AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE COUNTRY PUBLICATION
March 1977, One Dollar
COUNTRY MUSIC
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Special Issue:
THE SOUTH IS DOIN' IT AGAIN!
Interviews with:
CHARLIE DANIELS
CONWAY TWITTY
KITTY WELLS
MARSHALL TUCKER
Soul of the South: People, Places

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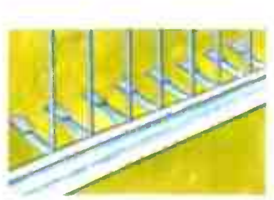

What's more, you can change your tuning even faster than you change motels. Fender's got universal pedal tuning. You start with E9th on top and C6th on the bottom. And you change it all with a special key down at the endplate.

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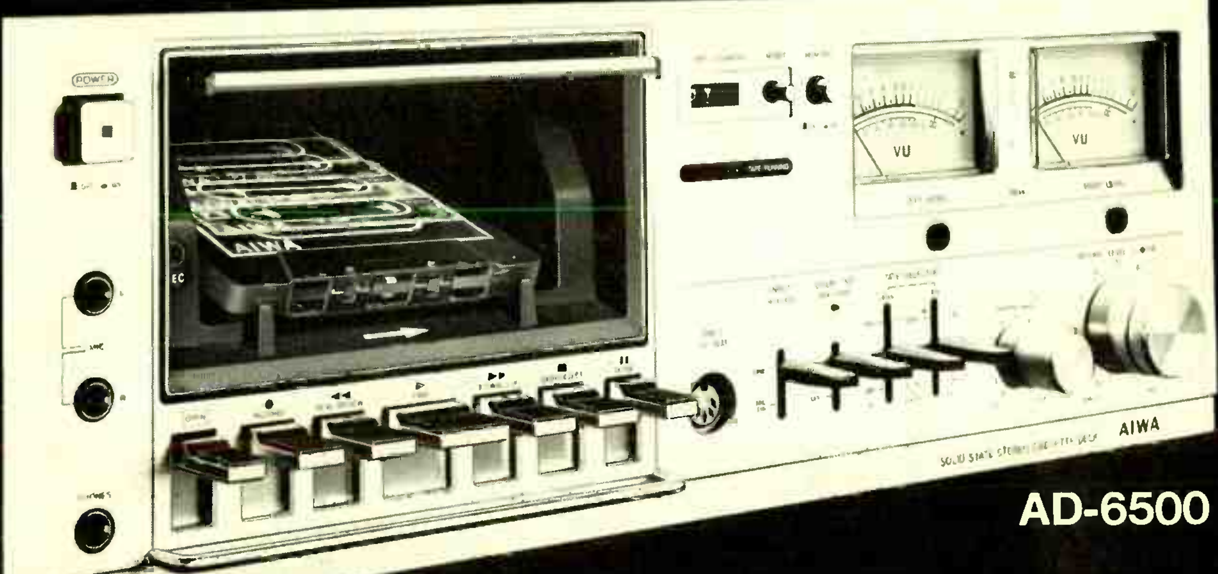

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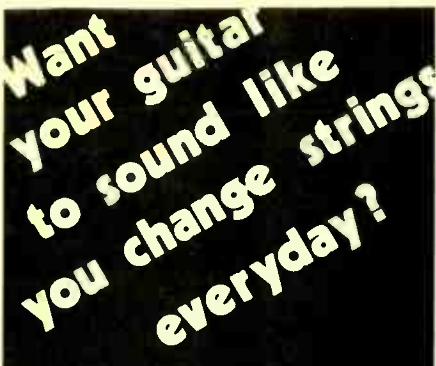

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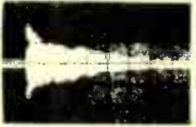

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COUNTRY MUSIC

Cover: Leonard Kamsler

Volume Five, Number Six
March, 1977

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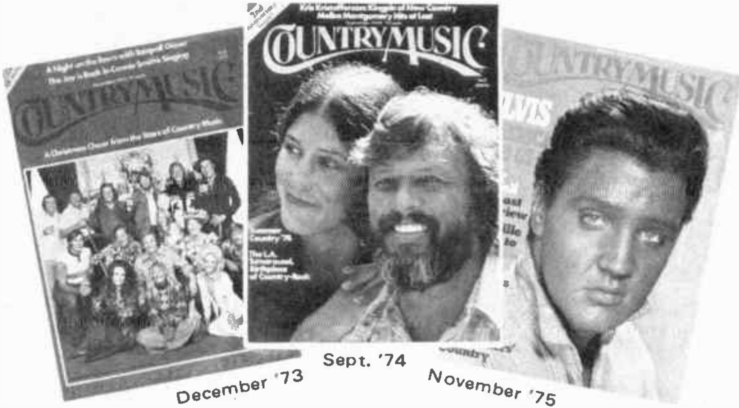

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Thinks Kienzle Goofed

This is a comment on the rating by Mr. Rich Kienzle on Bill Anderson's new **Peanuts and Diamonds and Other Jewels** album, in the January issue. . . .

I don't understand how anyone could give an album like this a one-star (fair) rating. He admits that half of the songs are "beautifully crafted, brilliant and hard. . . ." Shouldn't that much goodness qualify the album for more than a fair rating? I am a Bill Anderson fan, and I do agree with Mr. Kienzle that this is not his best album. What I cannot agree with is his statement that the song *Thanks* is "heavy-handed religious dumbness." Since when is thanking God for what He has done for us considered dumbness? Maybe the world needs a little more of this kind of dumbness.

Mr. Kienzle also states *Your Body Blows Me Away*, is hopelessly mudded in its own triteness." If Mr. Kienzle feels . . . capable of . . . rating . . . he surely owes (Bill Anderson) the courtesy and respect to get the title of the songs correct . . . the correct title of the song is *Your Love Blows Me Away*. . . .

DIXIE MORRISON
MARISSA, ILL.

You sure know how to hurt a guy, Dixie. Ed.

Applause For Jeannie C. Riley

We want to extend our deepest appreciation for the most excellent coverage you recently (Dec. 76) gave to Jeannie C. Riley. We have had the occasion to see Jeannie C. Riley perform and we have yet to see the audience fail to give her a standing ovation of approval. It is a rarity, indeed, to find a person in the entertainment field who is unafraid and unashamed to take a stand on their Christian faith and yet, give a superb performance. There is no question that Jeannie C. Riley is one of the most beautiful singers in country music today and her beauty goes far beyond the physical; for she does have a genuine and deep concern for people of all ages and you will find the young, the middle aged and the elderly surrounding her at every performance. She does not isolate herself from her audiences after a show nor will anyone go away without speaking with her for as long as they wish; she is friendly, warm and a tremendously good listener—even after an exhausting performance.

Additionally, she has great talent that has not been fully recognized by country music publications, writers or the recording industry; not to the degree that she rightfully deserves. In the recent article by Michael Bane you have given one of the best articles to ever appear in any country music publication. . . .

GEORGE & JEWELL WARNER
JUNCTION CITY, KS.

I want to thank you and congratulate you for picking Jeannie C. Riley as Star of The Month in your Dec. issue. I have seen her many times in person and each time her love and warmth for people comes across. Not only can this gal sing, but she also writes great songs.

I'm looking forward to more of the same.

ELAINE PRIDEAUX
SO. PARIS, ME.

We admire your taste in performers. Ed.

They Like Us

I am writing to tell you how much we enjoy your magazine. We just love country music and the magazine really helps us to keep in touch. I am sure the first thing you want to do is please the fans. Well believe me, you are doing it. My husband and I just can't wait till the next issue arrives. We just want to congratulate all the members of *Country Music Magazine* for all the effort they put in to keep the magazine number one in the country.

The Fan Club Scene is a great idea, it gives the stars a chance to see how devoted the fans really are. . . .

MR. & MRS. ALBERT MALINOWSKI
SHENANDOAH, PA.

Cash Still "The Man" To Her

I would like to thank you very much for the great cover story and interview with Johnny Cash (December issue). This is the one I have been waiting for.

What really struck me was that on the very day Mr. Carr interviewed John in Valley Forge (Tues. Aug. 10), I was one of "those people" he talks about running between his office and his house in Nashville. . . . I can fully appreciate what he means. It must be like living in a fishbowl at times, but John also knows that if we didn't care about him, we wouldn't be there. Just the joy of standing on the same gravel he walks on is something not too many would understand.

Also, thank you for putting it into interview form . . . It's much more realisitic this way. I'm looking forward to more features on Johnny Cash. He's still the best there is!

MILLIE UNTERBERGER
PITTSBURGH, PA.

We're sure John is understanding about fans, and knows how important they are. But most, if not all, performers get bugged when fans appear from nowhere at inconvenient times. Even performers need privacy.

We Left Out Scotty Stoneman

In November *Country Music* you mention the five Stonemans. There were six (when you include) Scotty Stoneman, who was a champion fiddler and worked the D.C. area, Los Angeles and then moved to Nashville, where he died several years ago. . . .

LONNIE LYNNE LaCOUR
NEWARK, DEL.

Here's Olivia Newton-John's Address

. . . My favorite (star) is Oliva Newton-John . . . I'd appreciate it if you'd send me (the) name and address of (her fan club) or simply print it in the magazine. . . .

JAMES SANCIMINO
RIDGEWOOD, N.Y.

Olivia Newton-John does not have a fan club as yet (one is being set up). Write her care of United Fan Mail Service, 8966 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90069. Ed.

Defends Jessi And Waylon

I read what the lady from Havana Illinois had to say about Waylon Jennings and Jessi Colter at the Illinois State Fair.

She didn't bother to say whether they gave a good performance or not. If they did, then she has no gripe, for that's all

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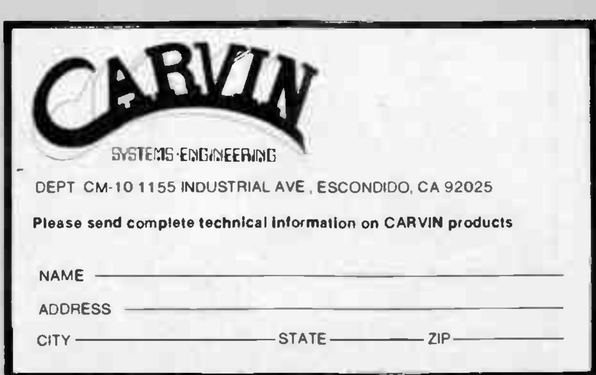

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they really owe their audience.

Anyone who knows anything about Waylon, knows that he is no "Tony Orlando" between songs.

I wasn't able to be there, but believe me, if I had been, I wouldn't have cared it he said one word, as long as I could have seen him and heard him perform.
J. HOGUE
TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Digs Our Texas Coverage

My compliments to *Country Music Magazine* for including Nelson Allen's fine column entitled *The Texas Scene*. I'm a native Californian, but I dearly love that Texas country and find the column to be both entertaining and informative.
BOB PADGETT
MANHATTAN BCH., FLA.

Want Teddy Bear Alive

We have received our December issue . . . and read the article *Why'd They Have To Kill Teddy Bear?* Teddy Bear was a nice song, and although not really one of our favorites, it did tend to grow on one.

We do not really see the need to "Kill off" Teddy Bear or Mama Teddy Bear. Think of what harm might be done to the children who have diseases; it could conceivably, make them feel hopeless.

We heard Red Sovine's choice, *Little Joe* once on station WMC and when we requested it a few nights later, were told they no longer had it to play. The DJ did not know why. Could it possibly be because they are at odds as to whether to put out the Little Joe song or the Teddy Bear songs? We vote for Little Joe.
MR. & MRS. BILL HANNA
MEMPHIS, TENN.

Remembers The Late Jesse Ashlock

I was saddened to learn of the death of Jesse Ashlock (December issue). Jesse and his dear wife, Evie, were my neighbors in that small Oklahoma town you mentioned. I would like to make a correction; that was Claremore not Claiborne, Okla.
CINDY MIDDLETON
HARRISBURG, PA.

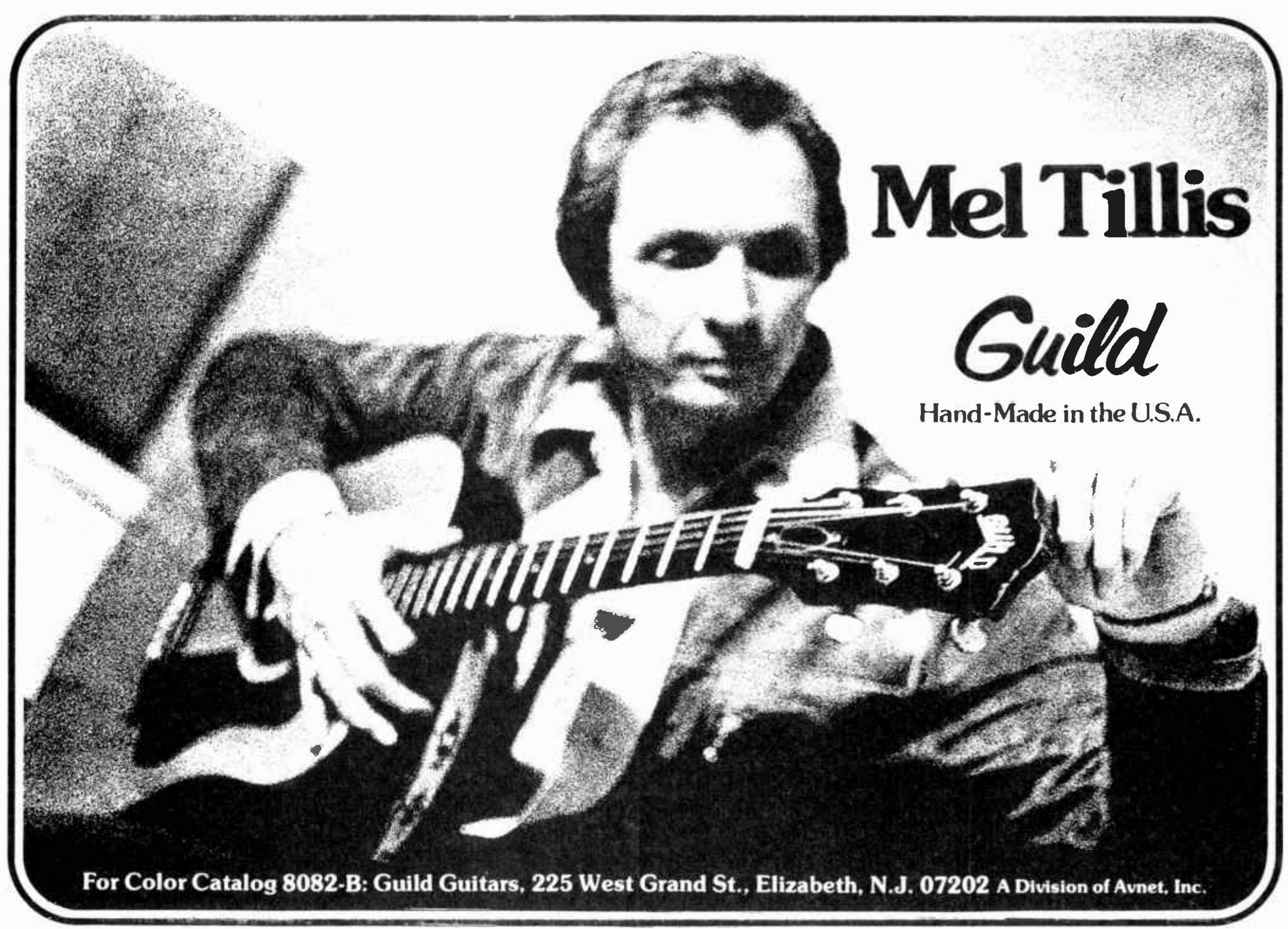
We Overlooked A Comer

Your review of that six-hours-long, fantastic Combine Music Reunion at Nashville's Exit/In was great. I only wish it had mentioned my favorite newcomer, Scott Sherrill. I've seen a lot of them (newcomers) in 30 years, and he's got what it takes, being down to earth, hard working, honest and talented. He's hot!
MATTHEW HORNER
NASHVILLE, TENN.

A Boost For Opry Oldsters

Thanks so much for the fine article on the Crook Brothers in the December issue. It's about time somebody gave these so called "old-timers" some credit for their contributions to country music and the Grand Ole Opry. Instead of trying to push people like this into the background, the Opry would be doing itself and its many fans a favor by having more of this type music included in their program. I dread the thought of an Opry show without people like Herman Crook, Kirk McGee, Roy Acuff, Minnie Pearl, Ernest Tubb, Hank Snow, Bill Monroe, Lester Flatt and Grandpa Jones. . . .
WILLIAM E. WILKINS
WINDSOR, VA.

Due to our great volume of mail, we regret we can't answer all letters individually. We welcome your opinions, and will publish the most representative letters in this column. Let us hear from you.—Ed



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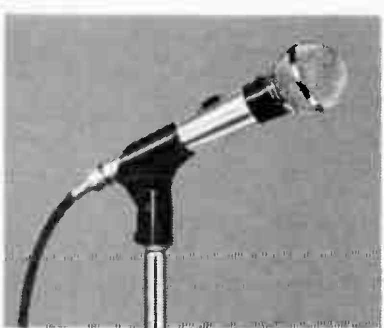
"It's Only Mike Believe"



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The problems range from the usual (a pearl-inlaid guitar dropped by an airline) to the unusual (a guitar neatly perforated by a series of bullet holes). Then there are the instruments that tell other stories: A wife ran her car over her husband's guitar and then sent it to Nazareth, asking that it be secretly repaired. (The guitar was fitted with a new neck and the husband never knew.)

The repair shop—an integral feature of Martin's interest in its products and its customers—restores instruments ranging from the contemporary to the antique. One recent repair was on an 1834 model.

Many repairs are for accidents and damage. But the CF Martin warranty applies to all instruments made in Nazareth and covers any possible defect in workmanship and materials. It's good as long as the original purchaser is alive and still owns the instrument.

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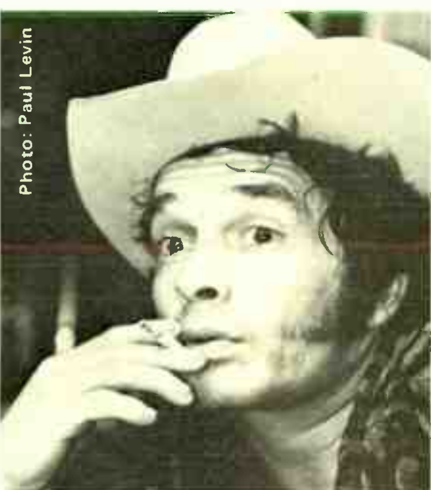
Country Scene

Grandpa Jones



Merle Haggard

PEOPLE Merle, Bonnie Split; Grandpa Jones Heads ACE.

by AUDREY WINTERS

After 11 years of marriage, **Bonnie Owens** and **Merle Haggard** have agreed on a divorce. **Bonnie** sued for "irreconcilable differences." **Merle** said, "I'm not going to fight it. I hope we are parting as friends; certainly not enemies."

"This is not a sudden decision," said **Bonnie** at home in Bakersfield, Cal. "As all of you know, in the business, the marriage has been over for some time. I'm very sad that I am no longer a part of **Merle**'s life. I realized I had to start thinking about my future and I have decided to resume my career as a performer."

Bonnie said she has been writing some really good songs recently. "In fact, I sung one for **Merle** and he said I was crazy if I didn't record it myself." After all, **Bonnie** is co-writer of *Today I Started Loving You* and *Lead Me On*.

Merle's four children have lived with them ever since their marriage in 1965. **Dana**, 19, and **Marty**, 18 are both married. **Kelley** is 15 and **Noel** 13.

Bonnie has two sons from a former marriage to **Buck Owens**. They are **Buddy Alan**, Capitol recording artist, and **Mike Lynn**, who is learning the operation of Buck Owens Enterprises.

At this writing, **Noel** is on tour in Canada with **Merle**. Meanwhile, back in Bakersfield, **Bonnie** has been helping **Marty** with his wedding in Las Vegas. **Marty** married his high school sweetheart.

For now, the children will remain with **Bonnie** in the $750,000 house **Merle** designed with a miniature railroad track running throughout the house until their day in court. "I plan on buying a condominium in Bakersfield and the children will decide for themselves. There's no problem there," said **Bonnie**.

Merle has bought a ranch in Bakersfield and has been living there.

Little **Alana Young**, 8-year-old daughter of **Faron Young**, is in Vanderbilt's Childrens Hospital for an infection around her heart. She will be hospitalized for a few weeks.

The biggest social gathering in Nashville since the awards dinner during DJ convention was the cocktail party and reception given for **John Denver** by RCA Records when he appeared at the Grand Ole Opry House for two concerts. (They were recorded for a live LP.) It was reported RCA spent $10,000 for the event.

Kitty Wells received many telegrams when she was inducted into the Hall of Fame, but one she treasures most is a telegram from the **Beatles' Ringo Starr**, who has often said **Kitty Wells** is his favorite country star.

Barbara Mandrell wound up as a finalist in the CMA Female Vocalist this year. After the show, husband **Ken** gave her a package and said, "This is my special award to you." It was a handmade gold necklace with three large diamonds and six smaller ones in an antique setting. Later he surprised her with a full length ranch mink and Russian sable coat. The first place she went was to have it insured.

Crystal Gayle bought herself a new 1977 Continental Town automobile from a friend in Louisville who delivered it to her in person.

Crash Craddock gave his wife a new Cadillac Coupe deVille for an anniversary present.

Hank Williams, Jr. has just returned from a hospital in Charlottesville, Va., where he had reconstructive surgery for removal of scars left from his accident. According to **Hank**, this will be a piece of cake compared to previous surgery he has undergone since the accident, a year ago in August.

The original **Dave And Sugar** trio has split up after several hit records. **Jackie Frantz**, one of the girl singers, is leaving the group to sing gospel music. **Miss Frantz** said, "I believe the Lord wants my career and my voice for his work."

Bill Monroe bought a new bus.

Grandpa Jones has been elected the new president of ACE, the Association of Country Entertainers. When he got up to the microphone, he said, "I guess you're wondering what I'm a doin' as president of ACE. Well, I am too. If you ask me, I feel about as useless as a freeway truck stop without a rest room."

One of the most talked about records these days is called *CB Savage*. In less than three weeks the song sold over 170,000 copies. It is sung by **Rod Hart** of Prescott, Ariz.

World Radio History

HILLBILLY CENTRAL

by HAZEL SMITH

Barbara Fairchild and the latest edition to the Fairchild family.

Naming a new album is sorta like naming a new baby, and to a hillbilly sometimes it's more important. Like **Tompall**'s new LP for ABC is definitely a mother's favorite child but without title at this writing. By the time you read this the record should be on the shelves and on the charts. So be ready and waiting. Take my word. It is out-a-sight.

Speaking of albums, another that's powerful close to my heart that will also be on the shelves and radio by the time your eyes read this is **Ray Sawyer**'s Capitol recording titled *Ray Sawyer* that includes four tunes by my favorite columnist—me! At this reading my *One More Year of Daddy's Little Girl* is included on the LP, and is doing real well on the charts. **Ray**'s producer, **Ron Haffkine**, will definitely call this column *Hazel's Hype* what with this hot little item. But if a body don't ring her own bell, it might not get rung!!

Bits 'n pieces: ASCAP's **Mervin Littlefield** done went and done it. Got married! • **Dave Hickey** and **Alan Whitman** in Music City per Country Music Magazine on assignments to write books on outlaw music and gospel music, respectively • Does **Mac Davis** have a new producer?? • I went rock-and-roll and saw **Orleans and Jackson Browne** at the Opry House. • **Loretta Lynn**, **Conway Twitty** and **Eddy Arnold** recording with **Owen Bradley** producing, and the bluegrass master, **Bill Monroe** in the studio with **Walter Haynes** at the wheel as producer • **New Grass Revival** play Ole Time Picking Parlor, and week before many a soul saw **Linda Hargrove** and **Lee Clayton** at self same establishment • Met **Johnny Paycheck** on the Demonbruen Street exit t'other day, and **Bobby Bare** passed me on the interstate while I was already doing 60 MPH. Hmmmmm • Talked to **Shel Silverstein** who was in Chicago. Sure miss **Shel**. He ain't been here in quite a while • Saw **Margo Smith** walking in front of the Hall of Fame • **Tom T. Hall**'s LP, *The Magnificent Music Machine* that is bluegrass from B to S is doing well as I hoped it would. He and producer, **Jerry Kennedy**, are such big bluegrass fans, I know they are thrilled to pieces with the outcome • **Tommy Overstreet** performing on eight-day Carribean cruise. You call that work? • And it's so wonderful to know that **George Jones** went to England to fill concert dates for an ailing **Tammy Wynette**. I understand that the ex-Mr. and Mrs. spent some time together cross the water, and all my wonderful readers know that I am the chiefest cheerleader for this pair to be paired up again • I can't even say 9,999,999 tears, but **Dickie Lee** can flat sing it for the country folks and the pop folks.

RCA artists **Ronnie Milsap**, **Guy Clark** and **Dickie Lee** perform for NARAS benefit at **George Jones'** Possum Holler in conjunction with **Mike Hanes** and WKDA radio making $2,500 for the organization. Most every mother's son and daughter showed up for the event, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. I almost freaked out when **Milsap** imitated **Jerry Lee Lewis**, just knowed he was gonna loose his balance, but he done the act just like he could see what he was doing. That Milsap is amazing.

Remember how I freaked out upon meeting **Floyd Tillman** last year? Well, Columbia has released an LP titled *The Best of Floyd Tillman*.

Dolly Parton ain't singing these days, due to doctor's orders. Seems she is having some problems with her throat. The best to darling **Dolly** from Country Music and myself.

Probably the most unsung talent in Music City is **Barbara Fairchild**. With a two-week-old baby, she recently played at the Old Time Pickin' Parlor. I saw her and I flipped out. She got a standing ovation. Fans, we got to do something really big for this multi-talented chick.

I saw the **John Hartford** concert at the Exit/In. When **John** encored, in my loudest country voice I screamed, *Gentle On My Mind!* **John** started picking some real weird, far out banjo using unfamiliar tones, then stopped and went into the song I had requested. Later when we visited with **Hartford** I allowed as how that had to be the greatest song ever written in my lifetime. Knowing that **John** doesn't like to do interviews, I just commented how great the show was and said goodbye. But I will let you good readers in on a little secret. **John** said, "I always sing *Gentle On My Mind* if someone requests it." By the way, **Glen Campbell** also said recently that *Gentle* was the best song ever written. Matter of fact, I think BMI's **Del Bryand** told me that the song is the most performed song in their repertoire, and they've got a bundle.

World Radio History

NEWS Country Porn bottoms out while Willie shaves; Dr. Hook finds a home and Loretta Haggars finds the Opry.

West Coast Weirdness Oozes East

About two years ago, on a balmy San Francisco Sunday afternoon, I wandered into the Rainbow Cattle Company, a cowboy/hippie bar in the middle of the Spanish-speaking Mission District. Expecting to hear any one of a half dozen or so regular country bands that play there. I was a little surprised to see this weird dude on the makeshift stage wearing a dirty, oversized 10-gallon hat, a "flasher" trenchcoat, kind of strumming on a bright red toilet seat strung up like a guitar. The man with the toilet seat was Chinga Chavin, lead singer for, and inspiration of, Marin County's infamous Country Porn.

Since then, Chinga and Country Porn have garnered a good deal of local notoriety. Regularly packing clubs all over Northern California, Country Porn is widely regarded as the Bay Area's most significant cultural contribution since the Grateful Dead. Lately the band has gained the national spot light with the release of their first LP, *Chinga Chavin's Country Porn*.

The album is an enigma. Recorded in Music City at Quadrophonic Studios the musical tracks are flawless country music of a progressive bent. The list of musicians playing behind Chavin reads like a Who's Who Among Nashville Studio Musicians—Kenny Butrey on drums, Norbert Putnam on bass, Bobby Emmons on keyboards, Chip Young on electric guitar, Bobby Thompson on acoustic guitar and banjo, and Curley Chalker on pedal steel. The sound is phenomenal, clearly the makings of a first class country music chart-buster. There's just one little ole problem. This album isn't going to ever get any air play and there's not a store between Times Square in New York and North Beach in San Fran where the album will even be stocked. The reason for that is because all these great musicians are playing behind a ceaseless stream of either X-rated parody or filth and perversion.

Chavin spent his childhood in El Paso and later worked in the seedy border town of Juarez as a bartender in a house of ill-repute. After graduating from the University of Texas, Austin, in 1966, along with fraternity brother and best friend Kinky Friedman, Chavin moved to the San Francisco area where he taught English in public schools.

Photo: Howard Klein

Chinga Chavin

After a day in the classroom with his young charges, Chavin would go home and write dirty poems. One day, on the way home from school, he felt his calling and knew he had a mission—to help the world break out of its sexual hang-ups. The way to do this, he thought, was to put his dirty poems to music and form a first class country band to perform them. Out of this vision Country Porn was born.

"I don't know any good singer/songwriter who's also a comedian at the same time. And that's my bag," Chavin said. "I see myself as an X-rated Will Rogers."

Chavin, who calls himself the King of Western Smut, says the essence of his music is parody, fun and satire.

"I wanna be taken seriously, but with laughter," Chinga said.

Not everyone has been amused. Chavin was arrested in suburban Hayward, California for indecent exposure during a concert. At his debut at the prestigious Troubador in Los Angeles, the manager went into shock on hearing Country Porn's lyrics and pulled the plug on the amplifiers. A warden at a concert at San Quentin Prison threatened not to let Chavin out of the jail when he nearly provoked a riot among the inmates there. And he made angry headlines when his show at a divinity school homecoming dance featured porn star Gina Fornelli in and out of nun's habit.

If Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson and Kris Kristofferson are outlaws, what do we call Chinga Chavin? Ace producer Michael Brovsky (Jerry Jeff Walker, Ray Wiley Hubbard, Guy Clark) agreed to make the album but requested that his name not be used in the credits, as did all the Nashville sessions men who performed on it. Even Quadrophonic Studios wasn't eager for it to get around that the album was recorded there.

"It's not just the obscenities and filthy language," says fiddle player Steve Rixner. "This guy doesn't respect nothin'. He's puttin' down religion and people just ain't gonna stand for that—not in country music they ain't. This kind of stuff is OK for rock and roll, but no one around here wants to hear all that dirty stuff, even if it is dern funny."

Still, Chavin is nonplused. "This'll be the first gold record sold in a plain brown wrapper," he said.

HOWARD KLEIN

World Radio History

Mary Kay Captivates Opry

Mary Kay Place, a.k.a. Loretta Haggars of TV's "Mary Hartman," and co-star Graham Jarvis did a little Music City hobnobbing recently, including not only a spot on the Opry for Mary Kay, but a round of parties with such "real-life" stars as Tammy Wynette.

Dr. Hook Finds A New Home In Music City

When Dr. Hook's producer, Ron Haffkine, decided to record the group in Music City, little did he or the group realize that romance and marriage between themselves and people in the business was inevitable. Mutual admiration, guilt by association, laid back creative atmosphere and good ole timey love compelled a transition of offices and staff from San Francisco to Nashville with immediate plans for the group to relocate here.

With three gold records to his credit and a fourth near gold, Haffkine released and made waves with their first country single, *Couple More Years*, which was on the Country Music Association ballot for song of the year and resulted in Dr. Hook's being nominated for CMA vocal group of the year.

Hook's vocalist, Ray Sawyer, Alabama born and bred with a natural love for turnip greens and country music, met fellow vocalist Dennis Locorriere in his homestate of New Jersey where the pair, along with keyboard man Bill Francis, began performing in a bar for four dollars each per night. Haffkine spotted the zany threesome and saw potential—a lot of potential—and the dye was cast. They became the team now called Dr. Hook, with Haffkine at the helm as producer/manager, and eventually signed with Clive Davis and Columbia, a relationship that was severed after Davis resigned as chief of the label although the group had two gold records to their credit.

Only Sixteen, their first gold single for Capitol, stirred up some country airplay here and there, a dream for Ray, who started listening to the Grand Ole Opry when he was three years old back home in Mobile.

From the beginning of the group's work in Nashville, Haffkine has praised the town. "Shel (Silverstein) has been my best friend for almost two decades," said Ron. "And for six, seven, maybe ten years, he's been telling me I should come to Nashville to record. I didn't understand. But now I do. The people are incredible. The nicest people I've ever met in my entire life."

After some Nashville recording sessions, an enormously excited Haffkine raved, "Those musicians! They're incredible! In all my years of producing phonograph records, I've never worked in a studio with so much ease."

After recording all day and into the night the group would find their way to the bars and honky tonks, meeting and performing with the local yokels and hobnobbing with the stars. Ray flipped out upon meeting Mel Tillis, and Tillis, in turn, visited the studio where the group was recording . . .

Ray and Dennis were introduced to Webb Pierce and were spellbound and speechless . . . And they did a benefit for autistic children with Ronnie Milsap, Johnny Rodriguez, Waylon Jennings, and Jessi Colter at the Opry House.

Following the show, at a greasy spoon all night cafe between forkfuls of turnip greens and cornbread, Ray said, "I've wanted to be here all my life. You know, when Ron came here several months ago, I didn't know he was looking to record here. I had no idea that I'd ever get to fulfill this lifetime dream of mine," he said, shaking his head. "Hey, I'm hooked on the people," he added.

Recently, the group met Dolly Parton.

"Dr. Hook, I'm a fan of yours!" said Dolly in her Tennessee mountain accent.

"Dolly Parton!" exclaimed the excited group, as they one by one related how much they enjoyed her music.

"Meeting Dolly Parton was like meeting a page from the book of country music," Dennis said later. "Imagine, all that talent with a body that beautiful."

HAZEL SMITH

World Radio History

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EDDY ARNOLD - CXS-9007
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
Just A Little Lovin'; That's How Much I Love You; Cuddle Buggin' Baby; Roll Along Kentucky Moon; When My Blue Moon Turns To Gold Again; Eddy's Song; Casey Jones (The Brave Engineer); Wagon Wheels; Wabash Cannon Ball; I'd Trade All Of My Tomorrows (For Just One Yesterday); Take Me In Your Arms And Hold Me; Will The Circle Be Unbroken (My Family Circle); Whispering Hopes; The Battle Of New Orleans; He'll Have To Go; Chained To A Memory; I'm Throwing Rice (At The Girl I Love); Many Tears Ago.

LEO ADDEO BLUE HAWAII - CXS-9035
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
Sing Me A Song Of The Islands; Lovely Hula Hands; My Little Grass Shack In Kaelakekua Hawaii; Beyond The Reef; Mauna Lo; My Isle Of Golden Dreams; Hawaii On Sunset; Medley; To You Sweetheart Aloha; Aloha Oe Pearly Shells; Hawaiian War Chant; Little Brown Gal; Blue Hawaii; Hawaiian Wedding Song; Under Blue Hawaiian Skies; Pagan Love Song; Tiny Bubbles; Sweet Lelani.

CHUCK BERRY - PTP-2061
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
Johnny B. Goode; Maybelline; Reelin' And Rockin'; Roll Over Bertoven; Sweet Little Sixteen; School Days; Rock And Roll Music; Back In The USA; Memphis, Tennessee; Sweet Little Rock And Roller; Carol, Oh Baby Doll; C. C Rider; Check Me Out; Ramblin' Rose; Goodnight Well It's Time To Go Back To Memphis; It Hurts Me Too.

BLUE SKY BOYS - ADL2-0726
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
BLUEGRASS MOUNTAIN MUSIC: Are You From Dixie?; Down On The Banks Of The Ohio; Katie Dear; Beactiful, Beautiful Brown Eyes; Short Life Of Trouble; Kentucky In The Hills Of Boone County; Mary Of The Wild Moor; Brown Eyes; Paper Boy; Dust On The Bible; Sunny Side Of Life; The Last Mile Of The Way; Pictures From Life's Other Side; Whispering Hope; Little Bessie; The Butcher's Boy; Story Of The Knoxville Girl; The Convict And The Rose; My Last Letter.

COUNTRY AND WESTERN JAMBOREE - ADL2-0579
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
SPADE COOLEY AND HIS BAND: The Last Round-Up; The Old Spinning Wheel; Empty Saddles; Wagon Wheels; Beyond The Sunset; ROSALIE ALLEN: I Want To Be A Cowboy's; It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels; BILL BOYD AND HIS COWBOY RAMBLERS: Lone Star Rag; Under The Double Eagle; DALE EVANS AND ROY ROGERS: Happy Trails; My Chickashay Gal; Home On The Range; GENE AUTRY: Cowboy's Heaven; Yellow Rose Of Texas; PATSY MONTANA AND HER BUCKAROOS: If I Could Only Learn To Yodel; Mama Never Said A Word About Love; JENNY LOU CARSON AND HER TUMBLEWEED TROUBADOURS: I'll Never Trust You Again; I Feel Like Cryin'.

PERRY COMO - CXS-9002
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
Girl Of My Dreams; Hello, Young Lovers; Let A Smile Be Your Umbrella (On A Rainy Day); Concentrate On You; I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now; No Other Love; Over The Rainbow; Some Enchanted Evening; We Kiss In A Shadow; You Alone (Solo Tu); That Old Gang Of Mine; Carolina Moon; Sleepy Time Gal; Love Letters; Linda; Dream Along With Me (I'm On My Way To A Star); Make Someone Happy; When You Come To The End Of The Day.

FATS DOMINO - PTP-2031
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
When My Dreamboat Comes Home; Please Don't Leave Me; I'm Gonna Be A Wheel, Someday; I'm In The Mood For Love; Let The Four Winds Blow; Whole Lot Of Loving; Jambalaya; Ain't That A Shame; So Long; Blueberry Hill; Ballin' The Jack; Kansas City; Trouble In Mind; Heartbreak Hill; Why Don't You Do Right?; On A Slow Boat To China; Red Sails In The Sunset; I've Got A Right To Cry The Blues.

TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD - PTP-2050
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
Amazing Grace; Sweet Hour Of Praye:; My Jesus, I Love Thee; Jesus Paid It All; Comin' Home; Break Thou The Bread Of Life; Did You Think To Pray; My Faith Looks Up To Thee; It Is Well With My Soul; Onward Christian Soldiers; Oh How I Love Jesus; The Church In The Wildwood; I Love To Tell The Story; Count Your Blessings; Jesus Loves Me; When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder; Shell We Gather At The River; Bringing In The Sheaves; What A Friend We Have In Jesus.

BILL HALEY and THE COMETS - PTP-2077
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
Rock Around The Clock; Skinny Minne; Ling - Ting Tong; Rock The Joint; Rock A Beating Boogie; Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On; See You Later Alligator; Flip Flop And Fly; The Saints Rock And Roll; Shake, Rattle And Roll; Razzle-Dazzle; Yakety Sex; Jenny Jenny; Johnny B. Goode; Rip It Up; Rudy's Rock; Lucille.

SONS OF THE PIONEERS - ADL2-0336
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
Riders In The Sky; Empty Saddles; Home On The Range; Red River Valley; Ole Faithful; There's A Gold Mine In The Sky; The Timber Trail; Wind; The Ballad Of Davy Crockett; High Noon; Down The Trail To San Antonio; Blue Prayer; Cool Water; Cowboy Camp Meeting; Cigarettes, Whiskel and Wild Women; Wagons West; Let's Pretend; Outlaws.

JERRY LEE LEWIS - PTP-2055
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
High Heel Sneakers; Crying Time; Hound Dog; Sticks And Stones; Too Young; Flip, Flop And Fly; Hallelujah; I Love Her So; Baby Hold Me Close; You Went Back On Your Word; Got You On My Mind; Roll Over Beethoven; Don't Let Go; Herman The Hermit I Believe In You; Maybelline; Johnny B. Goode; Green Green Grass Of Home; Long Tall Sally; Breathless.

GUY LOMBARDO - PTP-2009
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3 98
All The Things You Are; Seems Like Old Times; I'll Be Seeing You; Third Man Theme; Seems Like Old Times; Let's Do It Again; Where Or When; I Got Plenty Of Nothing; Bewitched; I'll Be Seeing You; Taking A Chance On Love; All The Things You Are; People Will Say We're In Love; The Surrey With The Fringe On Top; I Could Write A Book; Getting To Know You; September Song; Fascination; Ebb Tide; Coquette; If I Loved You; The Breeze And I, Paradise.

THE MILLS BROS - PTP-2008
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
Across The Alley From The Alamo; I Guess I'll Get The Papers; Tonight You Belang To Me; Do You Ever Think Of Me; Mood Indigo; So Rare; Glow Worm; Sweet Leilani; wilight On The Trail; Cielito Lindo; Mood Indigo; Linda; Say Si Si; Siboney; Any ime; Solitude; Once In A While; One Dozen Roses; My Mothers Eyes; When You Were Sweet Sixteen.

THE MILLS BROS. - PTP-2030
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
I Can't Stop Loving You; There's A Goldmine In The Sky; Sometimes I'm Happy; Till Then; Dream A Little Dream Of Me; Poor Butterfly; You Always Hurt The One You Love; You're Driving Me Crazy; Blues; Sweethearts On Parade; Be My Life's Companion; Mister Sandman; Teach Me Tonight; Everybody Loves My Baby; If I Could Be with You; He'll Have To Go.

PRECIOUS MEMORIES - CXS-9020
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
Precious Memories; Skeeter Davis; I Believe, Dolly Parton; The Keeper Of The Key; Porter Wagoner; Old Time Religion, George Beverly Shea And Clifford Barrows; Oh Happy Day, The Blackwood Brothers Quartet; Keep On The Sunny Side, The Carter Family; Will The Circle Be Unbroken, The Statesmen Quartet With Hovie Lester; The Great Speckled Bird, Hank Locklin; How Great Thou Are, Doris Akers; An Evening Prayer, George Beverly Shea; Amazing Grace, The Blackwood Brothers Quarte; A Gathering In The Sky, Norma Jean; Standing In The Need Of Prayer, Jimmy Dean; Put Your Hand In The Hand, Rex Humbard And The Cathedral Singers; It's No Secret, Stuart Hamblen; Mansion On The Hilltop, The Browns; My God Is Real, Don Gibson; Sweet Hour Of Prayer, Norma Zimmer.

50 GREAT POLKAS - PTP-2081
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
Clarinet Polka; Barbara Polka; Ah Frenchy Polka; Jolly Fellows Polka; Rolling Rock Polka; High Low Polka; Cuckoo Polka; Jim Dandy Polka; Lichtensteiner Polka; Helena Polka; Pickled Polka; Gerald's Polka; Everybody's Polka; Beer Barrel Polka; There's A Tavern In The Town Polka; Simple Sy Polka; Round Roy Polka; Ely Polka; Rain, Rain Polka; Emelia Polka; Jolly Coppersmith's Polka; Real George Polka; Pittsburgh Polka; Copper Polka; Tony's Polka; Bee Flat Polka; Krokowick; Ukranian Kolomeyka Polka; Piano Polka; Springtime Polka; ara Stocato; Town Tavern; Sweetie Pie Polka; Be Mine, Be Mine Polka; Hamtramick Polka; 1:30 Polka; El Rancho Grande Polka; Dick's Kicks Polka; Blonde Bombshell Polka; Radio Polka; Musicians Come And Play Polka; Mary Lou Polka; Andy's Jolly Hop Polka; Wanda And Stach Polka; Fanny Polka; Julida; Gallup Polka; Cleveland Spaghetti House Polka; Hoosier Susie Polka; How Good For Me Polka.

BOB RALSTON ORGAN FAVORITES - CXS-9021
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
Tea For Two; I'll Be Seeing You; Fascination; Hawaiian Wedding Song; Tico Tico; Red Roses For A Blue Lady; Who Can I Turn To; Somewhere In Your Heart; When You Wish Upon A Star; Rose Of Washington Square; When My Baby Smiles At Me; I Want A Girl; Have You Ever Been Lonely; You're Nobody Til Somebody Loves You; Canadian Sunset; Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland; Skater's Waltz; I'll See Yoc In My Dreams.

JIM REEVES - CXS-9001
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
Blue Side Of Lonesime; Don't You Want To Be My Girl; Yonder Comes A Sucker; A Railroad Bum; I'm Gonna Change Everything; Bottle, Take Effect; I've Lived A Lot In My Time; If You Were Mine; Most Of The Time; The Talking Walls; A Letter To My Heart; I Won't Forket You; The World You Left Behind; Little Ole Dime; Waitin' For A Train; I Can't Fly (You're Looking For An Angel); What Would You Do; Overnight.

HANK SNOW - CXS-9009
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
The Wreck Of The Old 97; The Last Ride; I Went To Your Wedding; Roll Along Kentucky Moon; The Southern Cannonball; The Highest Bidder; Poison Love; Memories Are Made Of This; Sunny Side Of The Mountain; The Galveston Rose; My Nova Scotia Home; The Byue Velvet Band; Lonesome Whistle; Spanish Fire Ball; El Paso; Somewhere Along Life's Highway; Travelin' Blues; Waitin' For A Train.

HANK SNOW - ADL2-0337
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
Your Last Kiss Has Broken My Heart; The Answer To The Blue Velvet Band; On The Mississippi Shore; I Wonder Where You Are Tonight; Unde: Hawaiian Skies; How She Could Yodel; Little Buddy; Sea; Our Parting With A Kiss; You've Broken My Heart; My Filipino Rose; Linda Lou; Wasted Love; There's A Picture On Pinto Bridle; Journey My Baby Back Home; Your Little Band Of Gold; When My Blue Moon Turns To Gold Again; The Anniversary Of My Broken Hearft; I'm Sending You Red Roses.

MONTANA SLIM'S GREATEST HITS - ADL2-0694
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
I'm Thinking Tonight Of My Blue Eyes; When It's Springtime In The Rockies; There's A Bluebird On Your Windowsill; You Are My Sunshine; The Fate Of Old Strawberry Roan; The Blue Canadian Rockies; Rattlin' Cannonball; Hang The Key On The Bunkhouse Door; There's A Love Knot In My Lariat; It Makes No Difference Now; The Prisoner's Song; Red River Valley Blues; Waiting For The Train; My Swiss Moonlight Lullaby; Capture Of Albert Johnson; Old Shep; Streamlined Yodel Song.

50 YEARS OF COUNTRY MUSIC - ADL2-0782(e)
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
CHET ATKINS: For The Good Times; THE COUNTRY RAMBLERS: Rose Garden; HANK SNOW: Beggar To A King; DOLLY PARTON: In The Ghetto; LOVING VOICES: Statute Of A Fool, My Lovin' Guitar, Bonaparte's Retreat; WAYLON JENNINGS: Folsom Prison; PORTER WAGONER: A Satisfied Mind; SKEEER DAVIS: I Walk The Line; DON GIBSON: Half As Much; GEORGE HAMILTON IV: Walking The Floor Over You; WILLIE NELSON: San Antonio Rose; FLOYD TILLMAN: Slipping Around; DOTTIE WEST: It Makes No Difference Now; SONS OF THE PIONEERS: Mexicali Rose; GID TANNER: Down Yonder; THE CARTER FAMILY: Wabtsh Cannon Ball; THE MONROE BROTHERS: The Great Speckled Bird.

THE RAGTIMERS - ADL2-0360
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
Say, Has Anybody Seen My Sweet Gypsy Rose; Tie A Yellow Ribbon Round The Ole Oak Tree; That's Why You Remember; Delta Down; The Old Piano Roll Blues; Music, Music, Music; Second Hand Rose; Old Timer's Melody; Rose Of Washington Square; When The Red, RED Robin Comes Bob Bobbin Along; Those Were The Days; What Have They Done To My Song; Hello, Dolly; Bourbon Street Strut; Medley; Bill Bailey; Babaret; Let The Good Times In; Watch Those Swinging Doors; El Condor Pasa; Medley; My Gal Sal; My Wild Irish Rose; You Tell Me Your Dreams.

BLACKWOOD BROTHERS QUARTET - CSX-9011
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
Put Your Hand In The Hand; Just A Closer Walk With Thee; In The Sweet By And By; Oh Happy Day; Amazing Grace; O Rock Of Ages; Give Us This Day; Angels Over Me; Led By The Master's Hand; The Keys To The Kingdom; Sheltered In The Arms Of God; Precious Memories; Ivory Palaces; Bridge Over Troubled Water; What A Friend; Whispering Hope; God Is Just A Prayer Away; My Name Is Jesus.

JOHNNY CASH - PTP-2045
2 RECORD SET - SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
I Walk The Line; Rock Island Rock; Born To Lose; Cry, Cry, Cry; Straight A's In Love; Remember Me; I Forgot To Remember To Forget; Luther's Boogie; There You Go; Get Rhythm; Train Of Love; Hey Porter; Come In Stranger; The Wreck Of The Old 97; I Heard That Lonesome Whistle; Home Of The Blues; Wide Open Road.

ELVIS PRESSLY - DL2-5001 - 2 RECORD SET
SPECIAL PRICE $3.98
Burning Love; I'll Be There; Fools Fall In Love; Follow That Dream; You'll Never Walk Alone; Flaming Star; Yellow Rose Of Texas; Old Shep; Rubberneckin'; U. S. Male; Frankie And Johnny; If You Think I Don't Need You; Easy Come, Easy Go; Separate Ways; Peace In The Valley; Big Boss Man; It's A Matter Of Time.

World Radio History

Photo: Courtesy RCA

Mr. Deutschendorf, meet Mrs. Sarah Ophelia Colley Cannon, or John Denver, meet Minnie Pearl.

Willie Cleans Up His Act

Short-haired and close-shaven, sporting a yellow baseball cap in place of the customary bandana, progressive guru Willie Nelson showed up for a two-show concert in Santa Barbara, Calif., and confirmed speculation about his planned foray into moviemaking.

Nelson said financial backing has been secured for a film version of his hit concept album, **Red Headed Stranger**. A script is now being written with Willie in the lead role.

Before work on **Stranger**, though, the 43-year-old singer/songwriter apparently will make his screen debut as a "bounty hunter who chases across Texas and Mexico" in a period western featuring actor Ty Hardin. Willie said he may also write the score for that film, tentatively scheduled for an April shoot.

Photo: Nelson Tharp

Willie Nelson sans beard.

"I'll be goin' to school (on the Hardin movie) to see whether I like bein' an actor or not," Nelson explained between tugs on a Budweiser beer. "I don't know the first thing about it . . . but it's somethin' I've always wanted to do, so I thought I'd try it once and see."

Asked whether his more kempt appearance forewarned a shift in outlook or style, Willie grinned and shook his head. "I'm not changin' anything, really. Every once a year I usually cut off my hair and beard and then let 'em start all over again. Last time I let 'em grow a little longer than normal," he added, "'cause I wanted to be sure and be on TV."

GLENN HUNTER

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Watch This Face: Buckacre

The weekend WDTA-FM broadcast live their performance at Nashville's Pickin' Parlor, 2000 people—including some of country music's most famous names—passed through the doors of the little club that normally holds about 250. And during their final set on the last night, 100 more than capacity jammed in to see and hear what had captivated their ears over the radio, while out in front, a line of people waited in case anybody inside left and vacated a seat.

What they all came to see was Buckacre, a five-member group from Spring Valley, Ill., that a lot of people supposedly *in the know* say will be "bigger than the Eagles."

A comparison to that afore-mentioned band seems inescapable, since Buckacre specializes in the sort of close-harmony, good-time, Southern California country-folk-rock that the Eagles helped to pioneer, the resemblance in the two groups' sound perhaps helped along by Glyn Johns, the legendary British producer that both bands share. "We went for the feel, but not the technicality of the Eagles," Les Lockridge, who handles acoustic and electric guitars, mandolin and vocals, explains, talking about the group's first MCA album.

"I listen to the Eagles a lot, but also to Jackson Browne, Poco, J.D. Souther and Linda Ronstadt. I think you're influenced by everyone you like."

Some people thought Buckacre's single, *Love Never Lasts Forever*—a personal favorite of Marty Robbins, who phoned a radio station and requested it—was influenced by the Eagles' *Tequila Sunrise*. But in concert the comparison of the groups—and their specific songs—usually stops, because Buckacre demonstrates such variety that it defies categorization or the limitation of comparison.

One reason for that is 29-year-old Lockridge himself, who grew up with country music in a family of fiddlers and guitar players, and who was singing professionally with Pee Wee King at the age of nine. "I developed my style of singing—which is country—at an early age, and the way I write songs is more country than anything else," he says, "I enjoy playing rock and roll, but I'm more interested in country."

Another reason Buckacre is able to retain a strong foothold in country is the fiddling of Alan Thacker, who particularly shines on Marvin Rainwater's *You Think You Got Troubles*. Thacker also plays a stunningly clean and powerful slide guitar on Skip Griparis' *Red Wine*. Adding to

Photo: Courtesy MCA

the band's overall country sound is the occasional banjo work of bass player Dick Hally, and the pedal steel of Darrell Data. The fifth member of the group is Dick Verucchi, drums.

Just a few months before MCA signed Buckacre, the group probably wouldn't have dreamed that soon they'd be sought after by every major label. Although four of the five had been together for 10 years—beginning in high school and going through two or three names for their band—and three of them had backed The Hagers and played with Bobby Bare, Tom T. Hall, Barbara Fairchild, Susan Raye and Grandpa Jones—it seemed as if they would always remain a secondary, or even a back-up act.

On the spur of the moment in March of 1975, Buckacre decided to go to Florida, where they got a job playing the "happy hour" at a student bar at the University of South Florida in Tampa. A local promoter, recognizing a good band when he heard one, began booking them and arranged a showcase for them to be heard by representatives of all the major record companies—all of whom wanted them to

(Continued on page 60)

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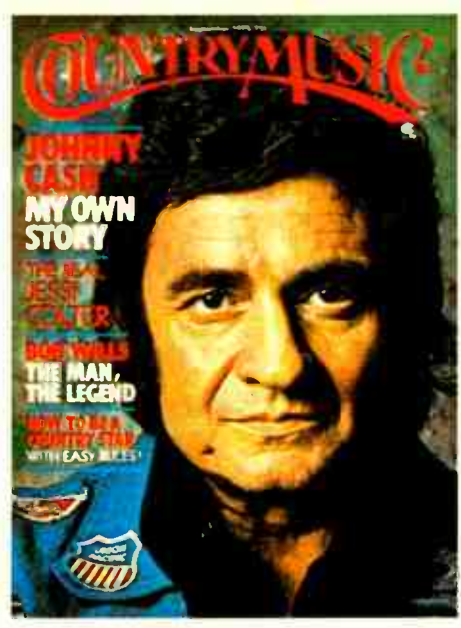

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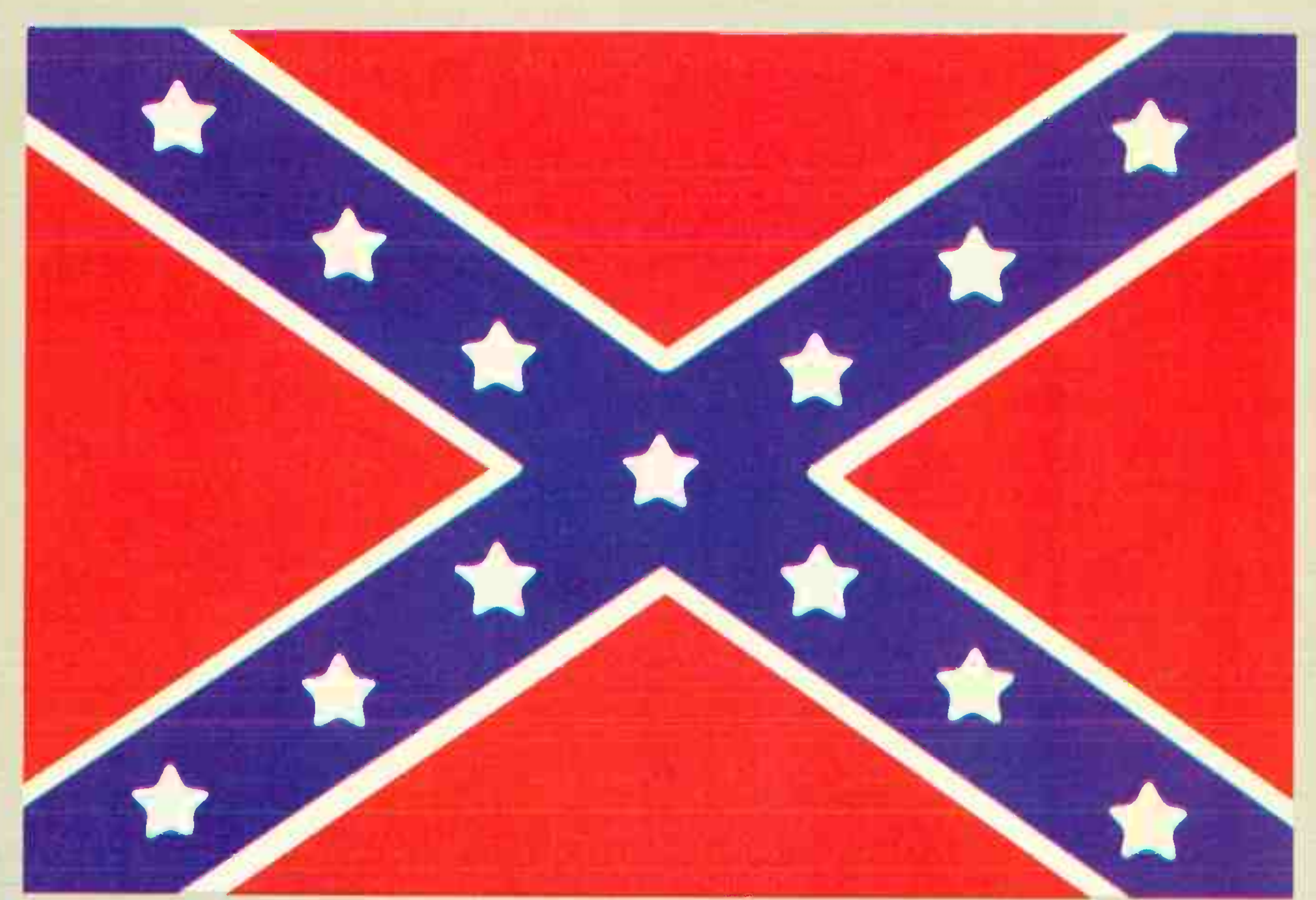


THE SOUTH AND ITS MUSIC

World Radio History

A Confederacy Of Music

The music you listened to today very probably had its roots south of the Mason-Dixon Line. Country, blues, jazz and rock were all born and raised in the South, mixing and mingling to create today's music.

By Michael Bane and Frye Gaillard

"Be proud you're a rebel
'Cause the South's gonna do it again." *
—Charlie Daniels

"Well, I'm an American by birth,
But I'm a Southerner by the grace of God."
—Roscoe Bane

Now, y'all probably already know ole Charlie Daniels, since he's a bonafide country star and all, but what you don't know is that Roscoe Bane is my grandfather, and his favorite singer is still Jimmie Rodgers. I don't recall the first time I heard him use that phrase—I've heard it enough times since to determine that it's been around a long, long time—but I do remember a round of belly laughs and backslapping after each usage, with just enough fire in the folks' eyes to let you know that they weren't kidding.

And they weren't. For that matter, they still aren't. For the South exerts an almost mystical hold over her sons and daughters, a hold that, with the recent, unifying election of a Southern president and the attendant rise of Southern "nationalism," seems stronger than ever. To the outsider—especially the hordes of Northern journalists searching for some clue to the success of our newest president—Southern pride is as much a mystery as "born-again" Christianity, perhaps some ritualistic holdover from a war-torn past. But the roots of Southern pride, as are, not surprisingly, the roots of Southern music, are tied up in the shared experiences of the people of the South, themselves a crazy-quilt mixture of black and white, city and country, who, whether by grim determination or pure luck, have come through some pretty hard times with a few bruises here and there, maybe a couple of broken bones even, but still on their feet.

If there is a single thought to be culled from growing up in the South—and you're willing to overlook a few generalities here or there—it's that there's an uncanny sense of place, a sense of belonging, that comes with being a Southerner; a compass, as it were, that always points South. It's that sense of place that allows a young, white former Memphian named Jesse Winchester, currently living in Canada after leaving the country to avoid the draft, to write a song like *Mississippi You're On My Mind*, which, when sung by a black, illiterate ex-welder named Stoney Edwards, is guaranteed to bring tears. And it's with that sense of place that any discussion of Southern music logically begins.

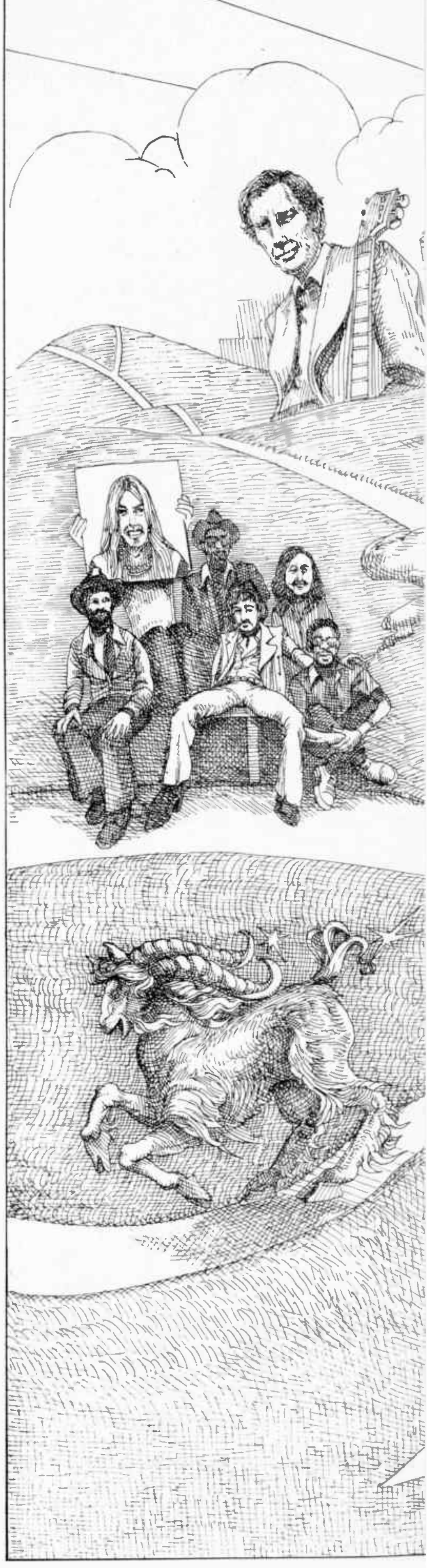
* * *

A late winter's night in Nashville, and the city auditorium is jammed to the proverbial gills. Seems like every high school, junior high and college kid in a hundred-mile radius has stormed the place, ready to take in an "all-South" concert of the Marshall Tucker Band, the Outlaws (not the Waylon Jennings variety, but a rock group from Florida) and whoever else happens to be in town. The atmosphere is giddy, and the place has the distinct feel of a backwoods revival.

Tucker bass player Tommy Caldwell surveys the scene, flashes one of his patented South Carolina grins and moves to the microphone with a country boy swagger.

"We gonna do a song from our first album," he says, grabbing the microphone stand and planting his feet like he

(Continued on page 60)



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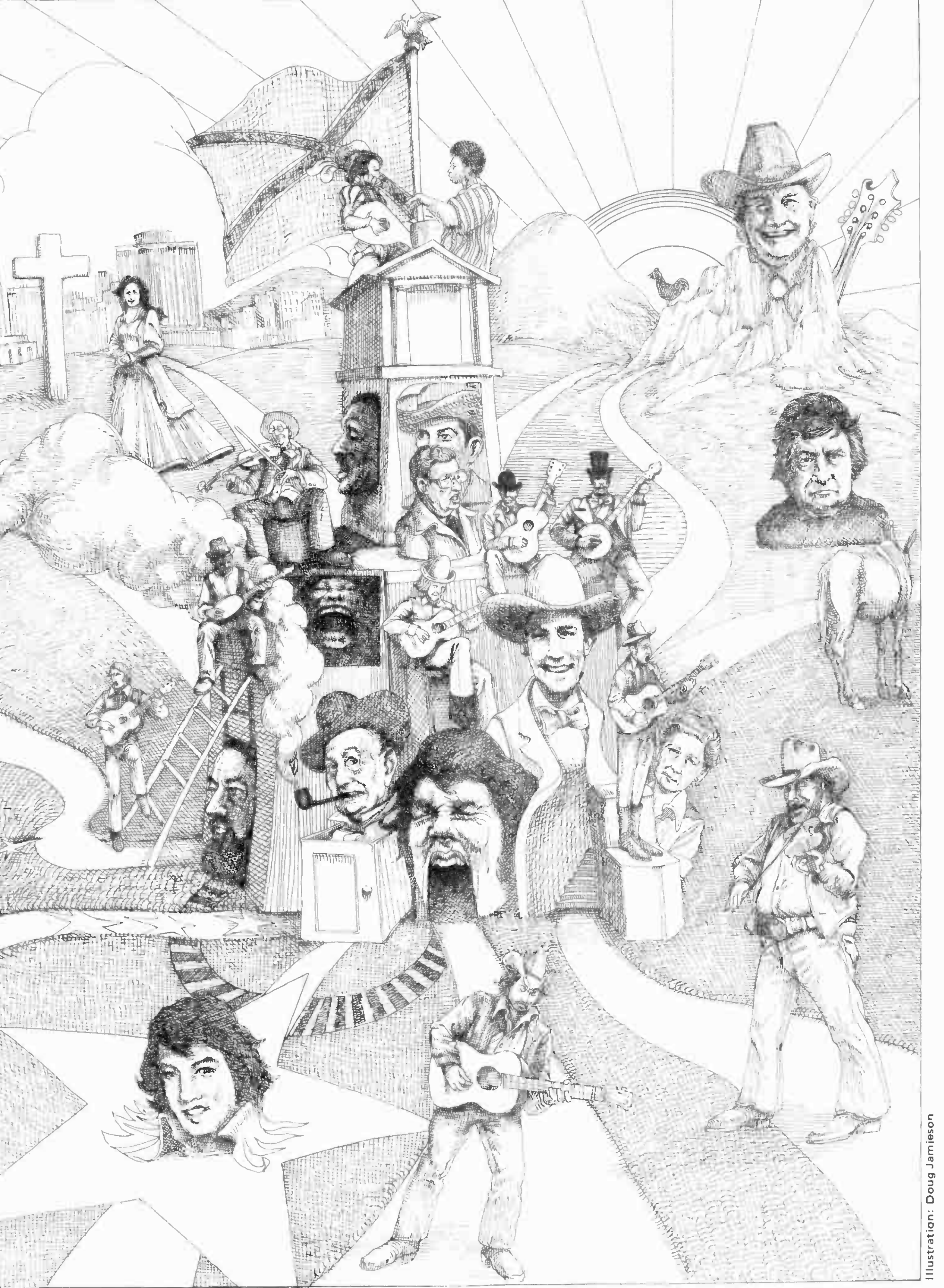

Illustration: Doug Jamieson

World Radio History

People, Places and Things

Elvis Presley—Huck Finn Afloat On A Rock 'N' Roll River

July 6, 1954. An important date. A lot of people date the birth of rock and roll from that day. There had been records out before then that carried something of the style that would become known later as rock and roll, but on July 6, 1954, a thin, greased-hair boy off the poor streets of Memphis was in Sam Phillips' Sun Records studio dreaming of a career like that of his idol, Dean Martin. He had tried on a previous visit to the studio to come up with some pop stuff, but it didn't work. This time (almost by accident, they all say, but really you have to wonder) something did happen. The kid, during a break in the recording, picked up his guitar and broke into *That's All Right*, a song he was partial to, having bought a copy of it on a 78 by its author, Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup. The bass player and guitarist headed for their instruments. Phillips' brain was steaming. This was it, what he had been waiting for—a white kid that could sing with the intensity Phillips had heard from the blacks he had been recording for years. Elvis Presley was on his way to cutting his first record.

But considering all that Elvis has become since that date (a matter so immense and so important that nobody has ever put it into perspective), just as noteworthy a date as that July afternoon is Nov. 22, 1955, the day that Col. Tom Parker took complete control of Elvis' management. The match was beautiful. Col. Parker, former carnival sideshow entrepreneur, and Elvis Presley, one of the biggest freaks American culture had known. Like Huckleberry Finn and Jim, the two Southerners set out on The Great American Adventure, out to take on the country and tame it, make it theirs.

Before Parker, Elvis probably had a good chance of becoming a rock and roll star, but with the Colonel, he was assured of that—and more. Parker knew how to play the marks out there, knew exactly how to set up the people who stood hypnotized by the lights and exotica of the carnival. He was steeped in the fine points of hucksterism, right out of the medicine show tradition, a tradition that had lasted in the South years after it had dissipated elsewhere. Give 'em just enough to bring 'em back the next time, that was his creed. Never let 'em see the back of the tent. Keep 'em out front; keep 'em dazzled.

If you've got something people want badly enough, they'll pay to get to it, and Parker saw in Presley something that people for sure would pay to get to. And to make it easier, the kid had the ambition to make it big and, to reach his goal, he was willing to let the Colonel call the shots. A large part of that ambition undoubtedly came brewing out of his background. Elvis had grown up in borderline poverty. He had little as a kid except for his family's love (which included his mother saving up the money to buy him a guitar). In high school, he had his group of friends, but he was far from being Mr. Popular. To compensate, he started wearing loud clothes, he grew his hair out and slicked it back. He wasn't accepted in their world; so he struck out to find a world of his own.

Sam Phillips, guitarist Scotty Moore and bass player Bill Black helped him find his world musically, and Col. Parker helped him find it on a much, much grander scale. Parker took him out of the musical realm and injected him into the American mainline. After his signing with Parker and almost simultaneously with RCA, Elvis never approached his career musically. The music became a vehicle. He was as good as anybody, his mama had told him, and he was going to prove it to everybody. Col. Parker obviously saw that in him. His out-front, "look at me" attitude, the "I am somebody" image. His rock and roll (particularly at Sun and the first year at RCA) was rebellious, and like so many other forms of rebellion, it was designed not only with the thought of freeing the rebel from his past but with the idea of vengeance too. Vengeance against those who had put him in such a position that he was forced to become a rebel in the first place. He had nothing to lose by being different, by daring. He was at the bottom of the social ladder with no place to go. If he failed, he couldn't drop any lower.

Having made his opening rock and roll statement, bringing out almost equal parts of ardor and venom in America, Elvis moved quickly into more of a pop vein with RCA. He has been maligned for that move and for his string of mindless movies and even more mindless soundtracks (the music secondary to the image again), and it's true that his Sun recordings stand as his greatest. His RCA records like *Heartbreak Hotel* and *Hound Dog* put him into the national consciousness, but none of them can compare with *Baby, Let's Play House* or *Mystery Train*. It's not surprising that Elvis never cut anymore records like his Sun ones. He didn't need to and, ultimately, we didn't need him to. Those records were really too bizarre for the times, which, of course, is the quality that gives them their greatness, but also limited their audience. (This was after all the mid-1950s, and a white guy singing like a black wasn't a good idea to a lot of people.) When he moved to RCA, Elvis (with the Colonel's guidance) toned things down in the studio. It was still rock and roll, still the hottest records around (in a sense), but done in a way that could appeal to the maximum audience.

If Elvis had stuck with his Sun sound, he'd probably be a folk hero today playing country nightclubs. But he and Parker, although changing just a bit to fit the times, took on the country and, as they set out to do, made it theirs. They went for the big shot, they wanted it all.

And unlike Huck and Jim, they got it.

WALTER DAWSON

Photo: Courtesy RCA

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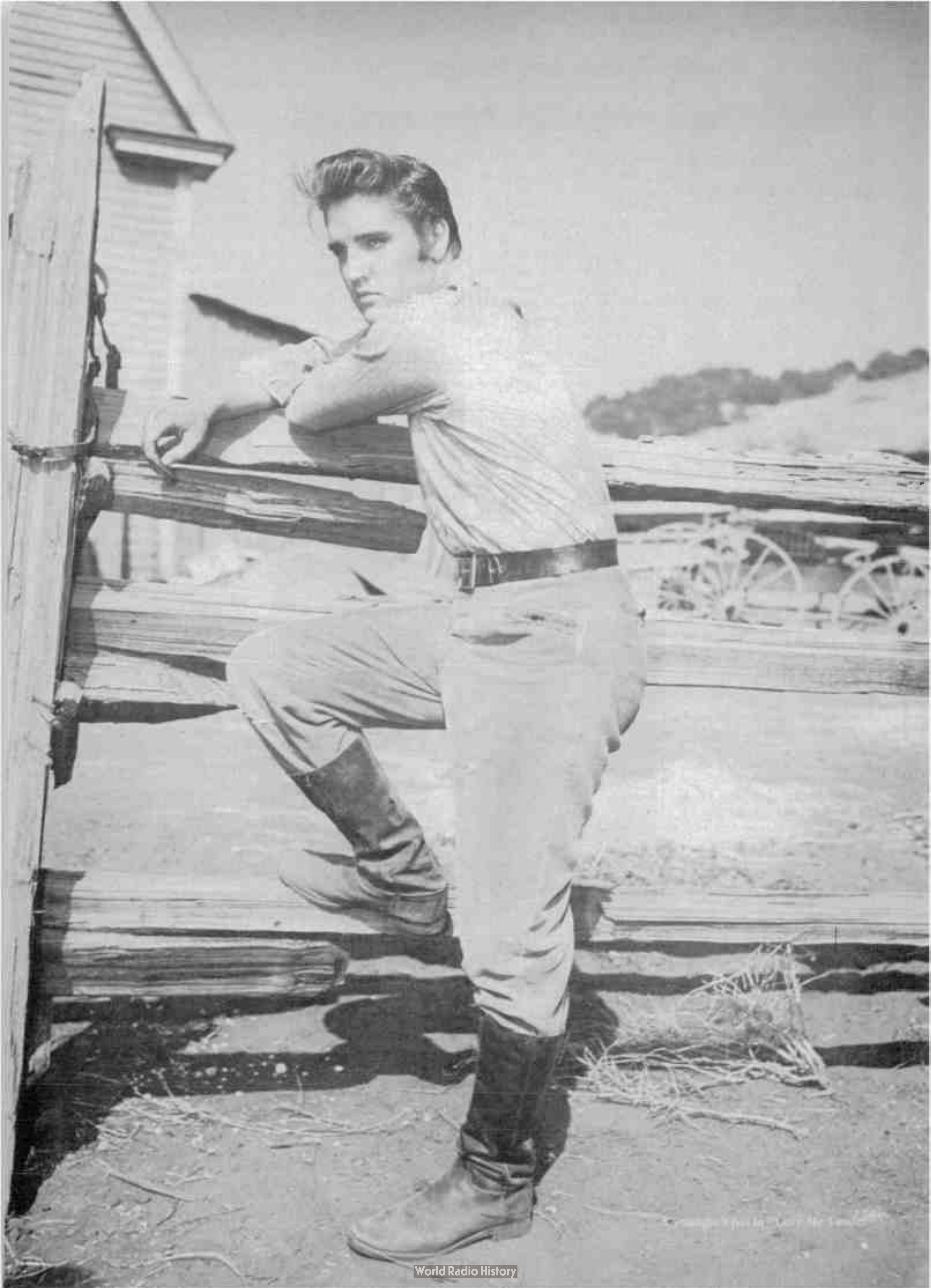


World Radio History

People, Places and Things

Sunrise In Memphis

Jerry Lee: The One & Only Killer Rocks On

Jerry Lee Lewis was going long into the early morning, rocking and shaking the wee hours away at an after-hours club, when a woman began to get on his nerves by repeatedly requesting "something by Eddy Arnold." Furiously amazed that someone would request a song by *anyone* else, much less Eddy Arnold, when *Jerry Lee Lewis* was getting it on, the Killer finally relented and did an old Arnold standard—Jerry Lee Lewis style, of course. When he finished, the woman whined, "That didn't sound like Eddy Arnold." That did it. Jerry Lee promptly gave the woman a good cussing and, when her husband came to her rescue, gave him the same treatment.

Which all goes to show that Jerry Lee Lewis is always going to make any music *his* way. And it is this incomparable talent—and attitude—that has enabled him to be a rocker, a hillbilly, a blues, R&B and gospel singer—in short, one of the greatest single repositories of Southern music who has ever lived.

A great deal of this accolade is due to time and place of upbringing. Jerry Lee was born and raised in a small town in southern Louisiana, offerring him exposure to every type of Southern music, except bluegrass and mountain. Moreover, this was the 1940's and '50's, back when whites could play in black clubs, and when country music was perhaps in its finest flower with Hank Williams, Webb Pierce, Lefty Frizzell, and certainly before it had become so diluted and commercialized.

A great deal is due to emotion. As Jerry Lee has forever made abundantly clear, he has always been able to incite audiences to heights of hysteria never before witnessed. But who would have guessed back in the raging '50's that, 20 years later, Jerry Lee could also make every would-be stud gulp down another tear-filled Lone Star while the juke box blared out his latest lost-my-woman heartbreaker? And who in his wildest dreams imaginable could have ever thought that Jerry Lee could still a nightclub audience, many of them misty-eyed, with his rendition of one of those timeless hymns that every Southerner remembers learning at his mother's knee?

Just by swaggering and strutting onstage, Jerry Lee, without uttering a word, immediately lets everyone know that here is the greatest music personality in captivity. And almost as important, he has never tried to hide his vices and blemishes; this in a region where a man is supposed to feel guilty just *looking* at another woman. He merely lays it on the line that he is what he is: an egotistical, opinionated, occasionally-flawed, but nonetheless awe-inspiring, only-one-of-his-kind-ever genius. And, Killer, you can take him on his terms and his only.

JOHN PUGH

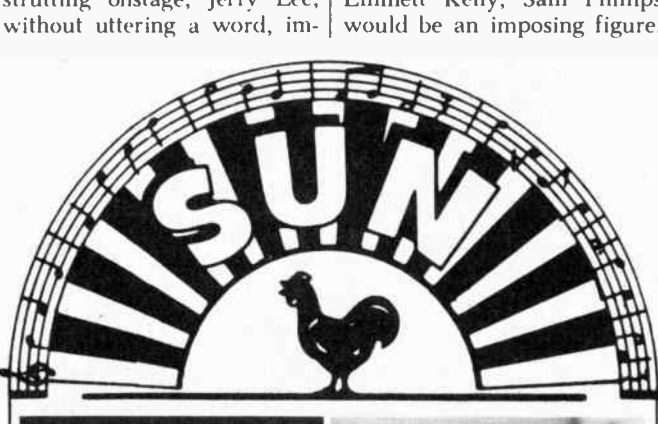


Photo: John Lee

Jerry Lee Lewis

Photo: Marshall Fallwell

Sam Phillips

Sam Phillips: The Saga of Sun Records

No one could *ever* mistake Sam Phillips. Even today almost everyone in the funky Memphis music community dresses in a sort of updated 1950's look, still patterned largely after those early styles of Sam's.

But even if he dressed like Emmett Kelly, Sam Phillips would be an imposing figure. He has one of the most arresting, commanding, *masterful* faces one could ever look upon, with a pair of eyes that meet your own gaze and almost make it retreat back into itself. Add to that one of the most authoritative voices this side of James Mason, one that nearly makes you sit at attention just listening on the phone and a presence that conveys a kind of British Parliament nobility, and the end product is one of the most distinct personages ever to mark the American musical scene.

It was in Memphis in the mid-1950's, while running a little hole-in-the-wall studio, that Sam began expressing a vague, tentative hope of finding a white man who could sing like a black man. In one of those stranger-than-fiction quirks of fate, he quickly found him, and soon released a song of Elvis's that sounded like a hillbilly "race" record. It was also the first release of a new, shocking music that would soon be termed "rock and roll." Almost as soon as the record got its first spins, Sam was flooded with young hopefuls of the same ilk: Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Cash, Roy Orbison, Charlie Rich and Carl Perkins. Appearing literally overnight in every home in the country, Sun Records and its strange, but jubilant, new music soon dominated every conversation—pro, con or otherwise.

Perhaps a new kind of music would have sprung up somewhere else in the mid '50's; America was certainly ready for relief from the endless moon-June-croon banalities from Tin Pan Alley. But it took the South—where black and white cultures have always been much more intermingled than the rest of the country has ever realized—to fuse the two into a musical form that for the next several years would be the nearest thing we've ever had to a national music. And it took Sam Phillips, a man of whom even his worst critics have readily acknowledged his musical genius, to midwife this phenomenon into the homes of every American.

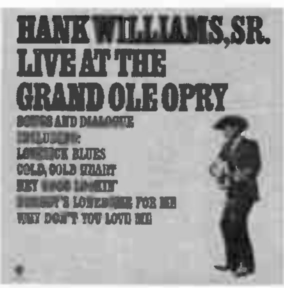
For all its incredible impact, though, the Sun Records chapter is perplexingly short. To the best of anyone's knowledge its last million seller was in 1959—just five years after Elvis first walked into Phillips's studio at 706 Union. One by one the artists Sam had created left for greener pastures. And for reasons not completely understood, Sam never again attracted the talent he had in the '50's, nor was he able or willing to put his old energies and talents back into his creation.

JOHN PUGH

World Radio History

legendary hits of a legendary star

HANK WILLIAMS



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World Radio History

People, Places and Things
Soul Of Today's Sound

Photo: Courtesy Douglas B. Green

Old Time String Bands Fused Basic Sounds Of Fiddle, Guitar, Banjo And Mandolin

Shortly after the turn of this century a phenomenon arose in the southeast: the birth of the string band. While previously the fiddler pretty much played alone—sometimes with a five string banjo for accompaniment—suddenly new instruments were made available to the mountaineers, and were quickly adapted to their fiddle tunes: the guitar from black railroad workers, the mandolin from the mandolin orchestras so widely and successfully popularized by the Gibson mandolin and guitar company, and the string band from jazz and popular music. All became staples of the string band sound.

Yet there were regional variations as well: the string bands of North Carolina continued to rely heavily on the five string banjo, producing some of the most influential innovators—including Earl Scruggs—on that instrument, while down in Texas they continued to adapt jazz instruments and sounds, the fiddle band music evolving in a few short years into western swing. In Georgia multiple fiddlers were commonplace, while the harmonica—a la the Crook Brothers—was fashionable in middle Tennessee.

The first country music on record was, in fact, a fiddler (Eck Robertson), and while much attention was paid to singing stars in the early years of recorded country music—Bradley Kincaid, Vernon Dalhart, Jimmie Rodgers, the Carter Family, Gene Autry—the string band tradition remained strong, with groups like Gid Tanner and the Skillet Lickers, Clayton McMichen's Georgia Wildcats, the Leake County Revelers, Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers, the Beverly Hillbillies, and Arthur Smith and the Dixie Liners.

As country music became more and more diversified, fewer and fewer "hits," came out of the string band tradition, but three such groups were, in the late 1930s, able to maintain both widespread popularity and an old-timey sound: Mainer's Mountaineers (and subsequent bands led by both J.E. and Wade Mainer), Roy Acuff's Smoky Mountain Boys, and Bill Monroe's Blue Grass Boys.

What they had in common was, in the age of increasing emphasis on singing, powerful and distinctive singers in Acuff, Monroe, and Wade Mainer. Still, time was not on the side of this archaic form.

DOUGLAS B. GREEN

Gospel: Steadiness In Midst Of Change—A Quiet Music Grows

Of all the many forms of music spawned by the South, none is more pervasive than gospel music. From the Piedmont to the Plains, from the bluegrass to the bayou, the music which first emanated from the little rural churches of the Bible Belt, still reverberates today in gleaming new coliseums. The message, however, is changeless. In a region where life has always been hard, often fruitless, and the economy cruelly unpredictable, the hope of a better life to come, if only one can endure this one, has always found a responsive chord.

Few other names have struck this chord as resoundingly as John Daniel Sumner and the Stamps Quartet. Sumner started singing in his native Florida in his late teens. He gradually moved up the ladder until 1954 when the famed Blackwood Brothers had a disastrous plane crash, killing two of their members. Sumner then joined the Blackwoods as bass singer. In 1964 he and James Blackwood purchased the Stamps Music Company, the Stamps Music School and the Stamps Quartet. The Stamps name was one of the oldest in gospel music, having been going for some 40 years previous. Sumner put the quartet on the road, with himself as its absentee manager, while he continued to tour with the Blackwoods. After two years of this taxing arrangement, Sumner joined the Stamps permanently. Almost immediately the Stamps name again became one of the biggest in gospel music.

This was due to two factors: 1) Sumner's unique, incredible talents, and 2) his ceaseless labors and constant innovation. As for his talent, Sumner is billed as the World's Lowest Bass Singer. Bill Baize, a former member of the Stamps, recalled, "At one recording session J.D. sang two notes below the lowest note on the piano. I checked it myself and still couldn't believe it. On the playback it shook the walls of the studio."

J.D. Sumner

Sumner's Stamps have been Elvis Presley's backup group since 1971. "Every show, every TV appearance, every recording, we'd be with Elvis," said Bill Baize. "Out in Las Vegas we'd even sing for him sometimes in his penthouse after the show. Elvis has a bigger library of gospel records than I do. He's always said his ambition in growing up was to be in a gospel quartet."

Ironically, Sumner is far more revered and venerated in gospel music than many of the Country Music Hall of Fame enshrinees are in their field. "I don't really know why that's so," said Shirley Enoch, Sumner's daughter, "unless it's because people in gospel music have all struggled together for so long.

After some 35 years Sumner's struggles have helped bring gospel music—a uniquely Southern phenomenon—into worldwide prominence.

JOHN PUGH

World Radio History

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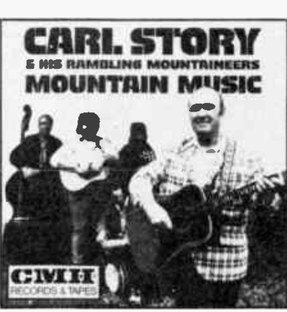

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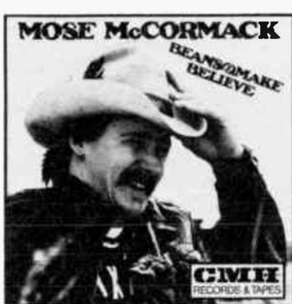

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World Radio History

People, Places and Things

The Cult Of Personality

The King Of The Hillbillies Rolls With The Blows

Country music seemed, for a time at least, to have been inordinately fond of royalty, and it may have all begun in the 1940s when Dizzy Dean dubbed Roy Acuff "King Of The Hillbillies," later updated with changing times to "King of Country Music."

It is a title Acuff still bears, although more in the role of elder statesman than that of recordseller or crowdpuller. Yet at the time of its bestowal it couldn't have been truer, for country music in the 1940s was suffering much the same kind of identity crisis we tend to think of as a modern phenomenon. Just look at the biggest sellers of the period: Gene Autry's love ballads had a decidedly pop feel; Bob Wills' Texas Playboys strove to be and indeed were a country big band, and Spade Cooley had become country music's answer to Guy Lombardo; honky-tonk—especially Al Dexter—was big but foreign to countrified ears.

And then there was Roy Acuff, who racked up hit after hit with a simple, plaintive, earnest, ultra-sincere, pure southeastern mountain sound: *Wabash Cannonball*, *Great Speckled Bird*, *Pins and Needles*, *Fireball Mail*, *The Precious Jewel*, and a score of others.

In a sense it was a timeless Appalachian sound, and yet in another it presaged the southeastern sound revival of the early 1950s, a movement broken open by a young Alabamian who early in his career made every effort to sound like Roy Acuff, focussing on that intensity and emotion: Hank Williams. Yet the man who brought this "singing with feeling" to the Opry turned to music only after a sunstroke and subsequent relapses ruled out a career in professional baseball.

And it was widely thought that Acuff was the first singer or singing star to grace the Opry stage, yet this is quite a different thing than the elusive quality of "singing with feeling." In point of fact he was predated by such varied singers as the Delmore Brothers and the Vagabonds.

Still, once a member of the cast he quickly became its biggest attraction, and his impact was tremendous throughout the 1940s. In fact, in addition to all the aspiring singers he influenced throughout the years, he also inspired a whole generation of steel guitarists, many of whom assumed from hearing him on radio and record, that it was he who played the Dobro. It was, actually, played by his sidekick of just about forty years now, "Bashful Brother Oswald," (Beecher Kirby).

Acuff has today mellowed into a gentle patriarch, surveying his farflung kingdom sometimes with delight, sometimes with distress, sometimes with a kind of wistful resignation. His dignity and bearing continue to make his title a meaningful one: the crown still fits after all these years.

DOUGLAS B. GREEN

Roy Acuff — Photo: Courtesy Douglas B. Green

Hank Williams — Photo: Courtesy CMF

The Sad, Sad Song Of Hank Williams, The Greatest Of Them All

Although 24 years have passed since Hank Williams died, his songs still appear on the charts, recorded by today's stars, and by himself as well.

Hank sang and wrote songs that spoke to the common man, in much the same way as Jimmie Rodgers' music did. And he drew heavily from the blues, as Jimmie Rodgers did, combining those blues with the country music which Rodgers helped create. However, Hank's music was much more despairing than Rodgers'. In the song *Lost Highway*, for example, Williams described himself as being all alone and lost, paying for a life of sin—at the age of 23. In one of his most popular hits, *I'll Never Get Out Of This World Alive* (released, ironically, just before his death), Williams finds nothing to feel good about; his fishing pole broke, the creek's full of sand, his woman ran away with another man, etc. In *Lonesome Whistle*, he is a convict doomed to stay in prison until his body is just a shell. There were a few songs about good times, such as *Hey, Good Lookin'* and *Settin' The Woods On Fire*. But they were only a few.

Hank was born September 15, 1923, in Georgiana, Ala. In his early years, spent in Montgomery, Ala., he helped earn money for his family, and some say that while he was shining shoes and selling peanuts on the street he absorbed much of the bluesy music of Negro street singers. Certainly his lyrics reflect that influence, but his singing style even more so. It was even-tempoed, intense, compelling. He never messed with the tempo, but let a song unfold naturally in a way that too few singers do.

Unfortunately, Hank drank heavily. After a while, he began not showing up for performances, went on the stage too drunk to sing, and in general became unreliable—a situation which the Opry terminated by firing him after many warnings.

By late 1952, there was talk of a comeback with the Opry (his record sales were still strong despite the split), but death intervened on New Years Day, 1953, while he was en route to a performance at Canton, Ohio.

Perhaps the greatest contribution Hank made was in bringing country music out of its hillbilly niche and onto the national scene. At the height of his career, song after song written by him were big hits recorded by pop performers—*Cold, Cold Heart*, *Hey, Good Lookin'*, *You Win Again*, *Half As Much*, *Your Cheatin' Heart* and others. But he also left in country music a stronger element of blues than had been there before, along with a receptivity to drums and other instruments that country bands typically did not use before his time. Thus, it can be said that he helped pave the way for the rockabilly and rock explosions which followed him.

ART MAHER

World Radio History

GREAT COUNTRY

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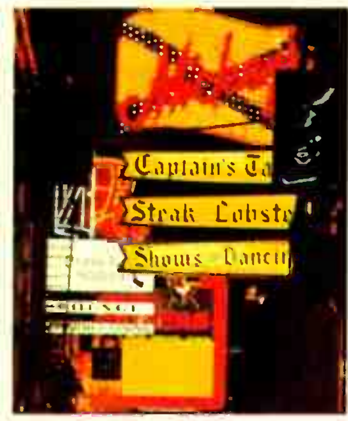
People, Places and Things

Nashville Cats and Sour Mash



Photos: Leonard Kamsler

Nashville scenes

How A Sleepy Little City In Tennessee Got To Be The Country Music Capital

Most first time visitors to Nashville's Music Row are a little, well, disappointed. Sure there's the stately majesty of the Country Music Hall of Fame, the early-bordello splendor of Tree International, the imposing facades of BMI and ASCAP, and the dark imperiousness of the United Artists' tower.

But then there's the magnificently seedy Country Corners tavern, and a whole host of offices which are clearly no more than barely converted residences—in fact, it has become a bit of reverse chic to have just such an old house converted into office space.

And there is more than a bit of history behind this approach, for it was in just such a house that Music Row, and by extension Music City itself, began.

Well, almost. Most of the early music action in town centered around the old WSM studios downtown—it was there the first studio recordings were done in the early 1940s in the WSM studios, and it was nearby that three WSM engineers used their spare time to build Nashville's first real studio, Castle Studios, in the mid-1940s where much of the early great recording took place.

But the real impetus came when a popular bandleader and his guitar playing brother—Owen and Harold Bradley, respectively—decided to fill the obvious void by building a studio for recording not only records, but films for that hot new media, television, as well.

They built their first studio not on Music Row but on the second floor of the Teamster's Union office at Second and Lindsley. The year was late 1952, and the location didn't last long. The Teamsters, knowing a good thing when they saw it, tripled the rent on the Bradleys, so they moved the following year to a small building on 21st Ave. South behind Hillsboro Village. The place is now Acme School Supply, but in its heyday a host of sessions for Mercury, Dot, and Decca were cut there.

Still, the ceilings were too low, the space too limited, and the sound not first rate. Finally, Decca A&R man Paul Cohen (elected to the Country Music Hall of Fame last fall) considered moving the brunt of their recording to Dallas, so Owen Bradley (1974's Hall of Famer) promised to build a new studio if Decca would guarantee him 100 sessions per year. The agreement was made, and a search for a new location was on.

Sixteenth Avenue South was finally chosen, and a quonset hut put up in back of—you guessed it—an old home on this quiet residential street.

Although a large modern building now has been constructed around it, from the insid Columbia's Studio B still is very obviously the old quonset hut with modern equipment added.

DOUGLAS B. GREEN

The Grand Ole Opry Revealed: The Mother Church Of Country Music Really Isn't

There are two cherished myths about the Grand Ole Opry: first that it began in November of 1925 with a broadcast by a bearded old fellow named Uncle Jimmy Thompson; and second, that it was named in 1927, when, in the words of the program's originator, Judge George D. Hay, he opened what was then called the "Barn Dance Program" following a program of classical music with the words: "For the past hour we have been listening to music largely taken from Grand Opera, but from now on we will present the Grand Ole Opry!"

Opry scholar Charles K. Wolfe has pretty much debunked both these myths in his *The Grand Ole Opry: The Early Years*, but the basic outline is still there. Since late in 1925 WSM has presented a Saturday night barn dance which has become the longest running show in radio history, a show and a name which have become synonymous with country music worldwide.

It was not always so: starting a year behind the WLS National Barn Dance, it took the Opry two decades to catch up with the popularity of that show, which from its Chicago base boomed out across the prairies and Canada as well as the southeast. Both shows began with a romanticized rural format, a sort of deliberate nostalgia approach designed to strike vivid memories of real barn dances, apple peelings, and quilting bees long before World War I and the jazz age. Musicians who normally came to the WSM studio in suits (and this included nearly all of them) were posed in bib overalls, slouching on weather beaten porches or drinking from jugs in cornfields. Clearly, the Opry was image-conscious from the very beginning.

Still, this format outlived its purpose within a few years. In the fast paced modern era of radio and record, songs, sounds and singers—and fiddle tunes—wore thin quickly. In the early 1930s the Opry shifted gears, away from the string bands to singing stars: The Delmore Brothers, the Vagabonds, the Missouri Mountaineers, Asher and Little Jimmy Sizemore, Zeke Clements, and others. They fumbled for some time before finding the singer who caught on, and he did it with a vengeance: he was Roy Acuff, and his tremendous success opened the doors for many to come, including Bill Monroe, Ernest Tubb, Eddy Arnold, Cowboy Copas, Red Foley, and, in 1949, Hank Williams.

The Opry reigned supreme during the 1940s and early 1950s, and although it weathered the explosion of rock with difficulty, it at least managed to survive, which the National Barn Dance and the Louisiana Hayride did not. In the 1960s it began to acquire a kind of reverse chic, the funky, churchlike old Ryman *(Continued from page 64)*

World Radio History

How Chet Atkins Created The 'Nashville Sound' And Why He's Got The Blues

"Oh, it just seems kind of boring nowadays," Chet Atkins sighed one afternoon, leaning one high, bony cheekbone on his hand without even a perfunctory glance at the rows and rows of new album releases lined up on the floor behind him. "Used to be there was always somebody exciting and interesting coming around—like Bobby Bare or Waylon. Now you hardly ever hear anybody different."

Atkins' pensive diagnosis of the sluggish condition the country music condition is in, cannot be dismissed as merely the post middle-age ennui of a world reknowned guitarist and record producer who is prone to describe himself as having achieved everything he ever wanted out of life.

For the past two and a half decades Atkins has been mostly idolized, although these days he is increasingly castigated, for creating The Nashville Sound.

The Nashville Sound, which has dominated country music without hiatus for almost 20 years, first emerged in recognizable form in the early 60's in a band Atkins led at Nashville's Carousel Club in Printer's Alley. At that time it was startling and innovative music. Very different from the strident, harsh sounds of the early country bands with their screeching fiddles, this group played with an easy-going tensionless feel and a loose, flowing rhythm. Sans fiddles, the group had three guitars, playing a rock and roll beat, bass,

Photo: Marshall Fallwell

Chet Atkins

drums, and the cool, uptown garnish of Floyd Cramer's piano.

This music was an off-spring both of the sociology of the budding Nashville music scene and of Atkins' own far-flung musical proclivities. In early Nashville days most session work was knocked out by a tight-knit group of self-taught musicians who played together so often they learned, almost subconsciously, to anticipate each other's moves. This resulted in a unique, informal style.

A key figure in this unit was Atkins, sporting a rocky history of bucking the prevailing string band orthodoxy. As a young guitarist who considered Jimmie Rodgers "all right, but a little too simple for my tastes," he had received his first bolt of inspiration from the pop chord progressions and harmonies of artists like Benny Goodman. In the mid-40's he was repeatedly fired from jobs for being too modern. "I played the type of music I wanted to play," he once wrote, "and to heck with the public." LOLA SCOBEY

The Whiskey That Conquered The South: Even Jerry Lee Lewis Sang For Jack Daniels

Jack Daniel, a very real person, was born Jasper Newton Daniel, tenth child of Calaway and Lucinda Cook Daniel, on September 5, 1846, in a cabin in Franklin County, (Tenn.) He died in Lynchburg on October 9, 1911.

He was an odd little man. In 1864, the year of his father's death, Jack reached his full adult height of 5'2". He was also settled into a singular manner of dress: formal slacks, vest, white shirt, bow tie, knee-length frock coat, and Mexican-style wide-brim hat banded with the skin of a diamond-back rattler he had killed. Most importantly he had also become, at that callow age of 18, the absolute living master of the Lincoln County process of making sour mash whiskey. (The Lincoln County process, which centered on the filtering of whiskey through charcoal before aging it, was invented in the early 1820s by Alfred Eaton of Tullahoma.)

Shortly before his 19th birthday, Jack Daniel moved his whiskey-making operation to the Cave Spring Hollow, on the outskirts of Lynchburg. He was attracted by the iron-free limestone water that ran at a constant 56° year-round. It is this water, more than anything else, that gives Jack Daniel's its taste.

There are three brands of Jack Daniels: Old No. 7 Black Label (aged five years), Old No. 7 Green Label (aged four years) and Lem Motlow (aged one year, legal only in Tennessee and Georgia). No one knows the derivation of the name Old No. 7, but it is known that two other brands preceded it: Belle of Lincoln and Old Fashioned.

Jack Daniel's has been praised by famous men: Humphrey Bogart, Winston Churchill, William Faulkner, John Nance Garner, Uncle Dave Macon, Prince Ranier of Monaco, Frank Sinatra and many others. Jerry Lee Lewis even recorded a tribute to it in 1973, *Jack Daniel's (Old No. 7)*.

The demand for Jack Daniel's far exceeds the supply. The company claims their yearly output could be sold in California alone. It is inevitable that the distillery will expand its operation someday. When I asked the folks why there is such an indepth ad campaign for a product whose supply has never met its demand, I was told that its purpose was to nurture a new clientele in case the distillery expands in the next decade.

If you want to visit Lynchburg, do it soon. Each year the town grows more tourism-minded, more calculatedly quaint.

NICK TOSCHES

Photo: Courtesy Jack Daniels

The Jack Daniel Distillery in Lynchburg, Tenn.

World Radio History

Georgia On Their Minds

Phil Walden and friend Jimmy Carter. (Inset) Capricorn rocks.

Phil Walden And Capricorn Records: The Godfather Of Boogie And His New Home For An Old Music

The Southern family headquarters these days are in the sleepy southern outpost of Macon, Ga. The city is, at first glance, the ideal sort of place to be from—a faded childhood memory of fried chicken picnics and hand-cranked peach ice cream; all on a manicured lawn without ants. The gentility of the Old South rustles up and down the tree-shrouded streets like the first breeze of a July afternoon, needing only a smiling Rhett Butler to complete the tableau.

But Rhett Butlers are in short supply these days, and the remaining illusions are thoroughly shattered in a converted slaughterhouse on Cotton Avenue. That particular slaughterhouse, along with the next-door brownstone and a well-appointed studio just across town, are the home digs of Capricorn Records, one of the largest independent record producers in the world and the prime evangelists of Southern music. From this casual home base have flowed the frenetic, white boy blues of the Allman Brothers and the down-home country funk of the Marshall Tucker Band; the hard-edged bar boogie of Wet Willie and the oh-so-sweet Southern soul music of Otis Redding, all to the tune of some $43 million last year alone.

Capricorn Records, with unreconstructed Southerner Phil Walden at the helm, has ramrodded the revival of Southern music into something of a national mania, leaving the sleepy streets of Macon littered with a few long-haired millionaires along the way.

All of which Walden tends to dismiss with a snort. Southern music, he says, has been around a long, long time, and it's still going to be around when some other musical phase has captured the hearts and minds of the record-buying public.

"This is not a new phenomenon," he says, leaning back in his overstuffed chair and surveying his 18th Century antique desk. "The music has always been there. The phenomenon is that now it's being done down here. People—musicians—are remaining in Southern communities to record and perform. We've got a base here now."

What he doesn't say is how hard that base came. While the music may have its roots in Southern soil, its profits have a way of creeping north.

Rock and roll, as was the rest of Southern music, was too big to keep south of the Mason-Dixon line. There was no base, no large scale recording industry in the South; no big playing clubs to groom new acts; no real outlets for performers with new ideas; no place to work. For many of the same reasons, the blues had forsaken their beloved Beale Street in Memphis for the more electrified haunts of Chicago and Detroit. Jazz had already moved to Kansas City, and even the hillbilly music of the mountains had spread through Nashville to the scattered southern ghettos in cities to the north.

But the musical crucible of the South refused to rest on its laurels. Even as Sam Phillips and Elvis Presley were hammering out rockabilly in Memphis, the very same forces were grinding away in slow-moving Macon. Over a sink full of dirty dishes at the Greyhound Bus Station, a dishwasher named Little Richard was busy writing a song called *Tutti Frutti* and would soon do a little world-shaking on his own. While Presley and Little Richard got ready to rock through the 50s, another black Macon singer by the name of James Brown was already laying the groundwork for the next great musical step—the modern-era soul music that would soon, ironically, make Detroit a recording center.

By the end of the musically frenetic decade of the 1950s another Macon figure was, in a small way, beginning to make himself felt. A teenaged Phil Walden had wandered across the railroad tracks separating gentile Macon from the sleezy black beer clubs and the gritty black soul music and was soon managing a black band of his own.

But Walden's band kept be-

(Continued from page 64)

Atlanta And The Fox Follies—Where A Dedicated Band Of Malcontents Save An American Institution

The same phone company which brings you the voice of your Aunt Harriet every Sunday night was going to be the villain here. Seems as though Atlanta's Fox Theatre, one of the few still-living monuments to live American entertainment, was being coveted by Southern Bell Telephone as a site for a new regional office complex.

Now, this is not just any old theater. This is the Fox—second largest theater in the United States. Site of the "Gone With the Wind" premiere way back when. Priceless Moorish architecture. Genuine Southern Americana, with only one catch. Lately the Fox has begun to feel the urban decay pinch. The Fox, left to adapt to the tastes of the new midtown-Atlanta society, was forced to find other means of survival—music.

By the early 1970s the Fox had gone from classy movie house to even classier music hall, and Atlanta's midtown area, full of astrology readers and aging hippies with a strong aesthetic sense, was up in arms at the thought of an impending wrecking ball.

Eventually, these folks convinced several Atlanta banks to spring for a loan to a new foundation known as Atlanta Landmarks, whose sole purpose was to "Save the Fox." Proceeds from Fox events were earmarked to pay off the principal.

It's been over a year since that gesture, and the Fox is not only alive but healthy. Top musical artists appear there on a regular basis.

Under the stewardship of music promoter Alex Cooley—whose "Save the Fox" benefit concerts helped to do exactly that—the future looks downright rosey.

RUSSELL SHAW

World Radio History

There's a time-honored quality of life that's alive and kicking in the Blue Ridge mountains around Spartanburg, South Carolina (not coincidentally the home of The Marshall Tucker Band...). CAROLINA DREAMS, *their brand new album on Capricorn Records, is a musical tribute to that tradition. It's a rollicking, exuberant, heartfelt celebration of living, loving, of home and family.*

There's no doubt about it. Home Sweet Home never sounded so good.

Produced by Paul Hornsby

World Radio History

Bluegrass And Boogie

The Allman Brothers Band

The Allman Brothers: Music For The People

Twenty-two-year-old Florida raised Duane Allman was working as a sessions musician at Rick Hall's Fame Studios in Muscle Shoals, Ala., when Phil Walden, manager of the late Otis Redding, picked him to be the leader of a rock band that would be the centerpiece of his new Macon-based Capricorn Record label.

Allman was a remarkably versatile guitarist who had been a vital element in hundreds of sessions with artists from Aretha Franklin to Lulu, but his heart and soul were wrapped up in blues and all its manifestations. His brother Gregg, whom he summoned from California, had a similar grounding; while Dicky Betts, whom Duane wanted for second lead guitar, had a broader range of influences that included Django, Reinhard and Hank Williams. Together with Bassist Berry Oakley and drummers Jaimoe Johanson and Butch Trucks, they created a fusion of styles which had common roots in a depressed agrarian economy. Duane, Gregg, Dicky and the rest embodied a love, understanding of music that expressed and in some ways relieved the realities of life lived and pleasures seized at the bottom line.

Black and white, blues and country met in a new definition of rock and roll. The band utilized ensemble playing and extended solos to create a driving intensity that they refused to dilute, through staging, costumes or contrived sex appeal. Instead, they flat out played, giving each gig their all, driving to dates from one end of the country to the other, spending most of three years on the road. They built a loyal following in the South, the West and the East, and with the release of their live Fillmore album (a two-record set which captured the power of the band as its first two studio albums had not) they achieved a million selling headliner status they deserved.

The success of the Allman Brothers band opened up a new world of possibilities for Southern musicians whose previous routes to respectability involved the cutting of hair, the wearing of J-pressed slacks and the playing of specific licks. The fact that the ABB had made it on their own terms was crucial to the careers of such Southern rock bands as Lynyrd Skynyrd, Marshall Tucker, ZZ Top and Wet Willie. Less acknowledged is the influence the Allmans had on more country-based artists like Gary Stewart, who learned slide playing from Duane's records; and a number of Nashville musicians who have picked up on Dicky (now Richard) Betts' distinctive riffs, seen in an especially interesting context on his country oriented solo album, **Highway Call.**

The deaths of Duane Allman and Berry Oakley brought pianist Chuck Leavell and bassist Lamar Williams into the group. Like drummer Jaimoe, they wanted to steer the band more towards jazz while Richard and Gregg worked to preserve what they saw as the group's original and proper country-blues-rock orientation. Their best albums (**Eat a Peach, Brothers and Sisters**) were made after Duane's death, but all members' missed his inspiration and direction. The controversy surrounding Gregg's testimony in the court trial involving a former employee and friend was the ostensible cause of the band's 1976 break-up, but the split had been a long time coming. The music made and the example set by the Allman Brothers Band in their seven years of existence, however, continue to be an important influence on American music.

TOM NOLAN

The Father Of Bluegrass Music

In its own way, Bill Monroe's bluegrass music was as revolutionary in the 1930's as Elvis Presley's was in the '50s. He took the instruments and the emotions of oldtime string band music, combined them with the rhythms of black country blues, added his exciting driving beat, and created a new music. It was still country music—especially in the themes of the songs he sang—but it was a new kind of country music. Bill Monroe's insistence on technical perfection from his musicians and his unyielding emphasis on proper timing set standards for hosts of musicians who followed him—musicians as disparate as Earl Scruggs and Bob Dylan and even Elvis Presley.

But most important, Bill Monroe's music—called bluegrass, after his band, the Bluegrass Boys—touched people. It brought beauty and art to people whose lives were sorely in need of it. Bill Monroe enriched lives, and that is perhaps the most valuable gift one person can give to another.

M. HUME

Merle Travis revolutionized country guitar techniques with his distinctive picking style. He remains one of the great masters of picking.

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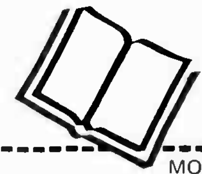

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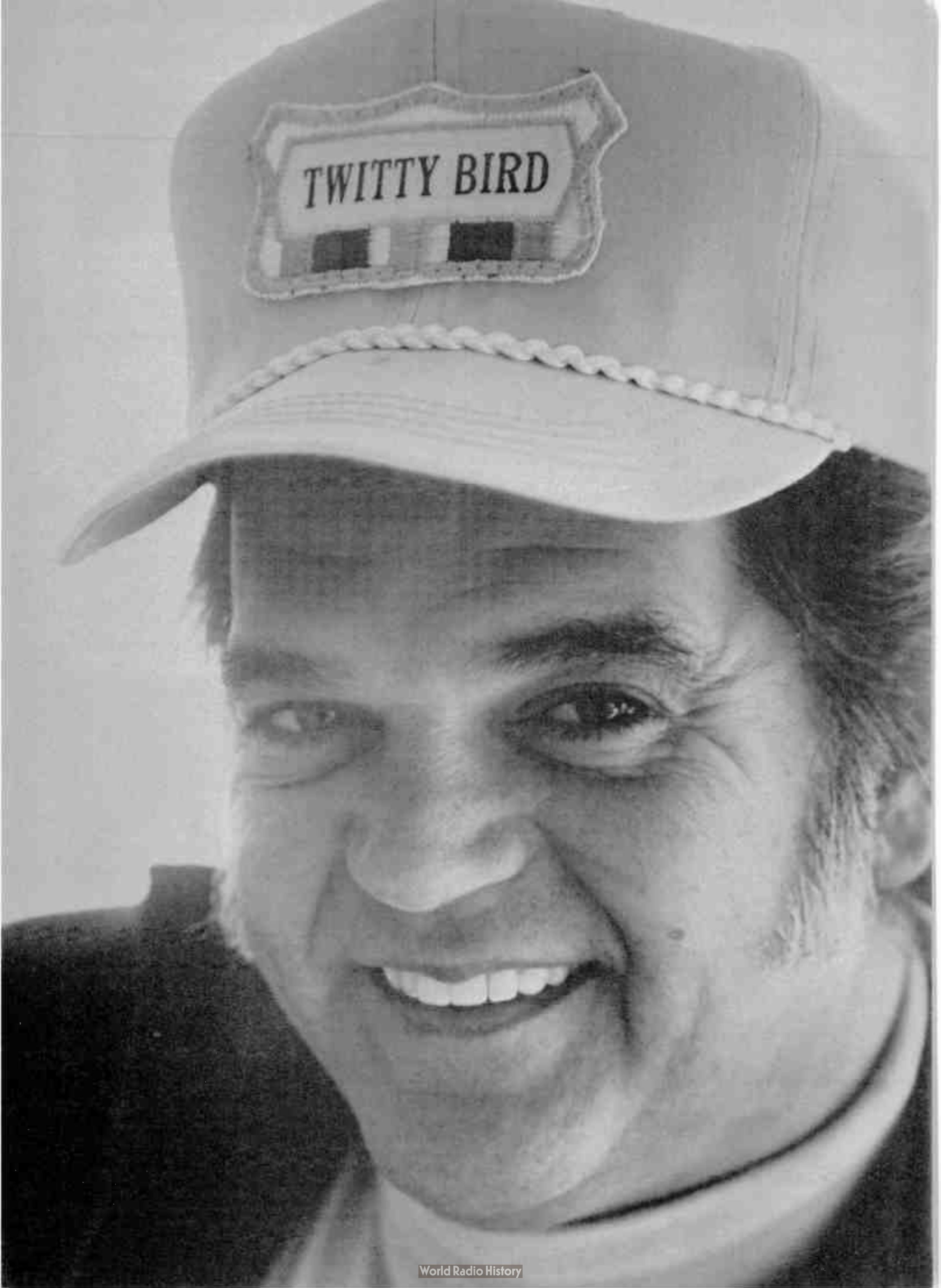

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CONWAY TWITTY
Sexy Songs And Good Deeds Keep Him On Top

When country music mated with blues, it spawned the likes of the 1950's Conway—the Rockabillies. Today he sings more sedate country songs, but he can still whip an audience into an almost religious frenzy.

by JOHN PUGH

Conway Twitty could kick himself. He would be on the road Thanksgiving Day, so he scheduled Thanksgiving dinner with his family the day before. Now, relaxing in a dressing room after a typically hectic day of producing one of his artists for Conway Twitty Productions, then dashing out to Opryland for a 3½-hour TV taping, he is savoring the thought of a day—a whole day—just being with his wife of some 20 years and their four children. Then an aide reminds him that he has a recording session set for tomorrow. And there's absolutely no way he can postpone it. "For goodness sake," sighs Conway. "What am I going to tell Mickey?" What, indeed, is he going to tell his wife who has been through two decades of seeing her man gone four and five months at a time during one stretch of his career; seeing him come in off the road and then be up and gone by eight a.m. the next day on another round of the office, the studio, the talent agency; waiting up until two or three in the morning to have a little time alone with her man? How is he going to tell her that she and the kids will have to eat yet another Thanksgiving dinner by themselves because this time he simply forgot? And as he makes his weary way to his waiting bus, he realizes there *is* no way he can begin to explain, least of all going into another this-is-the-price-of-success spiel.

Perhaps there has never been a harder working artist in country music than Conway Twitty (although Porter Wagoner and Loretta Lynn are two others that come immediately to mind). Or an artist who cared more for his fans. Or who was more interested in other people, particularly those who have been helpful in his career. Or was more humble. Or more grateful. Or more considerate. And so on and on.

Just about everybody associated with him has a favorite story about how Conway helped him out when he didn't know where he would turn, or got him started, or repayed him tenfold for some small favor years back. And the wire services are periodically picking up some story about how Conway went to some crippled girl's bedside and sang to her for 30 minutes. And you can see him after the show signing autographs, posing for pictures, answering the same questions for the millionth time ("Do you have any children?" "Where do you go from here?" "Where did you get that suit?"), being besieged from all sides with the same things he was besieged with the night before and will be tomorrow night, yet not only never giving the slightest hint that he isn't enjoying every minute, but making each encounter, if only for three seconds, seem to mean something personal to him. Or you can see him in the dressing room before a show, the time when all performers insist on being alone so they can psyche themselves up. And someone brings in a local girl singer, who wants him to tell her what he thinks of her chances, the kind of girl who has talent, to be sure, but not any more than the thousands of others, the kind of nice, young, pretty, starry-eyed girl he's had to listen to hundreds of times before. And yet he sits and talks with her for some 30-40 minutes, sincerely interested, telling her like it is without either overly encouraging or discouraging her, and then strumming accompaniment while she sings him a couple of her numbers. And you can just hear her down at the club for the next three months saying, "Here's a song I sang for Conway Twitty when he came to Veterans Coliseum." It is the thrill of her young life.

All in all, it is a rewarding, fulfilling life for the biggest single act in country music. It just doesn't allow him to carve the turkey and watch the football game too often.

Conway is at a loss to explain the origins of his Dudley Do-Right philosophy. He has several inspirational slogans in his office, the kind that read, "Men Never Fail. They Simply Quit Trying," but he claims never to have read a single book on positive thinking, mind dynamics or self-motivation. As a boy he was told by a man he would "never be anything but a snotty-nosed Jenkins kid," and much has been made of the fact that this is the One Incident that has driven him all his life; not only to make something of himself, but, having been so humiliated in front of his boyhood friends, to be a sort of Sir Lancelot while doing it. Conway, however, downplays the whole story. "It did give me a certain impetus, and I remember it to this day," Conway said. "But, no, that's not what changed my life, or anything like that." Others say that since Conway never got a cent for all those rock hits ("I was just a kid, and when they stuck something in front of me and said, 'Sign this,' I signed it"), he resolved to treat people the way he had never been treated. Again, he discounts this.

Just somewhere along the way, without any particular evident, concrete, Road-to-Damascus revelation, Conway Twitty just decided to be the Frank Merriwell of country music. As saccharine and trite as it may sound, the importance of this should not be sneered at. Another artist, offering his philosophy, said, "I'm for me. *&$-* everybody else." The artist has had one hit. It will most likely be his last. Conway Twitty, family man, businessman, teetotaler, unfailingly generous, courteous and gentlemanly, has had 30-odd consecutive number one hits. "If you do right, it'll come back to you," said Conway.

What makes all this rather incongruous is that Conway's stock in trade has always been a kind of raunchy, lechering type of guy who wouldn't hesitate to take any woman he had half a shot at: the guy who sings of undressing innocent young things who've never been this far before, who lies in bed next to his wife with Linda on his mind, who slips off to a rendezvous

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Conway and family

"Every once in a while I'll get out some of those old tapes and they sound so strange . . . Sometimes I almost think it was somebody else back then."

with somebody else's wife because the fire's gone out at home. But the leading citizen of country music pulls it off without a hitch because nobody—absolutely nobody—can *emote* a man-woman feeling better than Conway Twitty. Going all the way back to his bobby sox idol days and *Only Make Believe* right on through *Hello, Darlin'* and on up to his most recent release, Conway has always been able to evoke both a simultaneous rush of unrestrained passion and an almost religious admiration. "It's almost like his fans are coming to church," said one promoter.

There have been some very memorable services. One promoter staged a kind of *This Is Your Life, Conway Twitty* show one night. In the middle of it, for reasons no one has ever understood, several thousand people got up out of their seats, made their way down to the stage and passed in review in front of Conway, no one ever saying a word, just walking by and looking up in a deathly quiet. When recalling it, everyone there speaks of its being exactly like a funeral, the way thousands of Russians silently file past the body of Lenin each day. It was undoubtedly the most unsettling experience Conway has ever had and he becomes almost speechless with awe when recalling it. He refuses to ever do a similar show again.

Or the time he first sang *Hello, Darlin'* on stage and encored seven times with the entire audience standing through all seven encores, then about 2000 of them again coming down to the stage, but this time in a mass hysteria; crying, screaming, calling his name over and over, Conway crying, himself, all the other entertainers drawn out of the dressing rooms back onto the stage by this delirious spectacle, culminating in Conway's finally collapsing onstage from the sheer emotion of it all.

And once when the light men put some red and white spotlights on him, a woman came charging onstage, screaming that, "He looks like a great big candy stick and I want to eat him."

"Things like that happen all the time," laughed Conway. "They throw bras up and everything. I always say, 'Hon, if you can fit this, I'd like to see you after the show!"

It is clear that about half the women in the country want to be ravished by the world's oldest Boy Scout. But this is not necessarily a contradiction. For all his prodigious swinging and legendary hedonism, Joe Namath, for example, has exactly the same characteristic: a—there's not another word for it—boyish quality that would make the lucky gal be sure to send him on his way the next morning with a good, hot bowl of Quaker Oats, the thing that caused a middle-aged woman, watching Joe on a talk show one night, to gush, "He's kind of cute." And when and if Conway ever comes on the same show, she's ten-to-one to say, "He seems like *such* a nice man." Even while Conway growls that his trembling fingers are reaching for a tender virgin's forbidden places.

Conway was born in Mississippi 43 years ago. He had two boyhood loves: baseball and country music. Deciding he couldn't compete with Ernest Tubb, Hank Snow and the rest of his lifelong idols, he decided to try his luck with the likes of Duke Snider and Robin Roberts, and signed a baseball contract with the Philadelphia Phillies. Before he could swing a single bat, Uncle Sam grabbed him and sent him to Korea. Upon landing back in the States in 1956, the first thing he heard was a jukebox record by Elvis Presley. "I may not be able to compete with Webb and Lefty, but I can do what this guy does," he thought. He quickly made his way to Elvis's launching pad of Sun Records in Memphis. He fooled around with Sun for six months, never got a contract, went to a couple of other places, then finally hit with *Only Make Believe*, one of the all-time greatest odes to broken-hearted young love ever, and became a bona-fide Teenage Idol. It was during this period he realized his given name Harold Jenkins would never cut it, and, while on the road one day, hit upon the idea of naming himself after the next two towns he drove through: a couple of places called Conway, Arkansas and Twitty, Texas.

Then after several years he went into a semi-decline, moved to Oklahoma City, played clubs around the Southwest and Midwest, until one day a promoter called him about singing country music. By this time Conway had decided he could compete with the best of them and so, as he is fond of saying, "One night I was singing rock, the next night country." And sitting out there in the audience, once again a quivering mass of the hots, were some of the same women, now married and with two kids, who, ten years ago, wore out disks of *Only Make Believe*, vowing that if only they had a nice boyfriend like Conway Twitty, they'd make sure he got all he ever wanted.

It is almost unnerving how often Conway speaks of "back in the rock days" as if it's something he finds hard to believe he ever did. "Every once in a while I'll get out some of those old tapes and they sound so strange," he said. "You know they came from you, but you can't remember them. Sometimes I almost think it was somebody else back then."

Which all means that Conway Twitty has come back home to his first love, not only just competing, but standing as one of its all-time superstars. And late of an evening, he talks about what it has all meant to him.

"Whatever I've done, it's only because I can communicate with people," he said. "But it's a two-way thing; you can do all you can, but if nobody on the other end perceives it, you haven't done your job. The way to get them to perceive it is to be *sincerely* interested in other people, to get past surface appearances and really inter-react with them. If you're interested in other people, you'll realize what you are, because they'll let you know. The way people in country music took me in told me I'm able to communicate with them. When they say, 'You don't know how much your records have meant to us,' that's what makes it all worthwhile."

And what makes all those Thanksgiving dinners in all those truck stops at lot easier to swallow. ■

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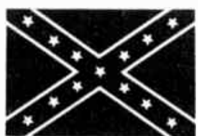
CHARLIE DANIELS
The Pride Of Tennessee

More than any other recent artist, Charlie Daniels has bridged the abyss between country and rock 'n' roll, and you can be sure when this good ole boy says *The South's Gonna Do It Again*, he purely means it.

By RUSSELL SHAW



Charlie Daniels is in a fight. Two men have him pinned to the floor of the dressing room. Eventually, though, the burly dude from Mt. Juliet, Tenn. uses his massive size to flip these two characters to the ground. A crew of band members and roadies, burping their way through a supply of post-concert cold cuts, cheers enthusiastically for their illustrious mentor. The winner, proud and cocksure, places his cowboy hat back on his head, and says, "Come on, boys, let's go to the bar."

We are in the pleasant town of Florence, S.C. for an appearance by the Charlie Daniels Band. Specific site for the 90 minutes or so of musical passion is a typical small Southern university that offers such momentous events approximately once a semester. Faithful fans all, their spirits bouyed by all kinds of boozes, the students pack the tiny gym. As befits Charlie's wide-ranging musical cues, the congregation alternatingly behaves like space brethren aloft on a guitar orbit, and, then, almost magically turns into a Confederate-flag waving whooping rabble, solidly affirming that *The South's Gonna Do It Again*.

The song is a regional testament to other bands coming out of the South, "All guys who are friends of ours and who we've worked with a lot." Says Charlie, "We feel just at home doing this song in front of a northern audience, because those folks will hear the names of all the people we talk about—Marshall Tucker, Lynyrd Skynyrd, ZZ Top, Richard Betts—and realize there's a common bond, a certain type of music coming out of this area which has universal appeal."

Right now, though, having worked their way up to a frenzy of energy, Charlie and buddies naturally opt for some good ole rastlin' as a way to blow off steam. Not that Charlie is a roughneck codger; he's just a big kid, in many different ways. And heck, the night's young. So while another band member sitting on a nearby stool makes initial contact with a young lady not of the local convent, Mr. Daniels, fresh from his little wrestling match, holds court with various underlings. Subject: the night ahead.

A few minutes later, we storm this pretty hip bar just a few minutes from the college. Instant, ego-swelling adulation greets us. Charlie, after all, is just not anonymous. He stands out in a crowd. He is L-A-R-G-E—the type of dude who is usually measured in acreage rather than feet, inches and pounds. Even if he wasn't famous, the couples at the tables would turn their heads and say, "Who is that? He's really big."

Given Charlie's unmistakable in-person charisma, he might have barely had to snap his fingers before a luscious lovely was at his feet. Yet Daniels, happily married, is not a child of temptation. He chose, however, to spend over an hour at the table of a young woman whose leukemia confined her to a wheelchair. We sat down and talked, and rambled, and joked. Please don't think that whole trip was out of the same mold as the familiar "athlete spends ten minutes in orphanage" schtick. Daniels was actually having a good time shucking and jiving with her. He knew that's where he wanted to be as soon as he heard of the lady, where she was sitting and her plight.

The wrestling match in the locker room and the behavior in the club should tell you quite a bit about this man. You may know him from records as a fairly high voiced, guitar-playing whiz who combines country and high-energy rock as few others have done. That's not the complete picture, though. Shoot, he's a crazy crudpunter. But more than that, he's a true giant, in character as well as physical bulk.

That massive frame was feasting on some scrumcious Chinese food as, in another incarnation of our travels with Charlie, we wolfed down egg foo yung in a Macon, Ga., Oriental restaurant. Here, no one seemed to recognize him. We're in an eatery frequented not by the musically conscious, but by Main Street, America, folk, who knowing that it is impolite to point, show little awareness of the star in their midst.

"Am I happy?" Chuckle, a deep-throated guffaw which is probably on register with the Copyright Office. "Shoot, yea. But if you think I'm happy about my new record, just let me catch a twenty pound catfish tomorrow and then you'll see what happy is."

Alas, after forty years, including thirteen toiling in dingy clubs and several more as a session player, Charlie Daniels is firmly established. "When I was young, I used to stand on top of a mountain and look down at Nashville," he says. "Well, now I'm older, and I haven't yet reached the top of the mountain, but I'm sure having fun climbing it." As we eat, another vital trek up the hillside is nearing completion; a forthcoming album, High Lonesome is being waxed at Macon's Capricorn Studios.

While never officially a part of the Capricorn Records scene (unless you want to count a recent Volunteer Jam LP), Charlie Daniels is well thought of by the normally parochial Macon music community. A fellow country-rock group, Marshall Tucker, befriended CDB on a joint tour a few years back and ". . . that's how I got to know all these people down here in Macon."

Of late, Daniels has been using the Tucker's longtime producer, Paul Hornsby. Charlie is a frequent fiddle-toting guest on many a live Tucker date, and once a year, all six Tuckerites, along with just about every other Dixie resident who has ever been recorded and who isn't touring, join Charlie in Murfreesboro, Tenn. for the Volunteer Jam.

Held on the campus of Middle Tennessee State University, 25 miles South of Nashville, the jam is a loosely structured day of mutual lick-trading, fueled by beer, cheered on by ten thousand drunken rowdies. Its constituency represents the musical consciousness of the New South; case after case of bootleg Coors, women in halter-tops hoisted on the shoulders of their scraggly-haired boyfriends, and, right or wrong, the undeniable odor of pot giving everybody a carefree high. Particularly, in such a Southern atmosphere, Daniels represents a big brother, a guru, perhaps even a Wise Man of Redemption of those students who, upon returning home, are grilled by worried parents about their smoking and sex habits. After all, Charlie is no Commie New Yawker out to recite wimpy surreal words to the impressionable audience, but just a good ole boy who is a little older, a little wiser, speaks the same language, and is worthy of emulation. It's much easier for a Southern youth to justify Daniels to his parents than, say, Dylan, the Rolling Stones, or

Photos: Leonard Kamsler

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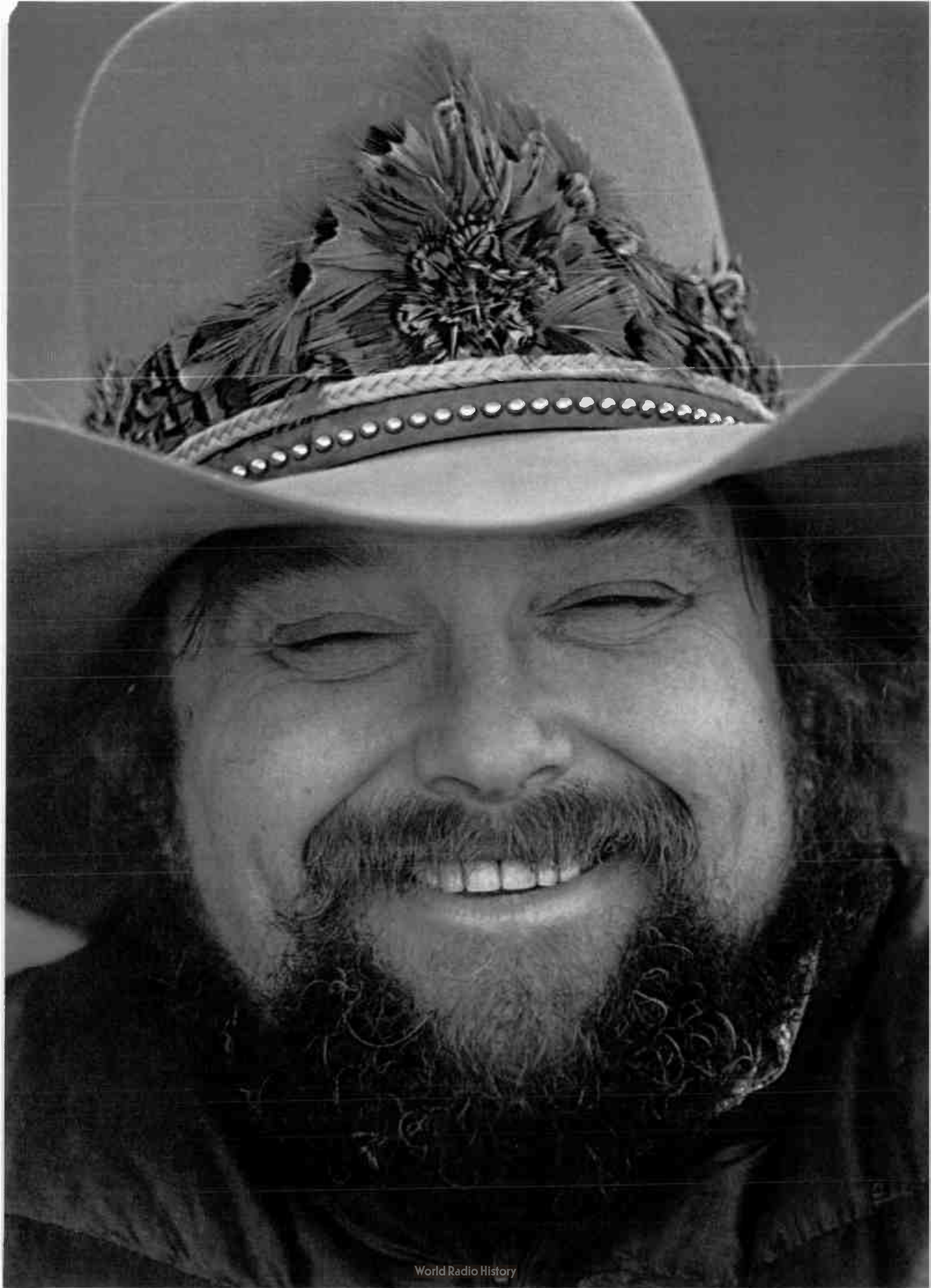

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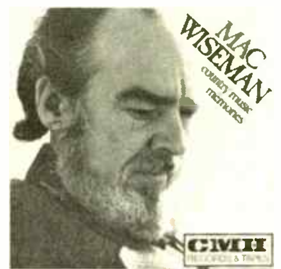

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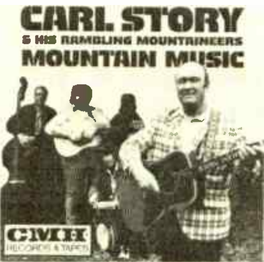

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the Beach Boys.

The climb to festival leader from anonymous sessionman has been long and hard, an upward jaunt which has given Charlie an often sardonic view of the music business. He doesn't hesitate to describe people responsible for career or artistic roadblocks in terms alluding to bodily functions. He does remember the early days, though, and seems to look back on them in triumph, as dues that will never have to be paid again.

"Ten years ago, I was in that club grind, playing just about every night. It was a way to make a living, but not something I wanted to do for my whole life. Then a friend of mine moved to Nashville and went to work for the Columbia Records operation, and got me in on some sessions.

"I did average as a session player. You must realize that I wasn't the first-called guitar player in Nashville—not like Reggie Young and folks like that. But I did get some work and have my share of good memories."

At the time, though, Charlie was growing restless. "I've always wanted a band, to be able to direct a musical situation. They have had freedom from the beginning, freedom to create out of a basic mold. I just try to play like me, to sing like I talk. The band has always had a role which fits into that."

Charlie with his newly-acquired troupe in tow, signed a low-profile deal with Capitol Records. It stiffed. "We were never one of their top priority projects," says Charlie.

Next came a deal with Buddah Records, an arrangement which caused doubts in the minds of many observers. This fine label, home for many of rock and soul music's big names, was not, in Daniels' words, "used to working country product." Despite this handicap, Charlie's career began to flourish. The CDB, on Buddah from 1972-75, first became a major commodity when the hilarious *Uneasy Rider*, to date the band's biggest hit single, was released. The story is familiar; a hippie's car breaks down in a Mississippi town where longhairs are not exactly welcomed with open arms. Our wayfarer is forced to take off his hat, which leads to ridicule, and a fight. Will his car be fixed while he still has a chance to escape? Can he outwit and outrun the hostile rabble?

Uneasy Rider was popularized well over three years ago, and things may have changed since then. Could *Rider* have been written today? Would a hippie still be scorned in a Mississippi bar, or would those patrons have pot in their own glove compartment? "I really don't know," shrugs Daniels. "I'll tell you this, though, we know that many of our listeners, who probably fit the mold of the uneasy rider, are forty-five year dudes with flattop haircuts and flattop trucks. We're sure of this; we can tell from the number of CB conversations we have with those folks when we are on the road in our bus. There's some guy, who you would think would consider anyone more radical than Bob Wills as a Communist, all of a sudden a hailin' us when he sees our big bus with the name of our band written all over it."

Now, our hero was in the catbird seat. He was already becoming a steady concert draw, being booked on many tours with other bands from the region. He was a hot commodity, one whose commercial potential was literally astounding. His appeal cut a wide swath across generations and life styles. Eventually, Epic Records won the bidding war for his services. As a further clue to the kind of guy he is, a key executive of another record company who had been in the bidding sweepstakes said, "Of course we would have gained a lot by getting him, but the guy's forty years old, and he's finally made it, and all of us here are really happy for him."

" . . . if you think I'm happy about my new record, just let me catch a twenty-pound catfish tomorrow and then you'll see what happy is."

The exec's statements are mirrored by the fact that nobody in this business dislikes Charlie. This is astounding considering that most other so-called Southern rock bands have at least one blood enemy among their colleagues—but not affable Charlie. His homey personality, unlike those of many other rock musicians, has never been ego-swelled by multi-fold cocaine rushes; your grandmother or mother would like the guy if they ever met him.

Composed largely of the elderly, a recent Grand Ole Opry crowd provided testament to that statement. "We got two encores from those people. They were willing to disregard our long hair and pay attention to the music. Among others, we played *Wichita Jail* and *The South's Gonna Do It Again.*"

Charlie Daniels, raconteur and occasional troubadour of the mobile dope culture, a hit at Opryland? "Those people realize they have to loosen up, for if they stay the way they are, they'll die with their fans. I'm not so sure those establishment country people are really willing to change except for survival, though. The mentality of certain country people are nearsighted and closed. It used to be that the people who had the top record in the country that week were automatically on the Opry. They are taking that away now; generally, you have to fit a certain mold to appear more than once. Did we sense hostility? If there was any, it sure wasn't with the audience. Those are the people who are putting money in my pocket."

His bankroll may indeed be a sea of green, but it hasn't affected him, not one tad. He hasn't assumed any of the trappings of the nouveau riche of music, who can be some of the most reprehensible personages on this planet. No, not Charlie, a likable person if you ever met one.

If the Charlie Daniels Band is headed towards your town, they most likely will be arriving in a huge private bus. There are bunk beds; a lush stereo system, a CB radio, and a radar detector. There's a complete sense of privacy, useful, for example, when one of the more sociable members of the entourage wants to entertain "guests." Local belles are often sequestered in the various rooms of the luxurious customized motorcoach.

Daniels, of course, plays no part in such games, preferring to sit up in front and chat with the bus driver. When the bus is parked at home in Mt. Juliet, "you might find me huntin.' I like to shoot guns. I hunt most everything—birds, fish, squirrels and deer.

"When I'm home, I like to spend time with my family. My wife's name is Hazel, and I have one son, Charles William, who is eleven. He's got a guitar, and he's learning to play it well."

All in all, Charlie Daniels is quite a remarkable man—hard, gritty and determined. He's not on a plateau of ego, fortunately. "We're no advance army of what's to come. Call us outcasts, but basically, we are just musicians."

At home in the forest, at million-dollar contract meetings in board rooms, and most of all on any stage planked up for him, Charlie's a complete human being, a true backwoods Renaissance man. And for sure, he's ridin' a lot easier. ■

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KITTY WELLS
The One And Only Queen Of Country Music

With her induction into the Country Music Hall of Fame last fall, Kitty Wells joined a select few artists who have shaped the course of modern country music. If you think she's content to rest on past laurels, think again.

by MARY ELLEN MOORE

Ask a group of country music fans who's the best female country artist around today and you'll most likely hear an unharmonious chorus of Dollys, Lorettas, Tammys and Emmylous. But interrupt that cacaphony and ask who's the queen of country music and the chorus will undoubtedly harmonize as even the most diehard Loretta and Emmylou followers sing out that there is only one Queen of Country Music—Kitty Wells.

It's a crown that Kitty wears gracefully as she moves through the years and the changes in country music with an air of dignity that makes the antics of some of today's artists look like so many kindergarten games. And when she was inducted into the Country Music Hall of Fame last fall, her acceptance speech was about the only touch of class at that night's event.

But despite having earned the highest honor for a country music artist, despite a career that has seen 23 of her records reach the number one spot, and despite one award after one honor after one distinction, Kitty Wells is not ready to retire to her plush home in Madison, Tenn. with husband Johnny Wright and memories. Although she speaks wistfully of preserving the sound of "down-to-earth country music," she's very much aware of the changes that have taken place since *It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels* made her country's first modern woman recording star in 1952—and she herself is taking part in those changes.

While some artists who have been around as long as Kitty are struggling against words like "charts" and "markets" to stay on record labels that they helped nurture—and in many cases losing that struggle—Kitty left the security of her lifetime recording career with Decca/MCA for the uncertainty of a fairly young rock label in Macon—Capricorn, home of Marshall Tucker and the now-defunct Allman Brothers.

"I went with Capricorn (in January, 1974)—they wanted to go into the country recording and I was the first artist they signed," recalls Kitty, who had been looking around for another label anyway. "They felt like I had a name and could get them really started in country. And I did record with the Allman Brothers and Marshall Tucker—members from each one of the groups—but they in turn tried to make their music sound like my style of music more than they did the rock sound."

The album, **Forever Young**, was not only a mixture of sounds including Dicky Betts of the Allman Brothers on dobro and Toy Caldwell of Marshall Tucker on acoustic and electric guitars with the unmistakable twang of Kitty Wells' voice ("Yeah," she laughed, "you can't get away from that"), it was also a mixture of the new and the old songwriters, including Bob Dylan's title song, Toy Caldwell's *Too Stubborn* and Johnny Wright's and Jack Anglin's (Johnny and Jack) *What About You.*

"It wasn't that I was trying to get over into the rock field," Kitty says, "it's just that we used their bands down there (Macon). That's where Capricorn is located and they all live in that area so we just thought we'd use those bands."

What does she think of those bands, of Marshall Tucker and Charlie Daniels, and of the tug-of-war the press is playing with them—first pulling them into the country camp, then back into the rock 'n' roll side of things and when the tugging becomes too exhausting, just lumping them all together under the ambiguous heading Southern music?

"Well, it's sort of country," Kitty says, "but there again it's hard to define. But they're known as rock 'n' roll entertainers moreorless. Of course, Charlie Daniels, he kind of leans toward country.

"I think a lot of it started back with Elvis; he really started as the go-between. He did the rock-type music, some of it's rock and roll, some of it's called rockabilly (she laughs, as if the word feels strange coming from her), or rock-country. He was kindof instrumental in going that direction."

Before Elvis swiveled his hips, forever entangling rock with country, there was what Kitty calls "down-to-earth" country music, the sound that influenced her during her growing up years in Nashville, and the sound which she herself adopted and with which she managed to influence countless others.

"The real down-to-earth country music," Kitty explains, "is like people like myself, Roy Acuff, Johnny and Jack and, well, Loretta Lynn. Loretta, she's always said that I was her idol, and of course she used to try to sing like me, but she's developed her own style, which I think everybody should do."

It's difficult for Kitty to speak of people admiring her. Her years in public view and her closets full of awards have done nothing to puff her up with arrogance. Instead, she's reserved almost to the point of seeming shyness, laughing gently at any attempts to call her a great, to call her influential or to bring up the precedents she has set.

So she glosses over the influence she had on Loretta Lynn and tries to explain what down-to-earth country is and why it's so important to her.

"The real, true country music has the guitars and fiddles and things like that . . . the more country sound, fiddles instead of violins. It's the same instrument, but it's a different sound. Violins, they have more of them, and they read the music and play them. But like Tommy Jackson, he used to

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play by ear, play by what he hears, just play by sounds."

She may find it difficult to explain, but basically, she says, down-to-earth country is a simpler sound than today's music. Even Tammy Wynette, Kitty says, is country "but more modern."

Since before Kitty there were no country women recording stars as we know them today she had no-one to fashion her dreams on when she was growing up. But she did have the Opry to listen to.

"I used to listen to the Grand Ole Opry and listen to records. Back when I was just a small child, my daddy played the guitar and sang those kind of songs and I just grew up listening to country music, listened to the radio. And of course I liked the Carter Family's singing and Texas Ruby and Texas Daisy, they used to work on the Grand Ole Opry, and Patsy Montana, and different ones like Roy Acuff and Ernest Tubb."

Even when she was working in a shirt factory and husband Johnny was working in a furniture factory and they'd work early morning shows around Nashville and travel to places like Lebanon, Tenn. for weekend shows, even then, she had no dreams of becoming a star.

"It just all sortof happened," she says now. "Of course, I always loved singing, loved listening, but I never did dream of becoming an artist . . . I never dreamed when I first started, never even thought about recording. There wasn't too many people recording. Johnny and Jack had recorded, and the Carter Family and Ernest Tubb, but I never did think about recording or being a recording artist."

So when Kitty did record for RCA, there were no dreams to be letdown when the recordings flopped. But when she went to Decca and recorded *It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels*, she did as much for female country artists as Elvis did for rockabilly years later.

Paul Cohen had heard the song and when he saw Johnny Wright in Nashville (they had returned from Shreveport, where they'd lived and worked for awhile), he asked him if Kitty would be interested in recording it.

"And we got ahold of the song, and I learned the words to it, and we set up a recording session, but I never thought . . . I thought it would be just like the ones I did on RCA . . . and of course no artist—no girl artist—had ever sold any records and what I did (with RCA) was sing religious songs and they just didn't sell. So after I left RCA and signed with MCA, *Honky Tonk Angels* was the first song I recorded, and like I said I thought it would be like the others I did. But I went in and recorded it, and they released it and just automatically it started making a hit. Of course *Wild Side of Life* by Hank Thompson (*Honky Tonk Angels* was, of course, the answer song to *Wild Side*) was on the charts—I think it was the number one song—so after my song was out for awhile it took over the number one spot and stayed on the charts for about a year."

After *Honky Tonk Angels* the hits just kept on coming, sons like *Back Street Affair*, *Release Me*, *I Don't Claim to Be An Angel*, and *I Gave My Wedding Dress Away*. And the awards kept coming, too: Billboard Award; Number One Country Music Female Artist 1954-65; Cash Box Magazine Special Award for Number One Female Artist 1953-62; and most recently, of course, induction into the Country Music Hall of Fame.

The continuing hits and awards didn't help her on one count, however—becoming a member of the Grand Ole Opry that had played such a major part in her musical style.

"Back when I first started recording, there was a problem when WSM didn't want to hire me for the Grand Ole Opry; and Roy Acuff went to the manager of the radio station—they said they didn't feel like I had enough personality—and Roy said, 'Well, she don't have to jump around, she's sincere in her singing; she's like me, I don't have to jump around to sell my songs. She sells herself through her singing.' So had it not been for Johnny and him, I never would have been on the Grand Ole Opry . . . of course, I grew up with the Opry, and I used to go to the Opry as a young girl, but I never did have a dream that one day I might sing on the Grand Ole Opry."

"They've taken a combination of different sounds and put it together. It's not really hard rock and it's not really true country . . . I guess we'll always have that now . . ."

Now, everyone has dreams; all young musicians and would-be musicians have visions of performing at the Grand Ole Opry where legends such as Roy Acuff and Ernest Tubb and Kitty Wells played—and still play. And the Opry has opened its doors a little wider, not only to women, but to artists like the Charlie Daniels Band, one of those *kindof* country groups.

But while the term Southern band may conjure up differences in sounds to some people, to Kitty Wells, it conjures up the regional differences of America, and the merging of those differences through the media and transportation.

"I guess they call it Southern music, because it started off mainly around here—most of it did.

"Country music's popularity started, I'm sure, after the Grand Ole Opry gained its popularity. Then too, most of the people—I won't say all of them—really come from the South—Ernest Tubb, Roy Acuff, I was born here in Nashville, Hank Williams, and you could just go on and on . . . I don't know really who started the Southern music."

For now, though, she's back home recording in Nashville, working with the more conservative likes of her long-time producer-friend Owen Bradley. Perhaps predictably, given her willingness to seek new directions, her first release under Bradley is called *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*.

"I think it appeals to a lot more people because we have more ways of getting it exposed, like television and the radio. And we travel, in our show (Kitty and Johnny still take their show out 150-200 days a year) we travel even overseas. We've been to Europe I don't know how many times; then we've been to Hawaii, and next spring we're going to Guam and the Phillipines and Korea and Japan, so it's moreorless national music, than it is just here. I think country music is really and truly American music.

"And different artists are putting out books. Loretta has a book on her life story, and Johnny Cash, of course, he's had his book out quite some time now, *The Man in Black*. And other people are writing stories in magazines and things like that go into a lot of homes. It's just different ways we have in getting the music across and to different people, because they get to know the artist and who they are."

So as country music comes of age, more and more people are hearing it and getting to know the artists like Charlie Daniels and Loretta Lynn, and even the newcomers to country music fan-dom know there's a Kitty Wells back there somewhere.

And Kitty Wells can sit back, secure in her justly earned Queen-dom, and recognize that the newer country sounds are probably a result of all that mobility and media coverage she was just talking about, and that she probably doesn't have to worry about those new sounds obliterating her down-to-earth music.

"They've taken a combination of different sounds and put it together," she muses. "It's not really hard rock and it's not really true country—it's kindof in-between. I guess we'll always have that now, and we'll always have the true down-to-earth country. It's just always going to be around. There will be somebody who'll keep singing—like bluegrass, we'll always have bluegrass. It just takes all types of music to really make the world." ■

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HILLBILLY BAND

The Marshall Tucker Band has been playing country music for years, only no one ever told that to their rock-and-roll audiences. Lately, though, the word seems to be slipping out.

by MICHAEL BANE

The scene from deep center field of the Atlanta Braves stadium is bedlam, pure and simple—the kind of bedlam that sends diehard Braves' fans screaming for the showers and their television sets. All across the carefully manicured infield, from deep center to dugout, the stadium is crammed with people—50,000 or so, and baseball is just about the last thing on their minds.

They lounge from baseline to baseline, swilling the pure amber fire of fine Jack Daniels' Tennessee mash or taking long drags on genuine Atlanta homegrown, just waiting for the Marshall Tucker Band to walk out on that stage over home plate and jerk them off their collective butts with a blast of down-home South Carolina soul.

The wait isn't very long.

"Howdy. We're the Marshall Tucker Band . . . " If you squint hard enough from center field, you can just about make out three cowboy hats, a set of drums, a bright green shirt and a saxophone, all shimmery with heat mirage through the dusty, steaming air. No matter —you can definitely hear. " . . . from Spartanburg, South Carolina, and we gonna play for you . . . "

The first crisp notes of Toy Caldwell's chicken-pickin' guitar tear across the stadium, followed closely by the crystal-clear strains of Jerry Eubanks' flute, and before you can say *Hillbilly Band*, the Tuckers are purely cookin', Southern style.

And the crowd loves it. Farmers and college students, some old enough to remember Hank Williams, some not old enough to remember the Beatles—they shake and boogie through the steamy Georgia afternoon, shucking shirts and jackets, unbuttoning and retying while the whiskey and the music flow like so many Georgia streams. From the stage the view is staggering—easily the culmination of the summer's tour—nuthin' but acres and acres of wigglin' bodies, grinnin' those Georgia grins and chantin' the words to the Tuckers' music.

The Tuckers—Toy and Tommy Caldwell, George McCorkle, Jerry Eubanks, Paul Riddle and Doug Gray—are grinning right along with their fans. After all, they've got pretty good reason to grin. Five short years ago the only people who knew the words to the Marshall Tuckers' music were the members of the Marshall Tucker Band, and just about the only people grinning then were the South Carolina bar owners, usually just before they tossed the boys out on their proverbial guitar cases for playing Tucker instead of, say, Beatle music.

Now singer Doug Gray, grinning beneath his monstrous cowboy hat, surveys the audience they share with the Texas rockers, ZZ Top, and shouts into the microphone.

"We want y'all to clap now . . . Make a little noise, Atlanta, Georgia . . . Can't you see . . . "

The infield picks up the clapping and begins chanting the three words, the chorus of what has become a virtual anthem for Southern music freaks—including such personages as Hank Williams Junior and Waylon Jennings, who recorded their own versions—everywhere.

" . . . Can't you see . . . "

The people in the stands are clapping and chanting now, the thunderous din reaching into the stratospheric reaches of the upper tiers, echoing through the stadium.

" . . . What that woman's been doin' to me . . . "

Now the roadies and the backstage hangers-on, who seem to flock to Capricorn Record acts like aunts to a family picnic, are chanting and grinning along with the band, stamping their feet to the roar of the crowd.

" . . . Can't you see . . . "

Even Toy Caldwell is smiling, and on him it just looks mean.

" . . . Oh lordddddd, can't you see . . . "

The stage rocks from the chorus.

" . . . What that woman's been doin' to me."

The noise is deafening as the Tuckers retreat a few steps to the relative sanctuary of the equipment, there to grab a quick hit of bottled spring water, iced Gatorade or warm Seagrams—pickers' choice. Backs are slapped and knowing looks are exchanged and the crowd thunders for more. No matter that in a few minutes another group is going to take the stage and temper that fine Southern cooking with spicy Texas chili. No matter, in fact, if the sun don't shine on Hot'Lanta come tomorrow morning. This steamy Georgia afternoon belongs exclusively to the Marshall Tucker Band, and all 50,000 of those screaming sons and daughters of the Confederacy damn well know it. North or South Carolina, New York or just plain Atlanta, one thing is for certain—the Marshall Tucker Band knows when it's home.

Interstate 85 stretches from Spartanburg, S.C., to Atlanta like so much leftover Christmas ribbon, a straight, flat shot from the sleazy bars that infest the Carolinas to the equally sleazy nightlife of the urban South. If a local band is smart—pure luck and a bit of talent don't hurt, either—they'll avoid the tinseltown glitter of Hot'Lanta and keep right on heading south, down Interstate 75 to Macon and Capricorn Records, the undisputed mecca of Southern music.

Ideally, like its blood kin of Texas music, Southern music is something more than just rock-and-roll south of the Mason-Dixon line. At best, it's the living image of Southern culture; a fusion of the varied and sometimes antagonistic elements of Southern life. At worst, it's awful, a sort of mindless, shake-your-butt disco music for the smash-the-beer-bottle-over-the-waitress'-head set. Depending on your definition (and which part of the South you happen to be defining in) Southern music can handle just about everybody from Waylon Jennings to Wet Willie or remain a closed set comprised of Hank Williams, Jr. or the Allman Brothers Band.

Ask anybody in Spartanburg and they'll tell you who's the best damn band in the land, and those folks may not be far from right.

Since emerging from the wilds of the South Carolina bar circuit five years ago, the Tuckers—so named for a blind piano tuner in their hometown—have hammered, picked, carved and blasted themselves a somewhat peculiar niche. With three gold albums under the collective cowboy hat, the Tuckers find themselves on the brink of superstardom, joining their good friend Charlie Daniels on the pedestal as the two premier Southern rock or Southern music acts, a post left vacant by the self-destruction of the Allman Brothers Band.

While armies of Nashville musicians are scheming and plotting and burning prayerful candles in the hopes of scoring a crossover hit on the pop charts, the Tuckers managed (nobody's exactly sure how) to score exactly the opposite—by

World Radio History

accident. Their *Fire On The Mountain*, a tribute to Charlie Daniels, was an instant success on the country charts, giving veteran observers and a whole slew of disc jockeys (not to mention their record company) cause to reconsider the Tuckers' earlier work. Previously, the group had been considered a rock act. So they cross over *into* country, not out of it.

With the Toy Caldwell-composed *Can't You See* riding the charts for *both* Hank Junior and Waylon Jennings, and with their most recent release *(Long Hard Ride)* being released to both rock and country stations, the Tuckers are discovering a whole new audience at the same time the whole new audience is discovering them.

"When *Fire On The Mountain* went on the country charts, that made me prouder than anything," says Toy Caldwell, the chicken-pickin' guitar flash. On stage, he's the protypical good ole boy—kick over the barstool and where in the hell's the beer. Off stage, one chilly Macon night, he's almost shy.

"Country music's everything from *Fire On The Mountain* to Hank Williams' songs. There's that country feelin', and if it's there, you're gonna feel it," he says. "Country fans, they're hard fans. I mean, Texas fans'll kill you over Willie, and that's the kind of fans we want."

There is, of course, the apocryphal story of young Toy and Tommy Caldwell growing up in Spartanburg, listening to their father play square dance music and hustling the money to buy Hank Williams records whenever they could. The rock-and-roll explosion, at first, passed them by—"We couldn't understand why people kept getting up and leaving the room when we played our Hank Williams records," Tommy recalls. But that didn't last long. By junior high the nucleus of the band was already hitting the club circuit.

Perhaps more than any other group to emerge from the South in recent years, the Tuckers' music has remained closer to its South Carolina roots. As with any Dixie band, those roots include a healthy dose of blues and bar funk—that ubiquitous get-up-and-dance music that flows just beneath the surface of Southern life—with an equal helping of stone Hank Williams country despair and a dollop of jazz and Western swing on the side. But unlike the Allman Brothers, much of whose music seemed rooted in the depths of despair, the Tuckers seem equally rooted in those South Carolina grins—happy music, pure and simple.

"If you take each album and listen to it," says drummer Paul Riddle, "they all keep going the same way. This band keeps changing all the time, but we're still in the same place."

It's all a question, say Jerry Eubanks and Doug Gray, a question of where you're raised.

"We were raised in the South," says Eubanks, who's jazz-flavored saxophone and flute lines add to the Tuckers' unique

"Ideally, Southern music is something more than just rock-and-roll south of the Mason-Dixon Line. At best, it's the living image of Southern culture; a fusion of the varied elements of Southern life."

sound. "You grow up listening to rhythm-and-blues and country music, and that's what you learn."

The Marshall Tucker Band didn't start out with their eyes on the country charts. They wanted, they say, to make Tucker music. "It's like this," says George McCorkle, who, with the magic age of 30 already behind him, has spent most of his adult life pickin' rhythm guitar with the boys. "After a while you get older and your music matures. You start playing your roots, whether it's country or blues or whatever. It's what you grew up with, and you can't escape it."

While their roots might have been inescapable, escaping from the South Carolina bar circuit proved a good bit harder. The way to fame and fortune, at least in Spartanburg, didn't have anything to do with playing your own music, not when you could copy that English group called the Beatles or those spiffy Beach Boys. McCorkle remembers being thrown out of bars for slipping *Can't You See* between *Yesterday* and *Surf City*.

Through one of those fortuitous collisions that bring smiles to record publicity departments, the boys in the band weren't the only ones who liked the music. Wet Willie, another Capricorn act, happened to draw the Tuckers as an opener one night in Spartanburg. A few quick phone calls and Toy and Tommy—demo tape firmly in hand—were hauling down that long interstate to Macon, where the Allman Brothers and Capricorn Records were methodically scrambling what the recording industry held *de rigueur* for years.

What the Brothers were doing, in fact, was pioneering a whole new way to become stars—a way that got around the need for an obligatory hit single. Simply stated, that pioneer method was touring 'til you dropped, then touring some more. As soon as the Tuckers were signed up, they were turned around and sent right back on the road. When they got back, they went out again. And again, and again, and again—300 dates in one year. Three hundred "Howdy, we're the Marshall Tucker Band from Spartanburg, South Carolina . . . " in 364 days. Three hundred set-ups and knock-downs and motel rooms and clubs and fairs and the amazing thing about it all was that it worked.

"We got no airplay. We got no singles," says Tommy Caldwell, lounging around the Capricorn studios very early one morning. He claims to be dogged tired, but you'd never tell it by the way he's tearin' around the studio. "We played in a place, and then we played there again. Then we played there again. And the next time, the people knew us. We been working hard, spreadin' the word, and all we ever asked was for people just to give us a chance to play for them."

On a lot of musicians, those sentiments might sound like so many buffalo chips: coming from Tommy Caldwell in the wee hours of the morning, they have the ring of gospel truth. Tommy Caldwell, even more so than big brother Toy, seems to be the key to the Marshall Tucker Band. Like the bass riffs he plays, he seems to anchor the group in their South Carolina homeland, tempering the boogie and jazz with fond memories of Hank Williams.

It was Tommy who goaded the band along when times went to hell—he believed, Paul says. "One night we got paid half-a-penny apiece," Paul says. "Tommy gave it to us in envelopes with our names on them. That sumbitch, I believe he seen it. I believe he knew things would get better."

Tommy claims ignorance of any crystal ball. Being a rock-and-roll star might have crossed his mind once or twice, but it never settled there.

"We just played music," he says. "We didn't have any concept of making money. This band just picks. That's all."

They've been picking a long time.
(Continued on page 64)

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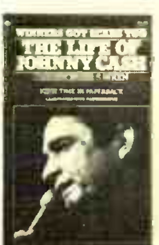

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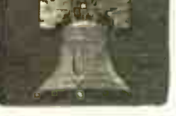

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Your Essential Southern Collection

The toughest thing about building a collection of "essential" Southern music is that so damn much of the best stuff just isn't available. For example, Kitty Wells, Red Foley and Webb Pierce all have a couple of greatest hits LPs, but all are soggy Nashville sound recreations of the originals. The thing to do is, then, just work around it and hope that Decca—and this goes for Columbia, too—will come up with decent reissue material some day.

At any rate, the best place to start if you are beginning from scratch is with Folkways' massive **Anthology of American Folk Music**, which was, when first released in the early 1950s, the first comprehensive anthology and largely because of its size is still the best. Consisting of three boxed volumes of three albums each (FA-2951-1253), it covers hillbilly and blues and a bit of cowboy, and is the easiest way to get acquainted with the widespread roots of Southern music.

Because Folkways does not allow its records to go out of print, a longtime favorite of mine is the off the wall **Six and Seven-Eighths String Band Of New Orleans** (FLW-2671), which is not really great music but is at least fascinating music, showing the direct influence of New Orleans jazz on country music in that the band (which was composed of men of middle age when this was recorded some quarter century ago) plays jazz and dixieland on acoustic string instruments.

The powerful effects of that other form of black man's music—the blues—on white Southern music and musicians is eloquently shown on **Mr. Charlie's Blues (1926-1938)** (Yazoo L-1024), on which white musicians of the era covered sing and play pure blues. One white bluesman who is essential to every collection is, of course, Jimmie Rodgers, and the best place to start with him is a double album with first rate liner notes called **Country Music Hall of Fame** (RCA LPM 2531).

Good starters for getting deep into the Appalachian sound are Old Timey's three volume set **Old Time Southern Dance Music** (Old Timey 100-102), and RCA's old but excellent set **Smoky Mountain Ballads** on their Vintage sublabel (LPV-507). As compilation/anthologies these four discs introduce a great many of the most important songs, tunes, and performers of the early era. RCA's new reissue sublabel, Bluebird, also has a couple of fine sets on two of the classic brother duets of the 1930s, **The Blue Sky Boys (Bill and Earl Bolick)** (AXM2-5525) and **The Monroe Brothers: Feast Here Tonight** (AXM2-5510).

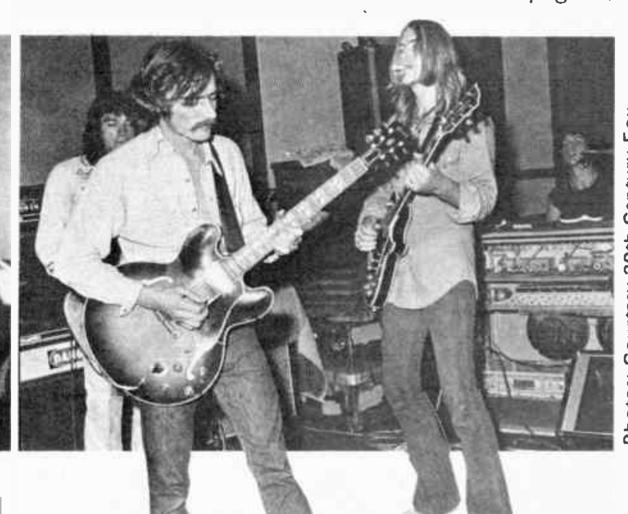
Another essential in the old time vein is the Carter Family, and of their many available recordings the hardest to get is probably the best: **The Carter Family on Border Radio** (JEMF 101), which comes with an excellent booklet as well. The relative lateness (late 1930s) of these recordings does not detract from the naive charm and energy of the Carters, while it does add a musical sophistication which makes their work all the more impressive.

A good way to get into country comedy—always a large influence on the music and entertainment of the South—is the Voyager set of Gid Tanner and the Skillet Lickers called **A Corn Likker Still in Georgia** (VRLP 303), containing some truly outrageous humor. And another important influence—Cajun music—is well covered on several Arhoolie albums, probably the most pleasant to the uninitiated ear being **Cajun Music of the Early 1950s** (Arhoolie 508).

There are several ways to like the old time music of the 1920s and 1930s with the music of today, although it is, again, made more difficult by the lack of available original material from the transitional 1940-1955 period. RCA's double album **Stars Of The Grand Old Opry** (CPL2-0466) is one good way, featuring original cuts from their vaults on Eddy Arnold, Bill Monroe, Kitty Wells (from her single session with them), Johnny and Jack, Grandpa Jones, Minnie Pearl, all the way up to Dottie West and Dolly Parton.

Another way of linking the past with the present is with individual performers who somehow bridge that gap. Perhaps the best example is the blind super-guitarist Doc Watson, whose **Two Days In November** (Poppy PPLA-210) is as good a way as any to introduce yourself to this man who sings ancient ballads, Delmore Brothers tunes from the thirties, and modern folk and country material with equal ease. Another such performer is Bill Monroe, who transfigured old time string band music into his own creation, bluegrass. His **High, Lonesome Sound** (MCA-110) is definitely not back-slapping, beer-drinking bluegrass; it is pure mountain soul and is extraordinarily heavy, sensitive, and powerful. If you think this might be too intense, try something like Flatt and Scruggs' more goodtiming **Live at Carnegie Hall** (Columbia CS 8845); although recorded over a decade ago it is still full of good cheer and charm.

(Continued on page 62)



Photos: Courtesy 20th Century Fox, Jamie Parslow, Capricorn

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How We Rate The Albums: 5 Stars...Album of the Month; 4 Stars...Excellent; 3 Stars...Very Good; 2 Stars...Good; 1 Star...Fair; 0 Stars...Poor.

Conway Twitty
Greatest Hits, Vol. 2
MCA MCA-2235 $6.98
MCAT-2235 (tape) $7.98
Star rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

There's nothing really mystic about Conway Twitty's prolonged success. Ideal material, the stately conservatism of Owen Bradley's production and John Hughey's juicy steel crying at Conway's shoulder all contribute something. But it's Conway's voice, with its perfect blend of emotion and raunch and the subtlety of an exploding boiler, that makes the difference. His most recent records show just how Twitty's style has matured.

Had anyone beat Conway to *You've Never Been This Far Before*, the result would have been ridiculous. *It's Only Make Believe* is a wonderful recollection of his past. *(Lost Her Love)*

On Our Last Date is more than the bluesy Floyd Cramer piano piece it began as; with Conway's lyrics and voice added, it's a study in desolation. *Linda on My Mind*, *She Needs Someone To Hold Her (When She Cries)*, and *Baby's Gone* are fine beery laments. For my money, *After All the Good Is Gone* is his best recorded performance, with his voice lashing over a roadhouse piano and organ.

With Jerry Lee's recent recordings swaying wildly between masterpiece and junk, and Charlie Rich awash in orchestral mush, Conway Twitty's staying power is all the more impressive.

RICH KIENZLE

Olivia Newton-John
Don't Stop Believin'
MCA-2223 $6.98
MCAT-2223 (tape) $7.98
Star rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

In 1974 Olivia Newton-John somehow won the CMA award for Female Vocalist of the Year, an odd honor for an Australian pop singer whose music occasionally included a meek steel guitar. The award opened a wound among country purists. **Don't Stop Believin'** does not claim to heal the wound ("Don't know nothing 'bout the politics of people"), but simply delivers the best music Newton-John is capable of and, no matter the label, about the best your money can buy.

It is striking how much of the texture of Olivia's first Nashville recording is attributable to her mentor, John Farrar (an ex-member of Cliff Richard's Shadows). Besides producing, Farrar wrote four songs, played guitars, and sang backup.

Despite Farrar's monogamous production, Olivia shines in such rich material as *Hey Mr. Dreammaker*, the backbeat *Every Face Tells a Story*, and Larry Murray's funny *I'll Bet You a Kangaroo*, nicely punctuated by the staccato harp of Charlie McCoy and the little girl laughter of Olivia. But it is Olivia's celebrated voice of independence and innocence in Brian Neary's *The Last Time You've Loved* that brings this album a meaning not found in her usual pop fluff.

Many will argue that Olivia Newton-John deserves to be called the Doris Day of country music. Just as many will argue that they are in love with her voice, her girl-next-door looks and her irrelevant ditties of lost and found romance. In the end, that is the way it should be, for, no matter what you call her, Olivia Newton-John is one of our better performers, and, politics aside, she deserves to be recognized as such, simply because she is one hell of a singer.

DENNIS METRANO

Photo: Courtesy MCA

Red Steagall
Texas Red
ABC-Dot DOSD-2068 $6.98
DOSD-8-2068 (tape) $7.98
Star rating: ★

Howdy, pardners, and welcome to overkill country. Take a swig of Lone Star, practice your best miles-and-miles-of-Texas drawl, and put on your fanciest ten-gallon persona. You too can be a genuine Lone Star bozo: just try to fit the words San Antone, honky-tonk, Bob Wills, and Lone Star into one three-minute song, using a I-IV-V chord progression. After a little practice, you'll be able to churn out the likes of *Texas Red*, *San Antonio Champagne*, *Take Me Back to Texas*, *There's Still a Lot of Love in San Antonio*, and *Lone Star Love*. But don't use those exact titles, cuz good ole Red Steagall's used 'em in his new album, **Texas Red**.

When the Texas fad stiffs out, we can all turn to Idaho. Just think! *Bring Me Back to Boise* and *Gimme a Spud and a Can of Three-Point-Two*, and rich kids affecting flat midwestern accents.

"TEX" TOSCHES

World Radio History

Mickey Gilley
Gilley's Smokin'
Playboy PB-415 $6.98
PBT-415 (tape) $7.98
Star rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

I suppose Mickey Gilley is often criticized for sounding like a carbon copy of his cousin Jerry Lee Lewis, but I say, So what? It's a great sound. The Killer hasn't been exactly prolific lately, and Smokin' fills a real gap in country music.

This one has everything: widely-varied material, hot picking from the session players, good singing, and enough of that country boogie woogie piano to keep the toes tapping for days. If there's any problem, it's in one song. *L-O-V-E*, a jazzy cocktail lounge number presumably included to prove Gilley's versatility, sounds woefully anemic here.

But *Don't the Girls All Get Prettier At Closing Time* is one of the most sage slices of barroom lore in quite some time, and Gilley's version of *There's a Song On the Jukebox* is icing on the honky tonk cake. *How's My Ex Treating You* demonstrates his mastery of the country standard, while his interpretation of Larry Gatlin's *I Just Can't Get Her Out of My Mind* does the same with more contemporary material. There's the two well-deserved hits Gilley scored with rhythm and blues remakes, Sam Cooke's *Bring It On Home To Me* and Lloyd Price's *Lawdy Miss Clawdy*, with a thumping *My Babe* thrown in for good measure. (Of all the country singers now updating old rock songs, Gilley is easily the most impressive.) And the whole package is neatly tied up with Gilley's rousing treatment of the gospel favorite *I'll Fly Away*.

You might say that 1976 was Gilley's year, with those three big singles in a row. Smokin' definitely supports that conclusion—and it's a blockbuster.

JOHN MORTHLAND

Ronnie Milsap
Live
RCA APL1-2043 $6.98
APS1-2043 (tape) $7.98
Star rating: ★ ★ ★

I never much liked Ronnie Milsap's records. *Pure Love* and *Please Don't Tell Me How the Story Ends* were dull and cloying, and I was glad when I heard Billy Sherrill filed a law suit on *(I'm a) Stand by My Woman Man*. But unlike most country artists, Milsap's live performances are much better than his records. True, I've seen Milsap concerts so dull that the only excitement was when he tottered at the end of the stage (Felt Forum, New York City, 1975), but I've also seen Milsap concerts that seethed with energy and good music.

This album, recorded in 1976 at the Grand Ole Opry House, is Ronnie Milsap at his best: partly urbane, partly raunchy, and not at all dreary. There are dull points: the *Country Cookin'* routine is stale, and where, oh where, is

that symphony orchestra coming from in *I Can Almost See Houston from Here*? But when Milsap lets loose, as in Hank Williams's *Kaw-Liga* and the Rolling Stones' *Honky Tonk Women*, there is some of the best music you're going to hear all year.

NICK TOSCHES

Narvel Felts
Doin' What I Feel
ABC-Dot DOSD-2065 $6.98
DOSD-8-2065 (tape) $7.98
Star rating ★ ★

The problem here is a simple lack of variety. Seven of the eleven tracks are ballads, and five of them are dull, soundalike songs of the sort used for slow dancing at high-school proms. Though Johnny Morris's production, the Muscle Shoals musicians, and Narvel's voice was superb, they simply do not save trash such as *Me, Once the Magic Is Gone, If Ever Two Were One, I'm Getting High Remembering*, and the *Moments To Remember* medley. All this mediocrity weakens the impact of two fine ballads, a sizzling version of the Platters' *My Prayer* and Ava Aldridge's bluesy *Compliments of My Heart*.

The other tunes fare better. While his version of Buddy Holly's *Oh Boy* isn't rockabilly, it's pleasant. *My Good Thing's Gone* is a good weeper in the late fifties style of George Jones and others. *Garden of Eden* hints at the gutsiness missing in most of the album, and is easily the best moment.

Hopefully, next time Narvel will explore his real background in Southern music with material on a level with his recent hits and in line with the talent he obviously has.

RICH KIENZLE

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Chet Atkins & Friends
The Best of Chet Atkins & Friends
RCA APL1-1985 $6.98
APS1-1985 (tape) $7.98
Star rating: ★ ★ ★

Chet Atkins has been associated with RCA since 1947, when he recorded *Canned Heat* for that company. Chet not only picked, but also sang in that first record. In the last 30 years he has been RCA's busiest executive: recording as a solo and as a session guitarist and producing more albums, from Elvis to Perry Como, than anyone in Nashville.

Since 1964, when he and Hank Snow joined for their **Reminiscing** album, Atkins has recorded several duet albums with such men as Arthur Fiedler, Les Paul, Jerry Reed, and Merle Travis. Some of his best duets have been collected here, and some new ones have been recorded for the occasion.

Much of **The Best of Chet Atkins & Friends** is MOR, the sort of music Atkins has never claimed to dislike, but much is also great stuff: *Sweet Georgia Brown* (with Canadian guitarist Lenny Breau), *Do I Ever Cross Your Mind* (with a very giddy Dolly Parton), *Fiddlin' Around* (with Johnny Gimble), and *I'll See You in My Dreams* (with Chet's mentor, Merle Travis).

BOB DUNN

Wynn Stewart
After the Storm
Playboy PB-416 $6.98
PBT-416 (tape) $7.98
Star rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Since the late 1950s Wynn Stewart has made solid country music. He is the Moses of the Bakersfield scene (Merle Haggard started out as the bass player in Stewart's band). Sometimes you heard violins in his records, but you always knew he'd never wake up one morning, look in the mirror, and see Seals and Crofts.

After the Storm, Wynn's first Playboy album (he came to Playboy after a short stay with RCA; before that he was with Capitol from 1964 to 1972), is the best work of his career. There are cuts here that make one's jaw drop in awe. Hear his version of the obscure *Don't Monkey 'Round My Widder*, the great deathbed jealousy song first cut by Karl and Harty in 1940. *I'm Gonna Kill You* is the only country single of recent years to be effectively banned (when it was released radio stations received calls from listeners claiming the song had inspired them to off their wives). *Sing a Sad Song* and *It's Such a Pretty World Today* are striking reworkings of his early hits.

This is not a trendy record. It is, plainly, a great record.

NICK TOSCHES

Various Artists
Rock and Roll at the Capitol Tower
Capitol 2C184-81970/71 $7.95
No tape available.
Star rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is a precious two-record set of country-rock material recorded by Capitol during the decade 1954-64. Gene Vincent, Capitol's most famous hillbilly rocker is here, and so are Wanda Jackson, often thought of as the only true female rockabilly (hear *Fujiyama Mama*), Dub Dickerson, Johnny Burnette (albeit in his decadent period), Jimmy Heap (this is the man who cut the original version of *The Wild Side of Life*), Skeets MacDonald, Jack Scott, the seminal Tex-Mex band the Rio Rockers, Tommy Sands (don't laugh: Sands was on the cover of *Country Song Roundup* in 1954), and Jerry Reed (*Mister Whiz*, *Bessie Baby*, and other hard rockers were Reed's first solo recordings).

The album was produced by Georges Collange, ringleader of the Gene Vincent Memorial Society (if you want to join, write to Georges at B.P. 16, 69580 Sathonay, France) for Capitol of France, and is not

too easy to get on this side of the Atlantic. For information, contact J&F Southern Record Sales at 42 North Lake, Pasadena, California 91101. It's well worth a little trouble.

J.P. RICHARDSON

World Radio History

NEWS

(Continued from page 18)

sign.

The album is surprisingly tight for a debut record (another was to be recorded in March), and aside from the fact that the band has played together for more than a decade, one reason for its solidarity appears to be because it's worked out its personality problems. "We operate as a group," drummer Verucchi says, "and it's a real group effort on stage. People get into it when they see all that collective energy on stage. I think they also like us because we try to play *to* them, not *above* them, and because our songs are simple and varied, and you can relate to them. We're not out to give messages to the world. I think that's where a lot of bands make a mistake. None of us have read Dostoevsky or Tolstoy, and we're not political."

"Most people don't understand it," Verucchi says. " 'Buckacre' is Southern slang for beginner's fear. An old man once told me about the time he shot a deer, and he said, 'I got the buckacres.' So we chose the name because the music business is so big and awesome, that we had the buckacres, too. That's why we just keep trying harder."

ALANNA NASH

ROOTS

(Continued from page 22)

plans to stay there a while. "We got some guy that's gonna play fiddle with us from Nashville. Don't know if y'all know who he is, but it looks like ole Charlie to me."

As the crowd erupts into a pandemonium suitable for raising the dead, out strolls ole Charlie Daniels, looking like a giant economy size fiddle-playing bear. With the amps cranked all the way up, he and the Tuckers launch into *Fire on the Mountain* as the faithful surge.

It continues that way for about three hours, which is a pretty standard show these days when groups like the Tuckers or ole Charlie tour their native southeast. And although frenzy has been a staple of popular music since long before the days of Sinatra, there is somehow a different quality between the chemistry of today's Southern rock and, say, the Led Zeppelin. There are, in fact, those who go as far as saying Southern rock isn't really rock 'n' roll at all, but some sort of bastard blending of country music and rock 'n' roll; little bit of this, little bit of that, until it's hard to say what *is* going on.

Which is pretty much the view of the folks up there playing. They see their craft as a fusion of very old musical forms, with roots running from Smoky Mountain hillbilly pickin' to the crystal-clear notes of Florida bluegrass to the sleazy blues bars that grew up in Memphis and New Orleans at the turn of the century. And it's altogethor logical that it should be that way—Southern musicians were never ones to be particularly stingy with their sounds, and, after all, rock 'n' roll began as a peculiarly Southern hybrid, a kind of blend of black man's blues and white man's country.

Rockabilly, they called it; and Elvis Presley and Jerry Lee Lewis and Carl Perkins practiced it with a vengeance. Rock, from the old musicians' term rock and roll, a term usually reserved for the black club musicians; billy, from hillbilly —whatever, it worked. The essential formula for Sam Phillips and Sun Records in Memphis was incredibly simple—take a white hillbilly singer, say, a 19-year-old truck driver from Tupelo, Miss., named Elvis, give him a hillbilly song, like Bill Monroe's *Blue Moon of Kentucky*, and have him infuse the soul and overt sexuality of a blues shouter. The explosion that followed literally rocked the world.

Nor was it the first time that music from the South had set the trend for the rest of the country. In fact, the South—the states of the old Confederacy—has served as the forge upon which American music was formed. From the simmering poverty of Appalachia came the eloquent state-

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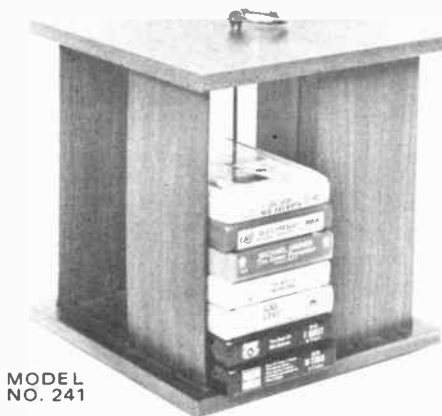

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ments of hillbilly music, the gentle rhythms of the string bands and the painfully beautiful music of A.P. Carter and his family. Like the Smoky Mountain streams the music found its way from the hills into a booming town named Nashville and, eventually, into a crumbling revival house called the Ryman.

From the Carolinas and the scrub palmetto flatlands of Florida, the traditional Scotch and Irish folk melodies mutated, with the Kentucky-bred influences of Bill Monroe, who gave name to the new music, into the mandolin wind known as bluegrass. And in the urban melting pots of Memphis and New Orleans, a whole new class of citizens—blacks fleeing the farms after the Civil War—found a world both more appalling and infinitely more desirable than the one they'd left, and gave poignant voice to that world with a music called the blues.

Nor were the musical forms content to remain separate. In a society generally painted in strict hues of black and white, the music knew no color. Jimmie Rodgers, the first great hillbilly singer, took both his guitar and singing styles from the black railroad workers in Meridian, Miss., and is best remembered for his yodeling interpretation of the blues. Hank Williams drew both his style and inspiration from the blues. The blues singers, for their part, were more than happy to convert the hillbilly music to their own purposes. Recalls Lillie Mae Glover, who, as Memphis Ma Rainey worked Beale Street in Memphis in the late 1920s and 1930s, "The song people wanted to hear most was *Heart Made of Stone*. It was sure a hillbilly song, but it sure had soul."

The net result was a ubiquitous honky-tonk barroom music, as common as red clay in Mississippi and just about as popular as beer. Call it Southern music, call it honky-tonk, the blues, rhythm and blues, soul, hillbilly or country or just plain people's music—it grew, it prospered, it spread. Various forms would rise and after a few moments in the sun, sink back into the general background "noise."

So the rise of Southern rock came as no surprise to anyone in the South. That the Allman Brothers Band should turn the pop music world on its ear was altogether logical, and that their music should blend rock and country and blues was as predictable as grits with breakfast.

It's no accident, moreover, that all of this is happening at a time of peculiar goings-on in the South. For Southern music, whether blues or country or barroom boogie, has always been a remarkable barometer of the society in which it thrives. And so it is today, as the South emerges from 20 years of turmoil, and the young people who were estranged from their region and heritage during the years of upheaval begin to realize that once a few key sins are purged, their homeland is not, in fact, a place to be ashamed of.

"Barriers have broken down between groups of people, just like between categories of music," says George McCorkle of the Marshall Tucker Band. "Kids aren't ashamed of country anymore, and they're not ashamed of blues. And when you mix it all together and the music gets to cooking, it's a pretty damned exciting thing to be around."

And so it shouldn't be surprising that Nashville—perhaps, in its own way, one of the most isolated musical regions in the South—is once again discovering its roots. The countrypolitan Nashville Sound, after a vicious battering from the West and a gnawing criticism from inside, has cracked from top to bottom, with pure Southern music flowing through the cracks. Artists like Steve Young and Hank Williams Jr., even "Outlaws" like Tompall Glaser and Bobby Bare, are once again reaching into the region for their inspiration; drawing from that ubiquitous Southern background "noise" for their music. While the Allman Brothers Band lies in shambles, the victim of the very pressures of stardom they tried so hard to escape, Nashville has picked up the torch, along with the more country groups like the Tuckers and Charlie Daniels.

The circle, then, is unbroken, and, at least for the music, the road does indeed go on forever. ■

(**The South's Gonna Do It Again*, copyright Kama Sutra Music.)

COLLECTION

(Continued from page 56)

Yet another transitional figure of monumental importance is Merle Travis, and guitarists particularly will flip over his recently re-released **Merle Travis' Guitar** (Capitol SM-650), which is not only an instrumental tour de force, but a fine example of the many musical styles—blues, pop, dixieland, Tin Pan Alley, genuine folk—which influenced this Kentucky guitarist and Southern music in general.

Again, the 1950s is a tough period simply because so many influential performers are virtually unavailable in their original form. One happy exception is Hank Williams, who has a host of available albums, although many are ruined by strings 'n' voices overdubbing. The recent **Hank Williams Live At The Grand Ole Opry** (MGM 1-5019) was taken from Opry air checks, however, and shows Hank at his best. An essential.

While straight country of the 1940-1955 period is largely unavailable and undocumented, the rockabilly phenomenon, on the other hand, has benefited from intense research (largely on the part of Englishmen) and a number of album releases. A British label called Charly has released a total of thirteen—count 'em, thirteen—albums collectively titled **Sun—The Roots of Rock**, and any one of them would be a fine introduction to the history

World Radio History

and sound of Memphis' Sun Records, the sound of Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Cash, and of course Elvis, who has his own U.S. album **Elvis—The Sun Sessions** (RCA APM1-1675) devoted to this period in his career.

The Nashville Sound of the 1960s is still quite available—probably too much so for most tastes—but several singers who have attained contemporary success with their own mountain-oriented sounds, having escaped to some degree the monochrome Nashville sound treatment are, of course, Dolly Parton (try **The Best Of Dolly Parton** on RCA SLP-4999) and Loretta Lynn (try **Loretta Lynn's Greatest Hits**, volumes 1 and 2, on MCA-1 and MCA-420). One who has also been one of the most influential singers of our time who has recently become encumbered in the Nashville Sound is George Jones, but we are fortunate to have him available at his honky-tonkin' best on an older LP still available, a two record set called **George Jones** (United Artists UXS-85).

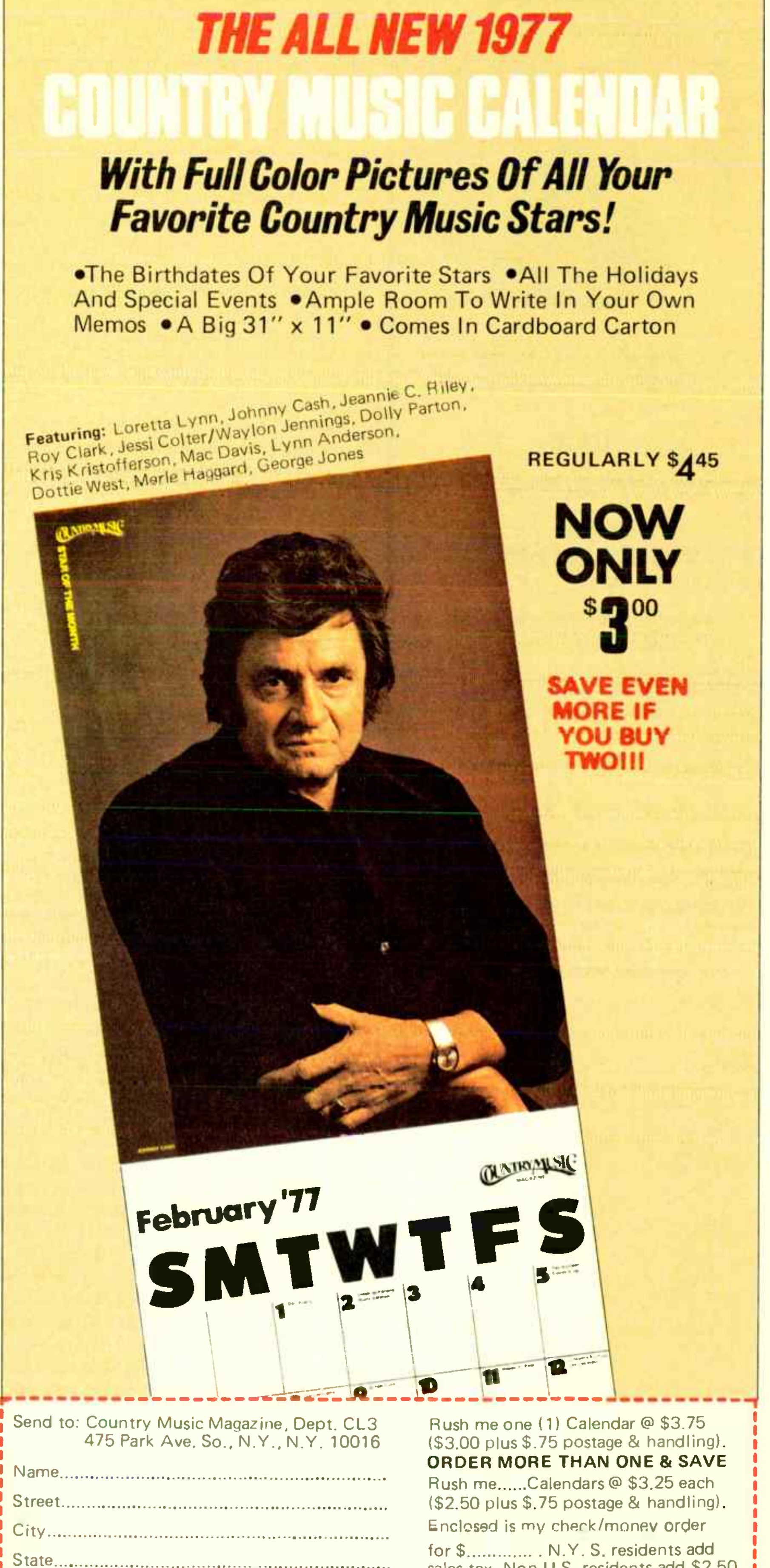
And you can't, of course, have a complete collection of Southern music without current Southern rock, and the excitement of this form is best captured on **Volunteer Jam** (Capricorn 0698), a live album featuring the Charlie Daniels Band, Richard Betts, and the Marshall Tucker Band. If this is your cup of tea—and this is how many of country music's newest fans are being introduced to the excitement and intensity of Southern music—then a couple more recommended are the more countryish flavor of Richard Betts' **Highway Call** (Capricorn 0123) or the manic live performance LP **One More From The Road** (MCA-6001) by Lynyrd Skynyrd.

Like any list this of course leaves out far more than it includes, but it is at least a start. And note well that this is a collection of Southern music, not country music, which excludes much historic music from the near west, from Bob Wills to Willie Nelson; and from the far west as well, from the Sons of the Pioneers to Merle Haggard. Still, given its confines, it may help separate the gold from the dross.

However, you'll no doubt have trouble finding records on labels like Old Timey, Arhoolie, Yazoo, Charly, JEMF, Voyager, and even Folkways at your local record store, and even labels like RCA's Bluebird and Vintage are sometimes quite tough to locate. Dave Freeman at County Sales (Box 191, Floyd, Virginia, 24091) stocks just about everything in the old time nature, and in addition his superb County label contains much of the finest string band, bluegrass and fiddle music available. For more modern off-beat things try J&F Record Sales, 44 North Lake, Pasadena, California, 91101.

There's also Uncle Jim O'Neal, Box ACM, Arcadia, Calif. 91006. His long list includes such important stars as J.E. Mainer, Roy Acuff, Merle Travis and many others.

DOUGLAS B. GREEN



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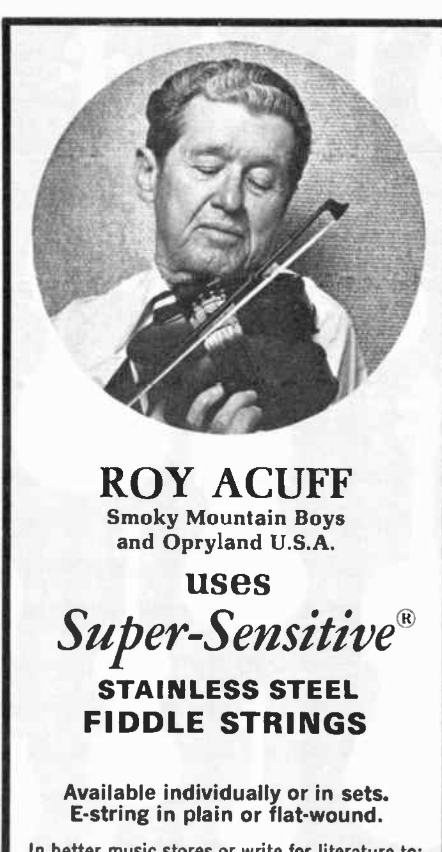

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WALDEN

(Continued from page 34)

ing clobbered in local talent contests by yet another Macon soul singer—a fellow by the name of Otis Redding—and Walden, whose opportunistic streak had matured at an early age, decided to shift allegiances. He became Redding's manager, booking him into clubs and college auditoriums, and the two men were soon riding the crest of a soul music tidal wave. Walden and Associates rapidly attracted other soul acts, including Clarence Carter, Sam and Dave, Arthur Conley, Al Green, Percy Sledge, Johnnie Taylor and Eddie Floyd, and the Macon offices were no longer quite so far removed from the mainstream of music.

And the mainstream was about to take a quantum step closer to Macon. In 1969, Walden went to Muscle Shoals, Alabama to hear a sessions musician named Duane Allman. In one of those chance occurrences that give the business its exotic flavor, Walden was impressed, and suggested that Allman get together a band and move to Macon. The rest is history. Duane Allman did exactly that, and Southern rock had come of age.

FRYE GAILLARD—MICHAEL BANE

OPRY

(Continued from page 32)

Auditorium and the spangled suits of the performers—as well as their songs—attracting a whole new generation of fans.

And lest the Ryman be thought of as the ever-since home of the Opry, as the Mother Church of Country Music as it has been called, let's put another treasured myth to rest. The Opry has actually been bumped from pillar to post in its long search for a permanent home. It first moved from a smaller studio to a larger within WSM, and when even an admission charge on the previously free program failed to discourage the growing flood of those who wanted to watch, the show moved to the Hillsboro Theater (now the Belcourt Cinema) near Vanderbilt University. It then moved again to a spot on Fatherland Street across the Cumberland River in east Nashville, before moving yet again, this time to the War Memorial Auditorium for a few years before finally settling in the Ryman Auditorium. The Ryman, a huge structure which, built in 1891, had been used for revivals, opera, touring broadway shows, even hosted Jenny Lynn on her American tour around the turn of the century. In the thirty years the cast spent there, however, the Ryman became inextricably associated with country music and the Grand Ole Opry.

DOUGLAS B. GREEN

TUCKER

(Continued on page 52)

"I'm not braggin', mind you, but I think my brother is the best guitar player in the world"—when he was six years old.

"Our first band, we didn't have no PA or anything," he says. "We—that's me and Paul and George—just stood up there screamin' and hollerin'. Somewhere along the line, though, you've got to make that decision. You've got to say 'To hell with you all, we're going to play our own music.' "

And so it goes. Word is that Hank Williams, Jr., a long-time friend of the band, will be touring with them the next time around. Toy regularly appears at Willie Nelson concerts just to pick. And through those particular cross-pollenations, the music benefits.

"One thing I've never figured out," Hank, Jr. said one afternoon in Alabama. "I've never figured out how the Tuckers ended up being called rock-'n'-roll and I ended up being called country. We do the same kind of music, and they're from a lot farther back in the woods than I ever was."

"I want you to think about this for a minute," says McCorkle. "Now Willie and Waylon play a little progressive country, and, definitely, they've made it easier for us with the country fans. But we've made it easier for them, 'cause when young people started listening to country music, they said, 'Hey, Marshall Tucker's been doin' this for years, and we like it!' "

There was even one night in Austin when Willie showed up at the Armadillo to say "hi" to the boys. George is still laughing.

"I'll tell you what, it was the highlight of my life," he says, rocking back and forth in a dangerously overloaded chair. "Willie just walked in, and I told the band that we weren't letting that sumbitch out until he played. I swear, he did me 25 years worth of good in one night."

Not only that, George says, swelling—if that's actually possible—with pride, but the band knew the words and chords to all Willie's songs.

"Didn't miss a lick," he says. "After it was all over, I said 'Willie, you sure sing good for being so little.' "

If you ask 'em, the Tuckers will tell you they play honest music, and that's the truth. They'll also tell you that playing music, just pickin', is about the finest pleasure allowed in this particular corner of the universe, and watching them on that stage is enough to convince you that that's the truth too. Like the song says, that song Toy Caldwell wrote so long ago now:

"You can have fun I'm tellin' you can
Stompin' your feet to a hillbilly
band . . . " *

That's tellin' 'em, Toy. ■

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