1971
FESTIVAL
OF
AMERICAN
FOLKLIFE
JULY 1-5

Division
Of
Performing Arts
The
Smithsonian Institution
ABOUT THE COVER

The wycinanki (Polish traditional papercut) on the cover was purchased in the Shenango valley of western Pennsylvania at the Hickory Township International Folk Festival in March, 1971. Mary Lou Jazwinski, the 17-year-old artist, claims three Polish-born grandparents who immigrated to the United States in the first decade of this century. Her maternal grandparents, a dressmaker and a shoemaker, carried on the trades they had learned in their native Warsaw. Her paternal grandfather worked in a steel mill after his arrival from Bialystok.

Mary Lou is steeped in Polish culture. She has been a member of the Krakowiaki dance group in her community since she was twelve, sings Polish folk songs, learned the traditional art of pysanki (intricate Easter egg decoration) from her mother, and recently learned papercutting techniques from a local folk craftsman.
FESTIVAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLIFE

“Folk” is as much a process as it is a body of material—musical, verbal, or three dimensional. What distinguishes folk from other cultural forms are style and the method by which traditions are passed from person to person. Leontyne Price and Aretha Franklin may sing the same spiritual, but one sings in bel canto style learned from vocal coaches while the other belts out the piece as she learned it from her father, a singing preacher. The difference in style is immediately apparent. Both are rooted in time-honored traditions, but one depends on the printed page and the other, on oral transmission alone.

The “folk process” preserves the negative as well as the positive. The same system that has been responsible for the retention of vernacular architectural traditions, epic ballads, and complex craft technologies has also carefully protected racist biases, deadly medicinal formulae, and wild superstitions and legends. All that is folk cannot and should not be presented at festivals, though it may be well worth studying and understanding in the context of the culture that nurtures it.

The Festival of American Folklife, since its initiation in 1967, has sought to present varied folk traditions representing a broad spectrum of our nation’s cultural groups. It is our hope and belief that the festival will deepen and advance public appreciation of the richness and viability of American grass-roots creativity. Our first effort in 1967 was an overview of crafts, dance, and musical traditions. Since then, the event has grown considerably in size and in scope, with new and different cultural traditions presented each year.

This year, the festival features the state of Ohio, Pacific Northwest Coast Indians and Alaskan Eskimos, and the American working man as a part of organized labor.

We were fortunate to have the state of Ohio fund more extensive fieldwork than we have been able to undertake in the past. The rich bounty from which we drew the state presentation supports our belief that all areas of the nation, no matter how urbanized or industrialized, contain a wealth of folk culture.

Indian presentations, under the direction of Clydia Nahwoosky, center on the lumber and fishing cultures of Pacific Northwest tribes and on Eskimos from Alaska.

Through a joint presentation with the AFL-CIO, we are able to focus on working America. Five participating unions—Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America, the American Federation of Musicians, Bakery and Confectionery Workers International Union of America, Glass Bottle Blowers Association of the United States and Canada, and the International Association of Bridge, Structural, and Ornamental Iron Workers—will depict their trades and display their skills in concerts and at daily demonstrations.

We welcome you to the festival and invite your comments and suggestions on this year’s celebration.

Ralph Rinzler
Festival Director
FESTIVAL STAFF

DIRECTOR, DIVISION OF PERFORMING ARTS: JAMES R. MORRIS
DEPUTY DIRECTOR, DIVISION OF PERFORMING ARTS: RICHARD LUSHER
FESTIVAL DIRECTOR: RALPH RINZLER
SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE SECRETARY ON FOLKLORE AND FOLKLIFE: KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN
FESTIVAL ADMINISTRATOR: CAROL FRASER
ASSISTANT ADMINISTRATOR: DAVID COON
OHIO FIELD RESEARCH AND CONSULTATION: DANIEL R. BARNES, RAY BROWNE, JOHN CHARLES CAMP, JAMES CORBETT, CARLOS DRAKE, RICHARD HULAN, STUART KERR, MARTIN KOENIG, VINCE LEO, LARRY LISSNER, MACK MCCORMICK, GEORGE MITCHELL, PATRICK MULLEN, ETHEL RAIM ZINSAR, MIKE SEEGER, NANCY SWEEZY, FRANCIS UTLEY, ART WALKER, BARRY JAMES WARD, DAVID WEBER

LABOR PROGRAM COORDINATOR: RICHARD PRENTKE
LABOR FIELD RESEARCH: RON STANFORD
AMERICAN INDIAN PROGRAM DIRECTOR: CLYDIA NAHWOKSY
AMERICAN INDIAN FIELD RESEARCH: BARBARA FARMER
PLANNING OFFICER: MARIAN HOPE
OPERATIONS OFFICER: RURI SAKAI
PRODUCTION STAFF: TOM CAVANAUGH, JANIE COFFMAN, KYLE FAUTH, VALERIE HEEMSTRA, JUDY HOLETS, LIZZY KLEIN, MANUEL MELENDEZ, BETSY SIGGINS, SYLVIA WERNER

PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS: KIM HANSEN, MIKE HEISLEY, MARK LASNER

THE FESTIVAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLIFE, PRESENTED BY THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION FREE TO THE PUBLIC, IS LARGELY DEPENDENT ON PUBLIC SUPPORT. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE FESTIVAL, CONTRIBUTIONS, WHICH ARE TAX DEDUCTIBLE, MAY BE SENT TO THE DIVISION OF PERFORMING ARTS, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20560.
FESTIVAL PROGRAM

PUBLISHER: HERBERT WISE
EDITOR: PETER GREENWOOD
ART DIRECTOR: ULRICH BOEGE
ADVERTISING: MEL WEINBERGER

FOR THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION: JO TUNSTALL

THE 1971 FESTIVAL PROGRAM
IS PUBLISHED
BY MUSIC SALES CORPORATION
33 WEST 60th STREET
NEW YORK 10023
FOR THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
DIVISION OF PERFORMING ARTS
WASHINGTON D.C.
DIRECTOR, JAMES R. MORRIS

CONTENTS
THE 1971 FESTIVAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLIFE RALPH RINZLER
S. DILLON RIPLEY ON FOLKLIFE AND THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
BAGEL-MAKING IN OHIO RALPH RINZLER
GLIMPSES OF OHIO FOLKLIFE MACK MCCORMICK
ROBERT JUNIOR LOCKWOOD TRADITIONAL CRAFTS AND ART OF NORTHWEST COAST INDIANS WILLIAM C. STURTEVANT
DON "LELOOSKA" SMITH CONTEMPORARY LEGEND DANIEL R. BARNES
IRONWORKERS RICHARD PRENTKE AND RON STANFORD
LABORLORE ARCHIE GREEN

SPONSORS
CONTRIBUTORS
PARTICIPANTS
MAPS

GENERAL CONTENTS
DAVID GAHR AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
DOC WATSON RON STANFORD
BROWNIE MCGHEE HAPPY TRAUM
JEAN RITCHIE AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
THE GUITAR OWNERS BIBLE MATT UMANOV
YURTS WILLIAM COPERTHAITE
COUNTRY BLUES GUITAR PETER GREENWOOD
ABOUT 2000 WORDS TONY GLOVER

THE CONTENTS OF THIS PROGRAM ARE COPYRIGHT INTERNATIONALLY © 1971 AND NO PART MAY BE REPRODUCED IN ANY MANNER OR THROUGH ANY MEANS WITHOUT THE EXPRESS PERMISSION IN WRITING OF THE PUBLISHER.

THIS PROGRAM IS PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA ON RE-CYCLED NEWSPRINT TO CONSERVE THE NATURAL RESOURCES OF THE COUNTRY.
FOLKLIFE
AN INTERVIEW WITH S. DILLON RIPLEY SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
AND THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
CONDUCTED BY JAMES R. MORRIS AND RALPH RINZLER
Numerous Smithsonian activities are aimed at bringing people to the museums and museums to the people. The *Smithsonian Magazine* and the Smithsonian Associates programs are two. How do you view the relationship of festivals to the museums?

A museum should be an open experience. People should be flowing in and out of the buildings, experiencing a sense of connection between their own lives and the history of their culture. And so, when they come into the Smithsonian museums, rather than feeling that they have walked through some invisible barrier into the past, they should enter without any sense of a barrier, carrying the present with them and realizing that the past is alive, that the past is a part of them, and that the past has messages for them.

These messages are that people are individuals, that they make things, that they sing and dance and play creatively, that they don’t simply sit as passive spectators of a life that’s going on through television or through another medium. The messages should say, rather, that they, themselves, can participate. They are individuals; they have one life; they should enjoy themselves; and they can educate themselves as they do so. So it seems to me, and always has, that a museum can be a constant revivifying force. It’s not usually realized as such by people. It is, rather, generally assumed that you have to walk into a museum as a kind of experience, through some invisible barrier, and, once you are in there, you look at things that are all surely dead.

There is, of course, a fascination to cultures and life forms that no longer exist. Children are fascinated by sarcophagi in which they might be able to glimpse a mummy. They are fascinated by dinosaurs, deliciously reassured as they hold their mother’s hand that the dinosaurs are dead. Old fears can be laid away just by seeing stuffed cave bears.

But there is much more to a museum than that. It is one of the few resources for people that reminds them not only of the history of which they are inextricably a part, but also that that history is alive and breathing. Things are being made and done all the time that are similar, perhaps even identical, to what they see in an exhibit. The instruments, the craft objects, and folk objects are not quaint examples of the past, of people who are all dead, of people who made things while we simply buy things. They are, rather, examples of the eternal creativeness of people which, essentially, keeps people alive, gives them interest and excitement.

I have been fascinated thinking about the fact that this year the folk festival will feature the sovereign state of Ohio. We are going to be honored and graced on the middle of the Mall by that state. It’s a tremendous revelation to realize that Ohio, that great big central state, has so much that is so vital to the central theme which I have been trying to describe as the ideal role of the museum.

So, we can take a state like Ohio and profit by the combination of ethnic cultures that exist there—well, alive, and kicking—by the things that are made there, by the music and, furthermore, by the food. Think of apple butter. It just makes your mouth water. And the baking of Moravian love feast buns. What could be more exciting than to crunch into a crispy love feast bun? And think of the extraordinary variety of bands and music—the Blue Grass band, the Ukrainian bandurra bands, the mountain string bands, the blues.

All of this is a revelation surely, not only for us, but for Ohioans themselves. So I think it’s this kind of discovery of our own nation that the festival can foster. I think you have been extraordinarily adroit in pinning the festival to an individual state, because this brings out new revelations about the continuum of our folk culture, which is a constant surprise and a delight to everybody.

I am fascinated too by the contact that this gives us with the American Indians and the pleasure they seem to derive from their contact with us. I think the festival is one of the most important things that we can do to remind all of
us of our nation's Indian heritage and to show how much we welcome their presence on the Mall. This to me means a great deal.

Something just occurred to me. Charles Seeger, who came to Washington last fall, looked at the Capitol, waved his hand, and said "pure folklore". Well, you know, it's really true, when you get down to it, that so much of our lives are filled with folklore. The college campus is riddled with folklore. Every student has stories about all sorts of common things that happen. Every professor has a whole body of folklore. I'm wondering if, in coming in to the position of Secretary of the Smithsonian, you became acquainted with the body of lore about that position and about your predecessors in it?

Of course, it has always fascinated me and is one of the reasons why I was lured into coming. By all odds, the Secretaryship of the Smithsonian is one of the most fascinating of jobs. Aside from the enormous weight and psychic importance of the Capitol and the White House, certainly the old Smithsonian Building is one of the most symbolic in Washington. This strange tessellated castle with its battlements flung out against the monolithic Greco-Roman buildings. These great government buildings all seem to be lying down. They are not very tall and they occupy immense areas of space. They're all rather somnolent and very much the same. They look like a pride of lions, all sort of sleeping in the sun.

But the Smithsonian is an energetic upthrusting of little turrets and battlements, and it speaks of something else. With a little delicate and fanciful thrust, it bespeaks variety.

In our kind of life, in a bureaucratic setting, such variety is difficult to achieve. I often think of the little flag flying from the highest tower, and flaunting this little banner for Academie in the middle of this vast crushing bureaucracy. My words are perhaps a little fulsome, but in any case the building to me has great symbolic meaning.

Now, this part of the building is where the first secretary, Joseph Henry, who is more identified with the origin of the Smithsonian than anyone else, lived for thirty-two years, I believe. The building's cornerstone was laid in 1846, so perhaps he lived here for twenty-eight years, because it did take a while to get this part of the building completed. He died in 1878. He lived here until his death, and, not only he, but his wife and children. There was a boy who died fairly early, and I don't think ever came here, but there were two devoted daughters. The older daughter, Mary Henry, wrote a good deal about her father and mother and about what life was like in the "Castle".

In those days, there was a slave pen out in back. Henry was very upset about this and constantly railed about it. Then there were noisome canals, especially Tiber Creek which went along Constitution Avenue, and the desecration of the Mall by railroads, with their great yards down on Fourth Street. He felt that the Smithsonian had been set in a kind of abandoned wilderness, with symbols of decay and horror all about. He complained of the noxious affluvia that floated up in the canals and of the debased humans nearby. All of these things he was very upset about.

Yet the garden in the Smithsonian Park that he designed with the help of Andrew Jackson Downing was a very pleasant place to walk. We have a Civil War picture showing people knee-deep in daisies, with tree plantings of a deliciously random sort rather than the present ordered symmetry.

There are all sorts of folklore about people who came here and things that happened, including the string quartet concerts that were given in the evening by the Henry girls; the lectures, which were on everything from politics to snakes; and Abraham Lincoln, with his interest in signalling and in experiments and observations of an astronomical sort. There is a legend that Lincoln came sometimes when he was in agony about the war and sat in the Tower and talked
about the stars. I don’t know if it is true or not. But certainly Henry and Lincoln were well acquainted. Lincoln was much interested in Henry’s experiments, we know that.

Professor Henry must have been an important and symbolic figure in his time. Here he was, in the middle of the Mall, the professor in the Capital. He must have been quite an object of veneration as he grew older.

You know, he developed a sort of a horror about art because of the fire in 1865 in January, which gutted the east end of the building. The fire was due to a faulty flue. Henry himself rescued a number of paintings and carried them out. They were mostly the paintings of John McStanley, the painter of Indians. He was so horrified by the fact that this fireproof building had had a fire in it that he asked the Corcoran Gallery, which was starting then, to store all the Smithsonian’s art works, because he was simply afraid that they would be otherwise burned.

Henry was an extremely gifted man. He had wide cultural interests and had traveled in Europe to study architecture and art. He was interested in the fate of people who lived in cities. He was worried about their morals and about their health. He was really interested in everything. And around him, I think, more folklore has developed than around anybody else connected with the Smithsonian.

You hit upon one thing, Mr. Ripley, which seems to be a key to your interest in the festival, and that is variety. The festival itself is bent on stressing the fact that American culture is varied. It’s not a homogeneous or a melting-pot culture at all. I wonder if you had that thought in mind in instituting the festival.

Well, I did very strongly in this sense: that I feel that variety is one of the great strengths of a museum. The museum emphasizes the variety of any setting, whether it is local, regional, national, or, indeed, supranational. The diversity of men is one of the great Circles in our life. It’s a fact that constantly reinforces itself. All attempts to homogenize people sooner or later break down.

One of the failures of sociology today is to assume, first of all, that there is no such thing as a valid history and, secondly, that the human stuff is identical. There are people who have inherited diseases. There are people who have inherited skills. It is not counterproductive or undemocratic to say that people are different. There is one incredible fallacy in so much of our philosophy, which is that somehow or other we have to imply that everyone is exactly the same. I think Lincoln spoke about the fact that everyone is entitled to the best of opportunities, and the sadness of inequality lay in the deprivation of opportunities for those people who could take advantage of them. But the fact remains that, if you take twenty people from any segment of life, of any sort, mix them, up and give them exactly equal opportunities, the result will be totally different in every single case. And that is one of the virtues of people.

No one will ever be able to put down people as people. No system, no demagogue, no dictator, no communist, no fascist, no tedious theoretical professor will ever be able to arrive at a formula that will make all people look and act like peas out of a pod.

So to celebrate this diversity which is innate and implicit in every aspect of human culture, I think there is nothing better than reminding people of it through the vitality and example of the Folklife Festival.

JAMES R. MORRIS has been director of the Division of Performing Arts since its establishment in 1966. He has had broad experience in the performing arts, as a director, producer, and performer.

RALPH RINZLER has been director of the festival since its inception in 1967. Prior to coming to the Smithsonian Institution, he directed field programs for the Newport Folk Foundation. He is both a collector and a singer of folk songs.
“You don’t have to be Jewish” appears in bold type beneath a smiling, non-Jewish face—that of an Irish cop, an oriental, or a black. The poster, a favorite of New York subway riders, advertises Jewish rye bread while asserting a basic truth about our multiculture eating habits. Americans, of all backgrounds, prepare and consume a varied mélange of dishes, snacks, and sweets that encompass the myriad of traditions brought by settlers, recently arrived and long established.

The fact is, the preparation of food is frequently the most persistent of cultural traits, lasting among the descendants of immigrants long after language, song, dance, religious and secular rituals have been eradicated or thoroughly diluted.

Although many traditional foods are homemade, others are prepared for a community by professional cooks and bakers. Just as folk communities have had their blacksmiths, basket-makers, bards, and professional musicians to play for weddings and feast days, medicine shows, and juke joints, they also have their culinary specialists. The techniques involved in the preparation of food, like those of craftsmen and instrumentalists, are passed on from one generation to another by word of mouth and simple imitation. In the case of a professional, an apprenticeship may be involved.

John Marx, grandson of a Jewish tailor who immigrated from Germany in the early part of this century, was brought up, as was his father, in the Catholic faith. Like his father, John was apprenticed as a baker in a large plant in Cincinnati. There he learned his craft. After a few years, he took a job as “bouncer” at New Dilly’s, a club in Cincinnati’s artists’ quarter, Mt. Adams. He left New Dilly’s to become head baker, store manager, and partner of the newly formed corporation Hot Bagels, Inc.

John is the only baker in the shop over twenty; his assistants are high school students to whom he teaches the skills of a bagel maker and baker. The shop is family supported; John’s sister is at the sales counter five days a week and his father comes in frequently to lend a hand.

One of John’s partners, Eddie Kaye, a former stand-up comedian, attributes the marked success of the endeavor to John’s sharp wit and personality. The shop produces some thirty-two racks of bagels a week, with seventy-two dozen per rack, all hand rolled.

In the mainstream of the tradition of working America, John Marx is a skilled craftsman whose training depended on the processes by which all folklore has lived—imitation and word of mouth. A second generation baker, and at least a third generation craftsman, he is one of the thousands of Americans, born in the forties, who have turned their backs on desks and white collars to work instead with their hands.
Production begins with a mechanical dough mixer into which the simple ingredients—malt, high gluten flour, balancer, salt, and Ardex—are poured.

Dough is removed in huge billows and placed on the work table in preparation for rolling.

An appropriate portion is sliced away and ends overlapped, and

rolled into a thick cylinder,

placed on the tray ready for storage in the refrigerator.

which is quickly flipped into a hoop,

After 15 minutes of refrigeration, an entire tray is slipped into a vat of boiling water.

Customers buy by the dozens and begin eating the hot bagels before they are out of the door.
After two minutes, the bagels are scooped out with a wire net and a peel (huge wooden paddle) is used to remove the steaming hot bagels from the oven and carry them to the baskets from which they are sold.

Cooled in a steel tray, ready for placement on the canvas-covered wood slabs where flavors (poppy seeds, onion, garlic, etc.) are added before baking.

Daily recreation at the Jewish Community Center Health Club follows work at the shop for John and 15-year-old Dave Fye, who has been an apprentice since he was 13.

John’s brother, Mike, head stock clerk at a local supermarket, often sits down to a hand of cards.

John frequently returns to New Dilly’s to see old friends like Liberian-born, old-time blues-singer, “Popeye” Maupin (right).
The star as a symbol of Christmas originated with the star of Bethlehem in early Christian celebrations. The Herrnhut star, which was first made in about 1850 in the evening handicraft classes of the Moravian Boys School in Niesky, Germany, caught the fancy of the local Moravian church as a Christmas decoration. The star became known as the "Advent star" because it was the first decoration hung in the church on the first Sunday in Advent.

An alumnus of the Moravian Boys School, Pieter Verbeeck, began producing the stars commercially in Herrnhut, Germany—thus the name "Herrnhut Star." The village of Herrnhut, the first Moravian settlement, was established in Saxony in 1732 by Moravians granted asylum by Count Nicholas Zinzendorf from persecution by Catholics in Bohemia and Moravia. Harry Verbeeck, Pieter's son, founded the Herrnhut Star Factory. Originally the chief outlet for the stars was the Moravian community in Europe. In time, however, the Moravian star gained popularity as a Christmas decoration in homes as well as churches and among non-Moravians as well as Moravians. (The commercial German assembly kit for the stars can be ordered from the Moravian Book Shop, 428 So. Main St., Bethlehem, Pa. 18019. It costs $3.50.)

Moravian stars have been made in Gnadenhutten, Ohio, for at least 65 years. Miss Elma Zimmerman, whose construction technique is shown in the accompanying photographs, was taught to make the stars by one of the ministers of her church over fifty years ago. Construction time at first was long, and, as a result, the stars were given as gifts only to very best friends. However, Miss Zimmerman has, over a period of years, perfected the construction procedure so that a star can be put together in just a few hours. Miss Zimmerman and a group of her friends annually gather at the Zimmerman home a few weeks before Christmas and young and old work evening after evening learning the fine points of Herrnhut star making in preparation for the holiday. They have made hundreds of stars, including exceptionally large stars for use in churches in the area.

(1) Trace the outline of the central section or ball from the inside cover of this program and transfer the pattern to a stiff piece of cardboard (2 or 4 ply oak-tag is fine).

(2) Cut out the pattern from the cardboard with a scissors. The interiors of each square or triangle base can be removed most easily by cutting through one edge of the square or triangle, then cutting out the inside, and then taping the resulting frame closed. (See photo #1) Separately cut out an additional square base of the same size for use later to complete the ball.
(3) Use a knife or razor blade and ruler to make a surface cut (no more than half-way through the thickness) along the dotted lines; then fold along these lines. Join the far left (B) and right (A) ends of the ball with tape to form a circle, then fold in and tape closed (along each joint) the bottom half of the ball. (See photo #2)

(4) Trace the outlines of the three-sided and four-sided “points” and transfer the patterns to typewriter-weight paper. Eighteen four-sided and eight three-sided points must be made.

(5) After cutting out the points, fold each of the dotted lines against a ruler edge so that the creases are straight; then spread a thin film of white glue on the “X’d” flaps and press them together to shape the cone point.

(6) After the seams are securely fastened, take one of the four-sided points, fold out the “O” flaps, and spread a thin layer of white glue on all four flaps. Spread a thin layer of white glue on the outside surface of the square base in the center of the bottom of the ball. Set the point in place and, to secure a good bond, press the flaps down and run your fingers along the edge of the flap from the inside and outside of the ball simultaneously. Trim away any parts of flaps overhanging an adjoining base. (See photo #3)

(7) Similarly attach a three-sided point (with all flaps folded out) to one of the triangular bases in the next row of the bottom.

(8) Continue adding three and four-sided points to the bottom of the ball. Those flaps which adjoin a previously installed point should be folded in rather than out so that no flaps can be seen along the completed seam between each pair of points. (See photo 4)

(9) Individually attach the eight four-sided points that go around the center of the ball.

(10) Fold in and tape closed (along each joint) the top half of the ball. Attach with tape the additional square base made in step (2) at the center of the top of the ball (see photo #5). Tie one end of a thin wire around any corner of this additional square base and the adjoining triangular base. Tie the other end around the opposite corner of the additional square base and its adjoining triangular base. (See photo #6)

(11) Attach the points in the next row in the same manner as the other points. Finally, glue on the top-most point (all the flaps folded inward).

(12) A 7-watt Christmas-tree-sized bulb is sometimes placed in the center of the star by cutting the tip from the top-most point and running the electrical wire through. The electrical wire is attached to and supported by the wire from which the star hangs.

RICHARD PRENTKE is labor coordinator for this year’s festival. A graduate of Princeton, Prentke will attend Harvard Law School this fall.
The Festival of American Folklife has no strict operative definition. The best statement of its character is the festival itself. A sign at one of the first festivals suggests what I mean. It read: “Folklife is what the people do.”

Each year, the gathering of the Festival—the practical organization behind it and the search for participants—begins early. It is based on the deeply held conviction that folklife, with all its concomitant lore and art and skills and other riches passed from one person to another, is found inevitably and invariably in every community of people. One need not sail to an exotic island nor venture into far hills to find this ritual sense of life. It exists at the corner grocery store.

Consider, as examples, some random glimpses of the state of Ohio, glimpses in which any casual passer-by sees not only the fabric of tradition but also the tension and interchange that occurs as one tradition, one kind of ritual, one way of life, touches another:

- Steubenville, Ohio: in a window above Kuntz’s Kosher Food Mart hangs a Christmas wreath
- Superior Avenue, in Cleveland: a neon restaurant sign advertises Hungarian & Soul Food
- A factory suburb in Cincinnati: one of the finest bluegrass bands thrives in an easy-going neighborhood tavern called the Minute Man Inn
- Blocks from the state capital in Columbus: a unique black jazz band plays every Friday and Saturday evening at the Elks Franklin Lodge No. 203, not jazz for tourists but music for the people of the community
- Holmes County, Ohio: a horse drawn buggy carrying an Amish family shudders sideways as an eastbound truck roars past
- Take the case of the buggy and the truck. Theirs is not just a matter of new ways shoving aside old ways, but, rather, of coexistence. The Amish family have their traditions: plain, buttonless, dark clothes; thick beards on married men; a fierce striving to go about life without mechanization.

And in his fashion, too, the truck driver in his eastbound rig has traditions. At coffee stops, he’ll trade stories with other drivers, stories that grow out of the work. The drivers talk about accidents, near-accidents, and bad equipment. They add to the legend of the driver who jackknifed his rig to avoid hitting a small dog in the road. They tell about the driver who lost his brakes and died on a steep grade in the Ohio hills but managed to slow his truck enough so that his helper could leap to safety. The drivers’ lives, too, are bound in ritual.

“First thing you do, you got to blow up the salamander. Now you probably don’t know what the salamander is, but that’s the residue in a blast furnace. The steel at the bottom cools and hardens when the furnace is shut down. That salamander might be ten feet thick and it’s got to be dynamited out before you can go in there and rebuild that furnace.”

So it is in all people’s lives. Food, speech, memories, day-to-day activities—all give a group its character, its points of identity. Folklife is a suburban baby shower as well as an Amish barn raising. The festival sign said it best: “Folklife is what the people do.”

There are 150 participants at the festival from the state of Ohio. Who are these people? And why were they and not others included? Examples are better than any general answer to that question.

The two men pictured playing dulcimers, a father and son, were invited. The older man makes and plays his own dulcimers. He plays banjo in a fine frailing style and sings a treasury of songs that are in the heart of the American country music tradition. He was invited because the newspaper editor at Quaker City, Ohio, mentioned him to us and because, in turn, a string of friendly neighbors directed us to his isolated house on RD #4 outside Carrollton, Ohio.

PONY KEG: a term peculiar to Ohio and some neighboring states; used as a generic name for a type of store selling cigarettes, beer, grocery items, and so forth.

Another man was invited because someone began leafing through the Yellow Pages one night in Cleveland and started to wonder about the artists who do gold leaf lettering. This wondering led us to the man whose gold leaf work is seen on banks, cigar stores, and lawyers’ offices all over Cleveland’s business district. You might have seen this artist at work there, surrounded by a crowd of watchers, his
brush flicking up to his hair to pick up a charge of static electricity which, in turn, picks up the delicate sheet of hammered gold and carries it to the surface of a plate glass window.

The dulcimer player is from a rural area; the other, from the center of a big city. We do not maintain that either is typical, but, rather, that each is important. The same applies to the baker whose specialty is bagels and to the family who comes to make cheese. To the Moravians with their sacred “love feast” ceremony and to the venerable craftsmen who design and construct stained glass windows. To the lady who makes buckeye-head dolls and to the gunsmith. Each is important and together they make a statement about the variety of life in one of the fifty states.

Even though our field work in Ohio spanned seven months time, we do not imagine our results to be definitive. Our choices were necessarily influenced by a field worker’s intuition causing him to drive down a certain street to ask the right question at the right time, which led him to a particular person’s door. Yet, while admitting this element of chance, we have to note that one Friday night in Norwood, Ohio, one of our people, feeling a bit self-satisfied for having discovered a neighborhood tavern full of rich, living music, looked up from his table to see another field worker walk in the door. Both had arrived at the tavern for the same reason, but by wholly different routes.

Question: What is high in the middle and round on the ends?
Answer: O-hi-o.

In a sense, it is the function of the Festival of American Folklife to show the American people to themselves. In this, it both succeeds and fails. Over the months of traveling in Ohio, through all the looking and selecting of people to invite to Washington for five hot days in July, we are constantly aware of that which is omitted.

Many things cannot be brought to the Mall in Washington. Some elements of life cannot make the journey without suffering damage or significant change. There are, for example, several important kinds of traditional music and song that are not meant to be taken as a performance. The commonplace lullaby that you might hear from a front porch rocking chair is one; a child’s skiprope rhyme is another. Only rarely do such things come in a form that can be carried to Washington and put before an audience.

Each year the festival takes on a bit more. Each year it becomes a broader representation of what people do and involves more of the special folklife of large communities of people. At this year’s event, for example, there are several important industrial craftsmen from glass factories in the Ohio River valley. There is a man who cuts glass in traditional patterns with such names as the Fan, Hobb’s Star, and Strawberry Diamond. There’s also a mold maker—a man who chisels these or similar patterns into the heavy steel molds from which pressed glass is made.

The gathering of each year’s festival is an incremental process: one event or development suggests in turn something further to incorporate, the results of one field trip amplify or expand upon the possibilities suggested by the earlier visits to Ohio.

Yet we concede the possibility that we could do it all over again and come up with 150 different people from the state of Ohio, equally as appropriate as the 150 Ohioans who are taking part in the festival. Not only do we concede the possibility, we delight in it. America is too vast a place to let any one flow become the mainstream. The human community is infinitely varied in its possibilities and prospects. The 150 at the festival comprise those whom, we thought, as a group, could suggest and represent the 10.5 million people who could not be present but whose ways and traditions make up Ohio folklife.
These are some of the words that come to the minds of many people when they think of folk music. But human beings are creative animals, and they have a tendency to change things of value handed down to them by their forefathers to fit their own way of life. This has certainly been the case with that type of folk music called blues. Two powerful social forces—migration to the cities and advancing technology—changed blues as they changed the way of life of the people who sang and played blues.

Blues were born in the relative quiet and solitude of the fields and shacks of black sharecroppers in the rural South. At the end of a day’s toil, a man might get out his old acoustic guitar or harmonica and make music, accompanied only by the crickets and katydids.

But new farm machinery reduced the need for the hand laborer, and hundreds of thousands of black people were forced to move to northern cities, where the way of life was different. The cities were crowded and loud, and music played and sung by one man no longer fit the needs of either musicians or listeners. But the emotions expressed in the old blues were still there, so the natural move was to basically retain the music of the South but to add more and louder instruments. So when the electric guitar was introduced, bluesmen adopted it immediately.

Another important technological influence on the blues, the phonograph record, made it possible for musicians of one region to incorporate into their own music the styles of musicians from other regions. Beginning in the 1920’s, hundreds of country bluesmen who previously had been heard only by their friends were brought into the homes of thousands via the record player. American blacks have never looked upon blues as a quaint folk music; until the late fifties, blues was simply the popular music of the day for them. But during the last decade, the popularity of blues among a black audience has steadily declined, and today it is difficult to find a black night club featuring a blues band. The major devotees of blues today
are young middle-class whites, who have psychodelicized this music of the
shacks of the South and the ghettos of the North.

The life of Robert Junior Lockwood, of Cleveland, Ohio, reflects all of
these trends in blues.

Lockwood was born in 1916 on a farm near Marvelle, Arkansas, where
he lived until he was about seven. He then moved to St. Louis to live with
his mother, but they soon returned South, and Lockwood spent most of
the first half of his life in Helena, Arkansas.

"I quit school in the seventh grade
and started to work and never went
back," recalls Lockwood. "My moth-
er was working as a cook and wasn't
getting paid nothing, and a man
could get paid ten or fifteen dollars a
week. So I just stopped her from
working. When I first quit school, I
was chopping and picking cotton, but
most of the time I was carrying
water, and I got paid a dollar a day.
Then I started carrying water in a
leeve camp, but I didn't have to do
that kind of work long because I
started playing guitar when I was
thirteen and by the time I was
seventeen or eighteen I was playing
professional. At that time, all the
musicians was playing house parties
and things like that, just them and
their guitar, just playing by them-
selves. They would pay you about a
dollar and half a night; start playing
around 9 or 10 o'clock and play till
day."

Lockwood learned to play guitar
from the legendary Mississippi blues-
man Robert Johnson, whom Lock-
wood claims as his stepfather since
Johnson lived with his mother for
about six years. "I was thirteen years
old when Robert Johnson got with
my mother. He was about eighteen
and she was twenty-eight. They met
in Helena. He was just there playing.
See, back in that time, dudes like
Robert and Blind Lemon Jefferson,
they didn't have no booking agent
like the fellows have now. And they
didn't have any help; you know, they
just played the guitar by themselves
and played on the streets, and they
made a pretty decent buck.

"Well, Robert was the best thing
that could have ever happened to me
because I had always wanted to play.

Just as fast as he put the guitar
down, I picked it up. And he saw I
was really interested in playing, so he
finally taught me. And I learned real
fast. In about two weeks, I was
playing two or three songs. And
Robert left and went down in Texas
and stayed six or eight months and
when he came back I was playing all
the songs on the records we had by
him. And that dude played some
curious guitar.

At that time, I sounded so much
like him that sometimes people got
confused as to who was Robert
Johnson. Once I went to Clarksdale
with Robert, and he was playing on
one end of this bridge and I was
playing on the other and people was
just going to and from across that
bridge; they was real confused.

And then after Robert got killed
. . . I just wouldn't accept the fact
that he was dead, you know. Any-
way, it was after Robert had died,
and I went to Elaine, Arkansas, and I
played that Saturday down there on
the streets. And I came home to
Helena that Sunday, and somebody
told me, 'You know, I seen Robert
Johnson down to Elaine.' So I went
back to Elaine trying to find him,
and it finally come to me that it was
me they had seen down there.

“When I first learned to play, I
was playing by myself. And there
was no such thing as an electric
guitar. We had acoustic guitars then
and the people had to be real quiet. I
don't think I would like to play like
that again. You know, a lot of people
have asked me about playing by
myself. Uh-uh, I don't think so. I just
got used to playing with bands and
trios, and I just wouldn't feel com-
fortable playing by myself. That's
what they call folk song, right? I feel
like that's for dudes when it's just
about over; that's just for somebody
who's just about washed up, who's
just about given up, who ain't never
going to try to progress no more.
You know, when I was a kid, it was
exciting to play music, period. But, I
mean, as the years pass, man, things
change."

Things were really beginning to
change in 1940 when Lockwood
visited Chicago to cut two records of
his own. And, from 1941 until 1943,
he played guitar over the radio in
Helena with one of the first famous
bluesmen to form a band, the second
Sonny Boy Williamson. After having
his own program for a year, he
moved to West Memphis and met B.
B. King, with whom he played for
about a year. In 1945, he moved to
Chicago and for the next twenty-six
years played guitar with such well-
known bluesmen as Sonny Boy,
Little Walter, and Otis Spann.

He moved to Cleveland in 1960.
The demand for blues was no longer
so great, and during the last ten years
Lockwood has played only sporad-
ically. But recently he has appeared
in a couple of blues festivals and
recorded an album for Delmark
Records.

In Cleveland, he holds a job dur-
ing the day and on weekends plays
and sings with a young white blues
band in which the electric instru-
ments are turned all the way up.

"Things sure do change," Robert
reflected.

GEORGE MITCHELL is the author-
photographer of BLOW MY BLUES
AWAY, a book on black country blues
from the Mississippi delta. Formerly an
award-winning writer for the Columbus
News, Columbus, Georgia, he is presently
writing a book on black teenagers of the
rural South. 10M/12,
In most of aboriginal North America before the arrival of Europeans, the most important outside cultural influences came from the centers of Indian civilization in central and southern Mexico: North America was culturally peripheral to these centers in very much the same way as northern and western Europe was for millennia culturally peripheral to the centers of civilization in Greece, Rome, Mesopotamia, and Egypt. But, by the time Europeans arrived on the Northwest Coast, there had developed in that region a radically different and original way of life, most readily recognized by its unique and powerful art, a way of life which owed almost nothing to southern influences. This distinct and vigorous cultural type was shared by many hundreds of Indian villages (representing about twenty-five different languages) spread along a narrow strip of the Pacific Coast from about Trinidad Bay in northern California to Yakutat Bay in Alaska.

The climate of this Northwest coastal strip is wet and mild—winters are warmer in Juneau than they are in Washington, D.C.—because of a warm current just off the coast and high mountains.
A Chilkat blanket (5 feet 7 inches wide), made of mountain-goat wool, in yellow, bluish-green, and black. Tlingit. (Catalog number 387,445 in the collections of the Department of Anthropology, Smithsonian Institution.)

just inland. At the time the Northwest Coast civilizations flourished, the steep shores of the area were densely wooded; the rivers teemed with fish, especially salmon; and the adjacent ocean contained abundant fish and sea mammals. In fact, lumbering and fishing are still the major industries for both Indians and invaders along much of this coast, and Indians in the states of Washington and Oregon are even now fighting in the courts to preserve their treaty rights to fish in their accustomed places.

The environment of this coastal area was so favorable for human occupation that it permitted a development nearly unique in human history: a large population lived in permanent towns but supported itself solely by hunting and fishing—without agriculture. The sea provided enough food and the forest sufficient raw materials to permit a complex and settled way of life to develop far beyond the northern frontiers of crops and agricultural methods that had spread from Mexican centers. The Northwest Coast peoples devised complex techniques for securing the wild foods, for preserving and storing them, and for distributing them among the numerous villages. Although the population grew, the food quest became so efficient that there was considerable leisure time, much of which was devoted to elaboration of arts and crafts.

The most highly developed crafts were wood carving and carpentry. Tools for working wood had blades of stone, shell, iron, bone, and beaver incisors. These blades were replaced by Euroamerican steel and iron blades when they became available through trade. Before the arrival of Europeans and New Englanders in the late eighteenth century, the only metals known were native copper and an occasional rare bit of iron that reached the region through a long chain of trade links stretching deep into Asia. Techniques similar to those used with wood were applied to the shaping and carving of horn and bone, and, in the nineteenth century, to producing, purely for sale to whites, objects from argillite, a fine-grained black stone soft enough to be readily carved when it is first quarried but which then hardens with exposure to the air. Some work was done in stone by pecking and grinding the igneous materials found on the coast, but stone suitable for chipping and flaking was rare.

Pottery was unknown (as is normal for nonagricultural societies), but well-made baskets were produced throughout the region, with particularly fine ones being made by the tribes at the southern end of the area. Blankets were woven on simple but true looms by the Coast Salish of what is now Washington and southern British Columbia. Elsewhere, fabrics were made from cordage of mountain goat or of dog wool, worked together by twining, a basketry technique. The most famous of these fabrics are the beautiful Chilkat blankets made by some of the Tlingit. Tanning of hides was known, but it was relatively unimportant since hides were not needed for clothing in the
mild climate.

The Northwest Coast cultures placed great emphasis on the decoration of objects. The urge seemed almost irresistible to carve, incise, and paint everyday tools, weapons, and utensils. A fishhook, a spoon, an adze, a canoe paddle, a bowl, a box, a canoe—all usually were beautifully shaped, carefully formed, and heavily decorated with stylized natural forms. There were also a great many types of objects of ritual and symbolic importance on which even more artistic effort was expended. Northwest Coast societies were extremely rank conscious, with social rank acquired, validated, emphasized, and preserved in "potlatches," elaborate ceremonies involving the ostentatious display, destruction, or gift of quantities of valuable objects. Totem poles were erected as memorials to the dead and as displays of the heraldic crests of the living. Much of the religious ritual was heavily theatrical, with complex masks, puppets, and other stage equipment. All these religious or ceremonial objects were vehicles for visual art.

The area in which elaboration of Northwest Coast art reached its highest form stretched from Vancouver Island to Yakutat Bay, among the Nootka, Kwakiutl, Bella Coola, Bella Bella, Tsimshian, Haida, and Tlingit tribes. Among these people developed one of the truly great art styles of the world—a powerful, distinct, easily recognizable, carefully planned and

controlled organization of forms and lines.

It makes little sense to distinguish sculpture from painting in this style, for the few colors (mainly black, a rich red, and a bluish green) were used for the same purposes in composing designs as were incising and shallow relief carving, and painting usually occurred together with shaping. There is also no basic difference in designs between media, with the exception of basketry. Chilkat blankets, huge totem poles, small horn spoon handles, wooden bowls and boxes of all sizes, jewelry of silver and occasionally of gold (obtained from Euroamericans), argillite carvings—all appear in the same style, a style characterized by stylized natural forms. Even differences of scale seem of no importance; the modeling, incising, and painting are handled in the same way regardless of an object's size.

The peak of artistic production was reached only 75 to 100 years ago on the Northwest Coast, partly under the stimulus of metal tools and the heavy demand of Euroamerican collectors. Some good work is still being done today. In recent years, the best pieces of Northwest Coast work have begun to receive the appreciation and study they deserve and to be classed among the world's fine art. Art historians and anthropologists are beginning to recognize the products of some great individual artists among the
numerous and widely scattered collections in museums. Because the peak of production was relatively recent, some of these works—even though all are of course unsigned—can be attributed to known artists, such as the Haida Charles Edenshaw or the Kwakiutl Willie Sewid.

The Smithsonian Institution has a fine collection of Northwest Coast Indian art, some of it permanently exhibited in the Natural History Museum. Four superb totem poles stand near the elephant inside the Mall entrance, while several exhibit cases display other objects at the north end of the Hall of Native Peoples of the Americas on the first floor.

**A Soul-catcher** (8 1/2" long) of bone, carved to represent a double-headed dragon. It was worn suspended from the neck of a shaman, who used it to retrieve the lost souls of his patients. Tsimshian, collected at Port Simpson before 1872. (Catalog number 10,983 in the collections of the Department of Anthropology, Smithsonian Institution.)

**A dance hat**, of carved and painted wood, with sheet metal applied on the lips and the eyes of the figure of a bear. Haida, collected in 1883 at Skidegate. (Catalog number 89,037 in the collections of the Department of Anthropology, Smithsonian Institution.)

**A rattle** (13 1/2" long), of carved and painted wood. The underlying form representing a raven. Haida, collected in 1883 at Skidegate. (Catalog number 89,078 in the collections of the Department of Anthropology, Smithsonian Institution.)
Transformation mask made of cedar in the Bellacoola style. The mask represents Kwat-e-wala, a man who had special powers because he embodied the spirit of the loon. The mask, as it opens and closes, depicts the loon becoming the man, and the man being transformed into the loon. Photo by U.S. Department of the Interior, Indian Arts and Crafts Board.
Lelooska (Whittling Boy) is the name given to Don Smith by the Nez Perce tribe. Now living in Ariel, Washington, Don is a Cherokee who was adopted by the Kwakiutl people. With his mother, brother and sister, he is encouraging the development of all forms of traditional Northwest Coast art. Next door to the Smith home, there is a Kwakiutl ceremonial lodge where the family performs songs, dances and stories for young school children. The following interview by Clydia Nahwooksby reflects that life.
C: Don, how did your interest in carving begin?

D: My grandfather was the major influence, I think, in my whole life, at least in the Indian part of my life. He was Cherokee and an extraordinary man in many ways. When I was small, he began to teach me all the things he felt that I should know in order to be a complete person. He felt that I had to have the best of both societies, Indian society and white society, to be complete. He had no tribal prejudices. He had great respect for many, many different tribes and different peoples. He taught me the rudiments you might say, the first things that I was in touch with—Indian things—and then as time passed, I got more and more involved, and he encouraged my interests and helped me. It was from these roots that my interests grew.

My grandfather ran away as a small boy, went with a herd of cattle down the old Chisholm trail, returned home, and ran away again to join the cavalry. They cut his hair and he served in the last of the Apache campaigns. He thoroughly respected and admired the Apache people, deplored the way the white people—the military—had treated them. He was in and out of the Army all his life.

I remember that as a little boy he took me to a Jewish synagogue and Buddhist temple and was very reverent about both. He explained to me that different people had different names for God, that this was all good, that any religion was good as long as the people were sincere and lived up to the teachings of it. We went to Shaker meetings, Indian sun dances, and things like that, and he pointed out that among different tribes there were different religions and beliefs and that this was good also. It was not so much the "brand" name of the religion as how well you lived up to its teachings.

C: Don, the effect your grandfather had on your life is now reaching many people through your involvement in Northwest Coast Indian arts. I've heard you referred to as a living legend. Such comments indicate an appreciation for your concern in continuing what is Northwest Coast culture. What are some of the teachings which you are doing and how did they begin?

D: I guess the roots of my interest in the Northwest Coast arts have to go back to my grandfather. Cherokee people whistle. He whistled and taught me to whistle. He made hominy spoons and little figures and masks. I found myself here in the Northwest as a very small child. Looking around me there were the remnants of a culture that had produced probably the greatest whittlers ever known to history, people who didn't whistle sticks, but whole logs, whose carvings were simply colossal in size. They were magnificent things. A marvelous art style. There was something mysterious about the masks. They always looked at you as though they had something behind them, a secret or a story. For many years, I was involved in what I guess you would call the tourist trade. I produced small carvings, as many people do, which were sold to dealers who resold them. As time went on, my skills developed and my knowledge increased. I became more and more discontented with grinding out souvenirs, trying to compete with manufacturers in Hong Kong and Japan, most of the time feeling sort of unappreciated in what I did.

Finally, about seven years ago, the opportunity presented itself to make a clean break with souvenir art and to try something that I had always wanted to do. That was to see if a person could make a living producing things of the old quality. It was a shaky, scary thing, but a lot of friends encouraged me. About the same time, the Indian Arts and Crafts Board sent a representative out here to the Northwest. He encouraged me. So I tried it. I probably committed some considerable atrocities in learning, but I guess any artist does.

When we moved up here, I set to work to try and learn to produce things that were of the quality of the old carvers and to use the old inspirations, the old myths and legends and stories, as the background. Not simply to reproduce or copy things from museums, but to try and synthesize the art style so that I could do new pieces with old inspiration that would be as valid as the old pieces as far as being objects of art. And from there it has been kind of a long trail.

C: Don, I understand that you have had supporters in the Northwest Coast tribes who very much appreciate your interest in continuing Northwest Coast art. Could you tell me about some of these people and the kinds of support they've given you?

D: Well, from the beginning, I've always felt that the best way to learn things Indian is from our old people, who really are our archives, our libraries, our memories, who are invaluable. A person can read lots and lots of books written by anthropologists, but it is always a good idea to crosscheck what you learn with the memories of older people. I've been very fortunate in knowing a great number of really wonderful old people, among them the last full chief of the Columbia River people, Tommy Thompson, Kuni, and his wonderful wife, Flora, who from the time I was pretty young, probably about thirteen years old, really cooperated in teaching me everything that they could about their old ways, their old arts, and their old crafts.

Among people from the heart of our Northwest Coast area who have helped me, Jim Sewid is probably the most important. Jim is a great hereditary chief, a man of high rank and great importance in the old system. He served for many, many years as elected chief councillor of the Kwakiutl people. I always felt like just a bit of an intruder into Northwest Coast traditions until I became acquainted with Jim. I felt a little guilty, for I am a person whose blood is of an entire-
ly different tribal culture. Yet here I was practicing the arts and learning and studying the culture of another tribe.

Jim really was the person who sort of legitimatized the whole thing. From the first time I met him, he was thoroughly delighted with what we were doing, and a great source of encouragement. Finally, at a potlatch in the old way, he presented me with a very fine Kwakiutl name and granted permission for us to use all of the songs and dances and stories of his particular lineage of the Kwakiutl people. This is the greatest thing that a Kwakiutl can do, because these traditions and privileges handed down from one generation to the next are validated by the expenditure of tremendous amounts of property and wealth in potlatching. It was the highest honor Jim could have paid me.

C: So you were adopted by the Kwakiutl people.

D: Yes, he gave me the name of Gekkun which means “chief of chiefs.” It was the name of his grandfather, who was a high-ranking and important chief. He presented my younger sister with the name Tlakwastali-lumga which means “precious as copper,” and then granted his permission for all of his songs and dances to be used.

C: I see that your mother is also an artist. How has she influenced your work?

D: Mom’s been a tremendous influence. She’s a crafts woman. She produced for the tourist trade, just as I did, for many, many years. In fact, she was producing long before I really grew old enough to do much. Mom makes portrait dolls of Indian people—people of the Plains, but mostly people of the Northwest Coast. She’s also a very skillful sewer of buckskin and a good beader. All types of Indian craft work interest her. She does ink drawings on cloth, which are really wonderful. They have an almost photographic quality.

C: Those are the ones I’ve seen. They’re beautiful.

D: Mom is a very gifted woman, and I think probably if she hadn’t devoted so much time and effort to her family, she would have been a well-known artist. But Mother is a deeply Indian person, and, among Indian people, the mother devotes herself to her family. She doesn’t promote herself; she encourages her family.

C: Tell me about the kind of work your sister is doing. I know that she does some beautiful silver jewelry. What other kinds of work is she involved in?

D: Patty carves in wood, antler, and ivory. She’s recently taken up doing silver work, mostly in the Northwest Coast style. She’s my apprentice, just as my younger brother is.

C: Smitty, your younger brother, is a carver as well?

D: Yes, he’s probably my chief apprentice. Smitty is tremendously strong. He has very powerful hands and arms, which are a big help in producing a large carving, and a lot of natural art ability. Smitty is also a very fine dancer. If Smitty can stand on the shoulders of the research I started, I see your family is doing to change the misconceptions the public has of the American Indian, and in particular, of the Northwest tribes.

D: Our programs are an extension of our practices of Northwest Coast art, because the Northwest Coast artist was a total artist. He might be a storyteller, a carver and painter, and sort of an unofficial historian. He had to know all of the traditions. He might be a song composer, a maker of songs, a choreographer of dances at the potlatch presentations. He was totally involved in the whole artistic part of Northwest Coast art. So, our dancing helps us to better understand Northwest Coast art. And the dancing is an extension. It isn’t enough to simply carve a mask; to thoroughly understand it, you have to use it.

Our programs are aimed primarily at young people because I find, if you are going to fight prejudice at any level, it is probably easier to start with youngsters who really, until they reach a certain age, are very free of prejudice. This is
something youngsters learn. They don't know about color when they are born. Prejudice comes later. We hope to try to get rid of some of the misconceptions, as you said. Most of all, we want to get across to youngsters that Indians are people, that they are human beings, that they live in a different manner. In the old days they had to: they lived in a different world.

We want youngsters to come to appreciate the Indian’s culture, to realize the richness of it, to realize the contribution the Indian has made to the fabric of our country. Many expressions in everyday use have Indian roots. Many of the foods we eat are contributions of the Indian. Even our form of government was copied, in some measure, from the famous League of the Iroquois. So many contributions!

We try to get this across to young people who come here. We want them to feel a certain pride in the accomplishment of the Indians and to appreciate it. The thing we ultimately hope to accomplish is that perhaps by appreciating the Indian, when he encounters the Indian in everyday life as a job seeker or as a neighbor or as someone he is doing business with in his social life, he will recognize that the Indian is not a curiosity. He is a person. He has a marvelous background, a rich heritage, and is a person well worthy of respect.

I personally don’t believe in taking up signs and going out and demonstrating. This is sort of my own way of trying to get the Indians’ message across. We do it through the cooperation we have with the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry. I think last year we had upwards of 11,000-12,000 youngsters through the place here. We like to think that we reached at least a part of the youngsters with the message that Indians are people, that they do have a rich culture that really can be shared by the non-Indian, at least as an appreciator.

C: You know, Don, I think that the way you have of sharing the Indian culture is really the Indian way of doing things.

D: Pride and dignity are essential to the Indians, I feel. They are the only things that have enabled the Indian people to survive suffering, to do things with dignity, to endure, but most of all to have a pride in what they are and what their people are and were. Jim Sewid, my adopted relative, sometimes says in a very sad and touching way that his

Leloska roughs out and begins to carve a mask in his home workshop. His masks and totem poles are in private and public collections in the United States and abroad. Photo by U.S. Department of the Interior, Indian Arts and Crafts Board.

people have lost their pride.

Pride is, I feel, at the very core of the Indian personality. He has to feel his worth. The tribes that have been able to keep some measure of their ancient pride seem to be the people that have done the best in our modern society. I think it’s important to try to restore pride to the younger people who have lost it or were born without it, or haven’t been able to find it in the crushing poverty and the drab surroundings that reservation life sometimes gives them.

And I think the arts and crafts, the tales, the stories, the whole beauty of the culture is the best tool we have for doing this, because this is the Indian at his best in his art and in his rich culture. His mythology, his music, his dance. This is the way we can reach these young people. Unfortunately, the young person on a reservation gets to see only the sad remnants of his rich culture. Perhaps, as in some villages up north, everything really fine of the old culture has been carried away and lost to him. I think we have to find a means to acquaint these young people with the very best that their culture has to offer. Through this, perhaps a little spark of pride will spring up and give them what they need to survive in modern society.

A CHEROKEE from Cherokee County, Oklahoma, Cladya Troller Nahwooksy, has worked for the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Indian Health Service. She has been with the Smithsonian Institution’s Division of Performing Arts since 1969 and is now director of the Institution’s Indian Awareness Program.
CONTEMPORARY LEGEND

DANIEL R. BARNES

Most of us, if asked to describe just what it is that the study of folklore involves, would probably end up talking about the preservation of relics and traditions of a bygone era as exemplified in something like the recording of old-timey songs and stories collected from the mountain folk of Appalachia. Although such a description does, it is true, go a long way toward defining the domain of the folklorist, it is apt to have the unfortunate result of blinding us to a whole body of bonafide folklore which is reflected almost daily in our urban, industrialized, mass-media-oriented society.

As a matter of fact, one of the most prominent types of folklore currently in active circulation and one which has much to reveal about contemporary urban life is the modern legend. The term “legend,” as used by the professional folklorist, differs somewhat in meaning from the popularly accepted sense. It is, in Richard M. Dorson’s words, “a traditional narrative regarded as true by its teller and by many members of the society in which it circulates....” The modern legend, as Patrick B. Mullen has recently pointed out, shares a number of striking resemblances with rumor, and like rumor, it frequently reveals more of our fears and anxieties than we would perhaps like to think.

Consider, for example, the belief current among many that President John F. Kennedy is alive, though a helpless invalid, and living in heavily guarded seclusion on the island of Scorpios. Strikingly similar in many ways to earlier recorded legends about Abraham Lincoln, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and more recently, Amelia Earhart, the “JFK is alive” legend gains popular support from several conditions and circumstances: the Warren Commission’s failure to dispel widespread doubts surround-
IRONWORKERS

"YOU'VE GOT TO RESPECT THE STEEL."

RICHARD PRENTKE
AND
RON STANFORD
PHOTOS
BY
SYEUS MOTTEL
Barney Harvey learned about structural ironworking from his father's close friend, Tom Clarkson. Both Tom's father and grandfather were ironworkers. Now, Barney's younger brother, Tommy, is an ironworker and three of Barney's sons think they want to be ironworkers. In Barney's family the romance of ironworking has been passed from generation to generation.

This transmission of knowledge from father to son, brother to brother, friend to friend could very well be taking place in an isolated community in the mountains of North Carolina. But in this case it is not. Tom Clarkson, Barney Harvey, and his brother Tommy all work in the middle of Manhattan. And the traditions and skills they are passing on deal with the art of erecting steel beams fifty to one hundred stories above the sidewalks of New York.

Those who enter the ironworking trade become part of a large but close community. Barney Harvey, the assistant superintendent or "walking boss," on the New York Telephone Building job in New York, claims that he could go to any construction job in the city and know most of the iron workers. Similarly, a "boomer," an iron worker who travels about looking for construction booms, will be known by previous acquaintance or by reputation by ironworkers in all parts of the country. A colorful folklore has grown up within this community.

The stories, symbols, jokes, words, above all, the skills of the ironworkers comprise their folklore. One real mark of an ironworker, for example, is his vocabulary: a "pusher" is a foreman; to "drag up" is to quit; a "banjo block" is a device through which cable travels on its way from the engine to the derrick at the top of a structure under construction. Another aspect of tradition is the reverence many ironworkers hold for men who erected the early bridges and skyscrapers—a sense of history acquired not through books, but by talking to old-timers or to those who knew the old-timers. One ironworker beautifully expressed his respect for the history of his craft: "In the old days, the derricks were made of wood, the men were made of iron."

On the seventy-fifth anniversary of the International Association of Bridge, Structural, and Ornamental Iron Workers, the living traditions of its members are one of the trade's great strengths.

At a small restaurant near the worksite, Barney Harvey (right) stops for a quick breakfast. With him are two fellow ironworkers, Joe Downey and his son Paul Downey, a first-year apprentice. Barney recalls: "As an apprentice, I started out on a wrecking crew, taking care of the gas and air bottles, getting coffee. That was in 1954. Then I went up on the Nyack Bridge as an apprentice carrying nuts and bolts."

Barney's first stop of the day is the American Bridge Company "shanty", the trailer office on the site. Here he discusses the day's plans with Jim Nanninga, the company engineer.

Beams that have been erected on previous days must still be set. First, the beam is "plumbed up" by two men with a hoist. In the next two pictures two "bolter-ups" fasten the beam securely with bolts. Although bolts...
have replaced rivets, Barney remembers when "four-man riveting gangs used to travel all around the country on jobs. Today some guys still travel around together bolting up as a team". Barney supervises the final welding of a beam.

"There's always nicknames for different workers: Three-quarters, Icebox, Chewin' Tobacco George, Five Pockets, Mr. Clean, Jeff Chandler, High Pockets, Alabama, Wooden Shoes, Mikey-Play-the-Piano, Shopping Bag Joe, and some I shouldn't mention."
W.M. Scheffler of the American Bridge Company questions Barney on the progress of the building. Jack Barrett, the superintendent looks on.

Steel is lifted topside directly from the delivery truck by a guy derrick. The "street gang" on the truck attaches the load hook to about 6 tons of steel, and it is lifted.

Through lunch—a hero sandwich—Barney stays in the shanty and talks shop: "There's a lot of stuff that still has to come down."

Barney describes what must be done next to his brother Tommy, who works as a signalman.

Barney shouts an order as the men prepare to lower a crane to the ground. "You have to keep your eyes open—you have to know where you are."
Barney peers over the edge of the building. The ironworkers shrug off the danger of the height and narrowness of the beams upon which they walk. Barney says: "You can walk along a curb without falling over. Well, you could move that curb up twenty floors, and it would be the same, right?"

Tommy Harvey signals the derrick operator to hoist up the crane. In the background, Barney lays a shoulder to the crane with the others.

Once aloft, the crane is guided by the crew. One old-timer notes: "It's safer up here than on the ground because everybody looks out for each other."

Barney rides the railroad to Long Island, then drives home from the station. He bought his attractive home in Mineola three years ago to accommodate his family of six children.

Barney is constantly in motion, from one side of the building to the other and from floor to floor, as he follows each job his men are doing. According to one of the men, he has earned the nickname "Beep-beep, the road runner, because he never stops."

The strain of the day is evident in Barney's face as he slumps to a rest at 4:30. He waits around to lock up the shanty and is the last to leave. Talking about the history of his craft, he states: "The ironworkers back about thirty or more years ago had it a lot rougher. They made the good conditions that we have today."

Sometimes, on their way home from work, Barney and his construction friends stop in a tavern across the street from the construction site for a beer. They talk shop and "set as much steel in the bar as on the job." It is a well-deserved relaxation after a hard day.

Barney’s hobby is his family. He is interested in his children, and they respect him. Here, he plays lacrosse with his oldest sons, Michael (left), 16, and Pete, 14. Both say that ironworking may be in their futures.

Barney and his wife, Peggy, relax with their three youngest children, Thomas (left), another aspiring ironworker, Margaret, and Patrick. Missing is Joseph, 13. Peggy understands that Barney "has to do something out of the ordinary, more dangerous," but she rarely thinks about the danger involved anymore.

On Friday nights, the Harveys usually have dinner in a favorite Mineola restaurant. This evening, they have unexpectedly run into some old friends, the Julianos. Peggy jokes: "The night before we got married was his first union meeting. I wasn't sure if he'd show up for the wedding."

Barney leads a full, satisfying life. His job has led him from bridges to subways, from New York to Portugal. His philosophy: "You've got to respect the steel."
Ron Stanford graduated with a history major from Grinnell College in Grinnell, Iowa in June, 1971. He earned his final semester's credit working on the staff of AFL-CIO Labor Studies Center assigned to the Smithsonian Institution's Division of Performing Arts. He recently contributed a biographical article for an anthology of Doc Watson's songs.
From what experiences are labor traditions wrought? A robust picket line chant; a tool chest lid lined with faded dues slips; a secret hand clasp in a dim entry way; an echo of John Lewis’ or Eugene Debs’ oratory; a visit to a weathered stone marker at Homestead or Ludlow—all are part of the language, belief, and customs that comprise laborlore—the special folklore of American workers within trade unions.

At times laborlore reaches out as a force to touch persons far removed from unionism. When the Massachusetts Institute of Technology named Jerome B. Wiesner to its presidency on March 5, 1971, Wiesner, in a New York Times interview, attributed his “keen social awareness” to his childhood in Dearborn, Michigan. As a child, Wiesner would “run downtown after school to watch the pitched battles between automobile union men and Ford goon squads.” Wiesner never became a unionist, but the image of the Dearborn beatings was etched on his mind. A part of labor folklore? Perhaps.

It is the ability to retain tension and emotion in memory linked to the need to project feelings into dramatic, musical, or linguistic form that turns everyday experience into folklore. Obviously, brutality at a plant gate is not folklore. But a mournful ballad or wry jest about the happening may enter tradition to be passed on among union men for generations.

Perhaps the best way to identify laborlore is to mention specific examples. There are well-known labor songs written and sung by such performers as Joe Glazer, Sarah Gunning, Utah Phillips, and Pete Seeger. Less well-known than the songs are short anecdotal tales told to reinforce philosophical positions and to build solidarity in times of stress. One such tale follows, a tale I heard from John Neuhaus, a San Francisco machinist and “double header” unionist (John held dual membership in the International Association of Machinists, AFL-CIO, and in the Industrial Workers of the World, “Wobblies”). It is called “The Striker’s Wife.”

The iron ore miners were on strike up in Minnesota. It was a long hard strike but the men held out pretty good. A lot of them were Finns; Finns believe in solidarity. One day a striker’s wife was about out of money. She went to the butcher shop to try to buy some cheap cut of meat that might last the family for a week. She saw a calf’s head in the case and figured it would make lots of soup. So she asked the butcher, “How much?”

He said, “One dollar.”

That was too much so she started to leave. But just as she got to the door, she asked “Is this a union ship; is your meat union?”

He was surprised but replied, “Sure, I’m a member of the union (Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America). I cut my meat by union rule—see my shop card in the window.”

The lady said, “Well, I don’t want any union meat. Don’t you have a scab calf’s head?”

The butcher was stumped but he was smart. So he said, “Just a minute, Ma’am,” and he took the calf’s head into the room back of the shop. Pretty soon the lady heard a lot of clatter. The butcher came out of the room and handed her the wrapped package. He said, “That’ll be seventy-five cents, ma’am.”

She was very pleased at the saving, paid up and started for the door. But she was curious, so she asked, “Isn’t this scab calf’s head the same as the union head you tried to sell me for a dollar?”

The butcher said, “Yes, ma’am, it is. I just knocked out two bits worth of brains!”

A tale such as the one above can be told anywhere workers gather, and laborlore abounds with such stories. Ritual, however, is often confined to particular places and particu-
ular times. From my experience as a young shipwright in San Francisco on the eve of World War II, I recall, for example, the practice of the tool auction:

Shipwrights, marine joiners, boatbuilders, caulkers, and drydockers organized one of San Francisco’s earliest trade unions, for they were there to dismantle ships for needed lumber and metal parts during the Gold Rush. When I joined Local 1149, United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, it was filled with immigrant mechanics from every shipbuilding center in the world: the Clyde, Belfast, Malta, Hamburg, Hong Kong. In the mid-thirties, our local was involved with the longshoremen and other maritime crafts in two waterfront strikes. Although the local was divided between radicals and conservatives, it was united on the need to preserve craft custom, to maintain solidarity, and to honor the dead. The tool auction was a unifying part of union tradition.

When an old-timer died, his tool chest was carried to the union hall. Chests were big and heavy, frequently ornate, and usually filled with handmade tools, including, perhaps, rosewood planes. (They were made of wood so that they would float if dropped overboard.) At the conclusion of the meeting, the union president would begin to auction the tools one by one and to gather a purse for the departed member’s family. The chief function of the auction appeared to be to provide an unsophisticated form of social security, but there were other functions, as well. The local was small and the mechanics worked closely. When one of them purchased a dead colleagues tools, he kept some of his friend’s skill alive. He also kept the tools out of skid-row pawnshops and, hence, out of the hands of strangers.

As is the case of much folklore, the tool auction ritual employed elements of sympathetic magic far older than unionism itself.

For lack of space, these two examples of tale and ritual must represent in this booklet the many kinds of literary genres and behavior patterns that constitute the large body of American laborlore. It grows with every day, but it still serves a fundamental purpose to the union men. It serves to bind people together and to give individuals a sense of dignity on the job and within their movement.

In the *Wall Street Journal* on March 4, 1971, Tom West, a member of the International Association of Bridge, Structural and Ornamental Iron Workers, described what it is like to be a top connector working three hundred feet above the Chicago Loop. (A connector bolts together the derrick-lifted structural steel units of a skyscraper under construction.) He also inadvertently revealed how much laborlore has become a part of his life.

In the article, West explained that incompetent ironworkers, or “Joe McGee’s” as they are known, are recognizable by their mangled fingers and toes. Good workers are known by their stance aloft. Along with craft skills, Tom West had learned during his breaking-in period the essence of a journeyman’s style—that it isn’t enough just to walk the steel. To be fully esteemed by one’s fellows, one must walk high steel with a “clump,” hands and feet swinging normally, not rigid, and always ready to work.

In part, a worker like Tom West clumps along because he can “cut the mustard” on the job; in part, he holds his head high because of a card in his wallet, a button on his cap, and an awareness—however dim—that he is in a movement, bigger and older than himself. When he expresses this awareness in traditional form, when he engages in “union talk,” he forges a link in the chain of laborlore and contributes, as well, a tiny chip to the variegated mosaic of American tradition.

DR. ARCHIE GREEN, assistant professor at the University of Illinois, is senior educational specialist at the AFL-CIO Labor Studies Center. His book, *Only a Miner: Studies in Recorded Coal Songs*, will be published this fall.
“I'll eat my breakfast right here in this city, New Orleans. I’m the highway walkin’est has ever seen.” Brownie McGhee has from Blind Boy Fuller and Leadbelly to now. His playing and singing are rooted past as the present and this fact un- counts for the strength of his statement. phy and music presented here are from the Guitar Styles of Brownie McGhee by Brownie and Happy Traum.
I was born in a little place in Tennessee called Knoxville, which used to be the capital, once upon a time years ago. Then it was moved to Nashville. I was born on the corner of Spring and Poplar in a place that was called the Old Ark, an old church. It was standing until a few years ago, and then they destroyed it. This place overlooked the Southern Railroad. Then my father migrated from there to Kingsport. He helped to build a city there. During the time I was born, he said the blues was born with me. I was the first boy that was born after three attempts (two sisters older than me) and I was born on November the 30th at five o'clock in the morning, 1915. As far as I can understand I was pretty much worshipped because I was the first son. I heard my father and mother say that my first brother, George Curtis, died, so automatically they were driving hard, and I was the next boy.
We migrated to this little town where I got my education by hard struggle, and that's where my father and mother separated in 1922. My song, *Born With The Blues* is true. I'm from a broken home. I don't know if my mother and father had been together what would have been the outcome.

During the time I was coming up, you understand, they figured that a boy child didn't need an education, he was going to earn his living by manual labor. But my two sisters were given music. During this period of time I had a brother that was born, Granville H. McGhee—known after he got grown as Sticks McGhee in professional life—who has passed on now. We never had any musical training, but my father give my sisters a piano and imported a man for fifty miles to give them lessons. They never learned, so he gave me and my brother the piano, figured we'd tear it up and get it out of the house, but we learned to pick out notes on it. So the piano was my first love, although I was exposed to the guitar at the same time.

I really started by playing a Prince Albert tobacco can with rubber bands on it. I would strike those strings and beat it with the back of my hand while my father would play his guitar. This was when I was a little kid, maybe six or seven years old. That's as far back as I can remember.

My father always figured I had some rhythm. He thought maybe I'd be a drummer. So, I fooled around with tobacco cans, things like that. He bought me one of these little-old stripey-backed toy ukeleles—I remember that as if it was yesterday. It would never stay in tune, and I couldn't keep as much rhythm on it as I could on the 'bacco can, so I lost interest in it. Then he bought the piano, and I started picking up on that, and about the same time I was picking around with the guitar. I still play a little piano.

Later, we left this little town, Kingsport, and went further down south in Tennessee, out in the country, about eight miles from any store. There was nothing out there but guitars and banjos, a few French harps (harmonicas), jews harps, and so on, and I started strumming the guitar. I had some cousins there who played pretty good hillbilly music. We were in that part of the country where they played a lot of that "country music", as we called it.

This feller came out of North Carolina in one of my last years in high school. I never will forget him. He was a big feller with very bad feet—called him T.T. Carter. He was a very good guitar blues player. I had a little shack then, so all the travelling musicians and guitar players, well, everybody would send them to me. I was very impressed with this guy, even though T.T. Carter was never known, and after he left I just fell in love with the guitar all of a sudden.

When I was a boy I was stricken with polio—what they called at that time infantile paralysis. What little money my father had saved, why he spent it all trying to rid me of that infantile paralysis, which was never successful. So, today I'm a man with a short leg, but I had crutches and a cane until I was 18 or 19 years old. Then I met up with a fabulous lady out of Texas, Mrs. Fulbright. She was the nurse at the Negro schools at the time, and she figured I could be helped and get rid of the crutches and cane, which she did. She met a German doctor at the time of Roosevelt's administration when the March of Dimes was started (he was a victim of polio too), and she said, "Brownie, I think I can help you. Would you like to walk without crutches or a cane?" I said, "Yes, I would love that." So, my case was taken, and this German doctor operated on me around '35 or '36, and today instead of having my foot five inches from the ground it's an inch and a quarter. No crutch and no cane, pretty good. But anyway I never quit, and that's when I really fell in love with the guitar, when I felt I could carry it with me. One word the doctor said to me, and it's followed me down. Last time I went to see him he said, "Now throw those crutches away and go out in the world and seek your fortune." I picked up the guitar and I haven't quit walking yet. That was over thirty years ago.

I went on the road for six years, hitch hiking, playing and singing. I played on the highways, the byways, road houses, dens, churches, anywhere. I'd join a church just to get to play if they needed a guitar, I enjoyed it so much. Mostly I was just living, I wanted to see the world I never had seen. I made the attempt,
"No one played like me all around the world."

BROWNIE McGHEE
but my crutches and cane always kept me deprived of a lot of things. I never liked to stay still, so when he
said seek my fortune I just left home, started walking and playing. Any-
body wanted to hear music, I'd stay
and play for them. I made a living six
years that way. I depended on my
guitar more so than anything else.

I was on a hitch-hiking trip in '37
or '38, scouting about from Tennes-
see to North Carolina, South Caro-
lina, and West Virginia, when I ran
into a harmonica player name of
Jordan Webb in Winston-Salem. He
told me I sounded like Blind Boy
Fuller. He was a good harmonica
player—a Tennessee boy, too, out of
Memphis. At the time I met him he
was 45, much older than I was. He
said, "I'd like to start playing my
harmonica again. Do you want to
tavel?" I said, "I'm a travellin'
man!" So, he quit his job with R.J.
Reynolds Tobacco Company, and we
started out from Winston-Salem,
walked down to Greensboro, and
got into Burlington.

Then I met Blind Boy Fuller and
Sonny Terry, and we became friend-
ly. Blind Boy told me, "Man, you
can sing, but you can't play the
guitar." It wasn't very encouraging to
a young upset like me when I found out he had records and every-
body was trying to play like him. I
never had the inspiration that I
played like him or sounded like him.
Everybody thought so, but I had
never heard any of his records 'til I
met him. Where I was from, Blind
Lemon and Lonnie Johnson and
Tampa Red was the big sellers. Blind
Boy Fuller hadn't caught on, and his
records just didn't get into Tennessee
that easy.

Years before, before I had left
Tennessee, I had a washtub band—
four guitars and two washtubs.
The washtub players are still liv-
ing: Leroy Dallas and Washboard
George. Washboard George was a
good melody man, played on his
bath tubs and things like that, and
Leroy Dallas was a good rhythm
player and a good blues singer, now
living in Brooklyn. Having trouble
with his eyes now, but he still plays a
little. Left the washtub and went
to guitar. I had the opportunity of
recording with him when I was in
New York with a record company of
mine and he made about six or seven
sides. I had a fellow playing called
Leslie Riddle. We used to play to-
gether; he played mandolin guitar,
and piano, and I played piano and
guitar. The first theater I ever work-
ed was the Gym Theater in Kings-
port, Tenn. Him and me did that
song, What's The Reason That I'm
Not Plesin' You, (and we won the
ten bucks) and Roll Out The Barrel,
We'll Have A Barrel of Fun. He
wouldn't leave home with me. We
started out together, but he turned
around and come back. So that got
me on the adventure of continuing
on.

I was doing the street playing and
everything after records went down
(they were using shellac for the
army), so I went down to Columbia
to get a release. Columbia said,
"You're not under contract to us,
you're under contract to J.B. Long.
We buy our artists from him. We
don't have anything to do with you."
Mayo Williams at Decca was inter-
ested in recording me, but he
wouldn't do it until I got a release.
When he found out I was hooked to
Long, that killed the Decca session.
He said, "I had trouble with Blind
Boy Fuller, and I don't want more
trouble with this guy." So then I
found out how much I was making
per session. I was making almost
seven hundred, and getting only a
hundred and twenty five out of it.
So I wrote to J.B. Long and he set me
free. Then I couldn't get a job with
Victor, Decca, so on, so I started
playing out on the street with Sonny.
I was picked up by a West Indian
fellow to be my manager, and he
introduced me to Savoy Records.
From Savoy I was introduced to
quite a few record shops around.
Then I started a label of my own, me
and another fellow. Later I was
bought out by some racketeers. This
was in 1942, '43. So, I was playing
the streets again. I'd get down to
59th Street, down around to the
"Crossroads of the World", when
they didn't run me off. I had to keep
walking to play, so I thought it was
better to play in my own neighbor-
hood.

Then Savoy Records started sell-
ing. I still wasn't under contract; I
just had a gentleman's agreement.
Then Petrillo banned recordings in
'48, and during that time I had a hit
record—My Fault. Sold across coun-
try for six months.

It was number one from New
Orleans to California in the rhythm
and blues field. Mostly a Negro mar-
ket at that time, but I was across
Cashbox. When you get New Orleans,
Chicago, New York, and California,
that's a hit record. The first order in
Chicago was ten thousand. So from
then I started to boom, and my name
got back in circulation, but some of
the people in the south didn't realize
I was still alive. So I began to get
some fan mail from down south,
"Brownie, make some more blues
with washtub." I had started out
with harmonica and washtub.

When I came to New York I had
met everybody—Pete Seeger, Josh
White, Lee Hays, Betty Sanders,
Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly. To tell
you the truth I lived with these
people, 'till I moved from them to
Leadbelly's house. He lived in a place
on 6th Avenue and 8th Street, in
a big old loft. I lived with Lead
two years, me and Sonny. Lead said,"I'll
take you guys in. I get enough to
eat over here. Come on over and
eat some soul food." So we lived
with Lead and Martha and I met all
the people in the folk field, Burt Ives,
Sis Cunningham, people like that. We
joined up with Woody and called us
the Woody Guthrie Singers. Sonny,
myself, and Woody. At that time
Moe Asch was putting out night
sessions, everybody got ten bucks,
play anything you wanted to play.
That was Disc Records. Then we did
some for Stinson ... there's a lot of
sides we did with Lead that was
never released, and I think Stinson
still has them.

Then I opened up a school in '48
called The Home of the Blues in
New York on 125th Street, went in part-
nership with a fellow and I did pretty
good for a couple of years. Then I
bought them all out and called it
B.M. Studio. Moved to the east side,
125th and Madison, where I got
married.

After Sonny joined Finians Rain-
bow I formed a trio called Three B's.
We worked for six dollars a night in
Harlem, wasn't too bad. Then I
migrated to Jersey and formed a band called Brownie McGhee and His Mighty House Rockers. Had washboard, guitar, and piano in the Three B's, then I added a drummer, a bass and a saxophone for the Mighty House Rockers. I was playing electric guitar then. During this time I cut some records—sold pretty good—Big Bill's I Feel So Good and Brownie's Blues. Did a hell of a lot of things with the Mighty Rockers. The people that knew I used to do it said, "Hey, why don't you play John Henry no more?" We had a certain amount of white following in Jersey and, my band being built around me, they could play anything that I led. So I did John Henry, Midnight Special, and all those things, but when I got my audience I'd sing nothing but my songs. I could adjust to a band just as quick as I could do anything. I never was a lone cat. I could meet a drummer, piano player, saxophone player, and we could fall in line, and I had some of the best.

Now Leadbelly had something to sell, he had a goldmine, but people didn't realize it until after his death. Some of the Negroes felt that he was in a bag. They didn't realize it, but Lead kept a culture alive. What we were doing in the blues field, I stuck with it. The change changed, but I didn't change. This is the thing that made it for real, and I never changed. I been doing the same thing for thirty years. You got to get better. If you get worse, man, shame on you. The content that goes into the form has to be real.

I remember I was trying to sell Savoy some of the same stuff that B.B. King come out with later. They said, "We don't want that, Brownie, we want country blues." As soon as B.B. King come out with a song called Three O'Clock in the Morning: "Brownie, can you play that?" I said "No, I can't play that! I come here trying to sell you that, wailing on the high notes, you said you don't want that stuff. Too modern. I can do that but why do I want to do it behind somebody?" He just wanted me to capitalize on somebody else's popularity. Wanted to get in on the market. I said, "Listen. Don't you have no ideas of your own?"
SPONSORS AND CONTRIBUTORS

We would like to thank the following organizations and individuals for their interest and contributions to the 1971 Festival of American Folklife. Without their generous support the Festival could not have been produced.

SPONSORS
National Park Service
Honorable John J. Gilligan, Governor of Ohio
Ohio Congressional Delegation
State of Ohio: Development Office
- Development Director: David C. Sweet
- Coordinator: Richard E. Neustadt
Governor's Advisory Committee on Partnership for People
- Chairman: Dr. Howard D. Sirak
- Secretary-Treasurer: J. Ronald Castell
- Members: Walter E. Bartlett
- Napoleon A. Bell
- Chester Devenow
- George H. Dunlap
- William H. Eells
- Dr. Sherwood L. Fawcett
- John W. Galbreath
- Dr. Lester G. Glick
- John Griffin
- John L. Gushman
- Charles W. Ingle
- Harry L. Jackson
- Dr. Sherman E. Lee
- Clint Pace
- Thomas F. Patton
- Melvin L. Schottenstein
- Jack H. Schron
- Paul H. Smucker
- Charles E. Spahr
- Carleton Spitzer
- William Taylor
- Richard D. Wayman
- Richard Wolfe
- Mrs. Lois Wyse

THE OHIO PARTICIPANTS
- Alaska Federation of Natives
- Alaska Airlines
- Alaska State Museum
- Alaska State Travel Service
- Alaska State Council on the Arts
- United States Department of Commerce
- United States Department of Labor
- Tinglit and Haida Tribal Council

ESKIMO PARTICIPANTS
- Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America
- American Federation of Musicians
- Bakery and Confectionery Workers’ International Union of America
- Glass Bottle Blowers Association of the United States and Canada
- International Association of Bridge, Structural, and Ornamental Iron Workers

Music Performance Trust Funds
Harnischfeger Company
Karl Koch Erecting Company
UNION WORKERS PARTICIPANTS

CONTRIBUTORS
Arrow, Inc.
Foss-Alaska Line, Inc.
Giant Food Incorporated
Dr. Emery Leffel
John E. Smiths Sons Company
Briggs and Company
AFL-CIO National Office
AFL-CIO Labor Studies Center
Americans for Indian Opportunity
Washington State Society
Phillips Petroleum
National Film Board of Canada
C&O - B&O Railroad
Burlington Northern Railroad
The Film Company
The Honorable Jorge L. Cordova, Resident Commissioner from Puerto Rico
The Honorable Fernando Chardon, Secretary of State of The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico
L. Guinot, Jr.
Administrator of the Office of Puerto Rico in Washington, D.C.

PUERTO RICAN PARTICIPANTS

THANK YOU TO
Mark Talisman
Women's Committee of the Smithsonian Associates
Ohio Congressional Wives Club
Archie Green
Lynn Mac Gowan
Dave Green
Coy Eklund
Howard Clifford
B.C. May, Jr.
Dr. Allen H. Wood
Northampton Village, Inc.
Sheep Shearer’s Union Local 301

SPECIAL THANKS TO

The Offices of the Smithsonian and to the many volunteers without whose assistance, both prior to and during the event, the Festival of American Folklife would have been an impossibility.
OHIO PARTICIPANTS
CRAFTSMEN

Ralph Aling
John Ascher
Michael Ascher
Anastasia Bolettenny
Oneta Bradford
Mara Bosilhoff
Mr. and Mrs. Milorad Butrich
Manuel Dinardos
Theoharis Dinardos
Mr. and Mrs. Stojan Djokovich
Sophia Galilei
Kostas Hapis
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Helwig
Cheit Hines
Irene Hines
Dr. and Mrs. Hnatuk
Rev. Mel Klokow
Manuel Kostandino
Tom Koulofis
Irene Kowal
Grace Martin
John Marx
Alice McCaffrey
Mrs. Roman Miller
Virgil Miller
Otto Moore
weaver
stained glass cutter
stained glass cutter
pyanskki maker
Soul food cook
pyanskki maker
Serbian cookery
Greek cookery
Greek cookery
Serbian cookery
Italian cookery
Greek cookery
apple butter makers
dulcimer maker
sourdough baker
pyanskki makers
Moravian congregation
Greek cookery
Greek pastries
pyanskki maker
Italian break maker
bagel maker
crocheted rugs
Amish bread maker
cider maker
basket maker
Arthur Nicholas
General Custer Nicholas
Raymond Nicholas
George Pappas
Roy Earl Penn
Lena Pollack
Henry W. Raber
Thomas Rauch
Paul Richards
Harry Rife
John Rokas
Mrs. Mileva Samardzija
Ernest Schmid
Ernest Sickles
Ernest Sickles, Jr.
Anna Smearsoll
Paul Smearsoll
Mike Tsambounieras
Minas Tsambounieras
Mrs. Sofie Tsambounieras
Ernest G. Urban
Joyce Waker
George Weber
The John Heckewelder Memorial Church Congregation
dulcimer maker
dulcimer maker
dulcimer maker
Greek pastries
toy maker and whittler
buckeye doll maker
Amish buggy maker
carnival
maple sugar candy maker
guns
Greek pastries
Serbian cookery
cheese maker
glass cutter
glass cutter
rug weaver
rug weaver
Greek cookery
Greek cookery
Greek cookery
coffler
butter maker
wood carver
Candle makers
Love feast bun bakers
Herrnhut Star Makers

PERFORMERS

CHILDREN’S GAME GROUP
Pam Carter
Yvonne Davis
Lisa Feaster
Lorraine Fields
Lam Haidost
Robbie Lee Harris
Lynn Johns
Charlene Fay Morgan
Dorothy Moye
Steve White
CORRIDOS SINGERS
Jesse Gonzales
Armando Sosa
MAURICE GIBSON, guitarist
Pianist and singer
GREEK MUSICIANS
Mary Kanzios
Tom Koulofis
George Pappas
John Rokas
GREEK SINGERS AND DANCERS
Manuel Dinardos
Theoharis Dinardos
Kostas Hapis
Manuel Kostandino
Mike Tsambounieras
Minas Tsambounieras
Mrs. Sofie Tsambounieras
BUD GRIMES, Blues and
boogie woogie pianist
HARVEST BAPTIST CHURCH
YOUNG PEOPLE’S CHOIR
SERBIAN GUSLAR MUSIC
Mr. and Mrs. Milorad Butrich
Mrs. Mileva Samardzija
SLOBODA MUSIC
Mija Ilic
Mr. and Mrs. Poma Marijamovic
Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Mirkovich
Vlajko Pujic
SOUL DESIGNATORS
Ollie Bohannon
Ray Bowman, electric piano
Tony Chisolm
Lonnie Edwards, guitar
Steve Kimbro, drums
Beaver Shores
Brad Smith, bass
Dale Thompson
Gwen Wright
Linda Wright
Norma Wright
STRING BAND
Sam Cox, banjo
John Lozier, harp
Eugene McFarland, fiddle
Mrs. Eugene McFarland, piano
Forest Pick, fiddle
James Wheeler, guitar
EARL TAYLOR AND THE STONEY
MOUNTAIN BOYS
Earl Taylor, mandolin
Tim Spradlin, banjo
Gerald Evans, fiddle
UKRAINIAN CHUTSL MUSIC
Mr. Gregory Kowal, Brass
The John Heckewelder Memorial
Church Congregation, Brass Choir
Congregational Singing
ROBERT JUNIOR LOCKWOOD, blues band
MACEDONIAN DANCERS
Carl Kazacci
Vickie Razacoff
Father Borislav Kraeff
Mary Nicoloff
Angelo Nicoloff
Pierre Theodore
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Vangeloff
MACEDONIAN MUSICIANS
Roy Deshich
Kimo Nanchoff
Bob Nicoloff
Slavei Patrov
Paul Vangeloff
ROMANIAN DANCERS
George Botoman
George Leabu
Dan Shoaf
Ioan Stanculas
Milan Trifu
MICHAEL SCANLON, elbow piper
2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND
ROBERT OSBORNE,
Banjo picker and singer
SERBIAN DANCERS
Mr. and Mrs. Stojan Djokovich
Nada Djokovich
IRISH BAND
Thomas Byrne
Al O’Leary
Thomas Scott
ITALIAN BOCCIE PLAYERS
Joseph Battista
Angelo Christopher
James DiNunzio
Sam Puliafiaco
Camelio Rossi
Tony Rossi
Nick Santucci
UNION WORKERS

Continuous Craft Demonstrations 11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Special Craft Demonstrations
Sheep Shearing  on the hour
  11:00 a.m. thru 4:00 p.m.

Glass Bottle Blowing  on the half hour
  11:30 a.m. thru 4:30 p.m.

Erection of Steel Skeleton Structure 11:00 a.m., 2:00 p.m., and 4:00 p.m.

CRAFTSMEN

AMALGAMATED MEAT CUTTERS AND BUTCHER WORKMEN OF NORTH AMERICA

Hilton E. Hanna, Chairman of Exhibit
Max Cullen  Chicago, Illinois
William Mosca, Sr.  Baltimore, Maryland
Lavor Taylor  Ephraim, Utah
William P. Eaton  Washington, D.C.
Local 117  Baltimore, Md.
Local 593  Washington, D.C.

BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY WORKERS' INTERNATIONAL UNION OF AMERICA

Albert K. Herling, Chairman of Exhibit
Murray Miller  New York, N.Y.  Workshop & Baker
Henry Eickenaure  New York, N.Y.  Bread baker
Salvatore Guglielmo  New York, N.Y.  Bread baker
Milton Summers  Bayonne, N.J.  Cake decorator
Lewis Cooperman  New York, N.Y.  Baker
Ernest Schenckman  New York, N.Y.  Baker
Alfred Clayburn  New York, N.Y.  Baker
Joe Frundt  New York, N.Y.  Baker

GLASS BOTTLE BLOWERS ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Alex Smith, Chairman of Exhibit
Val Hamer  Baltimore, Md.
Thurman Wade  Baltimore, Md.
Leslie Woodward  Barrington, N.J.

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BRIDGE, STRUCTURAL, AND ORNAMENTAL IRON WORKERS

Joseph Maloney, Chairman of Exhibit
Michael King  Birmingham, Alabama
Glenn M. Harston  Chicago, Illinois
Bruce Bloomingdale  Detroit, Michigan
John C. Toennis  Denver, Colorado
John Lee Peck  Houston, Texas
Elisio Frijos  Los Angeles, California
Vincent Coyle  Boston, Massachusetts

UNION WORKERS' WORKSHOPS AND DAYTIME CONCERTS

Archie Green, Discussion Leader

DISCUSSANTS
Max Cullen  Austin, Texas
Adolph Grossman
Hilton Hanna
Val Hamer
Murray Miller

PERFORMERS
Jim Garland
Joe Glazer
Sarah Gunning
Utah Phillips
Florence Reece

The American Federation of Musicians, in cooperation with the Music Performance Trust Funds, is funding the performers on evening concerts July 1 thru 3.
PERFORMERS

Ardoin Family  Louisiana  Cajun Musicians
Arelyto Folk Dance Company  Puerto Rico  Folk Dance Troupe
Balfe Family & Nathan Abshire  Louisiana  Cajun Musicians
Norman Blake  Tennessee  Country Musician
Roy Buchanan  Arkansas  Rock & Roll Guitar
Vassar Clements  Tennessee  Fiddle
Libba Cotten  Washington, D.C.  Old Time Banjo
Hazel Dickens  Washington, D.C.  Country Singer & Composer
Jesse Fuller  San Francisco  Ragtime
John Hartford  California  Contemporary Country
Ernest Hodges  Georgia  Composer
Bessie Jones & the Georgia Sea Island Singers  Georgia  Old Time Banjo & Fiddle
Bill Keith  New York  shouts, Jubilees, Ring Games & Worksongs
Limbo dancer  Virgin Islands  Country Musician
Professor Longhair  New Orleans, La.  Caribbean Dancer
Mocojumber Dancers  Virgin Islands  Rhythm & Blues
Lily Mae Ledford Pennington  Kentucky  Stilt Dancers
U. Utah Phillips  Utah  Old Time Banjo
Earl, Gary & Randy Scruggs  Alabama  Song Writer & Raconteur
Johnny Shines  Tennessee  Country Musicians
Houston Stackhouse  Virgin Islands  Blues Band
Steel Band  Kentucky  Blues
Floyd Westerman  South Dakota  Caribbean Musicians
Bill Williams  Louisiana  Sioux Country Singer

AREYTO FOLKLIFE COMPANY OF PUERTO RICO

Artistic Director: Irene Jimenez de McLean
Dancers:
Blanca Rosa Cordova
Emilio Agrait
Ester Ayala
Tito Ayala
Elba Cantellos
Petra Cepeda
Roberto Cepeda
Marcos Garcia
Jose S. Hernandez
Anna Dolores Jimenez
Belmar Bauer Jimenez
Luis E. Jimenez
Jose Morales
Rafael Morales
Rosario Pacheco
Edna Pesquera
Leslie Margarita Rivera
Eduardo Sloan
Singers:
Rafael Cepeda
Marta Cuadrado

Musicians:
Carlos Cepeda
Jesus Cepeda
Jaime Pena
Pilar Quiles
Juan Santana
Herminio Serrano

Technical Director:
Antonio Frontera
Coordinator:
Vance H. McLean
Musical Director:
Dr. Francisco Lopez Cruz

INDIAN PARTICIPANTS

Lorraine After Buffalo  Washington (Yakima) Beadwork
Beatrice Black  Washington (Quinault) Basket Maker
Mary Cagy  Washington (Lummi) Carving, Beadwork
Sam Cagy  Washington (Lummi) Singer
Benny Charley  Washington (Quinault) Canoe Carver
Amelia Colwash  Oregon (Warm Springs) Beadwork
Sammy Colwash  Oregon (Warm Springs) Singer, Featherwork
Lucy Covington  Washington (Colville) Basket Weaver
Barbara Farmer  Oregon (Klamath) Dancer
Loren J. Farmer  Oregon (Klamath) Announcer
Sanders Heath  Oregon (Warm Springs) Dancer, Singer
Alex Johnson  Oregon (Umatilla) Drummaker, Singer
Esther Johnson  Oregon (Umatilla) Weaver, Baby Board Maker
James Macy  Oregon (Warm Springs) Beadwork, Featherwork, Dancer
Lena McGee  Washington (Makah) Basket-weaver
Antoine Miller  Washington (Yakima) Featherwork, beadwork
Hazel Miller  Washington (Yakima) Drums, Dancer, Beadwork
Suzanne Morgan  Washington (Colville) Tanning, buckskin, Basket work, beadwork, dyes
Susan Moses  Oregon (Warm Springs) Beadwork, hide-tanning, Cornhusk work
Joseph Payne  Oregon (Wyam) loomwork, beadwork
June Poitras  Oregon (Klamath) Beadwork
Ada Sooksoit  Oregon (Warm Springs) Beadwork, Hide tanning, & Smoking, Loomwork
Helen Thomas  Washington (Colville) Tanning, buckskin, Drums, Featherwork
Gary Waide  Alaska (Tlingit)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>11:00</th>
<th>11:30</th>
<th>12:00</th>
<th>12:30</th>
<th>1:00</th>
<th>1:30</th>
<th>2:00</th>
<th>2:30</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>OHIO</strong></td>
<td>PARADE: Mus. Hist. &amp; Tech. to Ohio</td>
<td>Jr. Lockwood Concert</td>
<td>STRING BAND CONCERT</td>
<td>GREEK DANCE &amp; SONG TEACH-IN</td>
<td>CORRIDOS</td>
<td>MORAVIAN LOVE FEAST</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>INDIANS</strong></td>
<td>WEAVING WITH STRAW AND WOOD WORKSHOP</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LABOR</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>CONCERT</td>
<td>THE WOBBLIES WITH UTAH PHILLIPS</td>
<td>LEARNING A CRAFT: APPRENTICESHIP</td>
<td>ALASKA</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>MAIN STAGE</strong></td>
<td>GUITAR WORKSHOP</td>
<td>PIANO WORKSHOP</td>
<td>CAJUN WORKSHOP</td>
<td>COUNTRY MUSIC</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>OHIO</strong></td>
<td>SERBIAN DANCE AND SONG TEACH-IN</td>
<td>SOUL DESIGNATORS</td>
<td>CHILDREN’S GAMES</td>
<td>2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND</td>
<td>CORRIDOS</td>
<td>MORAVIAN LOVE FEAST</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>INDIANS</strong></td>
<td>LEGENDS: INDIANS AND ESKIMO WORKSHOP</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LABOR</strong></td>
<td>SONGS OF HARD TIMES</td>
<td>New Lost City Ramblers</td>
<td>UNION SONGS</td>
<td>FOLKLORE OF IRONWORKERS</td>
<td>TEATRO CHIC</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>MAIN STAGE</strong></td>
<td>CARIBBEAN MUSIC AND DANCE</td>
<td>REVEREND GARY DAVIS</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>OHIO</strong></td>
<td>ROMANIAN DANCE AND SONG TEACH-IN</td>
<td>IRISH BAND</td>
<td>DULCIMERS</td>
<td>2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND</td>
<td>HARVEST BAPTIST CHURCH GOSPEL</td>
<td>MORAVIAN LOVE FEAST</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>INDIANS</strong></td>
<td>INDIAN AND ESKIMO CARVINGS WORKSHOP</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LABOR</strong></td>
<td>SCRUNGS FAMILY AND MIKE SEGER</td>
<td></td>
<td>FIDDLE WORKSHOP</td>
<td>GLASS BOTTLE BLOWERS</td>
<td>TEATRO CHIC</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>MAIN STAGE</strong></td>
<td>CARIBBEAN DANCE AND MUSIC</td>
<td>BANJO WORKSHOP</td>
<td>CAJUN CONCERT</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>OHIO</strong></td>
<td>MACEDONIAN DANCE &amp; SONG TEACH-IN</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>EARL TAYLOR &amp; THE STONEY MTN. BOYS</td>
<td>IRISH MUSIC</td>
<td>MORAVIAN LOVE FEAST</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>INDIANS</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LABOR</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>MAIN STAGE</strong></td>
<td>*************** SACRED MUSIC ***************</td>
<td>BILL WILLIAMS CONCERT</td>
<td>OHIO VALLEY STRING BAND</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>OHIO</strong></td>
<td>DANCE AND MUSIC FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN AND BALKANS</td>
<td>CORRIDOS</td>
<td>OHIO VALLEY STRING BAND</td>
<td>EARL TAYLOR &amp; THE STONEY MTN. BOYS</td>
<td>IRISH BAND</td>
<td>MORAVIAN LOVE FEAST</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>INDIANS</strong></td>
<td>HUMOR WORKSHOP</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LABOR</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>MAIN STAGE</strong></td>
<td>CONCERT: MUSIC FOR CHILDREN WITH MIKE COONEY</td>
<td>BANJO WORKSHOP</td>
<td>JESSE FULLER CONCERT</td>
<td>MUSIC FROM</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**ALL Crafts and cooking demonstrations, daily 11:00-5:00**

**Children's games and songs, Ohio Haystack Area 11:00-12:00 and 3:00-4:00**

---

**Bocce:** demonstration games daily, 11:00 and 3:30 participation games daily, 1:30 and 3:00
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>3:00</th>
<th>3:30</th>
<th>4:00</th>
<th>4:30</th>
<th>5:00</th>
<th>5:30</th>
<th>6:00</th>
<th>6:30</th>
<th>7:00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>HARVEST BAPTIST CHURCH GOSPEL</td>
<td>IRISH BAND</td>
<td>DULCIMER MUSIC</td>
<td>DANCE</td>
<td>JOIN IN</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>E AUSTIN</td>
<td>THE HARLAN COAL</td>
<td>COUNTY STRIKE</td>
<td>CONCERT</td>
<td>2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND</td>
<td>GEORGIA SEA ISLAND SINGERS</td>
<td>PUERTO RICAN SONG &amp; DANCE</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>CONCERT</td>
<td>FIDDLE WORKSHOP</td>
<td>JOHN HARTFORD CONCERT</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>EARL TAYLOR &amp; THE STONEY MTN. BOYS</td>
<td>IRISH BAND</td>
<td>BLUES PIANO WORKSHOP</td>
<td>OHIO VALLEY STRING BAND</td>
<td>SERBIAN DANCE JOIN-IN</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>PROGRAM</td>
<td>PANEL</td>
<td>ON TERMINATION</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>E AUSTIN</td>
<td>SONGS AS ORGANIZING AN TOOL</td>
<td>SONGS OF INDUSTRIALIZATION</td>
<td>New Lost City Ramblers</td>
<td>2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND</td>
<td>GEORGIA SEA ISLAND SINGERS</td>
<td>PROFESSOR LONGHAIR</td>
<td>JOHNNY SHINES CONCERT</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>***********************</td>
<td>ROOTS OF ROCK WORKSHOP</td>
<td>***********************</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>FOLKLORE ON THE CAMPUS</td>
<td>EARL TAYLOR &amp; THE STONEY MTN. BOYS</td>
<td>ROMANIAN DANCE JOIN-IN</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>**********</td>
<td>PANEL: INDIAN ORGANIZATION</td>
<td>Political, tribal and social action</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>E AUSTIN</td>
<td>NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS</td>
<td>UTAH PHILLIPS CONCERT</td>
<td>CONCERT</td>
<td>2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND</td>
<td>LIBBA COTTEN</td>
<td>JOHNNY SHINES</td>
<td>OHIO VALLEY STRING BAND</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>BLUES WORKSHOP</td>
<td>***********************</td>
<td>***********************</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>BLUES AND SOUL</td>
<td>CORRIDOS</td>
<td>MACEDONIAN DANCE JOIN-IN</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>PROGRAM</td>
<td>PANEL</td>
<td>ON TREATY RIGHTS</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>E AUSTIN</td>
<td>SONGS OF THE COAL MINES</td>
<td></td>
<td>JESSE FULLER CONCERT</td>
<td>HOEDOWN</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>PROFESSOR LONGHAIR CONCERT</td>
<td>EARL TAYLOR &amp; THE STONEY MTN. BOYS</td>
<td>JOHNNY SHINES CONCERT</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>BLUES &amp; SOUL GOSPEL</td>
<td>DANCE</td>
<td>JOIN IN</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>GAMES</td>
<td>INDIAN STUDIES PROGRAMS</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>E AUSTIN</td>
<td>JIM GARLAND SARAH CUNNING</td>
<td>CONCERT</td>
<td>2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND</td>
<td>PROFESSOR LONGHAIR</td>
<td>DANCE</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>TERRANEAN &amp; BALKANS</td>
<td>BILL WILLIAMS CONCERT</td>
<td>JOHNNY SHINES CONCERT</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time</td>
<td>Event Description</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------</td>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Ohio Parade; Mus. Hall &amp; Tech. to Ohio; Jr. Lockwood Concert</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>WEAVING WITH STRAW AND WOOD WORKSHOP</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>INDIAN LABOR CONCERT</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>MAIN STAGE GUITAR WORKSHOP</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>MAIN STAGE SERBIAN DANCE AND SONG TEACH-IN</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Ohio Indians Legends: Indians and Eskimo Workshop</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>MAIN STAGE CARIBBEAN MUSIC AND DANCE</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>Ohio Indians Carbine and Music and Dance</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Ohio Romanian Dance and Song Teach-in</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>Indian and Eskimo Carvings Workshop</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>MAIN STAGE CARIBBEAN DANCE AND MUSIC</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Ohio Macedonian Dance and Song Teach-in</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Indian Inters and Sacred Music Workshop</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>MAIN STAGE SACRED MUSIC WORKSHOP</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Ohio Dance and Music from the Mediterranean and Balkans</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>Indian Honor Workshop</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>MAIN STAGE CONCERT; MUSIC FOR CHILDREN WITH MIKE COONEY</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Children's and Crop**

- Ohio Haystock Area 11:00-12:00 and 3:00-4:00

**Films about the life styles of native peoples daily 1:00 and 2:00 P.M. at Museum of Natural History Auditorium**

- 3:00: Harvest Baptist Church Gospel
- 3:30: Irish Band
- 4:00: Dulcimer Music
- 4:30: Dance
- 5:00: Join In

**Harvest Baptist Church Gospel**

- 3:00: Indian Games Panel
- 3:30: Alaska Land Claims

**De Austin**

- 11:00: The Harlan County Strike Concert
- 11:30: 2nd Regiment marching Band
- 1:00: George Sea Island Singers
- 1:30: Puerto Rican Song & Dance
- 2:00: Earl Taylor & The Stony Mtn Boys
- 2:30: Blues Piano Workshop
- 3:00: Ohio Valley String Band
- 3:30: Serban Dance Join In
- 4:00: Panel on Termination
- 4:30: Songs of Organizing An Tool
- 5:00: Songs of Industrialization New Lost City RAMBLERS
- 5:30: 2nd Regiment Marching Band
- 6:00: George Sea Island Singers
- 6:30: Professor Lonchir
- 7:00: Johnny Shines Concert

**Blues Workshop**

- 11:00: New Lost City RAMBLERS
- 11:30: Concert
- 1:00: 2nd Regiment Marching Band
- 1:30: Libba Cotton
- 2:00: Johnny Shines
- 2:30: Ohio Valley String Band

**Blues and Soul**

- 11:00: Corridos
- 11:30: Macedonian Dance Join In
- 1:00: Songs of the Coal Mines
- 1:30: Jesse Fuller Concert
- 2:00: Hoesohn

**Programs**

- 11:00: Panel on Treaty Rights
- 11:30: Songs of the Coal Mines
- 1:00: Jesse Fuller Concert
- 1:30: Hoesohn

**Blues & Soul Gospel**

- 11:00: Dance Join In
- 11:30: Games
- 1:00: 2nd Regiment Marching Band
- 1:30: Professor Lonchir

**Indigenous Studies Programs**

- 11:00: Jim Garland
- 11:30: Sarah Cunning
- 1:00: 2nd Regiment Marching Band
- 1:30: Professor Lonchir
- 2:00: Johnny Shines Concert
Indian Pow Wows will be held in the Indian Area at 13th Street opposite the Museum of History and Technology nightly except July 4th when a Pow Wow will be held on the Monument Grounds.

Concerts will take place on the main stage located on the Mall in front of the Museum of Natural History. In case of rain, the concert will be rescheduled for the following afternoon at 1:00 P.M.

ROOTS OF ROCK
THURSDAY, JULY 1

HOST:
James Rooney

PERFORMERS:
The Ardoin Family
Roy Buchanan
Rev. Gary Davis
The Soul Designators
Bessie Jones and the
Georgia Sea Island Singers
Robert Junior Lockwood
Professor Longhair
Johnny Shines
Houston Stackhouse

NEW MUSIC IN THE NEW WORLD
Africa, England, France and Spain
FRIDAY, JULY 2

HOSTS:
Roger Abrahams
John Hartford
Mike Seeger

THE FIVE STRING BANJO
Norman Blake
Sam Bowles
Vassar Clements
Libba Cotton
Jesse Fuller
Ernest Hodges
Robert Osborne
Lily Mae Ledford Pennington
Earl, Gary and Randy Scruggs
Bill Williams

FROM AFRICA, FRANCE AND SPAIN
Ardoin Family
Areyto Folk Dance Company
of Puerto Rico
Balfe Freres
and Nathan Abshire
Limbo Dancer
Mocojumbe Dance
Steel Band

OHIO EVENING CONCERT
SUNDAY, JULY 4

HOSTS:
Art Walker
Socrates Sakelakis

Corridos Singers
Jesse Gonzales
Armando Sosa

Sam Cox & the Ohio Valley
String Band
Maurice Gibson
Bud Grimes
Greek Musicians, Singers & Dancers
Chet Hines
Harvest Baptist Church
Young People’s Choir
Irish Band led by Al O’Leary
Robert Junior Lockwood
Moravian Brass Choir
Arthur, Raymond and
General Custer Nicholas
Macedonian Musicians & Dancers
Romanian Dancers
Pete & Lilly Steele
Soul Designators
Earl Taylor & the Stoney Mountain Boys
2nd Regiment Marching Band

FESTIVAL SPEAKERS AND CONSULTANTS
Roger Abrahams
Daniel Barnes
Mike Cooney
Hazel Dickens
Josh Dunson
Kenneth S. Goldstein
Archie Green
Richard Hulan
Martin Koenig
George Mitchell
Patrick Mullen
Hoyle Osborne
Ethel Raim
Alice Foster Seeger
Bob Siggins
Frances Utley
Arthur Walker

HOOTENANNY
SATURDAY, JULY 3

SQUARE DANCE
INTRODUCTION
TO THE EVENING:
Archie Green

HOSTS:
Jim Garland
U. Utah Phillips

Teatro Chicano de Austin
Hazel Dickens
Jesse Fuller
Jesse Gonzales
Sarah Gunning
Bessie Jones and the
Georgia Sea Island Singers
Florence Reece
Armando Sosa
Floyd Westerman
Bill Williams
New Lost City Ramblers

DANCE
Robert Junior Lockwood
Soul Designators

Participants in the evening programs are
under the sponsorship of
The American Federation of Musicians
and The Music Performance Trust Funds.
In this article, I will pass along some of the more significant things I have learned over the years about what to do and what not to do with, for, and about fretted instruments. Most of you are into guitars, so I will use guitars as examples throughout.

It is more important than most people think to be careful with a guitar. This doesn't mean babying your instrument and tucking it in every night, but there are a few sensible rules that should be religiously followed, viz:

1. Avoid extreme temperature changes

No one says that you can't take your guitar into bright sunlight or play it in the cellar, but don't try to rectify its condition by immediately exposing it to an extreme opposite. I once built a guitar for a friend who didn't think twice about leaning it against the air conditioner overnight. This was right after it sat on the back seat of his car all day, sans case, in mid-July. I couldn't begin to tell you about the tears that were shed the following day.

2. Get a hard-shell case

How expensive you say, and what a pain to lug it around. Annoyance though they may be, they're really worth it if you have any intentions of taking a good instrument out of the house. Good hard cases are usually made of pressed plywood and lined with some sort of soft material. There are also the newer jet-age fiber-glass cases which will take an incredible beating. The cardboard-type cases are O.K. for a short time, but water destroys them and the handles always fall off. Heavily padded soft cases are preferred by many for their portability, but I'm a bit leery of a flexible type of case.

Note A. The first thing to do after you've bought a new hard-shell case is to make sure that it's not locked. Then throw away the key. I guarantee that the first time you lock the case you will immediately lose the key. Besides, it's just as easy for someone to steal a locked case with a guitar in it as it is to steal a guitar without a case.

Note B. It pays to be paranoid about flying in an airplane with an instrument. New F.A.A. regulation prohibit carrying instruments on board, and it all goes down the same hatch as baggage (HA!). Here hard cases are a must. And be sure to loosen the strings completely.

Note C. Although I personally have not found it necessary, some people like to keep de-humidifiers in their guitar cases. This keeps the air in the case at a fairly constant moisture level. A few guitar companies manufacture these but a small, damp sponge or a piece of apple will do just as well.

3. Home-Brew Repairs

Here is where the feathers really begin to fly. Many self-taught musicians have a hazily-formed opinion that if they learn to play by themselves, they can also do simple but adequate minor repair work themselves. For the most part, this just ain't so. Guitars are a lot more delicate than you could ever imagine. Wood is composed of tubular fibers with pointed ends and these fibers range from 1/8” to 1/4” in length for hardwoods (rosewood, mahogany) to 1” to 3” in length in soft woods (spruce, the most common wood for guitar faces). When a break in the grain structure occurs for any reason, the wood must be perfectly lined up before it can be glued together. This requires more patience than most people have. In case of a sudden catastrophe loosen the strings completely and speak to a competent repair man. The worst thing you can do is to run out and buy lots of epoxy glue and/or Scotch cellophane tape and go to town on your guitar. Epoxy is pretty permanent stuff, the only known solvent being LSD, which will dissolve anything. If the wood isn't perfectly aligned when the glue dries, you're in trouble. Cellophane tape, another scourge of guitar repairmen everywhere, is al-
most as bad. The gum on it is detrimental to many finishes, and it leaves a sticky deposit which is difficult to remove after the tape has been peeled off. If tape is a must for a temporary repair, use masking tape (Scotch Brand is best). It is easily peeled off, although if left on for more than a few days it will also leave a sticky deposit. Also, watch out for those small slivers of wood that come loose from the instrument. Every last one is important.

There are some of you who will insist on doing your own repair work anyway. There is not room or reason here for me to give a lengthy dissertation on the various facets of fretted instrument repair. I can, however, make a few suggestions. Make repairs using a good quality water-soluble glue (Elmer's is too weak) and don't clamp anything too tightly. Supplies are available from H.L. Wild, 510 East 11th Street, New York 10009.

There is more controversy about string action amongst people who know nothing than there is about anything else. Here are some facts.

A. The lowest possible action on an acoustic instrument is not necessarily the best one. Some people have the erroneous notion that if an electric guitar can have a near-zero action, so can an acoustic one. The difference lies in the nature of the bodies. On most electric guitars, vibration of the top is an insignificant, if not undesirable factor as the electronic circuitry does all of the work. An acoustic guitar, however, relies on the resonating power of the box for its sound. In general, the top will move up and down like so:

That means the strings will move up and down accordingly, and if the action is too low, the strings will hit successive frets as they vibrate. When a string is pressed down at any fret, it must be able to clear the top of the next fret, with added room for its own vibration. In order to get a good, clean sound at each fret, it is better to have the action a bit high rather than a bit low.

B. The second factor determining string height is the shape of the frets. Virtually all modern guitars use the “T” type of frets.

They are hammered into slots cut into the fingerboard and are held in place by small bars on the tang of the fret. On good guitars each fret is shaped and filed by hand, preferably to a thin, high profile.

Low, flat frets generally produce a muddy sound. If the frets on your guitar are worn flat from use (or a kitchen-table fret job) it is advisable to have the whole neck re-fretted. Replacing just a few will not always suffice as the new ones will have to be filed down somewhat to meet the height of the remaining old ones.

C. All this brings us to the very debatable topic of neck straighteners, adjustable truss rods and the resetting of necks. There is the great fallacy that adjustable truss rods are groovy because all you have to do is crank down the rod and presto—down goes the action. What a laugh! Adjustable truss rods have only one function and that is to keep the neck straight from the nut to that point where the neck joins the body. It works by exerting longitudinal pressure along the length of the neck, and is placed in such a way that when the hex nut is tightened, the neck itself is bent back from the middle.

Tightening the truss rod past the point of straightness therefore, can lower the action, but only at the expense of having a warped neck, which will invariably result in horrendous buzzing around the 7th or 9th fret. In theory, the truss rod principle works well, but in practice, a neck will usually twist a little rather than bend evenly, because no neck has exactly the same grain structure on both the bass and treble sides. The Martin Company avoids this problem by never using adjustable truss rods. They select their wood carefully so that an adjustable rod isn’t necessary and supplement this with a non-adjustable T-bar embedded in the neck where you can’t see it or fool with it (diagram #5).

In recent years, Martin has changed from a T-bar to a hollow square bar (diagram #5A), Martins with 12-fret necks have a strip of ebony instead of steel, because the neck is shorter and needs less added support (diagram 5B).

Out of all the Martin guitars I have played or worked on, only a very few had necks warped badly enough to warrant major surgery, and most of these were made during World War II, when steel was at a premium, and
guitar manufacturers had to do without. A precautionary word to those of you who own guitars with adjustable truss rods and want to fool with them—don't. They are by no means unbreakable, and it is better to let someone who knows what he's doing take care of the adjustments. A broken truss rod is a very involved (read: expensive) item to replace.

Now that the neck of your guitar is reasonably straight and the frets are cool, you may still have a problem with a too-high action. You can follow one of two plans of attack. If the saddle rises more than 3/32" above the top of the bridge, it can be filed down. It must be filed evenly and polished, as opposed to digging six notches into it. A notched saddle will dampen string vibrations. The height of the saddle, however, will affect the volume and the stiffness of the strings. By stiffness, I mean the amount of "give" a string has when it is played with a pick or your fingers. High saddles produce a loud sound and a stiff action. If you use a flat pick and/or play heavily high saddles are for you. And, conversely, low saddles for a looser string action. Bear this in mind when having your guitar worked on. Plan #2 is to have the neck reset. This involves changing the angle that the neck makes with the body and their necks reset after a number of years (although I have a theory). It's just a fact of life that has to be accepted, but rest assured that once it's done it will probably never need it again. If the action is high, you can tell if the neck needs re-setting by looking along one edge of the fingerboard. A noticeable dip where the neck joins the body will indicate that a reset is in order.

2. MONEL—STEEL STRINGS. These have a sharper sound and tend to go dead rather quickly, but sound really nice once they're dead. And they last a long time. Excellent on Gibson guitars. Some good brands: Folklore Center Fretted Instruments, Gibson, Black Diamond.

3. FLAT-WOUND STRINGS. These were designed for electric guitars, where smooth, silent, and fancy sliding is a must. They produce a rather dampered sound on acoustic guitar and are recommended only as a last resort.

All three types of steel strings, except one, come in four gauges—extra light, light, medium and heavy. (The exception is monel which I haven't yet seen in extra-light.) A good rule to follow is that the lighter the gauge the more tone and less volume. Light gauge bronze strings have been found to be more than adequate for all large guitars, but mediums are O.K., if you really like to pound away. Heavies are reserved for arch-top guitars and those few idiots who insist on being the loudest guitar player on the block. They often get their just desserts though, when their instruments begin to buckle and warp.

B. Compound Strings

Compound strings, sometimes referred to as silk and steel, have the four lowest strings made of a fibrous synthetic core wound with some sort of metal alloy. They are almost always of extra-light gauge, and sound wonderful on small guitars intended for use with regular steel or bronze strings. Sometimes, they can be put on guitars intended for use with nylon strings only, but it is not generally recommended, as the extra tension might neatly (or not so neatly) remove the bridge from the face of the guitar. There may also be a tendency for the face to buckle upwards behind the bridge. There is a variant on silk and steel strings, that bring silk and bronze, which, as the name implies, is wrapped with bronze instead of steel. They have a warmer sound than silk and steel, and I like them very much. Brands:—Folklore Center-Fretted Instruments; Goya.

C. Nylon Strings

There are a few purists.
I'm sure, who insist that the original gut strings are still the best, but since the ready supply of cat and sheep gut seems to have run out, we will concern ourselves with the more recently developed nylon strings only. Even here the subject is open to much conjecture. The most common brands have the three bass strings wound (metal on nylon) and the three treble strings unwound (plain nylon). More recently they are available in a violent array of psychedelic colors, but there doesn't seem to be much difference between brands as far as quality goes. For the average guitarist they are all O.K. There are, however, a few brands which are definitely a few notches above the rest, notably Concertiste, Savarez, and Augustine. Savarez strings have the advantage of being available in regular tension (red package) and high tension (yellow package). You can also get wound first, second and third strings in this brand.

SOME MORE THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR GUITAR

BRACES. A lot has been said about the bracing pattern of Martin guitars, and all of it is true. Here is the basic story. Martin guitars have always been noted for their fullness of tone and durability, both due in no small part, to the way in which the braces under the top are laid out. At the close of World War II, the Martin people found it no longer feasible to make the top braces quite as thin and light as they had been doing for over a hundred years. This was due to the fact that the Martin instruments were becoming increasingly popular, being taken overseas, and in generally being mishandled by the newly-blossomed, mostly uninformed guitar-buying public. The lifetime guarantee being at stake they decided to beef up the braces a bit. This is one reason that the pre-war Martins usually have a more full-bodied sound. The solution for the discriminating owner of any post-war Martin is to have the top braces shaved down to pre-war specifications. This can be done by any guitar repairman who is well-versed in the discipline of Martin guitar construction. Cutting down the braces can make an amazing difference in the openness and richness of the sound. It must be noted however, that if you are the original owner of the instrument and the braces are cut, Martin will void the guarantee as to defective materials.

INSURANCE. The best advice here is to get lots of it, especially if you live in New York City and/or do much travelling by air. You can usually get a separate “floater policy” for your instrument, which covers it for loss due to fire or theft wherever you take it.

CLEANING YOUR GUITAR. Although it's not necessary to keep your guitar spotless, a good cleaning once in a while will keep the finish in good condition, and the guitar well protected. The best cleaners and polishes I have found are:

1. Michael Gurian's guitar polish and cleaner. Available in fine guitar shops.
2. Meguiars Mirror Glaze, #MGH 10. This is available in better guitar and motorcycle shops and is sold as a polish for plastics.

Avoid those small bottles of Goya and Gibson polishes. They are a rip-off. Also don't use heavy waxes, oils and furniture polishes.

One last thing to avoid like the plague is a “fingerboard lubricant” called Tone Finger Ease. It is supposed to make sliding up and down the neck easier, and maybe even make you an instant Joe Maphis. What they fail to mention on the side of the spray can is that this stuff, if accidentally sprayed on the back of the neck, will cause some finishes to peel, crack, bubble, and split. This could be the burn of the decade. Don’t chance it.

TUNING MACHINES. Most steel-string guitars, being of the 14-fret neck variety, have individual tuning machines coming straight up through the peghead (diags. 8 & 9A).

There has recently been produced by Schaller of Germany, a set of super G, sealed, single unit machine. They are the best tuning machines I have seen. Of all the American companies manufacturing this type of machine today, the best by far is Grover. They make four straight-through types, starting with Sta-tite, their cheapest. These are surprisingly good for exposed gear machines, and cost about $9.00 a set. The next is Slolime, similar to Sta-tite, but with covered gears. The best are Rotomatics, though they are both heavy and expensive ($27.50 a set). The gears are sealed and packed in grease, and the 12:1 gear ratio is accurate for fine tuning. The most expensive Grover machines, the name of which I forget, are awful. They are big, ugly, heavy, expensive, and don't work very well, due to excessive play in the gears.

The selection of machines for slotted-head steel-string guitars is a bit limited. Grover Slimlines come in this side-mounting variety, and that's about it for quality individual machines. Waverly and Kluson make sets of 2 strips with 3 machines on each (diag. 9).

Some people have altered Rotomatics for use on slotted-head instruments, but the machining process is tedious at best. Sometimes an old set of individual side-mounting machines can be found, usually Grover, and they are almost always good. Also O.K. are some pre-war Waverly and 19th Century Jerome strip machines.

BRIDGE PINS AND END PINS. The most common problem with bridge pins is trying to get out those pesky ones that insist on sticking in the bridge. Before resorting to pipe wrenches, pickaxes, and hydraulic bridge-pin pullers,
try these methods:

1. Loosen all the strings and try pushing the pins out from underneath by reaching through the sound hole. If the pin is starting to make a sizable puncture in the end of your finger, use a coin or some other hard, flat object as a go-between.

2. Pliers are OK when carefully used. They may leave some marks on the pin, though. Pull straight up without twisting, as the groove on most pins will catch on the string and the pin may break off in the bridge. End pins are a must if you are going to use a strap. If your guitar has none, the easiest kind to put in is the screw type.

The tapered ones require a tapered hole. When putting in an extra pin where the neck joins the body, be sure not to screw it into the heel of the neck itself, as it might split the heel. The neck is mounted in a large block of wood (inside the body), and so it is best to put the pin next to the heel, about 1/2" away.

There really is a Best Way to attach strings to the tuning machines. Here it is.

Having the string go around the post only once or twice is very good. Having the string go around the post forty six times is very bad, mostly because it’s messy and hard to remove comes the time to change strings.

The walls of Matt Umanov’s Guitar Shop are bedecked with the handsomest 5 and 6 stringed jewels you’ll ever want to see. Guitars, banjos and mandolins of rare vintage and brand spankin’ new. But nestled amongst these treasures is a warning to one and all; “Will all those who want their action as low as possible without buzzing please leave immediately”. You’d have to know Matt to appreciate how much that sign expresses his hard-headed approach to the tricky business of guitar repairing. But fear naught. When you place your ailing love into Matt’s hands you can be sure he’ll deliver a diagnosis with all the assurance of the Surgeon-General. And once your heavy heart has been lightened, you can turn your attention to the aforementioned treasures or just sit down and dig the fine pickin’ and strummin’ that’s usually goin’ on at Matt’s place. And if that doesn’t cheer you then Susie Umanov will tell you about a worse case than yours. And if that doesn’t work you can always pet Ivan the cat. He understands.
James Taylor lives in Martha's Vineyard when he isn't on tour and singing Fire and Rain. He built his house with his own hands. His book contains 23 of his songs, an autobiography, guitar section and all, and some of the most sensitive photos of James and his world that you could ever hope to see. $4.95

Elton John is a phenomenon. He and Bernie Taupin wrote Your Song which, with 23 more, appears in Elton John. They reveal some of the depths in a powerful human being. $4.95.

Leonard Cohen is a man of complex and often contradictory gifts and passions: poet, novelist, composer, performer. His first book for us, Songs of Leonard Cohen ($2.95), was published about 2 years ago. His newest, Songs of Love and Hate, will be out in September.

Blood, Sweat, and Tears have a way of reaching a lot of different kinds of people. Their new book contains songs from all their LP's to date—plus those from their new album just released. $4.95.

Joan and Judy are like the moon and the sun—each has her own special beauty, a person and as an artist. Each has her own beautiful songbook. The Joan Baez Songbook and the Judy Collins Songbook, each with over 350 pages, each $4.95.

Robin Williamson and Mike Heron are the Incredible String Band, in touch with a special source of power, gentle, wise and incredibly lovely. As you might expect, their songbook is a delight to the eye, ear, and the spirit. $2.95.

B. B. King is a giant, but his mastery of the blues guitar is the only frightening thing about him. Otherwise, he's a very human bluesman, full of humor, understanding and feeling. He's got a lot of great original blues together, with instrumental solos laid out in tablature and standard musical notation, along with photos and interviews, in a book that will help you get to know him better. $2.95.

Melanie is a vegetarian. So her songbook contains recipes, besides a poster, reviews, interviews, and the like. Best of all, 28 songs dealing with love, peace, and giving. $4.95.

Country Joe and the Fish, were, with the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead, one of the bands that were there at the beginning in San Francisco. More than a songbook, this book documents the awakening of a political movement and the birth of a new consciousness among the young. A lot has changed, but Country Joe McDonald is still writing good songs. $4.95.
The Young Guitarist was written especially for the young beginner. It can be used with the aid of a parent or teacher, but kids who can read well will probably be able to use it on their own. It includes basic music theory and an explanation of how the guitar works, but the emphasis is on favorite children's songs. $2.95.

The Guitarist's Chord Manual is the kind of book you'll keep referring to again and again as you're learning your way around music. It contains diagrams of the most useful guitar chords in every key, with alternative positions. The simplest and most widely used position is illustrated by a photo, in addition to the large, clear diagram. $1.50.

The Complete Guitar Scale Manual is for the guitarist who wants to supplement his daily practice—which should be everybody who wants to play the instrument really well. The scales in all forms, with hints about fingering and patterns, are included—with a nice-looking poster chart of the guitar fingerboard. $1.50.

First Guide to Guitar is a basic grounding in guitar technique for anyone who has been fooling around with the instrument for a while and wants to get down to playing it right. With a reasonable amount of application, you can play accompaniment to most songs, and even finger-pick a few, by the time you've completed the sixteen well-planned lessons. $1.95.

If you don't know the publisher of the 19 books we're talking about, let us introduce ourselves, Music Sales Corporation. We publish beautiful books. Each of them contain words, music, interviews, photos, bios and all that. They are printed large size (8½ x 11 inches or larger), on superior paper. Most can be found in book and music stores, and if not, drop us a note, we'll tell you how to get the ones you want. Thanks.

Music Sales Corporation
33 West 60th Street
New York 10023

Help: I can't find

Send info. pronto. Name

Address

——-

x Guitar is an instruction book for people who know a little guitar but need guidance to get into making rock. It has sections on rhythm guitar lead guitar, and a variety of solos in score and standard notation. But it deals with the history and the theory of rock music, and for this reason it's a good book for anyone seriously interested in the music of our times. $2.95.

Blues Bag is both a song and an instruction book, with some songs that have never been in print before. There are slaps, fingerpicking, and such, based on the work of people like Bessie Smith, Jimmie Rodgers, and others. No: can teach you everything about the blues, but this one might open a few doors. $2.95.

Play Guitar in Ten Sessions was written by Earl Robinson for the adult beginner. His relaxed and informal style leads you gently around obstacles and discouragements, and has you playing simple songs at the end of the first session. At the end of the ten sessions, you'll be playing runs, arpeggios, hammer-ons, and other fancy stuff. $2.95.

The Complete Guitar Scale Manual is for the guitarist who wants to supplement his daily practice—which should be everybody who wants to play the instrument really well. The scales in all forms, with hints about fingering and patterns, are included—with a nice-looking poster chart of the guitar fingerboard. $1.50.

First Guide to Guitar is a basic grounding in guitar technique for anyone who has been fooling around with the instrument for a while and wants to get down to playing it right. With a reasonable amount of application, you can play accompaniment to most songs, and even finger-pick a few, by the time you've completed the sixteen well-planned lessons. $1.95.

If you don't know the publisher of the 19 books we're talking about, let us introduce ourselves, Music Sales Corporation. We publish beautiful books. Each of them contain words, music, interviews, photos, bios and all that. They are printed large size (8½ x 11 inches or larger), on superior paper. Most can be found in book and music stores, and if not, drop us a note, we'll tell you how to get the ones you want. Thanks.

Music Sales Corporation
33 West 60th Street
New York 10023

Help: I can't find

Send info. pronto. Name

Address
James Taylor lives in Martha's Vineyard when he isn't on tour and singing Fire and Rain. He built his house with his own hands. His book contains 23 of his songs, an autobiography, guitar section and ill, and some of the most sensitive photos of James and his world that you could ever hope to see. $4.95.

Leonard Cohen is a man of complex and often contradictory gifts and passions—poet, singer, songwriter, performer. His first book for us, Songs of Leonard Cohen ($2.95), was published about 2 years ago. His newest, Songs of Love and Hate, will be out in September.

Robin Williamson and Mike Heron are the Incredible String Band, in touch with a special source of power, gentle, wise and incredibly lovely. As you might expect, their book is a delight to the eye, the ear, and the spirit. $2.95.

The Young Guitarist was written especially for the young beginner. It can be used with the aid of a parent or teacher, but kids who can read will probably be able to use it on their own. It includes basic music theory and an explanation of how the guitar works, but the emphasis is on favorite children's songs. $7.95.

Elton John is a phenomenon. He and Bernie Taupin wrote Your Song—which, with 23 more, appears in Elton John: They reveal some of the depths in a powerful human being. $4.95.

The SONGS OF ELTON JOHN AND BERNIE TAUPIN

Melanie is a vegetarian. So her songbook contains recipes, besides a poster, reviews, interviews, and the like. Best of all, 28 songs dealing with love, peace, and giving. $4.95.

Blood, Sweat, and Tears have a way of reaching a lot of different kinds of people. Their new book contains songs from all their LP's to date—plus those from their new album just released. $4.95.

B. B. King is a giant, but his mastery of the blues guitar is the only frightening thing about him. Otherwise, he's a very human bluesman, full of humor, understanding and feeling. He's got a lot of his great original blues together, with instrumental solos laid out in tablature and standard musical notation, along with photos and interviews, in a book that will help you get to know him better. $2.95.

First Guide to Guitar is a basic grounding in guitar technique for anyone who has been fooling around with the instrument for a while and wants to get down to playing it right. With a reasonable amount of application, you can play accompaniment to most songs, and even fingerpick a few, by the time you've completed the system well-planned lesson. $1.95.

The Complete Guitar Scale Manual is for the guitarist who wants to supplement his daily practice—which should be everybody who wants to play the instrument really well. The scales in all forms, with hints about fingering and patterns, are included—with a nice looking poster chart of the guitar fingerboard. $1.50.

If you don't know the publisher of the 19 books we're talking about, let us introduce ourselves, Music Sales Corporation. We publish beautiful books. Each of them contain words, music, interviews, photos, books and all that. They are printed large size (8½ x 11 inches or larger), on superior paper. Many can be found in book and music stores, and if not, drop us a note, we'll tell you how to get the ones you want.

The Guitarist's Chord Manual is the kind of book you'll keep referring to again and again as you're learning your way around music. It contains diagrams of all the useful guitar chords in every key, with all alternative positions. The simplest and most widely used position is illustrated by a photo, in addition to the large, clear diagram. $1.50.

19 BOOKS OF WORDS MUSIC PHOTOS AND PEOPLE YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW

The Guitarist's Tablature Manual is for the guitarist who wants to supplement his daily practice—which should be everybody who wants to play the instrument really well. The scales in all forms, with hints about fingering and patterns, are included—with a nice looking poster chart of the guitar fingerboard. $1.50.

The Complete Guitar Scale Manual is for the guitarist who wants to supplement his daily practice—which should be everybody who wants to play the instrument really well. The scales in all forms, with hints about fingering and patterns, are included—with a nice looking poster chart of the guitar fingerboard. $1.50.

If you don't know the publisher of the 19 books we're talking about, let us introduce ourselves, Music Sales Corporation. We publish beautiful books. Each of them contain words, music, interviews, photos, books and all that. They are printed large size (8½ x 11 inches or larger), on superior paper. Many can be found in book and music stores, and if not, drop us a note, we'll tell you how to get the ones you want.

The Guitarist's Chord Manual is the kind of book you'll keep referring to again and again as you're learning your way around music. It contains diagrams of all the useful guitar chords in every key, with all alternative positions. The simplest and most widely used position is illustrated by a photo, in addition to the large, clear diagram. $1.50.

The Complete Guitar Scale Manual is for the guitarist who wants to supplement his daily practice—which should be everybody who wants to play the instrument really well. The scales in all forms, with hints about fingering and patterns, are included—with a nice looking poster chart of the guitar fingerboard. $1.50.

If you don't know the publisher of the 19 books we're talking about, let us introduce ourselves, Music Sales Corporation. We publish beautiful books. Each of them contain words, music, interviews, photos, books and all that. They are printed large size (8½ x 11 inches or larger), on superior paper. Many can be found in book and music stores, and if not, drop us a note, we'll tell you how to get the ones you want. Thanks.

The Guitarist's Chord Manual is the kind of book you'll keep referring to again and again as you're learning your way around music. It contains diagrams of all the useful guitar chords in every key, with all alternative positions. The simplest and most widely used position is illustrated by a photo, in addition to the large, clear diagram. $1.50.

The Complete Guitar Scale Manual is for the guitarist who wants to supplement his daily practice—which should be everybody who wants to play the instrument really well. The scales in all forms, with hints about fingering and patterns, are included—with a nice looking poster chart of the guitar fingerboard. $1.50.

If you don't know the publisher of the 19 books we're talking about, let us introduce ourselves, Music Sales Corporation. We publish beautiful books. Each of them contain words, music, interviews, photos, books and all that. They are printed large size (8½ x 11 inches or larger), on superior paper. Many can be found in book and music stores, and if not, drop us a note, we'll tell you how to get the ones you want. Thanks.

Music Sales Corporation
33 West 60th Street
New York 10023
Help? I can't find...
Send info pronto. Name...
Address...
I must have shouted while sliding down the womb into a family of four brothers and sisters and my Ma and Pa on Galena Street. Galena Street, heart of Milwaukee's 6th Ward: Galena Street whose sights and sounds have rarely left me. Morning and kids scrambling, playing, running in the dirty streets and cluttered alleys, mothers pregnant with child and some pregnant with the scrages of hard living, dragging their youngest with them while carrying bundles of food or clothing back to their small flats: afternoon and junk peddlers with horses and wagons working their way down the street calling out their coming; black folks and white ones lounging in front of the structures or dumps called homes, talking and calling, while the kids just out from school, play baseball, kick-the-stick, or any game which didn't cost money out in the streets, vying with the cars for the right of way: dusk and sweaty, tired men coming home to burning soup and fresh rye bread; and the streets unburden quietly with the dark.
The world depression hit Galena Street hard. Men were without work for years at a time. Everyone was on the county. Hopelessness was in the air, but it was a feeling lessened by the commonality of it all. But the young rarely suffer the penetrating damage felt by the old and I found myself enthralled by total days of competitive games held in community social centers and playgrounds, three vestiges of Milwaukee's socialist past. And the Lapham Park Library where at eleven and twelve I discovered a myriad of fairy tales, fifteen or so books on the Blackfoot Indians, and oddly enough, the works of Dostoevsky.

I could understand the familial clichés in The Brothers Karamazov, for weren't there family rights, humiliations, epileptics and poverty on my street? Later, later I would understand the immense political and ideological interplay and the marvelous inlets of humor in Fyodor D. But not then, for I was engulfed by the emotional upheavals of his people.

Time passed, a few schools attended and many libraries rummaged. Then one Sunday night World War II arrived with a surrealistic shock. When I came of war age, my old man urged me to avenge our European family, so I went. Scared and not too willing, but I loved my father and understood he was right.

I remember the frozen nights and feet in France, Belgium and Luxembourg; the blazing towns, the phosphorus-burnt soldiers from a sudden attack of 'screaming mimis', the fearsome whine of 88's flat overhead; a stone hut full of dead soldiers piled like a cord of wood with arms and legs akimbo (all I recognized and identified with were the uniforms—mine); weeks on the Siegfried Line, amazed by the Fourth of July fire-
works stunning the dark pillboxed valleys, fireworks of fear and death, Canadian aviators splattered against a hill, Germans in the forest with half their heads ripped out by M-1 bullets; a reduction in wanting to feel, a weariness the foot soldier knows of walking all day, fighting to take a town and then standing guard all night, full of Moselle wine and fright; peeing in the Rhine River while crossing—a boy’s gesture of contempt for a Nazi-stained world; liberating a factory full of Jewish-Hungarian girls overcome with emotion that American soldiers had arrived (the Galahads of their time) to give them love and all kinds of German marks from a bank broken into just nights before.

Oh, those were other times! No shame to be a soldier then. Until Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The return to the States, two or three universities where I skirted the determined courses of study to plunge into Theodore Dreiser, the extraordinary Proust, Ezra Pound, Sean O’Casey and Shakespeare and Shaw and a hundred others. Those were the days, a book a night and the hell with my eyes or exams—all but Proust. Couldn’t rush Proust.

I flushed the GI Bill for every day and degree I could, but fell shy of money and found myself broke in New York, so on to the world of time clocks.

Moses Asch found me working 12 hours a day at Sam Goody’s record store photographing everyone and everything around, blending into the streets in all kinds of weather—whenever Sam, yes, he exists—let me escape. Asch, that splendid, cantankerous guru of our time, spun me loose time and time again to photograph Big Bill Broonzy, Brownie McGhee and the great Sonny Terry, the Seegers—all of them, every last blessed one of them, the deeply missed Indian cowboy poet, Peter La Farge, and on and on, surely over a hundred Folkways covers: and all for a few bowls of rice, but oh the training Moe gave, the flaws he pounced on, the flecks of artiness he demolished in me, the constant strengthening of my natural bent.

I saw whatever man or woman touches, makes or mars is important; whatever he does awake or asleep must be documented. To this day the most exquisite natural panorama can hardly move my eye to a lens. But every face, I mean every face, has drama for me. How a person reacts to a camera is crucial and should be photographed.

I found communication between photographer and the photographed is emotional and rarely verbal, although I often ask a probing question to elicit a moment of thought in a person’s eye. What an individual selects to surround himself with or hangs on his walls is revealing: the dichotomies can be devastating and/or enlightening.

Moe then turned me on to Sing Out! Magazine which couldn’t afford a bowl of rice, but it was worth it to meet and secure the friendship of the fine singer, Ethel Raim, the beautifully talented Southerner, Jean Hammons, the cool cheroot-smoking intellectual, Paul Nelson and the finest writer and thinker in all of Chelsea, Julius Lester. Not to forget Israel Young who contains within him the courage of Don Quixote and the peasant sagacity of Sancho Panza. What pleasure we took blasting the granite surface of the editor, Irwin Silber.

I discovered a young and beautiful woman, Ruth, some years ago and on the first night of our meeting, I tried reading to her from Virginia Woolf’s A Room Of One’s Own. Laughing, she threw me out, for she had a room of her own and didn’t want to share it with a nut. Long after I loved her, she came to love me and we have continued to confirm the alliance with Carla, a poet, 7, and Seth, a great 11.

Ezra Pound, in his eloquent Canto LXXI, I think said it all:

“What thou lovest well remains the rest is dross
What thou lov’st well shall not be reft from thee
What thou lov’st well is thy true heritage

To have, with decency, knocked
That a Blunt should open
To have gathered from the air a live tradition
or from a fine old eye the unconquered flame
This is not vanity.

Here error is all in the not done
all in the diffidence that faltered.


David Gahr has been photographing since 1939. His works are in the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and he is considered without peer in photographing the contemporary music scene. He recently received the newspaper guild’s Page One award for the best magazine photography of the year for his Time Magazine series on Powder Ridge. His newest book, in collaboration with Julius Lester, and dealing with music and people will be published by Dial Press in the spring of 1972.
Until relatively recently, folk music circulated among the people by the simple process of being sung and being heard. Songs passed from person to person, from generation to generation, or from friend to friend. By today's standards, this is not a very efficient means of communicating.

Today, the circle of those who care about folk music has grown to the point where such hand-to-hand methods are no longer adequate. It's not just a question of teaching the youngsters all the songs that great-grandma sang, or of riding to the next holler to consult with friends and relations about an alternative tune. Because there are more folk musicians today than there were citizens in the entire nation a few generations ago, folk music has to be communicated through avenues better suited to our times.

There have been shoe-string local and regional publications, mimeographed song sheets and, of course, Sing Out!—the national magazine of the folk music movement. By these means the folk process has been helped along by dedicated people. And, of increasing importance in the world of folk music, there has been Oak Publications.

The Oak library of folk music includes over 100 books, by more than 90 writers. Just as folk music deals with the total human condition, Oak covers the whole range of folk music from children's songs to contemporary satire, from easy-to-follow instruction books for many folk instruments to substantial ethnomusicological studies.

Through the wide variety of Oak Publications, you can explore a wide new world of folk music—more than you could have hoped to learn in a lifetime of listening. You will find definitive editions of traditional songs, the latest works by today's young maverick songwriters, songs from distant places and almost-forgotten times. Whatever your taste may be, you will find much to interest, delight, and surprise you in the folk music books offered by Oak.

The Art of the Folk-Blues Guitar/
Jerry Silverman
The first instruction manual on folk-blues guitar method. Presents the styles of Josh White, Leadbelly, Big Bill Broonzy, and others. Tablature, Blues Arpeggios, Instrumental Breaks, Walking Bass and Boogie Woogie, Blues Strums plus many songs complete with words, music, chords and tablature. (both Meltab and Gitar) $2.95/Illustrated

Beginning The Folk Guitar/
Jerry Silverman
A simplified detailed course in the first stages of playing the folk guitar, covering basic keys, runs, arpeggios, barre, use of capo, minor keys, etc. Illustrated with a chord chart and over 50 song examples in tablature and standard music notation. $2.95/Illustrated

The Country Blues Guitar/ Stefan Grossman
An instruction method and repertoire book based on the playing styles of foremost country blues guitarists. Includes guitar music, tablature, numerous photographs for chord positions, lyrics to songs, biographical background on Mississippi John Hurt, Furry Lewis, Frank Stokes and Charley Jordan, many others. $3.95/Illustrated

Delta Blues Guitar/ Stefan Grossman
The Mississippi Delta is considered by many folklorists and musicians to be the richest source of the American blues heritage. Includes 27 selections in tablature and standard music notation, transcribed from actual performances by Son House, Skip James, Bukka White, Fred McDowell and many others. With over 100 hand-position photographs. $3.95/Illustrated

The Flat-Picker's Guitar Guide/ Jerry Silverman
An instruction manual. A comprehensive analysis of the many different flat-picking techniques and styles. Includes over 40 songs in tablature and standard music notation arranged specifically for flat-picking and illustrated with "how to" drawings and diagrams. $2.95/Illustrated

The Folksinger's Guide to the Classical Guitar/ Harvey Vinson
A method book for folk and rock guitarists who want to play classical guitar. Contains basic principles and techniques utilizing compositions by Aguado, Bach, Carcassi, Carulli, Giuliani, Sor, Tarrega, and others. You do not have to read music in order to use this book. $2.95/Illustrated

For a Free, Complete, Oak catalog, write us at 33 West 60th Street, New York 10023
Finger-Picking Styles For Guitar/Happy Traum
Documents and teaches the individual styles of the major influences in American guitar picking, including note-for-note transcriptions in tablature and standard music notation.
$2.95/Illustrated

A Folksinger’s Guide to the 12-String Guitar as Played by Leadbelly/Julius Lester and Pete Seeger
The first instruction manual ever published for this increasingly popular instrument. Detailed instructions, folk song examples, tablature and standard music notation.
$2.95/Illustrated

The Folksinger’s Guitar Guide/Jerry Silverman
Based on the Pete Seeger Recording Music includes melody line and guitar accompaniment prepared on scales and in tablature. Includes sections on tuning, chord diagrams and chords, strums, transposing, method of barre and capo, etc. Plus over 30 songs complete with words, music, chords and tablature.
$2.95/Illustrated

Masters of Instrumental Blues Guitar/Donald Garwood
A guide to the guitar styles of Rev. Gary Davis, Mississippi John Hurt, Etta Baker, Mance Lipscomb, John Fahey, and others, based on actual transcriptions from their playing, notated in standard musical form and tablature, with chord diagrams.
$2.95

Guitar Styles of Brownie McGhee/Brownie McGhee and Happy Traum
In this book, Brownie has essentialized the experience of a lifetime of playing and singing to provide an analysis of both the technique for playing the blues and the life attitude which has gone into the making of the music. Notated in standard musical form and tablature, with chord diagrams.
$2.95/Illustrated

Teach Yourself Guitar/Harry A. Taussig
Provides the beginning guitar student the necessary background of instruction and experience required for the detailed study of traditional American guitar styles. Complete with standard music notation, tablature, lyrics, chord diagrams and hand positions.
$2.95/Illustrated

The sequel to the country’s number one folk guitar instruction book. For the intermediate and advanced guitar picker. Instruction and selection of songs. Music notation and guitar tablature with chord diagrams.
$2.95/Illustrated

Note-Reading and Music Theory for Folk Guitarists/Jerry Silverman
An instruction manual that teaches the “stuff” of music to the folk guitarist in terms of folk songs instead of the traditional scales and abstract exercises.
$2.95

Ragtime Blues Guitarists/Stefan Grossman
An instruction guide in playing traditional ragtime guitar. With transcriptions in tablature and standard music notation based on the playing of Blind Lemon Jefferson, Reverend Gary Davis, Big Bill Broonzy, Blind Boy Fuller, Blind Blake, Sam McGee, William Moore and Blind Willie McTell. Includes numerous chord-position photographs.
$3.95/Illustrated

Instrumental Techniques of American Folk Guitar/Harry A. Taussig
This book is concerned with the use of the guitar in the “traditional” manner for instrumental solos and instrumental breaks based on the styles of the Carter Family, Etta Baker, Elizabeth Cotton, Mississippi John Hurt, Cletus Atkins, Merle Travis, Rev. Gary Davis and many others. Includes standard notation, tablature and chord diagrams.
$2.95

Traditional and Contemporary Finger-Picking Styles/Happy Traum
Finger-picking is one of the most fulfilling and rewarding of guitar-playing styles—for both musician and listener. Happy Traum has now created a collection of widely varying finger-picking pieces transcribed from the playing of some of the outstanding folk guitarists of our time.
$2.95/Illustrated
Maybe he's selling pretzels from a pushcart now. Or maybe he's just gone. But years ago on warm summer city nights, he was easy to find in the endless crowd that shuffled along Sixth Avenue in the Village. Grizzled old white hair with a toothless grin and a cardboard box filled with bamboo flutes slung over his shoulder.

"Hey, nice flutes, twenty-five cents—go ahead, try." Nothing but a high, squeaky screech. Hmm, did he sell me a bum flute?

"Here", flashes grizzled, "like this." He plays and out flows a curly melody all honey in dulcet low tones. And with an old man twinkle of the eye, he tapped the flute and said,

"There's more in here than ever comes out."

And that's how it is with the blues. There's more, so much more than you realize in those twelve little bars of music. A lifetime, an infinity, always travlin' on the same big ball but never twice over the same road. I like it that way.

The first thing you should know about the blues is its form. Blues, like the people who play 'em, come in all shapes and sizes: 8, 12 and 16 bars to name a few. But when we say blues we usually mean the 12 bar variety. Now add 4 different chords to these 12 bars, stir lightly, heat up and you've got it—the blues form, home cooked! In the key of E it looks like this

```
Blues Form
```

The diagonal slashes in each bar represent beats—four to the bar. If this is your first time through, start by tapping your foot slowly. Strum downward with the fleshy part of your thumb on each tap and throw in a little upstroke (still using only the thumb) after the fourth beat of each measure. Accent that upstroke. The upstroke coincides with the upbeat of your foot

```
1 3 4 1 3 4
```

Do it again, this time playing the upstroke after every beat. Let the side of your thumb slide smoothly over the strings

```
1 3 4 1 3 4
```

```
upstroke
```

**IT'S ALL IN THE PINKY**

We can add interest by throwing in a moving voice. Watch closely folks, it's all done with the pinky finger! Strum down and up on the E chord, then put your little finger on the second string, second fret and strum down-up again. Slide el pinky to the third fret (staying on the second string, of course), strum down-up, then slide pinky back to the second fret and strum down-up. This is what it looks like in diagram form

```
```
It should be a familiar sound. You can use it wherever an E or E7 chord appears instead of just strummin’ a plain ol’ E chord for four beats. You can do the same number on an A7 chord like so

Groovy you say, what do I do on the B7 chord? Nothing, I say, that’s part of the second lesson. Well, all right, if you can handle the bar, go ahead

Play a 12 bar chorus using these moving voices and then feel good ‘cause you’re really getting into it. Incidentally, you can make your down and upstroke strum swing more by letting the downstroke ring longer than the upstroke—long, short, long, short (or tum ta tum ta, etc.)

"LET’S TURN AROUND AND DO IT AGAIN."

The turnaround turns you, and everyone within 50 feet around. It’s a chord progression that happens in the last bar or last two bars and takes us back to the beginning. When you get to the last bar (12), instead of playing an E chord, play this C7 chord for two beats, then slide it down one fret and that’ll give you a B7 for the other two beats

Let’s intensify this turnaround by strumming the chord three times per beat instead of two. Use your index finger (1). By the way, three notes to the beat are called triplets (tum ta ta, tum ta ta and like that)

But most turnarounds involve bar #11 as well as #12. Try this

That one sounds good just as written (one downstroke per beat), especially if you’ve been using down and upstrokes up to this point. The curved line joining the third and fourth beats of bar #12 is called a tie and it tells you not to play on the fourth beat. In fact you can use this idea of leaving some beats unplayed in other places as well. The squiggle on the fourth beat of the following example is a quarter rest telling you there should be no sound on the fourth beat. After playing the third beat cut off the sound by muffling all six strings with the outside edge of your right hand

It’s good to leave a few holes here and there as it gives a nice spacy quality which is filled-in by the listeners own rhythmic urge.

"MAKIN’ THE BLUES BLUE"

Well, we’ve been nibblin’ at the appetizers long enough, now let’s get down to the main course—the blues scale. The blues scale is where the melody comes from and until you can play melody, you’re only halfway there. The melody is what makes the blues blue! Here’s the blues scale for the key of E

The bottom line of TAB represents the low string (#6); the line above it the fifth string, etc. And the numbers tell you which fret is used. For example, the first note is played open on the sixth string; the second note is also on the sixth string but at the third fret and so on. Use your first finger for notes on the first fret, second finger for notes on the second fret, etc. You’ll begin to get a feel for melody by just playing the scale (with the thumb) as written but making the first note long, second note short, next note long, next one short, etc., just like we did with the chords (the tum ta tum ta thing). Run up and down this scale until it begins to get into your bones. CAUTION: continual use may lead to addiction.

"HEADIN’ HOME"

Now let’s put it all together by combining melody and accompaniment. The easiest kind of accompaniment is a repeated bass note on an open string. Let’s try that much by itself. Get a real lazy tempo going by just hittin’ the bass string (#6 or E) nice and easy with your thumb—1, 2, 3, 4 as indicated here
Now try the treble part (high strings) by itself. Use both index (i) and middle (m) fingers alternately and play each pair of notes long-short, long-short as before. Next try doing the fingers and thumb together and remember, easy does it! Now play a whole 12 bar chorus in this style. If you're not sure where the changes from E to A7 and so on occur, go back to the beginning of the article where the form is written out and follow it as you play. For the accompaniment play an open E (stg. #6) wherever E or E7 chords are indicated; an open A (stg. #5) wherever A7 chords appear; a B (stg. #5), second fret) wherever B7 chords appear. Use the notes of the blues scale for the melody and just do the kind of thing we did in the previous example. Don't worry—there are no wrong notes, just some that sound better than others, that's all. Experiment.

Once you've got that all together, we can add some guts to it by sticking the whole chord (E, A or B7) between the bass and treble notes. Hit three or four of the lower strings with the thumb instead of one and brush two or three treble strings with the index or middle finger at the same time. It's like the pinching motion of a lobster's claw. Don't forget: long-short, long-short (_—. —_.)

Now just let yourself go. Finger an E chord and start whackin' and slappin' it with your thumb and fingers (just wiggle 'em randomly) and let the fingers of your left hand come off the notes they're holding down and then back onto them (including the pinky for an E7). Do that for four beats and then do the same bit on an A7 chord for four, and then back to E and so forth. All you gotta do with the left hand fingers is "pick 'em up and put 'em down" meanwhile telling the right hand fingers to "wiggle baby, wiggle!"

"LIFE IS THE VARIETY OF SPICE"

You can play a chorus or two using the same style throughout but 19 of them will have everybody walkin' off or noddin' out. Variety can be had by alternating chord phrases with single string melody phrases.

"OUT CHORUS"

When you're playing with others you may get lost somewhere between bar one and bar twelve. But you won't if you know the blues vocal form. The verses are nearly always three separate lines each four bars long with the first line repeated. If you keep a verse going in your head when you're doing an instrumental break, you'll get to bar #12 with everyone else. I'll let Memphis Willie B. say it for me:

"Goodbye baby, ain't got no more to say,
Goodbye baby, ain't got no more to say,
Say I'll see you on 61 highway some dark and rainy day."

PETER GREENWOOD

My father gave me my first music lesson when I was four old. I stood beside him at the kitchen sink as he was washing the dishes and taught me how to whistle. Six years later, my mother packed my lunch and sent me off to school to meet a music teacher, a trumpet, Tchaikovsky, and John Phillip Sousa.

Somewhere along the line I traded my horn for a guitar and when I was nine I heard Andres Segovia. It must have been an apocalyptic moment because I spent the next ten years studying classical guitar. But not exclusively, for I ventured into jazz, blues and flamenco as well. My interest in teaching and composition has recently led me into the realm of music editor and author. My first book, Music of the Masters (an anthology of keyboard music transcribed for classical guitar) will soon be published by Amico Music Publishing Company.

And tomorrow? I may be out choppin' wood or just sitting around plunkin' the blues. Or standing at the kitchen sink, whistling.
An Anthology of Piano Music

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Period</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Authors</th>
<th>Editor</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Baroque Period</td>
<td>Volume I</td>
<td>A Repertory of Keyboard Works by Masters of the 17th and 18th Centuries</td>
<td>Selected and Edited by Denes Agay</td>
<td>Denes Agay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Classical Period</td>
<td>Volume II</td>
<td>A Repertory of Piano Works by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and their Contemporaries</td>
<td>Selected and Edited by Denes Agay</td>
<td>Denes Agay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Romantic Period</td>
<td>Volume III</td>
<td>A Repertory of Piano Works by Masters of the 19th Century</td>
<td>Selected and Edited by Denes Agay</td>
<td>Denes Agay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Twentieth Century</td>
<td>Volume IV</td>
<td>A Repertory of Piano Works by Major Composers of Our Time</td>
<td>Selected and Edited by Denes Agay</td>
<td>Denes Agay</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
An Anthology

After nearly three years of preparation, an outstanding achievement in publishing is ready for your examination, and we think you'll agree that it's worthy of an important place in your teaching library.

This new, totally unique work is An Anthology of Piano Music, a four-volume treasury of keyboard music, spanning four centuries and including representative, significant, and appealing piano pieces by 139 composers.

An Anthology of Piano Music is a multipurpose work.

It's a rich source of material, with first-rate piano music for every purpose. It includes a generous number of delightful pieces for the beginner, and challenging compositions for the advanced pianist—but its emphasis is on the intermediate level, where most of today's players are to be found.

Each volume is devoted to one great period of musical history—The Baroque Period, The Classical Period, The Romantic Period, and the Twentieth Century. Each volume is prefaced

with a lucid and detailed essay by Professor Louis L. Crowder, chairman of the department of music at the University of Connecticut and a well-known music scholar and writer. For the performer, he offers practical suggestions on interpretation—including a special section on the musical ornamentation of the Baroque period.

In compiling An Anthology of Piano Music, Dr. Agay sought out only the most reliable and authentic sources, so that each composition is presented in its original form. His own minimal editing is clearly distinguishable from the original material through the use of easily identifiable type.

The result is an unusually accurate work—not only comprehensive and well-organized, but definitive.

An Anthology of Piano Music is also a living history of music, a source of personal pleasure for every pianist, and a useful reference work. It even contains some surprises for the scholar, since it includes a number of valuable compositions which even the most complete music libraries have lacked and which, until now, have been available only in hard-to-find European editions.

Try whichever volumes you feel would be most suited to your needs. Shortly you will receive the books you ordered with a Free copy of Dr. Willi Apel's Harvard Brief Dictionary of Music. Examine and use the volumes, if you don't find them satisfactory to your needs, return them to Yorktown. In any case, keep the Dictionary of Music as our gift to you.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Volume I/The Baroque Period</th>
<th>Volume II/The Classical Period</th>
<th>Volume III/The Romantic Period</th>
<th>Volume IV/The Twentieth Century</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Masters of the 17th and 18th Centuries</td>
<td>Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Their Contemporaries</td>
<td>Masters of the 19th Century</td>
<td>Major Composers of Our Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>232 pages</td>
<td>244 pages</td>
<td></td>
<td>240 pages</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Soft Cover</th>
<th>Hard Cover</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Volume I</td>
<td>$4.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Volume II</td>
<td>$4.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Volume III</td>
<td>$4.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Volume IV</td>
<td>$4.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Set</td>
<td>$19.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Yorktown Music Press, Inc.

Please send the following books with my free gift.
I may examine the Anthology at home and return it if it is not satisfactory for my needs.

The dictionary is mine in any case.

Name

Address

City State Zip

---

Make your checks payable to Yorktown Music Press, Inc.
The yurt has its origins in the folk wisdom of the ancient nomads of inner Asia. There, the prototype has withstood the fierce cold, the violent winds and the intense heat of the steppes for thousands of years. The traditional yurt, made of light poles and covered with thick felt, was a portable structure which the nomads carried with them in their search for suitable grazing for their herds. It is out of a profound respect for the technical genius of these people that the name yurt was chosen for our contemporary structure.

The nomadic yurt builders appear to be the first people to have used the principle of the tension-band in the support of a dwelling. This advance allowed the roof, or roof-wall, of a structure to be raised above the ground without the use of internal posts or trusswork. This solved a basic architectural problem of eliminating the negative space, space formed by the walls of most tent structures as they meet the ground. The challenge was to have neither negative space, posts nor trusswork blocking the interior of the dwelling. These ancient
peoples made an ingenious discovery that, at once, gave to their tent a positive wall angle, a clear inner space, a circular structure to fend off strong winds while permitting less heat loss per unit of volume than other shapes... and, still allowed the dwelling to remain portable. The invention was a simple band—made of the hair of yak, camel or goat or wool of the sheep—in the form of several ropes sewn side by side, used to encircle the building at the eaves and take the outward thrust of the roof.

The world has used the tension-band principle for many purposes, chiefly in the construction of lightweight containers (buckets, boxes, barrels and baskets), tubs, tankards and silos and—at times—for large masonry domes as in the Levant and ancient Rome. However, only the Central Asian nomad appears to have applied the principle to domestic structures.

My experiments with circular structures stem from an early fascination with the economy of surface-to-area ratio that they offer. This interest served no consciously practical purpose until 1962 when I was teaching at the Meeting School in Rindle, New Hampshire. There, a group of four students were excited about math but had taken all of the courses offered. We agreed to work together exploring the geometry of roof structures. During this time I saw an article in the National Geographic Magazine (March 1962) with pictures of Mongolian yurts. Our immediate response, upon seeing the skeletons of the structures, was that the roof could be changed in a significant way to make a new—and for some purposes, improved—roof. We cut poles in the woods and erected the new roof.

In the spring of 1964, the first complete example of the new yurt design was built at the John Woolman School in Grass Valley, California. It differed from the Mongolian yurt by having a wall that sloped outward at the top and a roof structure that eliminated the heavy, wooden, central ring of the traditional dwelling. This sloped wall gave increased rigidity and strength to the structure, a back rest in the interior and a feeling of greater spaciousness. The dwelling was covered with translucent material allowing the skeleton to be patterned against the sky. A madrone tree shaded the yurt and the shadows of the leaves playing on the roof gave it the appearance of a Japanese painting.

The response of students and others who came in contact with the structure was exciting. More than half the student body volunteered to help build it. The pleasure shown by those who took part made me realize that this was an approach to learning that had great potential.

At this point the yurt was a spacious tent with a complex skeleton of new design. It had not yet solved the problem of providing a simple, inexpensive, permanent dwelling. These problems, without solution, accompanied me on my travels for about a year. Then one day while hiking in Sweden, it occurred to me that—to make a solid walled structure on the yurt plan—it was only necessary to increase the width of each wall and roof member until it overlapped its neighbor. Thus we had a structure that united skin and skeleton. This meant that the interior and exterior wall was erected as one eliminating the skeleton and the perishable tent skin of the past. By cutting the roof boards diagonally, little waste was incurred in making tapered elements.

Upon returning from Sweden we built one of these structures (with a sod roof), in the spring of 1966 in Plaistow, New Hampshire. It is a pleasant dwelling and solved a number of technical problems nicely. However, it was still not simple enough for unskilled people to construct. The problem of simplifying the yurt was taking a lot of time, when suddenly, the next step became clear.

The new yurt design would be based on another geometric concept. Instead of having an hyperbolic-paraboloid curve in its walls, as did all other yurts up until this time, the structure would be conic. It would appear as an immense water bucket with its members tongue and grooved together. The roof would be the same in principle, but a much flatter cone.

The concept proved sound when we built the first conical yurt in College, Alaska at the home of Niilo Koponen, in the spring of 1967. It was a delightful structure both to build and to live in. It came closer to the ideal of uniting skin and skeleton from straight wooden members than any structure known to me. It proved easy to erect and three people put up the walls and roof in seven hours. Although I was pleased with the new structure in many ways, I felt that cutting the tongue and groove on the tapered boards still required too much skill for the average person.

I continued to analyze the yurt design until, one day, it occurred to me that there was no need to tongue and groove the boards nor to taper the wall members. I had been limiting my thinking of the structural terms of liquid containers that needed to be forced together with bands to keep them from leaking. But there was no liquid pressure in the yurt. Its outward thrust and stability came from the roof. The walls could be untapered boards, overlapped for ease of nailing, and lapped more at the bottom than at the top to produce the sloping wall.

The complicated tongue and groove, tapered boards of the roof were eliminated by the folded roof that is to be seen on the yurts in the photos that accompany this article. The roof requires power equipment in its construction only for the ripping of the boards. They are then nailed at
right angles to one another. This makes both a simpler roof structure and an immensely stronger one as well. A by-product of this design is the ring of triangular windows fitted under the eaves. Although sufficient light comes in through the central skylight, the quality of light entering through the peripheral windows adds greatly to the attractiveness of the structure.

The first yurt of this design was built at the home of Randolph Brown in Westwood, Massachusetts in the fall of 1968. Shortly after this came the opportunity to build the first Harvard yurt which was basically the same structure with some changes in proportion. Used as a study and seminar room in 1968-69, it received more attention than any of the contemporary yurts up until that time, partially due to its location on the Harvard Graduate School of Education campus. The structure's attractiveness, uniqueness and simplicity drew people to it. It was this yurt that prompted the Study–Travel–Community people to build their own school.

**SPATIAL QUALITY**

The quality of space in the yurt is quite different from that which I have experienced in any other structure. Viewed from the outside the yurt is unimposing. With its low profile, sod covered roof and wall of weathered pine, it blends easily into the natural landscape. The curved form gives as little resistance to the eye as to the wind, adding to the impression of its smallness... the yurt seems almost a play house. From outside the possibility of standing erect within is questionable. It is a distinct surprise, upon entering the yurt, to find adequate head room throughout. The illusion is intended. The structure blends with the natural environment and is less dominating, more human in scale... yet spacious within. The goal is to promote a feeling of being at home and in harmony with nature.

The space inside a yurt seems much larger than it is. This is due, in part, to the structure being circular with an outward sloping wall which tends to carry the eye with it as it expands. In similar fashion, the roof lines expand radially and meet the wall at a ring of light which helps to carry the eye even further and gives a feeling of still greater spaciousness. The central skylight spreads the illumination evenly throughout and soft light from the peripheral windows adds variety. All of the structural elements described are functionally important and either make the yurt a stronger structure, less expensive or simpler to build. The esthetic qualities of the building are by-products of these elements.

Perhaps the yurts most satisfying quality is the effect it has had upon the majority of people who have visited it. They are moved to talk not only about the beauty of the enclosed space but also about the space as an environment for group interaction. Visitors, trying to formulate the difference between this space and others they have known, often become conscious of spatial quality for the first time. At a time when visual pollution is so great, it is of extreme importance to develop sensitivity to environmental quality. The yurt seems to aid in this development.

The spatial quality of the contemporary yurt is conducive to discussion. As a seminar room, the structure has the advantage of bringing people into a face to face relationship easily. There is no need to arrange chairs in a circle as in a rectangular room... no need to ask people not to sit behind one another. The curved bench echoes the wall, set at a comfortable angle for the back, and places people within pleasant conversation distance. It promotes group process since there is no one place more prominent than the others.

**SIGNIFICANCE OF THE STRUCTURE**

Educationally this building is significant because its design provides people with the opportunity to build something large and important for
which they previously have had neither the opportunity nor the experience. The concept of simple structural beauty as a part of the environment is an important one. It gives great satisfaction to participants to find that they can make useful structures that are esthetically pleasing as well.

The design of this contemporary yurt is the result of ten years’ effort to develop techniques that make it possible for children and unskilled adults to participate in a major way in the creation of their own shelter. Taking part in the ordering of an environment means having a better chance of understanding and appreciating that environment. The construction of a yurt allows a person to see the total erection of a building in two or three days’ time—so quickly as to seem like time lapse photography. To see the same thing happen with a normal building in our society takes months and is beyond the attention span of many.
Yurts of this design have had a wide appeal and, in addition to their use in schools at the present time, they are in service as summer homes on the coast of Maine and Cape Cod; as a mountain shelter, a home, a research station, and as student housing in Alaska; as a home in British Columbia; and as a retreat in a Hawaiian mental hospital. As this is written, a yurt is being built as an experiment in low cost housing with the aid of students from the Study–Travel–Community School. It’s a good project for these students since it is initially attractive and exciting to them while, at the same time, it demands cooperation, creativity and disciplined action.

The cost of materials for a yurt is roughly $450 and the construction plan may be obtained by sending $3 plus $0.50 for postage to:
William S. Coperthwaite
Bucks Harbor
Maine 04618

---

**Letter to the Reader**

October 1, 1970
Bucks Harbor, Maine 04618

An Eskimo museum is being created and unbeknownst to most of you, the money you invested in a Yurt plan was helping to make this project possible.

The museum is a collection of artifacts and films from Eskimo life across the Arctic. It will travel to the Eskimo villages of Alaska with the intention of creating greater knowledge and respect among the Eskimo people for their cultural heritage. This will be a small, mobile museum going from village to village by plane, snowmobile and dog sled.

For the last three years I have been assembling this collection and preparing to take it into the field. This fall it will come about under the sponsorship of the University of Alaska, the Alaska State Museum, the Harvard Graduate School of Education and the newly formed Yurt Foundation.

The Yurt design and the publication of the plan have been so enthusiastically received that two new organizations have been formed.

**1. Yurt Designs Inc., Box 183, Cambridge, Massachusetts.** This is a business organization concerned with the production of yurts and the providing of consultant help for those requesting it.

**2. The Yurt Foundation, Bucks Harbor, Maine.** A private non-profit corporation has been set up so that money coming to me from the sale of yurts or yurt plans can be more fully used for educational purposes. The chief concern of the Yurt Foundation will be the collecting of folk knowledge from around the world and the combining of this with contributions from modern knowledge for the purpose of creating a life style which will be simpler and in more intimate contact with the natural world while promoting intellectual and creative fulfillment.

**THE FIRST PROJECT**

It is a fitting beginning that the first project sponsored by the Yurt Foundation is one concerned with building greater respect for their heritage among the Eskimo people. It is out of great respect for the Eskimo culture, their way of life, their folk wisdom and out of gratitude for what I have learned from them that I go north with this collection.

To anyone wishing more information on the Eskimo museum or the Yurt Foundation, it will be sent.

$4,000 have been promised in gifts to date for the museum conditional upon the raising of the additional $10,000 needed to complete the project. Would you like to share further in sponsoring the museum? Do you know of others who would? If you can help financially, checks should be made payable to the Yurt Foundation and sent to me at Bucks Harbor, Maine.

A new issue of the yurt plan is out as of August. It has a green sod roof (complete with goat) and more information to ease construction.

It makes me very happy to be able to offer the opportunity for you to be of use to the Eskimo people.

BILL COPERTHWAITÉ
From the Pilgrim Fathers to the Chicano, each arriving wave of newcomers has brought a fresh tradition of folk music to contrast with, to stimulate, and eventually to join the mainstream of American folk music.

Some of these songs are still being sung, in much their original form. Others have undergone changes in their new environment. Songs whose roots are traceable back to their original sources in the hills and harbors of Britain are available in Oak editions—collected in the southern mountains by folklorists like Peggy Seeger, or transcribed from the singing of old-time artists like Doc Watson and The Stanley Brothers.

Then there are the works of latter-day balladeers like Woody Guthrie and Leadbelly, who took the songs other people sang and infused them with their own genius, to create new songs with a new life of their own. In the same ageless, down-to-earth vein, there are the folk songs of modern life—people like the tart and pungent Malvina Reynolds, the gentle young wit, Tom Paxton, and the wise, winning and whimsical Pete Seeger.

Every day, new American folk songs are being sung into life. So many, in fact, that you could spend your lifetime delving in this fertile field only to find so many new songs were sprouting up all the time that you could never keep up to date. Oak's growing library of American folk music includes the most timeless of the new songs as well as the most vital of the old.

Within this collection, you'll find songs covering the whole range of the American experience—songs of adventure and triumph, songs of protest and satire, songs documenting the nation's birth and its fitful struggle toward maturity. You'll find songs about human-scale matters, too—loves and jealousies, feuds and fiascos, and every variety of laughter known to humanity. There are songs to put babies to sleep with, and songs you might not want your mother to overhear. There are songs for every occasion—organizing a union, blessing a marriage, planting a tree, joining an army or stopping a war. Songs, in sum, that show every indication of living on and on, as long as there are people to sing them and share them.

American Favorite Ballads/Pete Seeger
85 traditional folk songs in the versions popularized by one of America's foremost folksingers. Includes favorites as Irene Goodnight, Darling Corey, Shenandoah, etc. with melody line, lyrics and chord names.
$1.95/cloth $3.95/Illustrated

Little Boxes and Other Handmade Songs/Malvina Reynolds
Over 50 songs by Berkeley's famed balladmaker and commentator on the times. Includes Little Boxes, Turn Around Battle Of Maxton Field, From Way Up Here and others. Words, music and chord names.
$2.95/Original drawings

Broadside, Vol. 1/Sia Cunningham
74 songs of our times from the pages of the topical song magazine Broadside. Original songs by Len Chandler, Bob Dylan, Pete La Farge, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Malvina Reynolds, Pete Seeger, Mark Spoelstra, and others. Published by special arrangement with Broadside Magazine.
$2.95/Illustrated

Broadside, Vol. 2/Sia Cunningham
75 songs of our times from the pages of Broadside (The Topical Song Magazine) with songs by Elaine White, Arlo Guthrie, Janis Ian, Phil Ochs, Malvina Reynolds, others
$2.95/Illustrated

Broadside, Vol. 3/Sia Cunningham and Gordon Friesen
A new collection more than 80 topical songs from the pages of America's Number 1 topical song magazine. New songs by Phil Ochs, Len Chandler, Pete Seeger, Tom Paxton, Malvina Reynolds, Rev. F. D. Kirkpatrick, Janis Ian, Mike Millius, Jimmy Collier, many others. With guitar chords.
$2.95/Illustrated

The Coffee House Songbook/
Jay Edwards and Robert Kelley
164 songs including standards, originals and unusual versions of old songs currently being sung on the coffee house circuit across the country.
$3.95/Original drawings

For a Free, Complete, Oak catalog, write us at 33 West 60th Street, New York 10023.
Doc Watson/
Over 30 songs. Includes words, melody line and chord names, together with guitar transcriptions of instrumental breaks and basic guitar accompaniment patterns—shown in both standard music notation and tablature. Foreword and background notes on each song by Doc. Introduction by Ralph Rinzler. $2.95/Illustrated

The American Folk Music Occasional/Chris Strachwitz and Pete Welding
What do you call a book which contains articles, songs, record reviews, photographs, indexes—and which is published from time to time as sufficient material is gathered together? An Occasional! The American Folk Music Occasional is a book created by people who are constantly researching and learning more and more about our country’s musical heritage, and who want to share their knowledge with you. $2.95/Illustrated

Folk Lullabies/
Michael and Barbara Cass-Begg
If there is a universal music, it is the lullaby. This beautiful tradition of lullaby song has now been gathered into a handsome and useful collection of folk lullabies from more than 50 different peoples. With melody line, original language and literal translation. $2.95 Paper/$6.95 Cloth/Illustrated

Blues Harp/Tony “Little Sun” Glover
A full length presentation of blues harmonica playing based on the music of such great performers as Sonny Boy Williamson, Little Walter, Jimmy Reed and Sonny Terry. $2.95/Illustrated

How to Play the Five-String Banjo/
Pete Seeger
The basic manual for banjo players, with melody line, lyrics, and banjo accompaniment and solos notated in standard form and tablature. Revised enlarged edition. $2.00/Illustrated

Old-Time Mountain Banjo/
Art Rosenbaum
A practical approach to teaching old-time, 5-string mountain banjo. Includes frailing; various 2- and 3-finger styles; special tunings, etc. Songs are in tablature and standard music notation with lyrics and chord symbols. $2.95/Illustrated

Songs for All Year Long and Gosh, What a Wonderful World!/Gil Slote
Two dozen children’s songs especially composed for elementary school social studies programs. (As recorded on Folkways). Includes teaching guide, full piano arrangements, guitar chords, spiral binding for piano use. $2.95/Illustrated

The Dulcimer Book/Jean Ritchie
A manual for playing the Appalachian Dulcimer, with 16 illustrative songs, history of the instrument, etc. $2.95/Illustrated

A Folksinger's Guide to Chords and Tunings/Jerry Silverman
4700 chord diagrams, showing fingerings and frets, for guitar (standard tuning, G Tuning, D Tuning, 12-String, Tenor), 5-String Banjo (G Tuning, C Tuning, D Tuning, G minor Tuning, Modal Tuning), Mandolin, Ukulele, Baritone Uke, Tenor Banjo, Piano, Organ, Accordion. $2.95/Diagrams

Folk Style Autoharp/Harry Taussig
An instruction method for playing the autoharp and accompanying folksongs. Beginning accompaniments, reading melodies, melody picking on autoharp, chords and keys, off-beats and syncopations, instrumental solos, etc. including 38 songs. $2.95/Illustrated

The Recorder Guide/Arthur Nitka and Johanna E. Kulbach
The most complete guide to Soprano and Alto recorder playing by two experienced recorder teachers; combines basic progressive instruction with a great repertoire of folk melodies from many countries. Board covers, spiral binding. $3.95/Illustrated

FLAMENCO GUITAR

OLD-TIME MOUNTAIN

CHORDS AND TUNINGS

FOLK STYLE AUTOHARP
Strip a Fender amp and you'll begin to understand why more of them are sold than all other amps put together.

They sound good because they're made good.

Take the speakers. They're designed and selected to match the rest of the top-notch components. To give you the sharpest acoustic projection and presence. And if you're really choosy, you can buy most Fender amps with JBL's installed in the factory.

Then consider the circuitry. Engineered by Leo Fender himself, it builds the sound in right from the start. Many amps scope out with a very flat curve. In Fender amps the low and high ends are exaggerated and the mid-range falls down a little bit in accent. This is no accident. We do it to compensate for the irregularities of a typical guitar signal. The result is a perfectly rounded response curve that lets your guitar sound the way it's supposed to sound.

Power and output transformers in Fender amps are all heavyweights. You can put plenty of punch in your signal. They won't blow out.

Then there are the cases. They're built hard as rock. We put three-quarters of an inch of wood between the guts and those hard stage knocks. And all four corners are lock-jointed, most with protective metal corner caps.

It all adds up to amps being a lot like people. It's what's inside that really counts.

Fender
THE DULCIMER AND
THE LADY
JEAN RITCHIE

Jean Ritchie was born and raised in Viper, Kentucky, in the Cumberland Mountains. She is the youngest in a family of fourteen children born to Balis and Abigail Ritchie, who were, like most other folks in the region, of Scottish-Irish-English descent. According to local history, James Ritchie with five of his brothers sailed from England in 1768, and a few years thereafter, James pioneered with his family into the Appalachian wilderness, and died somewhere near what is now the Carrs Fork of Troublesome Creek in Kentucky. His family stopped there, becoming one of the first few families to settle in that section.

There are still many people who say the old songs are the best, and when Jean was growing up and singing with the family on the front porch of an evening, it wasn't the new, so-called "hillbilly" songs or the catchy tin-pan alley tunes that were the favorites. It was songs like "Barbry Ellen," "Sourwood Mountain," "Lord Randall."

There were newer ones, news accounts of local events hangings, elections, ground-hog hunts, murders, feuds...all meaningful, each one a living part of the growth of a people, and the dulcimer learned and played these stories, too.

Jean sings in a light, clear, untrained voice, and her songs are presented with simplicity and directness. Her Kentucky dulcimer accompaniments are free-flowing and tasteful, pointing up the ethereal beauty of the mountain tune. This short but interesting excerpt is from her publication, The Dulcimer Book.

As long as I can remember, and as long as my father could remember, and as long as his father could remember, there have been dulcimers, or "dulcimores", made and played in our Kentucky mountains.

In Viper, where we lived, the dulcimer maker was Uncle Will Singleton, whose old-fashioned white frame house set just over the river from the post office, at the other end of the swinging bridge, Uncle Will had a large kindly face framed by a shock of silky white hair, and a tremendous mustache. He always dressed neatly even at home, with suspenders, the mark of a gentleman.

At the annual Hall reunion (he was kin to the Halls) he was a familiar figure, dressed in black for the occasion, sitting on the speaker's platform with his dulcimer on his lap, playing and patting the floor with his foot in his dignified way for the entertainment of the company. There would be two or three hundred people assembled, each family with its good-smelling dinner basket, on the wood plank benches around the hillside. Oaks rustled and bees buzzed, babies cried gently, old ladies fanned, the dulcimer droned and remembered.

HOW TO TUNE UP
BALIS RITCHIE'S METHOD

According to Dad, "You tune her like this: Bim-bim-BOM." He'd sing the "bim-bims" up fairly high and come down hard on the "BOM," five tones lower. If you ask the singing-school master, he will tell you that this is so-so-do. Translated to the musical staff, it reads, G-G-C, G above middle C for the first and second strings, and middle C for the third, or bass string. Now, it may not be G-G-C, for the instrument is usually tuned to suit the singing range of the player, but anyway that is the relationship of the strings.

We always tune up by ear, to the key we want, but you may want to be guided by the piano, at least until you get used to the sound of it.

SINGING WITH THE DULCIMER

In all the years I listened to Dad Ritchie play, I very rarely heard him sing to his own music. I knew he would be singing somewhere inside, for he would not stop on "Merry Golden Tree," or "Sweet By and By," until he had played all the
verses. Uncle Will Singleton and his grandchildren, on the other hand, did often sing to dulcimer accompaniment. They sang and played in unison always, their voices rising and falling with the pitch of the instrument.

**HOW TO HOLD THE NOTER**

Have your dulcimer in the major key tuning-G-G-C or the equivalent notes. In your left hand is the noter, usually a finger-length of bamboo (cut from the little end of a fishing pole, or from a garden "staker"). Cradle the noter along the fingers and hold it so that the thumb may press from above, and the side of the finger may glide along the side of the fingerboard to keep the end of the noter from touching the middle string. That's because melody changes are all made on one string; the other two are always drones. Press the noter down upon the melody string, the one nearest your body. You get the clearest tone when you press the noter immediately to the left of the fret.

Now, strum with the thumb of your right hand, away from the body. Perhaps at first, just to get the sound and the feel of the scale, begin at the third fret and play up the scale, moving from left to right and plucking each note with the right-hand thumb on the first string only. Then play back down the scale again, moving the noter to the left. Try to keep both hands relaxed. Firm but not rigid pressure is best for the left hand. The middle finger of the right hand may be used now and then for steadying the instrument, while the thumb is being used for strumming.

**PLAYING THE SCALE**

Next, try going up and down the scale again, only this time let the thumb sweep across all three of the strings. This provides the melody string with a constant harmonizing chord which gives the delightful and characteristic drone, or "bagpipes" sound.

**PICKING OUT A TUNE**

I believe that the very first tune I ever picked out was, "Go Tell Aunt Rhodie," and I suspect that this has been the learning piece for almost everybody. There must be a good reason for it, and so I will-start you off on, "Aunt Rhodie."

Strum all three strings at the same time, in the rhythm of the song:

\[ \text{Go tell Aunt Rhodie, Go tell Aunt Rhodie,} \]

\[ \text{Go tell Aunt Rhodie, Her old gray goose is dead.} \]

Note: All Music in the major key is set down in the key of C. However, your dulcimer should be tuned to the key which most suits your voice, and this may not be the key of C. For this reason, I give also the fret numbers of the melody string changes. Since the dulcimer may be played on only in the key to which it is tuned at the time, you will be all right, so long as you begin at the right fret!
Beautify America.

Landlubber
Beautiful clothes.

For a 20" x 36" Beautify America poster, send $1.00 to Landlubber Poster #4-FF, Box 8006, Boston, Massachusetts 02114.
Over the past decade, Americans belatedly began to value and appreciate the blues tradition. Long neglected by the music business and ignored by the general public, the blues, in its great days, was consigned to a kind of musical ghetto of obscure "race" recordings and tiny clubs where few white people ever ventured. When the market for race records fell off, bluesmen of monumental stature sank into obscurity. The old shellac 78's began to gather dust in junk stores and attics.

But during the sixties, there was a general reawakening to the blues and the universal feelings this music evokes. A generation raised on Fats Domino and the R&B of the fifties dug into the blues of the twenties and thirties, and serious young folklorists went South to "rediscover" long-forgotten bluesmen like Mississippi John Hurt, Son House, and Bukka White.

Those aging, titanic father-figures, their faces furrowed by time but their fingers and voices as knowing and nimble as ever, enjoyed a blazing sunset rejuvenation of their careers, as college and coffeehouse audiences flocked to hear them play and sing the blues—the real, uncompromising thing.

And almost at the same time, the pop music charts were invaded by the rambunctious grandchild of the blues—soul.

For blues lovers, Oak has a special series of books on the blues and related topics, such as jazz and ragtime. The story of the blues is told from the inside by men like Big Bill Broonzy and Perry Bradford who lived it all their lives. And the why's and wherefores of the blues as seen by insightful authorities like Sam Charters and Paul Oliver. (And for those who really want to get into the blues and find their own personal vision, we suggest you refer to the section on Instruction Guides, which includes several valuable books on blues guitar.)

Blues Records: 1943-1966/
Mike Leadbetter and Neil Slaven
An encyclopedia to more than two decades of recorded blues. Did Jack Dupree record "Tongue-Tied Blues"? Check it out for yourself, get the record number, the name of the sidemen, the date of recording, everything you'll want to know. This is the only work of its kind, definitive, unique, the most useful documentary tool to blues records in print.
$4.95 Paper/$15.00 Cloth/Illustrated

The Poetry of the Blues/
Samuel B. Charters/Photographs Ann Charters
A significant study of Negro folk blues as literature based on the author's extensive research and field recording activities among traditional blues singers.
$1.95/Illustrated

A Guide to Flamenco Guitar/
Mariano Cordoba
An instruction method with a practical analysis of playing techniques, fingering, strumming, and the history and social/psychological context of Flamenco Music, prepared by a native Andalusian who is himself both a performing guitarist and a teacher. Exercises for beginners and more advanced students. Complete text in both English and Spanish.
$3.95/Illustrated

For a Free, Complete, Oak catalog, write us at 33 West 60th Street, New York 10023
American Folksong/Woody Guthrie
Editor: Moses Asch
Writings and songs of the great Dust Bowl balladeer includes words and music to more than a score of songs.
$1.95/Illustrated

The Fiddle Book/Marion Thede
A comprehensive document on the folk music fiddle and fiddle styles with over 130 tunes transcribed directly from the playing of folk fiddlers.
$7.95 Cloth/Illustrated

Folk Songs of the Blue Ridge Mountains/
Herbert Shellans
50 traditional songs on such subjects as Love and Marriage, Romance and Ruin, Drinking and Dying, with notes on the people of the Blue Ridge Mountains and their music. Includes melody line, lyrics, chord names and historical notes.
$2.95/Illustrated

The People's Songbook/
Waldemar Hille/Foreword: Alan Lomax/
Preface: Ben Botkin
100 folk, topical, union and international songs with chord names and piano arrangements.
$1.95

The Leadbelly Songbook/
Moses Asch and Alan Lomax
More than 70 songs by Huddie Ledbetter, with chord names; musical transcriptions by Jerry Silverman; biographical notes by Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie, Fred Ramsey, Charles Smith.
$1.95/Illustrated

900 Miles: The Ballads, Blues, and Folk songs of Cisco Houston/
Introductions by Woody Guthrie, Moses Asch, Lee Hays, and Others
70 traditional and topical songs from the singing of the man Woody Guthrie called "one of the manliest and best of our living crop of ballad and folk songsingers." Includes Muleskinner Blues, Hard Traveling, Old Blue.
$1.95/Illustrated

Ramblin' Boy and Other Songs/
Tom Paxton
Over 40 songs including the title number. All have melody line, lyrics and chord names. Includes The Marvelous Toy, Last Thing On My Mind, What Did You Learn In School Today?, others.
$2.45/Illustrated

Songs For Peace/
The Student Peace Union and Pete Seeger
These 95 contemporary songs of protest are being sung today from Cambridge to Berkeley and speak of freedom, brotherhood and man's hope for peace.
$2.95/Illustrated

Songs of Phil Ochs
23 songs from one of the most controversial songwriters of topical and protest songs. Includes There But For Fortune, Thresher, The Power and the Glory, and I Ain't Marching Anymore. Complete with lyrics, melody line and guitar chords.
$2.45

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem Songbook
50 songs from the repertoire of Ireland's first family of song. Chord names.
$1.95/Illustrated

Reprints from Sing Out!, Vol. 1-11
Anthologies of the best songs from the pages of Sing Out! Magazine. Each volume contains 50-60 songs, selected by the editors as the most popular, most requested songs from back issues.
$1.00 each/Illustrated
NEW OAK CATALOG
FREE
YOU'VE SEEN DESCRIPTIONS IN THIS PROGRAM OF OAK BOOKS. IF YOU WANT A COMPLETE LISTING, TEAR OUT THIS FORM AND SEND IT ON. YOU DON'T NEED ANY STAMPS.
OAK BOOKS ARE FOUND IN BOOK AND MUSIC STORES, COLLEGE STORES AND THE LIKE. BUT IF YOU CAN'T FIND THE ONE YOU WANT, TELL US AND WE'LL TELL YOU HOW TO GET IT.
THANKS.

NAME ____________________________________________
ADDRESS ___________________________________________ ZIP __________________

FOLD INTO THIRDS/SEAL AND DROP IN THE MAIL/NO POSTAGE REQUIRED

Instruction Guides
1 The Art of the Folk Blues Guitar 38 Freedom is a Constant Struggle
2 Beginning The Folk Guitar 39 Grass Roots Harmony of American Folk Songs
3 The Country Blues Guitar 40 Hard Hitting Songs for Hard-Hit People
4 Delta Blues Guitar 41 The Leadbelly Songbook
5 Finger-Picking Styles For Guitar 42 Lift Every Voice: The Second People's Songbook
6 The Flat-Picker's Guitar Guide 43 Little Boxes and Other Handmade Songs
7 The Folkswingers' Guide to the Classical Guitar 44 The Muse of Parker Street
8 A Folkswinger's Guide to the 12-String Guitar as Played by Leadbelly 45 Negro Songs from Alabama
9 The Folkswinger's Guitar Guide 46 The New Lost City Ramblers Songbook
10 The Folkswinger's Guitar Guide, Vol. 2 47 900 Miles: The Ballads, Blues, and Folk Songs of Cisco Houston
11 Guitar Styles of Brownie McGhee 48 The People's Songbook
12 Instrumental Techniques of American Folk Guitar 49 Remin' Boy and Other Songs
13 Masters of Instrumental Blues Guitar 50 Reprints from Sing Out!
14 Note-Reading and Music Theory for Folk Guitarists 51 Volume 1
15 Ragtime Blues Guitarists 52 Volume 2
16 Teach Yourself Guitar 53 Volume 3
17 Traditional and Contemporary Finger-Picking Styles 54 Volume 4
18 How to Play the Five-String Banjo 55 Volume 5
19 Old-Time Mountain Banjo 56 Volume 6
20 Blues Harp 57 Volume 7
21 The Dulcimer Book 58 Volume 8
22 A Folkswinger's Guide to Chords and Tunings 59 Volume 9
23 Folk Style Autoharp 60 Volume 10
24 The Recorder Guide 61 Volume 11
25 The Ukulele Book 62 Volume 12
26 The Steel Drum 63 Reprints From The People's Songs
American Folk Music
27 American Favorite Ballads 64 Roll Me Over
28 American Folksong 65 Singing Family of the Cumberlands
29 Broadside, Vol. 1 66 Slave Songs of the United States
30 Broadside, Vol. 2 67 Songs For Peace
31 Broadside, Vol. 3 68 Songs For Swinging Housemothers
32 California to the New York Island 69 Songs of Joe Hill
33 The Coffee House Songbook 70 Songs of Phil Ochs
34 Drums in the Americas 71 To Hell With Sking
35 The Ethnic Muse 72 We Shall Overcome
36 Ewan MacColl-Peggy Seeger Songbook 73 Folk Songs of Many Lands
37 The Fiddler Book 74 The Bells of Rhythm
38 Folk Songs of the Blue Ridge Mountains 75 The Brecht-Eisler Song Book
39 Folk Songs of Peggy Seeger 76 The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem Songbook
40 Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians 77 Egyptian Folk Songs
41 Freedom is a Constant Struggle 78 Favorite Spanish Folk Songs
42 Grass Roots Harmony of American Folk Songs 79 Favorite Songbook
43 Hard Hitting Songs for Hard-Hit People 80 Folk Songs and Ballads of Scotland
44 The Leadbelly Songbook 81 Folk Songs of the Americas
45 Lift Every Voice: The Second People's Songbook 82 Folk Songs of Europe
46 Little Boxes and Other Handmade Songs 83 Folk Songs of France
47 The Muse of Parker Street 84 Folk Songs of Greece
48 Negro Songs from Alabama 85 German Folk Songs
49 The New Lost City Ramblers Songbook 86 Irish Songs of Resistance
50 900 Miles: The Ballads, Blues, and Folk Songs of Cisco Houston 87 Jewish Folk Songs
51 The People's Songbook 88 I'm A Freeborn Man
52 Remin' Boy and Other Songs 89 Irish Songs of Resistance
53 Reprints from Sing Out! 90 Jewish Folk Songs
54 Volume 1 91 New English Broadsides
55 Volume 2 92 Russian Songs
56 Volume 3 93 Songs from Shakespeare's Plays and Popular Songs of Shakespeare's Time
57 Volume 4 94 Songs of the British Music Hall
58 Volume 5 95 The Story of Australian Folk Song
59 Volume 6 96 The Ella Jenkins Song Book For Children
60 Volume 7 97 Folk Lullabies
61 Volume 8 98 Songs for All Year Long and Gosh, What a Wonderful World!
62 Volume 9 99 Songs That Children Sing
63 Volume 10 100 This is Rhythm
64 Volume 11 101 Aspects of the Blues Tradition
65 Reprints From The People's Songs 102 Big Bill Blues
66 Roll Me Over 103 Blues Records: 1943-1966
67 Singing Family of the Cumberlands 104 The Bluesmen
68 Slave Songs of the United States 105 Born With The Blues
69 Songs For Peace 106 Folk Blues
70 Songs For Swinging Housemothers 107 Jazz: New Orleans (1885-1963)
71 Songs of Joe Hill 108 Jazz On Record: The First Fifty Years
72 Songs of Phil Ochs 109 The Poetry of the Blues
73 Songs of Phil Ochs 110 The Ragtime Songbook
74 To Hell With Sking 111 They All Played Ragtime
75 We Shall Overcome 112 The American Folk Music Occasional

Folk Songs of Many Lands
76 The Bells of Rhythm 113 Studies in Ethnomusicology, Vol. 1
77 The Brecht-Eisler Song Book 114 Studies in Ethnomusicology, Vol. 2
78 The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem Songbook 115 A Guide to Flamenco Guitar
79 Egyptian Folk Songs 116 Doc Watson
80 Favorite French Folk Songs 117 New Books for Spring, 1971
BE SURE YOU'VE GIVEN US YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS.

“To me, *A-Rovin’ On A Winter’s Night* is just about one of the prettiest old-time love songs that you could hope to find anywhere. I’ll never forget the night when Ralph Rinzler and I went down to Dolly and Len Greer’s house. Outside you could hear the sound of those little frogs that you hear in the spring around the edge of a stream or a swampy area, and in the distance you could hear an occasional whippoorwill. It was in this setting that Dolly sang *A-Rovin’ On A Winter’s Night.*”

**Moderately**

```
Moderately

A    E    A

1. A - rov - in’ On A Winter’s Night,
E7   D    A

And a-drink - in’ good, old _ wine;
D    A

Think-in’ a - bout that pretty little girl,
E7    A

That broke this heart of mine.
```
Let me think about music for a minute. My first introduction to music came from my memory of being held in my mother's arms very comfortably. I remember the feeling was very warm and the sound was like that of The Lone Pilgrim being harmonized by the congregation. From my very early childhood on, I can remember my mother singing. She'd sing around the house while churning butter, or while patching some of dad's overalls that he'd worn the life out of. My dad didn't play around the house too much. He was a pretty serious fellow and devoted most of his evenings to trying to see that we got enough of the word of God so that we knew the Golden Rule and the way to live morally decent lives, and that we knew some of the songs so that we could sing along when he took us church. Both of my parents worked very hard to keep us from starving; there were eleven of us in the family, and it was right during the depression.

I used to play with everything that had a musical sound around the house. I must have been a real pest to my mother. Every Christmas, just as far back as I can remember, Santa Claus slipped a harmonica in the big old stocking that I'd get to hang up on the mantle piece. That was my first introduction to a musical instrument. I could play tunes on the harmonica pretty well, even before I could note a single tune on the banjo.

My brother Arnold played the banjo at home, and every once in a while my father would pick a few tunes. One day Dad told me, "You know, I believe you could learn to play a banjo, son. I've a good mind to make you one." That was along in the winter when he said that, and the next summer he came in with some pieces for a five-string. He made a round maple hoop, managed to find some tension hooks, and made it so that the head part looked a little like a no'the'n banjo, or one that was built in a factory.

I started playing the guitar a little when my first cousin left his guitar at our house for a while; also, I had learned a few chords from an old boy at school who played the guitar. I was messing with my cousin's guitar one morning before Dad went to work, and he turned around to me after he had finished his breakfast and said, "Now, son, if you learn to play just one little tune on that by the time I get back, we'll go to town Saturday and buy you a guitar." Well, I knew I had him right there, because I knew almost enough already to play a song, and I knew that I could be singing along with my playing by the time he got back. The first song I learned on the guitar was When The Roses Bloom In Dixieland by the Carter Family. My dad was just as good as his word; we went to town and found me a little guitar. It was one of those ten dollar guitars—a pretty good little thing to learn on, but as hard to fret as a barbed wire fence. A few years later, when I was sixteen or seventeen, I earned enough money from cutting down some dead chestnut extract timber (used for tanning leather) to order a guitar from Sears and Roebuck.

While I learned a lot of music from my family and the people who lived near us, I also learned a great deal of music from records. Dad worked a week at the sawmill and bought a little wind-up graphophone and fifty or sixty records from my uncle, who had decided to buy a bigger one. There was everything from Jimmie Rodgers to the Carter Family, Gid Tanner and the Skillet Lickers, and John Hurt. When I started to play the guitar I listened especially to records of these people and others including, of course, the Delmore Brothers, and later on, Merle Travis. I knew hardly any of the recording stars personally. I did know Clarence Ashley and Garley Foster though. I never had the pleasure of meeting Jimmie Rodgers, and I'm sorry to say that I never met Uncle Dave Macon. I loved his records with all the fun and foolishness he did in his singing. I've met Maybelle and Sarah Carter since I've grown up, but both then I didn't know them. When you hear the music of a lot of those people, though, not just one or two songs but a variety of things, you realize when you meet them that you already know them through their music.

About the time I was eighteen, the name "Doc" happened. I was doing a remote control radio show from a furniture store in Lenoire, North Carolina. The young man I worked with played the guitar and sang some, and his name was Paul Greer; they called him Paul, which was nice and short over the radio. The announcer came to me before we were on the air and said, "Your name's Artie." He pronounced it kind of slow and said, "That's too long. What's a good short name for the radio? Let's think up a good name right here." There was a young lady there—she must have been fourteen or fifteen—and she yelled out, "Call him 'Doc'!" I never found out who she was; she was just back in the audience in the furniture store. The name "Doc" has come in very handy to me as a professional because it's easy to remember.

I play the guitar because I love it better than any other instrument that I could ever hope to learn how to play. When I play a song, be it on the guitar or banjo, I live that song, whether it is a happy song or a sad song. Music, as a whole, expresses many things to me—everything from beautiful scenery to the tragedies and joys of life. If I feel good, I play music to expend energy. Sometimes, too, if I'm under tension, and I've got a guitar and a good song on my mind, first thing I know, I'm relaxed again. Whether I'm playing just for myself or for an enthusiastic audience, I can get the same emotions I had when I found that Dad had seen it that Santa Claus brought exactly what I wanted for Christmas. A true entertainer, I think, doesn't ever lose that feeling.
17 reasons why you should read psychology today

1. Why words are the least important of the ways we communicate with each other.
2. The sexual reason behind the popularity of natural childbirth.
3. Why political leaders are constantly in danger of insanity.
5. Do men need more recreation than women?
6. What kind of parents do hippies make?
7. Why it may be time to end the taboo against incest.
8. The inferiority feelings of men who seek corporate power.
9. What the schizophrenic is trying to tell us.
10. Are campus activists rebelling against the system—or their parents?
11. What your daydreams reveal about your ethnic background.
12. Why do swingers tend to become impotent?
13. Is it time to grant the right to commit suicide?
14. Does a child think before he can talk?
15. Why are today's students attracted to violence?
16. Are "hawks" sexually repressed?
17. Are some men born criminals?

Want to learn what modern psychology has learned about people? Including you?

Until recently, that was quite an order. Your choice would have been to plow through professional journals. Read weighty new books as quickly as they came out. Or trust the mass media—where psychology is often sensationalized, distorted, oversimplified.

PSYCHOLOGY TODAY has changed all that. It allows the educated layman to catch up with the social sciences. And keep up. With full coverage of all the different approaches to understanding the human condition. The viewpoints range from hard-core Freudianism to the newer behavioralists who, frankly, think Freud was all wet.

It's psychology the way you'd want it to be presented. Excitingly. Without tired jargon. No cliché-ridden definitions. And with contributions by many of the most famous names in the behavioral sciences—like Bruno Bettelheim, Kenneth B. Clark, Rollo May, Ashley Montagu, Carl Rogers and B. F. Skinner.

Send for a complimentary issue

You can find out what PSYCHOLOGY TODAY is like—and learn a few things you may never have known before—without paying a penny. If you mail the coupon, we'll send you a complimentary issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY.

There's no obligation.
Increasing numbers of people are turning their backs on cities that have grown unlivable, and on society with its increasing complexity, plastic technology and dehumanization—and doing just that, moving to farms and communes. And where they go, music goes too—but many have found that 100,000 watts don't seem quite right in the middle of a cornfield...so more and more are swinging back to acoustic music.

"These people did this study and found that music by groups like Led Zeppelin actually stunted growth of plants," one guitar player said. "Plants have good sense—maybe they're trying to tell us something."

Questions of musical taste aside, it's a fact that noise pollution is a growing factor in city-psychosis and music that echoes chaos contributes more of the same. So people are finding roots again, meaningful values in both life and music styles. And music that one person can make, all by himself, without electricity, seems to be one answer in the search for organic unity.

Blues is a little different story. The first of the recorded "country" bluesmen were travelers, who wandered the south singing in camps and at Saturday night dances—to them records were mostly a way to earn a lot of money (relatively speaking of course) in a short time. Later as the blues moved to the industrial North the music became an escape for the audience ("Sing me back home" isn't just a lyric) and a real livelihood for the musicians. The many still worked in bars and got incredibly little bread, records were a way of expanding their audience. And now of course, for many musicians of all types, records may be one of the prime considerations, with tours done more as an afterthought—or to promote the release of a new album.

Even more than country or mountain folk music, blues audiences have gone thru a major upheaval in the past twenty years. In the 50's, the Chicago-styled blues of men like Muddy Waters and Howling Wolf were mostly scorned by younger blacks, who with a growing sense of identity, didn't want any association with what they called "slave music". But in the 70's, black people are more aware of the richness and
beauty of their musical heritage, and people like B.B. King are regular performers in black concerts and TV shows. The music has remained mostly the same, the audience has grown towards it—appreciating the strength, skill and beauty of it with pride instead of prejudice.

At the same time, in the late 50's, many young white people were looking around for deeper values. They turned their backs on the teen-age schlock which rock and roll had become as big business took it over, and found folk-blues of men like Sonny Terry and Leadbelly, or the Chicago styled R&B of groups like Muddy Waters. Some of those who got into folk-blues and delta blues tried to learn to play it, and recreate a dying form. As the audience grew so did the interest, and many of the older bluesmen were found to be still alive and performing, and in time they began to tour the festival and coffee house circuit regularly. People like Skip James, Son House, Mississippi John Hurt and Big Joe Williams all found an enthusiastic young audience who appreciated the value of what they could do. There have always been mutterings about exploitation and rip-offs, but most of these bluesmen fared far better on the folk circuit than they ever had before. And several, like Skip James and Reverend Robert Wilkins who had their songs recorded by successful rock groups (Cream and the Rolling Stones, respectively) got fairly substantial royalties.
Of course many white groups have appropriated songs and styles of bluesmen as their own and never given credit or money to the people they copied from—but hustlers come in all sizes, costumes, and hair styles. Don’t matter how hip you look theft is still theft. (Specifically, and one example only, Led Zeppelin stole “Bring It On Home”, from Sonny Boy Williamson.)

Just as crooks come in all sizes and colors, so does the blues itself. A while back James Baldwin and Margaret Mead did a book together called “A Rap on Race”. Talking about it, Baldwin pointed out that as young people began to get into freedom riding, voter registration and anti-war demonstrations they began to find out what it was like to be “niggers” too. And now from a group of merely political activists, the scorn of the American power structure has turned to anybody young with long hair who isn’t too interested in accepting their version of reality. You don’t have to be black to get thrown out of restaurants, beaten by mobs (and/or police) and even killed.

“Blues is a feeling”... oh yeah, and now a whole lot of people are hip to what it’s like to have the blues. A lonesome feeling sure, but with a togetherness in the music, a shared understanding that’s implicit there. But not defeat, no, never—because singing the blues is surmounting the hassles—if you can sing about it, you’re on top of it.

Nope, blues ain’t dead—but most of the men who made it best are—and their kind of blues will pass when they do. But like folk styles, blues styles are also being assimilated. And thu’ the old styles won’t exist (except on record) blues will exist in a new framework, in styles dictated by the needs and feelings of those who play them.

Speaking of books and records, there’s a few new ones and some older ones worth checking into if you’re into blues, country and folk. (If you’re not, why the hell are you reading this?)

**BLUES RECORDS 1943-66** by Mike Leadbitter & Neil Slaven (Oak Publications $15) is a massive discographical work. It lists practically every blues record made in those years with session dates and personnel listings. It’s great if you want to find out who sang vocal chorus on Bo Diddley’s “Diddley Daddy”. (It was the Moonglows, Bo’s real name is Elas McDaniel and he was born in McComb, Mississippi, December 30, 1928... and Jerome Green played maracas.) The book is full of stuff like that.

**COUNTRY MUSIC: WHITE MAN’S BLUES** by John Grissim (Paperback Library $1.25) is a survey of modern country music done by a former sports editor of Rolling Stone (don’t hold it against him) in a breezy style that makes it fun to read. He profiles and backgrounds people like Johnny Cash, Waylon Jennings, Buck Owens, Merle Haggard, Kris Kristofferson, Jerry Lee Lewis... and gives an insight into the Nashville studio scene as well. There’s even a section on country groupies—informative and interesting too. If like me, you used to dig blues and hate country music, this is a good place to get into an important part of the American music scene.

**HOW TO PLAY WHILE DANCING**

**HOW TO PLAY UNDER A GLASS**

And then there are several books by English blues historian Paul Oliver, you might start with *The Meaning Of The Blues* (Collier Books $5.95). This book is a sociological and contextual study of blues lyrics and meanings, others are conversations with bluesmen. Also check out the various books by Sam Charters published by Oak Publications. (Try *The Bluesmen* first it’s a study of delta and other blues singers.)

Of course there are many other books on blues worth reading, these are just a few of the standouts.

As far as records go, the blues tradition has been pretty well documented on both commercial and re-issue recordings. Since people in some parts of the country have trouble finding certain labels at their local head shop, here’s a list of some of the main blues labels.

**CHESSEX RECORDS**

1301 Avenue of the Americas
For twenty years, Sing, out! Magazine has been the voice of the folk music movement in America. Ten years ago the magazine was a little smaller, and, with a little work, it could fit in your back pocket. If you were planning to pick guitar and needed some songs to play, maybe that's where you had it. If you weren't big enough to hold a guitar ten years ago, you ought to pick up a copy now, because Sing Out! is still the only major folk music magazine in the country, and there are new songs, new people, new articles, new columns, and a very old tradition contained in its pages.

Sing Out! has been through a few different sizes and a few different editors over the years, but some things remain constant. Pete Seeger's "Johnny Appleseed, Jr." column is still in every issue. There are always more songs—songs from the deep mountain springs of American traditional music, good songs from around the world, and new songs by young singers and writers. Years ago Sing Out! printed new songs by Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, and Tom Paxton—now you'll find songs by Robbie Robertson, Paul Siebel, and James Taylor.

Today's popular music reflects more and more the deeply personal work of young singer-songwriters, a tradition that was fostered in the pages of Sing Out! It's amazing how much of American popular music is built on the solid foundations of folk music, and Sing Out! draws the connection through articles on country mountain music, delta blues, bluegrass, country & western, rhythm & blues, gospel, and country rock.

But most of all the editors make the magazine of service to its readers: there are songs to sing, "Teach-In's" that offer instruction for every conceivable kind of folk instrument (the latest issue is a special "Teach-In" issue), listings and reviews of new books and records, and schedules of folk music activity around the country. Readers swap songs, stories, and information in the "General Delivery" column edited by Michael Cooney. Sing Out! tries to reflect the incredible amount of folk music activity happening on a local level these days.

Sing Out! is owned and operated as a cooperative by its editorial board, its supporters and contributors. The magazine exists through the devotion of its writers and its readers; and almost all articles, columns, songs, photos, and artwork are contributed gratis. Sing Out! publishes bi-monthly at 33 W. 60th St., N.Y.C.
HOW TO SECURE A BEAUTIFUL TONE

Study the illustration to the left carefully. Place a glass tumbler over the right end of the Harmonica and against the cheek. By moving the glass in a very slow shaking movement the tone is enhanced to a great degree.

PLAY UP AND DOWN

it's being distributed by hand. And right about now (as I write this) he should be settling down with his wife...
and kid in Denmark, her native country—where John plans to stay for several months.

Dave Ray is currently in Minneapolis, working solo in bars around the area, and putting together a record label, to record his own and friends music with as little financial hassle as possible, and the best in artistic and other feelings.

Me, I had an "underground" radio show in Minneapolis for a year and a quarter, all night long, six nights a week. It was interesting, but got to be a bit weird, especially never seeing the sunlight, so when I went to New York on vacation last summer, I never seemed to get back. Since then I've been mostly writing articles and interviews for various magazines—mostly about music. Might cut an album one of these days, if it makes sense to do it and the music is right.

A last note: there's a cat in the midwest who is putting together an album of old KR&G live concerts, recorded in the midwest in 1964 or so. The quality of the tapes I've heard isn't the greatest, but the music has an enthusiasm and spirit that we never could reach in a studio. (Especially me—I'm not satisfied with more than two of the tracks I recorded.) He's planning to put these out in a limited edition sometime soon—so for you diehards who want more, the best may be yet to come—

it's my favorite KR&G album—hope you get a chance to hear it.

This seems to be the end, so I'll just stop.

Rock on!

TONY GLOVER is a musician turned writer; from 1963-66 he recorded and gigged with Dave Ray and John Koerner as part of Koerner Ray & Glover. Gigs included Philadelphia and Newport Folk Festivals as well as various folk clubs and concerts hither and yon. The group has 6 albums on Elektra; Dave Ray has a solo one as well and one with his one-time band Bamboo, Koerner recorded a beautiful but almost unnoticed album with Willie Murphy called "Running, Jumping, Standing Still". Since the group drifted apart, Glover has been a radio announcer, and now makes a non-living writing about music for publications ranging from Senior Scholastic to Rolling Stone. He plays occasional jam sessions but mostly makes music just for his own enjoyment.

Mr. Glover now resides with his pet manta ray in a tree in Central Park, and can often be seen howling at the moon. For awhile he was the leader of a pack of itinerant amoebas, but has recently become a semi-vegetarian, specializing in Rorschach tests. He still hasn't found nirvana, tho' he once passed thru Urbana, Illinois. When queried, all he would say was "That ain't quite what I meant, babe."

And you know what? It wasn't.

---

Goya

THE SOUND OF WOOD

The origin of the Goya guitar dates back several hundred years within the majestic trees producing the precious woods for today's Goya. To craft a truly fine guitar, pure, hard, precious woods are a must. Like a fine violin, only solid woods will produce a great guitar.

Goya tops are made of light, close-grain Spruce—found only on the northern slopes of the European Alps. Other hand selected hard woods, including birch, mahogany, flamed maple and rosewood are used to make the many models available from Goya.

All of these flawless woods are blended in perfect harmony to give you the masterpiece of guitar excellence.

See your Kustom/Goya dealer today—and experience for yourself the SOUND OF WOOD.
People and Places

THE FOLKLORE CENTER,
321 SIXTH AVE., N.Y., N.Y. IS RUN BY ISRAEL YOUNG.

MCCABE GUITAR SHOP,
3103 PICO BOULEVARD, SANTA MONICA, CAL. 90405.

MATT UMANOV'S GUITAR SHOP
35 BEDFORD ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10014

GURIAN WORKSHOPS,
100 GRAND ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10013

HOUSE OF MUSICAL TRADITIONS
(MFTRS. OF MOUNTAIN DULCIMERS)
80 ST. MARKS PL., N.Y., N.Y. 10003

INTEGRAL YOGA INSTITUTE
HAS ITS HEADQUARTERS
AT 227 W. 13 ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10011
ALSO AT 770 DOLORES ST., SAN FRANCISCO,
CAL. AND 16527 LIVERNOIS,
DETROIT, MICH.
WRITE N.Y. OFFICE FOR OTHER LOCATIONS

YURT PLANS AND ESKIMO MUSEUM:
WRITE WILLIAM COPERTHWAITE,
BUCKS HARBOR, MAINE 04618

Publications

SING OUT! THE FOLK SONG MAGAZINE,
33 W. 60 ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10023

OAK PUBLICATIONS
33 W. 60 ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10023
FOREIGN OFFICES:
MUSIC SALES LTD., 78 NEWMAN ST.,
LONDON, W.1, ENGLAND
GORDON V. THOMPSON LTD., 29 BIRCH AVE., TORONTO,
ONTARIO, CANADA

FOR OAK'S CATALOG SEE ORDER FORM PAGE.

ROLLING STONE,
625 THIRD ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. 94107

EXCERPTS FROM THE FOLLOWING BOOKS APPEAR
IN THIS PROGRAM: DOC WATSON,
A BOOK OF HIS SONGS AND GUITAR STYLES
SOON TO BE PUBLISHED BY OAK PUBLICATIONS.

THE GUITAR STYLES OF BROWNIE MCGHEE
BY BROWNIE MCGHEE AND HAPPY TRAUM,
OAK PUBLICATIONS.

THE DULCIMER BOOK BY JEAN RITCHIE,
OAK PUBLICATIONS

TONY GLOVER'S ARTICLE,
ABOUT 2000 WORDS, IS NOT AN EXCERPT FROM HIS
BOOK BLUES HARP, OAK PUBLICATIONS.

Sounds

MOST RECORD SHOPS DON'T CARRY RECORDINGS OF
THE OLD BLUESMEN. THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES
SPECIALIZE IN PRE-1940 BLUES
AND WILL SEND YOU THEIR CATALOGS:

YAZOO RECORDS,
54 KING STREET, NEW YORK 10014

FOLKWAYS RECORDS,
701 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

ARHOOLIE RECORDS,
P.O. BOX 9195, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

ORIGIN OF JAZZ LIBRARY,
P.O. BOX 863, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

BIOGRAPH RECORDS,
550 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10036

ROOTS RECORDS,
HAUPTSTR. 38, A2371 HINTERBRUHL, AUSTRIA

HERWIN RECORDS,
P.O. BOX 306, GLEN COVE, NEW YORK 11542

FOR EUROPEAN RECORDS SUCH AS FONTANA OR
STORYVILLE,
WRITE COLLET'S RECORD SHOP,
70 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND

FOR BLUES GUITAR INSTRUCTION ON TAPE RECORDINGS
BLACK PATTY TAPE SERVICE, C/O STEFAN GROSSMAN,
32 GRAMERCY PARK SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

HAPPY TRAUM,
BOX 694, WOODSTOCK, N.Y., 12498

THE QUOTE ON THE BACK COVER IS FROM
MOUNTAIN WOLF WOMAN, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A WINNEBAGO INDIAN,
ANN ARBOR PAPERBACKS (AA109).
The Herrnhut star is made by attaching 26 cone-shaped points to a central ball. The pattern shown above is the basis of the design. To learn how to make the Herrnhut star see the article by Ralph Rinzler and Richard Prentke.