?

"Once in a Baltimore club, this lady came up to me and tried to grab me—she was drunk—and she cussed me out. She said, 'So *you're* the woman that's in my husband's life. I go to bed at night and that's the last thing I hear. When I get up in the morning, it's the first thing I hear. That's all my husband plays. So *you're* the woman,' she said, 'an' I'm going to break your neck!' She grabbed for me an' almost caught me. I said, 'Woman, I don't even know your husband. But if you touch me, I'm gonna kick you!' They got a bouncer and threw her out.

"I used to have a lot of trouble with women who were jealous and tried to hurt me. Not so much any more. Women are pretty smart. They identify with what I'm singin' about. They like 'Don't Come Home A-Drinkin'.' *That* hit home."

Dottie West: "I like the country lady image. That's how I was brought up. That's how I feel. I like being a lady, but I'm also a woman and I like doing sexy songs . . . I would pass up a song if I thought it wasn't right for me to be singing. I hate to admit this, but I turned down 'Help Me Make It Through The Night' 'cause I thought it was too strong for Dottie West. Too bad for me."

Tanya Tucker: "There are still a couple of stations that won't play 'Would You Lay With Me.' I think it's *their* minds that are in the gutter. I did wonder about cutting it at first, how people would react. But I think all of these so-called dirty songs—like 'Behind Closed Doors'—are just reasonable love songs. A song is about life, and life isn't all 'Happiest Girl' and skippety-doo-dah-days."

Jean Shepard: "Ken Nelson, my ex-producer, would never let me record a triangle song unless I was on the right side of the fence. He'd always say, 'Oh, no, they just don't expect that of you. You're such a sweet little country girl.' I could never convince him how mean I really was. He wouldn't believe me."

Lynn Anderson: "I think I worry about my image. I think you have to. I like to be seen as being a feminine person. I mean, I don't like to sing dirty songs. There are other artists who do sing songs that fit them perfectly, that I just wouldn't be comfortable singing. I'm not saying that they're bad—it's just not for me. I do feel, though, that there are many women who still will not accept or admit that they do *it* or read *it*, or whatever. So they'll listen to a suggestive song, a drinking song, or a drug-oriented one, but they may be afraid to go and buy the record for fear somebody will think they're identifying with it."

Jeanne Pruett: "The only necessary ingredient for a song that I'm gonna record is that I wouldn't be ashamed for my mother or daddy to hear me sing it. I don't think I'd ever be completely at ease to do a real 'blue' song. I've been around this business long enough

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to know that there are a lot of young ears that listen to radio stations."

Tammy Wynette: "After 'Stand By Your Man' I got associated with that kind of song and with the kid songs. Those are about the only types a writer will send over to my producer for me now. But I'd consider doing a cheatin' song if I thought it was good. I do think, though, that the fans put you where you are and if you do something totally different from what they associate with you, you might offend some of them."

Dolly Parton: "Nobody was brave enough to talk about it before and people are much more open now, that's all. I think it's better to tell it like it is. You have a great number of people—especially women—who don't run around, but they're faced with that problem, like a 'Jolene' or someone in their life, and they've got to hold on to what's theirs. People had to first accept the girl singers, and now they'll accept what stories they tell. It's sort of like soap operas—I mean, they sit and watch *that* all day, so why not hear it in the songs?"

What's Fair For The Goose......

Connie Smith: "I'd rather see a man drunk than a woman. I think it takes away from your femininity. I guess I believe in a double standard: I feel that the man is over the woman. I want my husband to be over me. He can shut me up, y'know. He might not shut me up inside, but he'll shut me up on the outside, and I'm glad he can. I respect him for that. As a woman, I like to be able to lean. I don't want the whole responsibility."

Dolly Parton: "I had my own opinion long before women's liberation. I figure, what's fair for the goose is fair for the gander. Really, it's just as big a sin for a man to drink and run around as it is for a woman to do it. It's just that people don't accept it that way. But still, in the sight of God, it's just as wrong."

Tammy Wynette: "I don't think that a man, just because he's away from home a lot, should be able to run

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around on his wife just because he's a man. Women have feelings and are just as lonely and depressed. That is the one thing I hate more than anything.

"George just will not get into a discussion with me about those things. Several weeks ago we were out somewhere where there was a lady who had drunk too much. She was very loud and quite stoned. But she didn't look any worse than all the men who were falling over themselves. But George made some remark later about 'Did you see that drunk lady? That's the most horrible thing I've ever seen.' I said, 'No, if you look around, the men look just as bad as she does.' George said, 'Oh, Tammy, please let's not get into that discussion because I know how you feel and I'm not against it. Believe you me, it was just a slip.'

"I hope it *is* changing because I think it's ridiculous. That's one thing I feel really strongly about—maybe it's because I have four daughters. I've heard so much of this 'Oh heck, he's a *boy*, let him do it'—but if my daughters did the same, they'd be shamed. I won't go out and work for women's liberation because I believe I *am* free, but I will teach my children, in my home, that they're equal to any man, because that's how I feel."

Dottie West: "I think a career is *just* as important to a woman. I'm sure there's fewer housewives today—women who stay home and do nothing but housework and taking care of the family. That is just not enough to keep a woman happy. She has got to have something of her own—I don't care what it is. Now, I do enjoy gettin' home and getting into the kitchen, but I can only take it for so long. It'd almost be like a prison, I would think, to just spend your life at home."

Tammy Wynette: "I think that feeling is just as strong now among country people as it was when the song 'Stand By Your Man' was released. I was criticized very heavily for the song because of women's liberation, but I think they were misinterpreting it. I feel it's just as important for a man to stand by his woman. I just think anybody who loves someone will stand by them. I didn't do the song to say, 'You women stay home and stay pregnant all the time, and don't do anything to help yourselves.' Y'know, just stand by a man who stays drunk or runs around all the time. That's not what we had in mind at all. We just wrote it as a pretty love song."

Jody Miller: "In these times, I think it would be a terrible burden for a man to feel that a woman was dependent on him. Sure, I like a man I can look up to, but I would think he'd feel the same about me. My husband loves and respects me as an individual, with my own life and my own pursuits—just as I respect his.

"Man is usually a little wilder. A woman should be a little better. You bear the children. You wouldn't want your children to think anything bad of you."

And Finally, "Stand By Your Man"?

Jessi Colter: "I think it's a two-way thing—the song just happened to be written by a woman. But I *do* think the woman is really in the driver's seat. You set the mood and a man will follow in a relationship, if you know what you're doing. It's not a passive role at all. But you have to be honest, strong, patient . . . I'm living with one of the strongest men alive—and I can tell you, it works."

Donna Fargo: "I don't think it's as strong, but it's still there. Sometimes I like to do both 'Stand By Your Man' and 'Superman' in a show. I don't know if people get the message or not, but 'Superman' is almost saying the reverse of 'Stand By Your Man.' It's saying 'I've got to live here too, and we're equal. You can't have your superman ego.'"

Jeannie C. Riley: "I think the 'Stand By Your Man' feeling is as thick as ever. That's one of my pet peeves—songs that say you should belittle yourself for a man. The line 'But if you love him, you'll forgive him'—that bothers me. It sounds like you should take anything he dishes out."

Lynn Anderson: "I think the song probably reflects the strongest feelings a woman can have. I would like to think that my relationship with the man I loved was such that I could and would want to stand by him in any situation. Although it seems for some reason that a woman is expected to stand by and accept a lot more than a man is, that's something that can't be changed because for some reason way back there, somebody *did* tell someone that men were stronger people, and that *their* word goes. It's not so bad. Every so often I get to thinking, 'Why in the world is that? Why should a man's word be the last word?' But actually, somebody's got to set the rules somewhere, so it's really not that bad . . . "

Loretta Lynn: "I think you ought to stand by your man if he's standin' by you. If he ain't standin' by you, why, move over! I think if your man's doin' you right, fantastic. But how many men treat their wives right? Think about it." ■

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MCA RECORDS

Records

Johnny Cash . . . Charley Pride . . . The Statler Brothers . . .

Johnny Cash
Ragged Old Flag
Columbia KC 32917 (record)
CA 32917 (8-track tape)

The liner notes here explain Johnny Cash's own personal excitement about how, after almost 20 years of recording, he has finally gotten around to doing an entire album of his own material. His own words don't, however, tell you how excited you will be upon hearing these twelve new tunes, even though most of them deal with the saddest-but-true-est of themes.

"Ragged Old Flag" is titled after his recent hit single, a patriotic saga that makes "The Americans" seem weak-hearted by comparison. It is one of the few "uppers" on this album in terms of content, but it sets a stirring tone through which the rest of the songs prove their own points.

The deterioration of the countryside itself is sung about on "Don't Go Near the Water" while the tune "King of the Hill" belies its title as it goes about proving how human superiority is a rather unrealistic concept in a dog-eat-dog world. Cash continues to speak to the common man in very graphic, gutsy terms. He greets a truck driver and tries to glorify him, but the trucker's persistent response is "All I Do Is Drive." Even the cut "Pie In The Sky" gives only a vague promise of a better future after you're dead and gone. Some might take it as tongue-in-cheek.

Continuing in a gospel vein, "Good Morning Friend" does give Kris Kristofferson's "Why Me" a strong positive counterattack expressing as it does an unquestioning faith in the ways of the Lord. Later on, Cash puts the relationship between God and man back into perspective: "What On Earth (Will You Do For Heaven's Sake)?" he asks.

There's a wisp of humor in the sexual benefits of married life as explained to bachelors in "While I've Got It On My Mind." The few laughs on this album are more like knowing grins than straight-out guffaws.

Although he's lyrically very serious, Cash turns in his most exciting musical album here in years. It's a first in that he co-produced it himself with his engineer Charlie Bragg, using the Tennessee Three, Carl Perkins, Earl Scruggs and the Oak Ridge Boys to further accent the down-to-earth sound. If this new LP is any indication, the talents (and patriotism) of Johnny Cash are far from "ragged" or "old"—that's why he can fly his banner of truth so high and proud.

ROBERT ADELS

Charley Pride
Country Feelin'
RCA APL1 0534 (record)
APS1 0534 (8-track tape)

This latest Charley Pride album opens appropriately with a song whose title and first line ask, "Which way do we go?" In context, the question is between two lovers ("Where do we go, now, you and me?"), but as the rest of the record bears out, Charley is also looking at the country and pop music worlds about him—and while there are fleeting glimpses of the latter, Charley is one singer who is indeed firmly rooted in a "country feelin'."

The majority of tunes here are concerned with lovers and their problems and with the need to search out new experiences. Jim Lunsford's "Streets of Gold," for instance, talks of a North Carolina Cherokee seeking his roots by traveling only to discover that his "streets of gold" are really steeped in "books of history."

Of the love songs, "I Don't See How I Can Love You Anymore" and the title track are melancholy reflections sharply contrasting such numbers as "We Could" and "It Amazes Me," "Singin' A Song About Love" is a moderately up-tempo track proclaiming that one can be content with a lover and have as much reason to sing about it as the man or woman who is always having trouble.

Pride's voice is smooth throughout the ten cuts, wistful when necessary but just a notch less than jubilant on the calypso-like "Love Put A Song In My Heart." The Nashville Edition provide nice background vocals which never intrude or overpower either Pride or the songs, and Jack Clement's production, as usual, is even-tempered; with just the right touches to bring out the warmth which has become the Charley Pride trademark. Which way *do* we go? Back to the turntable for some more "Country Feelin'!"

IRA MAYER

The Statler Brothers
Thank You, World
Mercury SRM-1-707 (record)
MC8-1-707 (8-track tape)

The Statler Brothers are, to put it mildly, unique. What country music fan could fail to recognize their music in a blindfold test? Could those four-part, contrapuntal harmonies, those silky arrangements, or Harold Reid's oce-

World Radio History

anic bass belong to any other known group? Of course not. And it is just that set of Statler Brothers watermarks that has always made their versions of other artists' songs something much more than mere covers.

Here, for example, you'll find versions of Tom T. Hall's "Margie's at the Lincoln Park Inn," Bill Anderson's "City Lights," Tompall Glaser's "Streets of Baltimore," and Dallas Frazier's "The Baptism of Jesse Taylor." Even the last title, with two hit versions scarcely off the charts, is given a fully brisk going-over, complete with a few original lyrical fillips.

Of course, the Statler Brothers are more than gifted interpreters, what with a purse of original compositions to their credit that includes some of the finest pieces in the country music catalog. "Thank You, World," this album's title cut, promises to be one such winner. In addition to that cosmic celebration of song, there are "Cowboy Buckaroo," a paean to the lost thrills of Saturday afternoon's milk-drinking, sharpshooting demigods, and "She's Too Good," another potential classic of lost adolescence.

Although the Statler Brothers have won a variety of awards and honors, the weight of which could sink a small schooner, it is their albums that bring them the most glory. *Thank You, World* is their latest beanie of laurels. NICK TOSCHES

Freddie Hart
Hang In There Girl
Capitol ST-11296 (record)
8XT11296 (8-track tape)

Freddie Hart's a lover. We all know that. Freddie loves love. He loves the pleasure. He loves the pain. But most

of all—Freddie loves writing and singing about it. "Hang In There Girl" is Freddie coming to us with the best of both these worlds—the real pro with real heart.

There is a terrific sampling of Freddie's philosophy in this album and it fits together beautifully. George Richey, producer and co-writer for the song "Thanks But No Thanks," has made the best possible use of both Freddie's musical talents and musical instincts. We traveled the whole emotional route in this album, but only at the end did we realize it wasn't just Freddie's feelin' that made us like the album so much—it was the feelings Freddie brought out in us.

Freddie wrote five of the eleven songs on the album, and though I lean towards the songs Freddie writes, on this album everything works.

The title song, "Hang In There Girl," is another of Freddie's great cheek-to-cheek, loving-time ballads. "It's so good to be alive/I'm a man so satisfied/Thanks to you." But a Cinderella ending isn't the only thing Freddie's interested in. Love and loving are more than walking into the sunset. As we're dreamin' our way through the roman-

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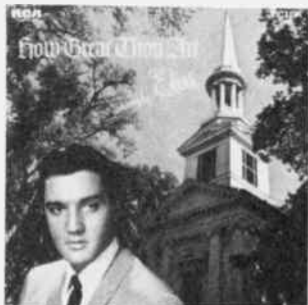

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tic "Hang In There Girl," we suddenly find ourselves into the next song, "Phoenix City" —about "the devil's own backyard." Now we're foot-stomping and hand-clapping, trying to understand the feelings or non-feelings of lines like "The women grow purty down in Phoenix City/Used to get me one for a song," when we're carried into the next cut, "Thanks But No Thanks"—which is on a completely different level. Plaintive, lyrical, it's about the ambivalent feelings you can have about getting involved again after someone's left you. "I love you/I'd love to/ But that's where my hurt came from/So thanks but no thanks/I just had some." The way these three songs play into one another gives you an idea of how the rest of the album tosses you from one dimension of living and loving until you're feeling so much, you're feeling good. Cuts like "Whatever Turns You On" ("Turns Me On") just can't get you down. Nor does the come-on appeal of "Till The Want-To's Out Of Me." Freddie Hart's a believer, he's not weepy or syrupy—we're never bored.

The accompaniment is consistently good. The Heartbreaks are a perfect complement to Freddie's intent, which is—saying *twice* as much by working together, instead of half as much by fighting. Another instance of Freddie's love philosophy, isn't it? Good piano on John Rostill's "Let Me Be There." Great arrangement on "The Most Beautiful Girl In The World." Lots of good everything here. Love it!

ARLO FISCHER

Chet Atkins
Chet Atkins Picks
On Jerry Reed
RCA APL1 0545 (record)
APS1 0545 (8-track tape)

Few people can match the degree to which Chet Atkins has distinguished himself in country music. For nearly three decades, in fact, he's been building a following among instrumentalists in the country field—creating an awareness among fans of

commercial country music that a guitar (or a fiddle, for that matter) can express the same earthy sentiments as a lyric. That the vivid working man images which are the hallmark of country music are ingrained and imbedded in the melody and the player's heart just as strongly as in the words.

Atkins' contribution is more than that, though. He could have stuck to his guitar, touring, recording and playing concerts, and still have left an indelible mark. Instead of taking that relatively simple road, however, Atkins took on certain executive responsibilities at RCA Records which was to place increasing amounts of faith in a man it didn't quite know what to do with at first. As a vice-president of RCA's Nashville division, Atkins took it upon himself to find and develop new country artists, and share with them his experience.

Jerry Reed is but one of the people with whom Atkins has worked diligently over a number of years, and *Chet Atkins Picks On Jerry Reed* reflects the respect and pride in a musician/songwriter Chet helped break as well as providing an excuse to play a group of songs which fit his own style very well.

Discussing individual tracks is just about useless. Every one is in the tasteful tradition that Atkins himself has defined over the years. Each line is simply stated; and becomes that much more effective for its very simplicity. Never is there an excess note; never does he cram notes in just to show how flashy he can be or how quickly his fingers are capable of moving.

Personal favorites include "Fast Wind," "Funky Junk," "Steeplechase Lane" and "Mister Lucky," but the other six songs are no less pleasing than these. While the original intention here may have been to pay tribute to Jerry Reed, the outcome also pays homage to Atkins's own role as musical and executive innovator.

IRA MAYER

Kris Kristofferson
Spooky Lady's Sideshow
Monument PZ-32914 (record)
ZAQ-32914 (8-track tape)

A fresh dozen from Kris Kristofferson, the man with the gritty gullet and the six-lane brain: some old songs, some new songs, some simple songs, some abstruse songs.

Kris has always carried himself with heroic ease, leaving in his wake one of the loosest, freest, ever-growingest styles in country music. *Spooky Lady's Sideshow* represents his greatest range of stylistic flexibility to date. Within the space of two sides, Kris weaves his way through a diversely scented scrub of theatricality ("Star Spangled Bummer"), jazz ("Late Again"), hardcore country and western ("Rock and Roll Time"), gospel ("Lights of Magdala"), goodtime honky-tonk ("I May Smoke Too Much"), and even sea shanty, eastern Tennessee-style of course ("Rescue Mission").

Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of the Kristofferson flexibility is the ability to shoot from a spit-in-the-street simple song to one of onion-layered nuances without any sign of jet lag. Take, for instance, the juxtaposition of "Stairway To The Bottom," a sprightly, unassuming cheatin' song, to "Rescue Mission," a surreal albeit raunchy tale of sex and desolation aboard some phantom frigate.

Who else, for that matter, would end a straight country song with "Martin woke up wet and screaming/Dreaming of blood on the bed," as he does in "Shandy," and make it actually work? No one, that's who. Certified, Grade-A stuff, this *Spooky Lady's Sideshow.*

NICK TOSCHES

Lynn Anderson
Smile For Me
Columbia KC 32941 (record)
CA 32941 (8-track tape)

This is Lynn Anderson's first album of 1974. We've had to wait more than six months for her to follow-up "Top of the World." Titled after her recent hit single, this LP's name is just right. When Miss Anderson is back singing, everyone just naturally puts on a happy face.

"Smile For Me" continues to prove that Lynn's professional relationship with her husband-producer works with the same natural sense of understanding that has characterized their personal and home life. While you don't have to be happily married to make good music together, this album again shows it certainly doesn't hurt to be.

Only four out of the eleven tunes are sweetened with strings. Most of the songs are kept from appearing naked with the occasional use of a funky piano or bass line, a general affinity for pedal steel, or some choir-type unison or close harmony accompaniment from the Jordinaires and the Nashville Edi-

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tion. If you had to pick one word to set this particular Lynn Anderson album apart from her previous LPs, it would thus have to be "rootsy." While she has occasionally been over-arranged in the past, nothing but her stark country-powered best comes through here. And Lynn's vocals are pure perfection, smiling with the self-satisfaction that true talent generates.

"A Man Like Your Daddy," has a Tom T. Hall tale-tellin' aura about it while "Born In Love" is set in the style of a Loretta Lynn-type saga of family history and memories of early homelife.

There are some straight love songs here, like Jim Weatherly's "It Must Be Love This Time," but many of the choices are more funky in nature, like her re-make of the Grammy-winning "Let Me Be There" or the toe-tappin', electric bass-dominated "I Want To Be A Part Of You."

On "Smile For Me," Lynn Anderson combines the polish of her deservedly hit-filled career with the keep-on-pushin' attitude of a fresh, young talent.

ROBERT ADELS

Sue Thompspn
Sweet Memories
Hickory H3F-4511 (record)
H8G-4511 (8-track tape)

Sue Thompson is remembered as the singer on one of the all-time golden oldies, "Norman," a song-tribute to a young man whose lady was, to put it mildly, enthralled. The first surprise of the album is that there are other Sue Thompson songs you remember from the days of submarine races, including "Sad Movies Make Me Cry" and "Have A Good Time," the latter a brief for the double standard.

The second surprise is that Sue Thompson can keep you interested through eleven songs. She is, in fact, one of the sexiest singers around and hearing her growl her way through these tunes is an unmitigated pleasure. For comparison sake you could say she sounds like Theresa Brewer, but really Sue is a more persuasive performer, convincing even when the lyrics are at their most maudlin.

The songs themselves are a surprise. Usually an LP with a couple of hits in it will be filled out with whatever the producer has in his inbox—his own latest opus, something his cousin Byron sent him, a cover of Gogi Grant's latest hit. What are you to say of a collection that includes songs by Felice and Boudleaux Bryant, Mickey Newbury, and Roy Orbison, with no less than four by John D. Loudermilk, "Norman" among them?

Although strictly speaking the music on this album is not country but pop, most country fans will be pleased by it. Sue Thompson herself hasn't strayed very far from her roots and the sidemen all sound like they were given old Starday records as teething rings. If you remember the country-flavored ballads that dominated the pop charts just before the arrival of the Beatles, you know what this music is like. With any luck at all *Sweet Memories* will lead to a revival of her career. There's room for Sue Thompson on my spindle any day.

JOHN GABREE

Buzz Rabin
Cross Country Cowboy
Elektra EKS-75076 (record)

This is Buzz Rabin's first album and as a former rodeo rider (and disc jockey) I suppose he also qualifies as a cowboy. Up to now he is best known as a songwriter—"Man and Wife Time" for Jim Ed Brown (in collaboration with Dave Pittman) is one of his, and Ringo Starr took Rabin's "Beaucoups of Blues" as the title song for his Nashville album (both songs included on this LP). As a singer Buzz Rabin sounds very self-assured and possibly much of his confidence comes from a star-laden assemblage of toilers in the field: Nashville session men, put together by Pete Drake, the album's producer.

All the songs on *Cross Country Cowboy* are Rabin-written and the two most memorable in a strong collection are the title song, which gets two airings, starting and finishing the album, and "Angels In Red," a beautiful low key depiction of a state of mind, of quiet desperation, and loneliness.

Rabin's direct approach to singing, no fuss or filagree, allows his observations in song to come through with full impact. He belongs in the same bag, as, say, John Prine, although Rabin travels down dustier roads. He's apparently conformist too—"I Believe In An Old Fashioned Jesus" is a straight-forward gospel song that wouldn't, in any way, be out of place in any church come Sunday. Rabin also abhors a vacuum. Slipped in between many of the songs on the album are what he calls "travelin'" music—seconds of down-home fiddling rattling along.

Travelin' is much of this album. Driftin' through the land, collecting and jotting down his impressions is Rabin's forte. He is a modern cowboy, aware of his time: "The dirt on the prairies is blowin away/The smog-coated canyons are headed this way" he sings in the second reprise of *Cross Country Cowboy*. File it under folk or country, it's an impressive first album from Buzz Rabin.

IAN DOVE

Jerry Kennedy
Jerry Kennedy and Friends
Mercury SRM-1692 (record)
MC8-1692 (8-track tape)

Doing as many sessions as the Nashville Cats do every year, once in a while they like to take their shoes off, stretch out a little and lay back for some friendly pickin'. It's not often that they get this chance, but when they do, as in the *Area Code 615* sessions, the results are usually rewarding.

This album is officially

Jerry Kennedy's (producer and guitarist extraordinaire), but it actually belongs to the multitude of illustrious sidemen who help Jerry out. There's pedal steel wizards Pete Drake and Lloyd Green performing Mickey and Sylvia's "Love Is Strange;" Ray Stevens tinkling the ivories (and tripling on organ and vibes) on his own "Everything Is Beautiful;" Tom T. Hall singing a verse of his "Old Dogs, Children, and Watermelon Wine;" Boots Randolph soulfully blowing "How Can You Mend A Broken Heart;" and Johnny Rodriquez vocalizing on Dicky Betts' "Ramblin' Man." Other stars who contribute include Kris Kristofferson, the Statler Brothers, Dennis Linde, Mickey Newbury and the cream of Nashville sidemen, including Charlie McCoy, Pig Robbins, Harold Bradley, Chip Young and others. Interspersed among their efforts is Jerry Kennedy's subtle, fluid and clean guitar work.

The music is quite pleasant;

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Move It On Over	
I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry	August 30, 1949
Honky Tonk Blues	March 1, 1949
My Heart Would Know	March 16, 1951
Kaw-liga	September 23, 1952

SIDE TWO

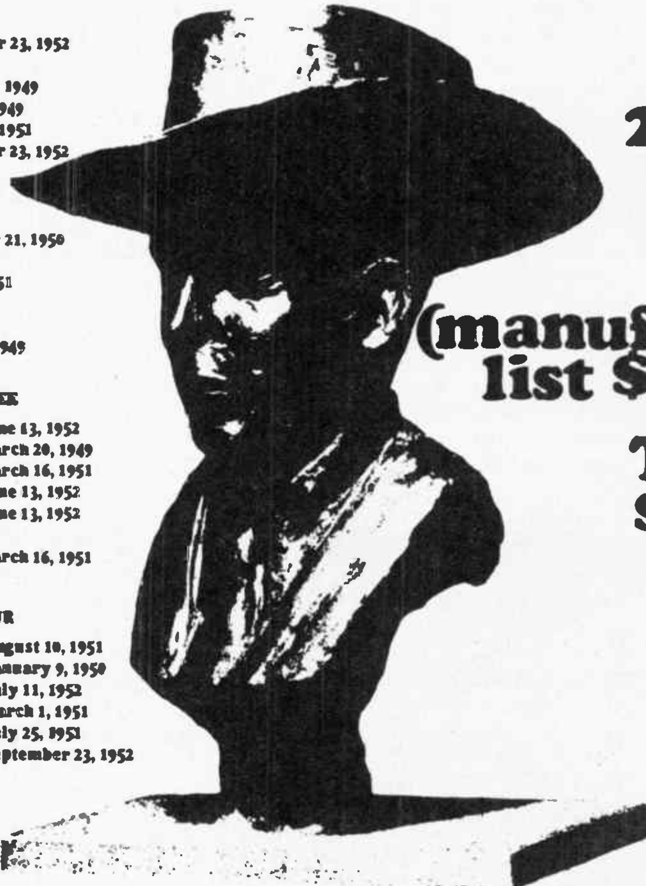
Cold, Cold Heart	December 21, 1950
Lovesick Blues	
Ramblin' Man	June 1, 1951
Honky Tonkin'	May 1948)
There'll Be No Teardrops Tonight	
Mind Your Own Business	March 1, 1949

SIDE THREE

Jambalaya (On The Bayou)	June 13, 1952
Wedding Bells	March 20, 1949
Hey, Good Lookin'	March 16, 1951
Window Shopping	June 13, 1952
Settin' The Woods On Fire	June 13, 1952
I Can't Help It (If I'm Still In Love With You)	March 16, 1951

SIDE FOUR

Half As Much	August 10, 1951
Why Don't You Love Me	January 9, 1950
You Win Again	July 11, 1952
May You Never Be Alone	March 1, 1951
Baby, We're Really In Love	July 25, 1951
Take These Chains From My Heart	September 23, 1952



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especially "Ramblin' Man" and Charlie McCoy's bluesy "Bottoms Down." Everyone is considerate of the other man's solo; there's no stepping on other folks' licks. It's heartening to see all this communal feeling, but there's a lack of spontaneity throughout the session, and the Muzak mentality of some of the arrangements detracts from the virtuosity of the pickers. Sometimes you wish they'd just let loose and roar.

MICHAEL SIMMONS

Nashville
Nashville
Epic KE-32196 (record)
EA-32196 (8-track tape)

"We want to depict what Nashville is to all persons—country, middle of the road, pop. Everything." Thus spake Len Levy after a bunch of studio musicians finished a number of sessions in Tennessee's music city, called themselves Nashville and produced this instrumental album. People behind country music (like Levy) have always been restless, always wanting to move the music into pop, into rock, into Las Vegas, into New York. And for the most part it works, helps the music, feeds the musician and so on.

But Levy's experiment with this album is less than noble. It is intended to interpret country music in the smooth style of the old big band era. When the 16 musicians that comprise Nashville get their collective chops, saxophones to the fore, around Eddy Arnold's "You Don't Know Me" or "Welcome Home," it is another kind of big band that gets recalled—the kind that used to play local hops in the 1940s, handing out spot prizes, lethargically reading from stock arrangements all the titles on Your Hit Parade.

Nashville, the group, aren't really quite as bad as that—in fact the two songs mentioned are the worst culprits. But they don't seem to have the vitality or the direction of, say, Danny Davis and his Nashville Brass. Tunes included (the album has no vocals) show the direct commercial route Nashville is taking—"Tie A Yellow Ribbon," "Most Beautiful Girl," "Behind Closed Doors," etc. Even "Orange Blossom Special" gets dusted off for another run down the track, and this turns into an interesting example of the indestructability of a veteran standard as the saxes chew over it.

If Nashville, the group, are attempting to show "everything" that goes on in Nashville, the city, then what comes through most on this debut album is the middle of the road. A good record, as they used to say, to dance to. Ask Mom and Dad.

IAN DOVE

Dallas Corey
The History of The American Revolution
Chart CH-1776 (record)
CIE Records CIE-1776 (record)

A couple of years ago a Nashville producer named Dallas Corey began researching the background of Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox" of the Revolutionary War, as the possible subject for a song. Before long the idea had expanded to a series of songs about the Revolution, tracing its history from Lexington to Yorktown. These two albums are the result.

Chart Records released the first LP last year, a straight country version with composer Corey handling the vocals. Since then, a symphonic version of the same material, featuring 43 musicians and a chorus, many of them from the Nashville Symphony Orchestra, has been released on Corey's own label, CIE (Corey International Enterprises) Records.

Corey's 29-minute composition consists of 11 songs that recount most of the major events of 1775 and 1776, but it generally ignores most of the *whys* of the War of Independence. Musically, the country version seems preferable to us, since the simple ballads don't really lend themselves to the heavy orchestration of the symphonic version. In the hands of a Johnny Cash or the late Tex Ritter, perhaps, the lyrics might have greater dramatic appeal. Otherwise, as recorded here, they don't capture the brilliance of the original history-making events.

Perhaps no contemporary artist will be able to do those events justice. Our War of Independence was a unique event in the history of mankind. Its 200th anniversary is a unique event in our national life. We still have two years. Hopefully, by then, we'll have several more musical tributes on the market. Possibly, one of them will rekindle the Spirit of 1776 in *all* its glory, and convey the true meaning of our revolutionary origins. In the meantime, Corey's composition can serve as an elementary text.

JOHN GABREE

Other Recent Album Releases

Freddie Weller	Sexy Lady	*Columbia KC-32958*
Barbara Mandrell	(title not available)	*Columbia KC-32959*
Ray Stevens	The Streak	*Barnaby BR-6003*
David Allan Coe	The Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy	*Columbia KC-32942*
Assorted	Stars of the Grand Ole Opry	*RCA CPL2-0466*
David Houston Barbara Mandrell	The Best of David Houston & Barbara Mandrell	*Epic KE-32915*
Boots Randolph	Country Boots	*Monument KZ-32912*
Sonny James	Is It Wrong	*Columbia KC-32805*
Lester Moran and His Cadillac Cowboys	Alive at the Johnny Mack Brown High School	*Mercury SRM-1-708*
Chuck Wagon Gang	There's Gonna Be Shouting & Singing	*Columbia KC-32954*
Goose Creek Symphony	(not available)	*Columbia KC-32918*
Jerry Reed	A Good Woman's Love	*RCA APL1-0544*
Jimmie Davis	Greatest Hits Vol. II	*MCA MCA 423*
Johnny Russell	She's In Love With A Rodeo Man	*RCA APL1-0542*

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Country Music Magazine
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The Founding Mothers of Country

by Patrick Carr

When you trace the origins of what we now call "country music," you come upon three streams; "country," which stressed the vocal soloist and non-traditional instrumentation, owed much to popular music and Black blues, and was first recorded in a big way by Jimmie Rodgers; "western," which developed out West in the 1930's and was half Hollywood swing, half genuine cowboy in origin; and what could be called "mountain" music. Mountain music, you might say, was the purest of those three streams. Traditional instrumentation, an emphasis on close harmony singing as opposed to solo vocalization, and an unbroken tradition were the hallmarks of "mountain" music. And if Jimmie Rodgers was the first to popularize "country" nationally by record and radio, the Carter Family stand proudly as the stylistic leaders of recorded "mountain" music. That, among other things, is the reason why Sara Carter and Mother Maybelle Carter are two of the three women members of the Country Music Hall of Fame.

Sara Carter was born Sara Dougherty on July 21, 1899 in Wise County, Virginia. She met A.P. Carter when he was visiting relatives in Copper Creek, and the pair was married on June 18th, 1915. Sara was already a singer and musician at the time she met A.P., and together they became renowned in the area around Maces Spring, where they made their home. In 1926, Maybelle Addington married A.P.'s brother, E.J. Carter, and added her talents to the Carter Family. Sara led the singing, Maybelle sang alto and played autoharp, banjo and guitar, and A.P. sang bass. Together they kept alive many of the traditional mountain songs, and laid the foundations of most of modern bluegrass.

It was not until Mr. Ralph Peer made his now-famous trip to Bristol, Tennessee in July, 1927 that the Carter Family's impact upon the course of country music began to assume its immense proportions. Peer, searching for local talent, found both the Carter Family and Jimmie Rodgers, and recorded them two days apart. From that point on, the original Family, according to Sara, recorded over three hundred songs for various companies. Their material is still being re-issued on various packages, and it's still selling.

A.P. and Sara Carter separated in 1933, and though Sara continued to make occasional recordings with the Carter Family, she was no longer a major force in the group. Ten years later, the original Carter Family broke up, leaving those three hundred songs as a permanent library from which pickers and singers will probably draw inspiration forever.

Sara Carter is still living, but she no longer performs publicly. Maybelle, on the other hand, is still going strong, and if you had to choose between the individual members of the original Carter Family, you would have to conclude that Maybelle's influence on country music has been the strongest. It was Maybelle's unique guitar-playing style that set the Carter Family apart from the rest, and set an example for generations of country and folk guitarists. The "Carter lick"—referring to a whole style of guitar playing—was originated by her. People like Chet Atkins and Floyd Cramer, among hundreds of others, readily acknowledge their stylistic debt to Mother Maybelle. She is, without a doubt, the Queen of Country Music, though you would have a terrible time getting her to admit it.

Today, Mother Maybelle is still touring, still playing (although she is afflicted with arthritis, and therefore concentrates on the autoharp instead of the guitar), still sitting up to all hours jamming with whoever can keep up with her, and still acting as the focal point of the new Carter Family. And like her daughter Helen said, "Mother would be happy if she could just die on stage."

Patsy Cline (born Virginia Patterson Hensley in Winchester, Virginia, September 8, 1932) embodied and advanced another country music style, the pop-country ballad. She wasn't the first woman to adopt the style—Kitty Wells preceded her in the recording studio and on the stage of the Grand Ole Opry—but in her tragically short career, she reached the top with "Walkin' After Midnight" (launched on the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts program in 1957), and stayed there with hits like "Crazy," "She's Got You," "Faded Love," "Leavin' On Your Mind," and "I Fall To Pieces." Just taken by itself, Patsy's performance of "I Fall To Pieces"—perhaps the best heartbreak country song of them all—guaranteed her a place among the highest elite of country singers. In fact, Patsy was just about the best woman country ballad singer of all time. Until her death in the same light airplane crash that killed Hawkshaw Hawkins and Cowboy Copas, when she was only 31, she was the biggest woman star in country music. "I Fall To Pieces" was her last recording.

Don Hecht, who wrote "Walkin' After Midnight," summed up her career in an article published in this magazine, saying: "It is there, between those pages of her brief career, that the little-known disappointment and pain and disillusionment served to develop to maturity one of the meaningful voices of our time. For Patsy Cline knew how to

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Women of Calibre

Jane Dowden Works the Media . . .
Gayle Hill Runs the Jingles . . .
Bonnie Garner Helps the Artists . . .
Frances Preston Organizes the Talent . . .
Mary Reeves Expands her Legacy . . .

by Jackie White

It used to be that you walked into any Music Row office, gave your name to the woman secretary, and then proceeded, if your cause merited attention, into the inner sanctum where sat the men who made things move. Women out front, men at the helm. Simple. This is no longer the case, or at least in some places it isn't. Below, we profile some of the women who make things move these days, but first some facts and figures, courtesy of Mrs. Jo Walker of the Country Music Association.

In 1964, there were 150 women members of the CMA, out of a total membership of 960. Now there are 596 women in a total membership of 4,000. That's an increase of about 8½ per cent, proportionately speaking.

The dominant recording companies report a total of 73 female artists recording country music, and 363 male artists. As to songwriters registered with the Nashville Songwriter's Association, there are 137 women in a total membership of 600. Only two women are members of the Songwriter's Hall of Fame, which boasts 48 men. Finally, the CMA reports that approximately 70 per cent of the national radio audience is female.

What that means is that it's mainly women who listen to country music, and mainly men who play and sing it. To this analysis, Jo Walker adds, "We feel that the country music industry, as reflected by the above figures and a general knowledge of the companies, is certainly one which includes women of calibre in key positions, with little and perhaps no discrimination." Here are some of those women of calibre, starting with Mrs. Jo Walker.

It was a tense day at Country Music Association. The Kentucky Legislature was voting on the Tape Piracy bill, and a vote taking it out of committee was anticipated the next day in Oklahoma. When her secretary rushed into her office with the good news of passage in Kentucky, Jo Walker, CMA executive director, broke into a wide, relieved grin.

PHOTOS: MARSHALL FALLWELL

World Radio History

It's a cause with which she has been deeply involved. The CMA has mobilized with other industry groups to push legislation on the state level to protect the original material produced before 1972, the year the Federal Law uses as a cut-off point. The piracy fight brings out the battle spirit in Mrs. Walker, an intense, soft-spoken woman who says she has succeeded at her job because of "tenacious determination."

"I don't like to lose. I was very competitive in school . . . I feel competitive toward anything that hurts country music. The tape pirates, for instance."

The Country Music Association was formed in the late fifties to promote the Nashville Sound during the days of the rhythm and blues boom. Jo, then a housewife and mother, had been involved with politics until her gubernatorial candidate was defeated. She was hired as a gal Friday at CMA. Harry Stone, a former director of the Grand Ole Opry, was named director. At the end of a year, the Association could no longer pay two salaries. Since Jo's was lowest, she survived the cut. During the next 15 years, she saw the CMA expand into a nine-member staff office and advance into European operations, annual awards, various television productions and projects such as the tape piracy fight. She saw her own responsibilities grow into a 24-hour shift, finding herself dictating at home after dinner almost every night.

"I think, at least subconsciously, I've always thought more is expected of me because I am a woman. I guess it's just the way I grew up," she says. But she loyally insists that male chauvinism has no place in the music business. "If there has been any resistance to me as a woman, I have not been aware of it. I think there are very few prejudices in this business. I think they are very broadminded."

The widow of a radio executive who died in a motorcycle accident, Mrs. Walker has a 16-year old daughter at home, and if there were anything she would have changed about her business life, it would have been to make more time for her.

"I think if I had been a man, I might have tried to make it more of a 9 to 5 job." ■

Bonnie Garner Helps the Artists . . .

She has straw-colored straight hair, a scrubbed look, wears Levis a lot and was once accused of being a groupie when she tried to get to a rock group she was interested in signing. Her name is Bonnie Garner. She's an executive at Columbia Records, where she works with A & R man Rip Cohen.

She is sitting behind her desk, embroidering a blue denim shirt. "It is something I do while I'm listening to tapes," she explains.

Of course, listening to tapes is what she does a lot of now. She is a talent scout and a sieve for star-struck writers and artists who've something they hope to sell. "Oh, I do lots of things around here," she says. "When a Canadian group came to town, they didn't have any equipment because it was confiscated at the border, so I had to find them equipment."

Bonnie, who was transferred to Nashville from Columbia's New York office last September, admits to a checkered career. She grew up on a farm in southern Illinois, attended Southern Illinois University and taught school for three months. She went to work for Hugh Hefner at the Playboy mansion in Chicago, where she met and was hired by the owner of San Francisco's Hungry I. "I did everything there from bus tables to book talent." Later she was talent coordinator for the Dick Cavett show, worked for Bill Graham at New York's Fillmore East, then again the Dick Cavett show. Somewhere along the line, she decided television was doing a rotten job producing music. What with one voice box and makeshift sound systems, "It was taking the top off." She thought she could do it better herself, and that's how she met Cohen at Columbia.

Bonnie is not likely to head the picket lines for women's rights, but she has found herself face-to-face with prejudice, and it strikes a nerve. When she was hired by Columbia, for example, she was asked to take a typing test. "I said, 'Did you make Rip Cohen take a typing test?'"

She also recalls once being the only woman in a meeting when the phone rang. "Everyone looked at me to answer the phone," she said.

Then there was the time she went to a Playboy Club to see an act Columbia was interested in, and was refused admittance because she had no escort. "I thought that was ridiculous. Why should I drag somebody off the street to see that show. I told them to tell the act that a representative of Columbia Records had been there." ■

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Mary Reeves Expands her Legacy . . .

In 1964, when Jim Reeves died in a plane crash on a hillside in Davidson County, Tennessee, his widow Mary stepped forth to meet an uncompromising, often vicious business world. Her husband had left more memories to be tended—he had been a star of the first magnitude, and now there were his songs, his hundreds of recordings and his other varied business interests to be looked after. Would she be equal to the task?

"I had more in those years with him than most people do in a lifetime, and I made up my mind right away that if I could help it, Jim Reeves just wasn't going to fade away. There weren't too many people who tried to take advantage of me those first weeks after his death—most were kind and sympathetic—but there were a few in the woodwork. And I dumped them fast."

Mary Reeves's knowledge of the entertainment business came after long and arduous study at the School of Hard Knocks. She had married this man, this baseball player-turned disc jockey, in September of 1947, and they had moved to Henderson, Texas, and station KGRI. One day, her new husband announced that he could sing as well as the guys he played on the radio every day—artists like Slim Whitman, Faron Young, and Webb Pierce. Mary told him, "I don't know where to start or how to do it, but let's go get it." Years later, they were to buy KGRI.

It proved nearly impossible for Jim to perform and handle his business at the same time, so Mary stepped in and took over most of the responsibility of running the show. It was just like starting in the mail room and working up to the presidency of the company; she did everything.

"I did business under the name Mary Shannon, so most people wouldn't know I was Jim's wife. I thought it would be better that way. Back in those days, some people wouldn't do business with women. They wouldn't even talk to you. It's better now, of course. I did bookings, worked the gate at shows, answered fan mail, sold pictures—you know, the works."

Jim Reeves Enterprises is located in a modest suite of offices in East Nashville. As might be expected, the decor abounds in pictures of Reeves and dozens of awards won by his recordings and compositions. Despite the relaxed and home-like atmosphere, Mary Reeves runs an extremely taut ship. She has to. Jim Reeves Enterprises controls more than the legacy left by Jim Reeves. There are interests in real estate and radio stations. Mary Reeves also owns the Shannon recording label.

"It's hard to explain, but the recording business here in Nashville is sort of my home. It's my life. And I love it just as much now as before," she concludes. ■

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Hi-Fi Corner

by Michael Marcus

The Ins and Outs of Car Stereo

It's a year-and-a-half since we last talked about car stereo: here's what's been happening.

Prices, as you might expect, are up. The old $19.95 8-track special has all but disappeared, and, should you be inclined, you can spend as much as $250 on a tape system for your car. $70 more for speakers. Fortunately, the price increase isn't all inflation; there have been improvements. At any price you will find more reliable machines than a few seasons ago, and at the top prices you will find a lot of technical advances. **Teac** and **Craig**, for example, have car cassette decks with Dolby noise reduction, which previously existed only in recording studios and expensive hi-fi equipment. The **Craig Dolby** even works on FM for an incredibly clean sound.

Security, long a major concern of car stereo owners, has become important to the hardware makers as well. **Lear Jet** and **Craig** have excellent locking systems that make it hard for thieves to rip you off, yet make it easy for you to pull the thing out of the car if you want to store it in the trunk or carry it with you.

Lots of companies are making tape players that mount in your dashboard, just like original factory equipment. Not only are they hard to steal, but they take up less leg room, don't bang your knees, and are more likely to be covered by your theft insurance than the under-dash units.

There are several dozen in-dash models available, and they don't cost much more than similar hang-on jobs. One I particularly like is the **Panasonic CQ-979**, at $200. It has 8-track plus AM and FM stereo with both manual and pushbutton tuning, and plenty of knobs and switches. It's a helluva lot to squeeze into one package, but it works, and it doesn't take up any more room than a regular radio.

Panasonic's CQ-252 tape player/AM radio

Four-channel sound sounds even better in a car than in a living room, and here too, there are lots of products to choose from. Prices range from about $80 to $180, with the more expensive ones including both tape and radio. You can get models that fit in the dash, hide in the glove compartment, or fit under the dash; and a number of manufacturers have units that can be taken out of the car and played in your home with a special power adapter/cabinet and four speakers.

When putting four speakers (or even two, for that matter) in a car, try to avoid mounting them in the doors where they can get blocked by people and packages and rain can drip on them. The best sound arrangement is two on the rear shelf and two on the front kick panels.

If you're shopping for 4-channel, make sure you get a machine that plays 4-channel *discrete* tapes, and not just a *matrix* tape player that fakes a 4-channel effect from regular stereo tapes or FM programs. The fakery is not necessarily bad, but these machines can't play the real 4-channel tapes that *do* sound better. By the way, any 4-channel tape player can also play stereo, but stereo players can only play the front half of a 4-channel program. If you want stereo now and think you might want 4-channel later, you won't go wrong getting the 4-channel machine now.

Cassettes may be a trifle less convenient than 8-tracks (you have to push the tape into the slot *and* push a button to start the music) but they do offer more features. One of the most "loaded" cassette units is the **Sanyo FT-433M**, at $180. It has fast-forward and rewind (which you can't get on 8-track) plus AM, FM, and FM stereo. And it can *record* from its radio and in stereo. And it can record your own voice from a microphone. And if that's not enough, it also fakes 4-channel from stereo, because there are no 4-channel cassettes on the market yet.

There seem to be a zillion companies making or packaging car speakers and it gets very hard to keep track of them. A few general rules: You can usually expect the best quality and always expect the best value from people who also make regular hi-fi speakers like **Pioneer, Jensen, Sound West, Acoustic Fibre, Craig,** and **Utah**. Try to avoid companies who only make car speakers and package them with racy names, lots of chrome and Day-Glo colors, and scream about the weight of their magnets.

While it is possible to pay $70 for a pair of car speakers, you can still do very well for around $20. Anything that's remotely passable in a store will probably be near fantastic on the road, and you can spend the $50 difference on a mess of tapes.

Happy motoring. ■

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236885 CARPENTERS The Singles 1969-1973
236109 BELL DAWN'S NEW RAGTIME FOLLIES featuring TONY ORLANDO
236133 236134 MCA ELTON JOHN Goodbye Yellow Brick Road COUNTS AS TWO
232553 COLUMBIA SONNY JAMES IF SHE JUST HELPS ME GET OVER YOU
219477 COLUMBIA SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS
227371 ABC JIM CROCE LIFE AND TIMES Bad Bad Leroy Brown
226647 COLUMBIA SONNY JAMES SINGS THE GREATEST COUNTRY HITS OF 1972
224758 COLUMBIA LYNN ANDERSON'S GREATEST HITS
227348 EPIC GEORGE JONES & TAMMY WYNETTE Let's Build A World Together
223164 MERCURY TOM T. HALL GREATEST HITS
228692 BELL DAWN featuring TONY ORLANDO TUNEWEAVING
227496 THE STATLER BROTHERS SING COUNTRY SYMPHONIES IN E MAJOR
229161 MCA BRENDA LEE BRENDA Nobody Wins
230912 COLUMBIA PAUL SIMON There Goes Rhymin' Simon
206706 EPIC DAVID HOUSTON'S GREATEST HITS, Vol. 2
234765 COLUMBIA NEIL DIAMOND (SOUNDTRACK) Jonathan Livingston Seagull
237859 EPIC GEORGE JONES & TAMMY WYNETTE WE'RE GONNA HOLD ON
239863 ‡ COLUMBIA BILLY JOEL PIANO MAN

‡Available on records only

239889 239880 COLUMBIA CHICAGO VII (I've Been) Searchin' So Long COUNTS AS TWO
239806 COLUMBIA TANYA TUCKER WOULD YOU LAY WITH ME (IN A FIELD OF STONE)
238097 MCA BRENDA LEE NEW SUNRISE
235606 THE STATLER BROS. CARRY ME BACK
234864 CHRYSALIS PROCOL HARUM GRAND HOTEL
234377 MCA CONWAY TWITTY YOU'VE NEVER BEEN THIS FAR BEFORE
228247 EPIC TAMMY WYNETTE THE FIRST SONGS OF THE FIRST LADY
238741 COLUMBIA RAY CONNIFF THE WAY WE WERE
225318 MONUMENT KRIS KRISTOFFERSON JESUS WAS A CAPRICORN
224816 MONUMENT CHARLIE McCOY Me and Bobby McGee
228791 MGM EDDY ARNOLD So Many Ways/If The Whole World Stopped Lovin'
221192 ABC JIM CROCE YOU DON'T MESS AROUND WITH JIM
228957 DOT JOE STAMPLEY SOUL SONG
226759 DOT DONNA FARGO My Second Album SUPERMAN
227538 227539 AROUND THE WORLD with THREE DOG NIGHT COUNTS AS TWO
229997 COLUMBIA MAC DAVIS The Way You Look Today
216655 COLUMBIA JOHNNY MATHIS All-Time Greatest Hits
231084 EPIC CHARLIE RICH Behind Closed Doors
233761 MCA SONNY AND CHER Mama Was A Rock And Roll Singer Papa Used To Write All Her Songs
231845 EPIC GEORGE JONES NOTHING EVER HURT ME HALF AS BAD AS LOSING YOU
220400 COLUMBIA RAY PRICE The Lonesomest Lonesome

†Available on records and cartridges only

Here's a great new offer from Columbia—an opportunity to get Any 13 of these records or tapes—ALL 13 for only $1.97. And that $1.97 is *all you ever pay for your first 13 selections* —there are no additional membership fees or dues for joining!

And just look at the wide range of recorded entertainment you have to choose from—not only the best and latest from the huge Columbia catalog... but also new releases and old favorites from A&M, ABC/Dunhill, Bell, Epic, London, MCA, Mercury, MGM, Parrot, United Artists and many, many more. To order your 13 selections, just mail the application card, together with your check or money order for $1.97 as payment. (Be sure to indicate whether you want your 13 selections on cartridges, cassettes or records.) In exchange ...

You agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming three **years.** That's right!—you'll have *three full* years in which to buy just nine selections . . . so you are not obligated to buy a record or tape every month, *or even every other month!* And you may cancel membership at any time after doing so.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment. The selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes $6.98 or $7.98; records, $5.98 or $6.98—plus processing and postage. (Multiple unit sets or Double Selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest... plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. In addition, about six times a year we will offer some special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices). A response card will always be enclosed with each magazine.

...**if you do not want any selection offered,** just mail the response card provided by the date specified.

...**if you want only the Selection of the Month** for your musical interest, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically.

...**if you want any of the other selections offered,** just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified.

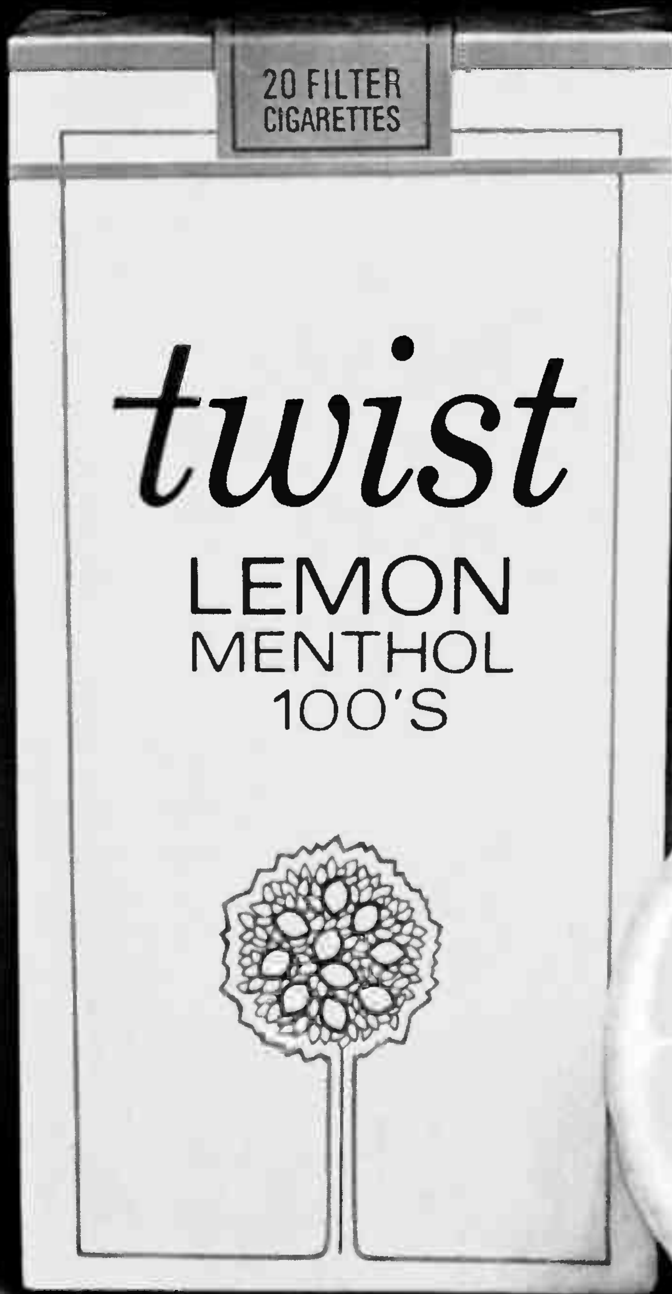
You will always have at least 10 days in which to make a decision. If for any reason you do not have 10 days to decide, you may return the Selection of the Month at our expense and receive full credit for it.

You'll be eligible for our bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement—a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases. Act now!

If the application is missing, please write to: Columbia Record & Tape Club, Dept. 28L, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

World Radio History

Lemon-aid for menthol.



All menthols promise a fresh, cool taste. But there's only one menthol with a dash of lemon freshness. So it tastes fresher than the others and gives you a smoother cool. Twist. The one and only lemon menthol.

Twist
Lemon Menthol 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March '74.

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