



CARAVAN

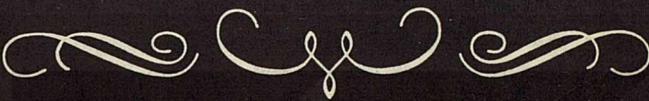
the magazine of folk music



JUNE - JULY

1960

35c

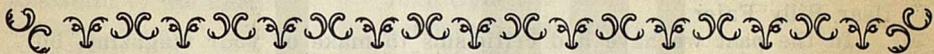


xx
xx

in this issue



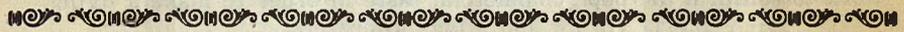
GUY CARAWAN



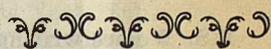
PAGE STEGNER



ROBERT SHELTON



&



MANY



MORE



LETTERS to the editor

March 21, 1960

Dear Billy Faier:

I just encountered your magazine and think your initiative in this matter is exemplary; just what was needed (now that it's been done) and the layout and approaches well conceived.

The information in the Hoepfner article has been slow in coming to fusion. Jean Aberbach (the Hill & Range one, from Vienna, Max Dreyfus's nephew) laid out that scene for me around 1947-8 I believe—he had just returned from a car caravan around the country where he signed up all the country artists either with writing contracts or as partner-publishers. It was amazing to listen to him in his European accents pointing out features that distinguished the playing and singing on these records that came from the different regions of MY country (!) And, he really dug them. Of course it was his uncle's idea (a master Crazy Horse no doubt) and it followed as a solution to the ASCAP-RADIO-BMI war contributing heavily to BMI catalogue buildup. As I see it the Rock & Roll was the across-the-tracks version of the same thing.

Curiously the Feldman article on singing styles complements this picture for me, as it touches on art and with an unusual middle of the road persistence that doesn't cop-out on either side into animal spirits or human snot (social type). There is a mystery here, you get close to it with the older pre-rock & rolling rythm & blues artists (Bessie Smith, etc.), and the older folk type artists (Bascomb, Blind Lemon, etc.) The rousing of a peculiar emotion or shiver on the spine that indicates the presence of art is here in our land and its forms if we don't shoot too quick or lose patience with the seeming slowness of the development.

Cordially,

John Benson Brooks

March 8, 1960

Dear Billy Faier,

In the past we have had criticisms to make of your magazine, but on the positive side, we would like to make it clear that any criticism we have of Caravan is the exception rather than the rule and that we heartily approve of your magazine and its purposes. Your staff, working without pay, can only be commended for their enthusiasm and dedication.

Three cheers for your last issue especially. If the type of good work exemplified here can really take root in the urban revival, there is real hope that traditional music in America will have a new lease on life. But of most immediate importance, Caravan can do much to educate and *raise* the level of public taste in folk music, so that ne professional folk singers and rising new talents will not be forced to downgrade their work to conform to "pop" commercial taste in order to make a living.

Sincerely,

George & Gerry Armstrong

P.S. We are writing an article for you on radio station WFMT's original "Midnight Special" (a program of "folk musim, farce, and odds and ends") and Studs Terkel's program of folk music and interviews. You might find use for it in some future issue.

CARAVAN

the
magazine
of
folk music

ARTICLES

Indian Neck Folk Festival	Robert Shelton	28
Spiritual Singing in the South Carolina Sea Islands	Guy Carawan	20
Labor History in Fact and Song	Page Stegner	8
Hobo Vocumentary	Peter Tamony	4

REVIEWS

Woody Guthrie Newsletter	Billy Faier	34
Wit and Mirth:; or, Pills to Purge Melancholy	John Greenway	33
Songs of Work and Freedom	Page Stegner	32

MISCELLANEOUS

In This Wheat By and By	Ed Cray	6
Copies of Sing Out needed		7
The Ins and Outs of Folk Music	Jac Holzman	19
Seruggs Style? An Inquiry	Gilbert C. Vandling	18

CHILDREN'S FOLK POETRY

26

LETTERS

2

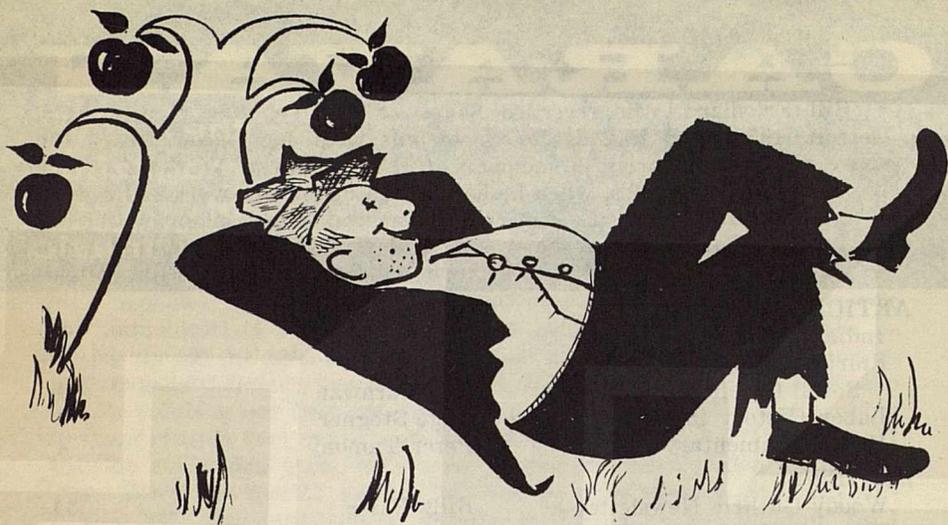
STAFF:

Editor & Publisher	Billy Faier
Assistant to the Editor	Joan Ogden
Books	Kenneth S. Goldstein
Concerts	Lee Haring
Records	Roger D. Abrahams
Art & Production	Kenneth Stewart
Circulation & Subscription	Janice Meshkoff

June • July No. 20

CARAVAN is published bi-monthly by Billy Faier. 35¢ per copy, \$4.00 per 12 issues; not necessarily two years, but we are trying hard. Make checks payable to CARAVAN, Box 471 Woodstock, New York, Subscribers in sterling countries send 32/-d to George Tye, 47 Holbrook Way, Bromley, Kent, England. Back issues available from #12 on, and may be had as part of subscription. Specify the number with which your subscription should start.

Copyright, Billy Faier, 1960.



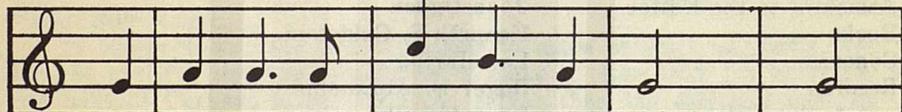
Hobo

by Peter Tamony

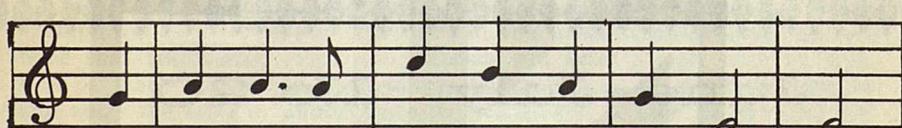
VOCUMENTARY



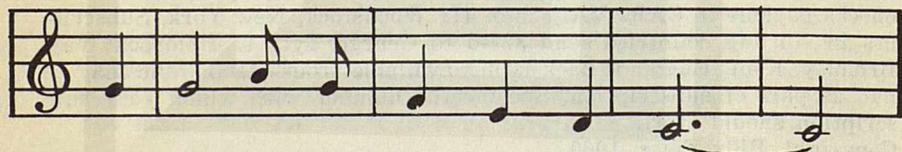
We — flopped in the jung—les to—geth—er —



The wise guys, the hoos—iers, the —



The wi—nos, the di—nos, the ding—bats —



kr' —zo—zas, kr'—zats and kr'—zons. —

Bill Friedland, who recorded *Songs of the Wobblies* (Labor Arts, Detroit, 1953) and *Ballads for Sectarians* with Joe Glazer, heard the above from Jim Dorris, a member of the Industrial Workers of the World during the 1920's, when he had been a migratory worker. Between 1943 and 1947 Dorris worked at the Continental Motors plant in Detroit, where Bill met him; later he was a haulaway truck driver, and when last heard of was involved with esoteric political groups in Flint, Michigan, which seems to have been the place of his birth.

While visiting Joe Murphy, an old-time Wobbly, at Occidental, California, Bill sang "We flopped, &." Murphy instantly recognized the fragment as but one verse of a longer composition, but could not time-track his memory to the 'twenties.

Two aspects of the verse excited those who heard Bill Friedland sing it in his appearances in Berkeley and San Francisco. The first, that it is but a few lines of a ballad which does not appear to have been collected, and which points up an aspect of American life. Secondly, that it employs Americanisms that reflect facets of social and economic life of the first decades of this century in three lines, and vocables largely unintelligible in the fourth.

This fourth line is a rendering in print of verbal sounds heard over thirty years ago, and the punctuation is inserted arbitrarily to indicate stress and intonation. While the terms of the first three lines have appeared in print and song and story over long periods of time, being standard in the hobo-IWW vocabulary, as detailed in the Glossary, those of the fourth line do not appear to have been recorded.

At first hearing it seemed that "Kr" was probably a word element of one of the Slavic languages, comparable to the Mac, Mc or O' of Irish/Celtic names. In Chicago Telephone Numbers, June, 1959, there are eighty-five columns of "Kr" names. And in the Detroit (including Hamtramck) Telephone Directory, April, 1959, 2 columns of "Kr". Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Gary, Indiana, were not checked; these would probably yield entries under these initial letters. In the fragment the words seem to refer to foreign migratory workers or bums—almost any middle or eastern Europeans: Hungarians, Bohemians, Poles—such categories usually embraced in the terms "Hunkies" or "Bohunks."

A proper name that appears in magazine literature of the 1940's, Kroavney, indicates something of a simpleton, a fool. "A person who goes up on the stage in a radio quiz program" (*Life*, March 15, 1948, p. 23; "Any kroavney knows that" (*Collier's*, March 11, 1948, p. 14. Both examples are associated with the name of Dan Parker, New York sports columnist, who seems to have picked up the term in boxing circles, members of which, in the 1940's and prior, were fighters of middle European descent and Mid-western birth.

Correspondence failed to establish "Kr" as a common prefix or word element in any European tongue, which is indeed strange in the face of its prevalence in words of several languages.

However, J. B. Rudnycky of the Department of Slavic Studies of the University of Manitoba at Winnipeg, ventures: "It (i.e. 'Kr') is a very usual prefixation of hobo-words . . . As far as the meaning is concerned, I can only guess, that 'kr' is 'derived' (coined) from Slavic

In This Wheat By And By

E A E

We're a band that's as green as the grass,
 We shall sing in this beau - ti - ful field
 In this beau - ti - ful field when we're gone,

E B7

And a day - you can see us - not far,
 The mel - o - di - ous songs of the west
 We will leave eggs e - nough for a crop

E A E

And a far - mer a - waits us to pass,
 And the far - mer will go for us, "heeled,"
 That next year will bring such a swarm

E B7 E

To pre - pare us a grave o - ver there.
 But we'll "lay to" and "pull down our vest." *
 As will make that old far - mer just hop.

E B7

Chorus: In this wheat by and by

A E

We shall meet in this beaut - i - ful field;

In this wheat by and by

We shall meet in this beautiful field.

* The quote marks (from the original) surround slang of the period.
 We would appreciate any information about this song—Ed.

This is obviously a parody on the old gospel song "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." I found it while working in the John Griswold White Collection of Orientalia, Folklore, Chess and Checkers in the Cleveland Public Library. It was included in *Beadle's Singers' Library* #16 (Beadle and Adams, c. 1878), decorated with a colored engraving and featured on page one. (Incidentally, this is the Beadle of Beadle's Dime Novels.)

Whether or not Joe Hill knew of this previous parody before he wrote "Pie in the Sky" remains to be seen. There are no parallels between "Wheat" and "Pie" which are not in the original. Anyway, it makes a great song for singing, especially if you can innocently do it after the hoot turns to labor songs.

Ed Cray

Caravan needs the following copies of Sing Out to complete its file of that magazine:

- Vol. I, # 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, or all except 2 and 11
- Vol. II, # 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, & 10
- Vol. III, # 1, 3, 4, 5, 11, 12
- Vol. IV, # 3, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, & 12
- Vol. V, All.
- Vol. VI, All.

We will exchange, copy for copy, with back issues of *Caravan* except for *Caravan* #1, which is completely unavailable.

Our back issues are also quite limited, so please indicate whether you wish your Sing Out returned if we have already received that issue by the time yours arrives.

LABOR

By Page Stegner

Erich Weinert, a Spanish Civil War Loyalist partisan, once said, "Whenever in the history of the world, freedom has arisen against unfreedom, justice against injustice, the spirit of the people's uprising has been most clearly and splendidly reflected in its song, which grew upon the soil of righteous indignation. They were written by the poets who sided with the people; and where there were no such poets the people wrote them themselves."

Few would take issue with Weinert's words. They give rise, however, to a number of unanswered questions—questions of extreme importance to the study of American labor folklore. To what extent do American labor songs reflect the history of the labor movement? To what extent do they reflect not only the spirit of the people's uprisings, but the causes, results, and the events themselves? What is the role, if any, that these songs played in contributing to or bringing about labor agitation? These are questions which obviously cannot be extensively explored in a short article using only a few songs as examples, but at least a few general conclusions can be reached. For most purposes labor songs can be divided into three categories; songs deriving from labor martyrdoms, union songs that support a position or advocate direct action, and polemic songs. It should be pointed out that these divisions are arbitrary. Most songs cross these lines and may fit in any three of the categories. Only rarely does a song serve or fit in only one of them. For purposes of discussion and clarification, however, these divisions are useful.

Labor disputes in the 1870's and 80's were founded on very solid grievances. The expansive prosperity of industry after the Civil War was not passed on to the worker, and actual wages decreased. In this period there were strikes and riots; and as labor became better organized, workers retaliated with dynamite against industrial oppression. Some attempts were made to appease the worker, one of the most notable, by George Mortimer Pullman, founder and president of the Pullman Palace Car Company. Pullman built what he felt was a model industrial city on the outskirts of Chicago; attractive houses, a small park, a stage for plays, company store and company farm. Pullman failed in his endeavor largely because everything that he built produced for him a six per cent profit. Even the sewage for the community was used on the farm to fertilize vegetables which Pullman sold in Chicago. The land could not be bought by the workers, only leased, and they could be evicted on a ten-day notice. While living in the company town was not mandatory, an unskilled worker was not likely to get a job with Pullman unless he did. Tenants were required to pay for all repairs made on their houses, both necessary repairs and ones the company chose to make. Wages were paid to the workers at the company bank, after deductions for rent had been made. One worker, finding himself with a pay check of two cents, elected to hang it on his wall as a memento rather than cash it.

HISTORY in fact and song

In 1893 the Pullman workers walked out, and the American Railway Union supported the Pullman employees by staging a sympathy strike. Led by Eugene V. Debs, they managed to stop almost entirely all railroad traffic in the northwest. When the strike eventually failed the railway managers blacklisted the A.R.U. men, and those who made this list were never again *known* to work on an American railway. There were, of course, a few names changed and a few new I.D. cards printed.

From this strike came a booklet *The Pullman Strike Songster*, along with a number of other songs. The "A.R.U." printed in Carl Sandburg's *American Songbag* is a good example of a song deriving from a labor martyrdom. It is unemotional with none of the style of the registered complaint, and in a philosophical and almost humorous vein it reports the plight of the A.R.U. men. Sandburg says the author was C. W. Loutzenhiser, a railroad worker from Chicago, who held a songfest in the switch-yard one night, and made up the song. The words were obtained from R. W. Gordon of Darien, Georgia. It would be interesting to know if this is the complete song or if there were more verses which either of the two men had forgotten.

Been on the hummer since ninety-four
Last job I had was on the Lake Shore
Lost my office in the A.R.U.
And I won't get it back till nineteen two
And I'm still on the hog train flaggen my meals
Riden the brake beams close to the Wheels.

One very fine song in the same tradition as the "A.R.U.", but in a slightly grimmer mood is the well known Woody Guthrie composition, the "Ludlow Massacre." John Greenway, who prints the song in *American Folksongs of Protest*, calls the Colorado act "the most wanton atrocity in the history of American unionism, an incredible example of the ferocity with which predatory coal barons fought to maintain their feudal hold on the lands they mined." The miners struck on September 23, 1913. The real resistance put up by the "coal barons," namely the Rockefeller interests, was against the unions, rather than against giving in to the strikers demands. It's questionable whether this atrocity was any more wanton than some of the other acts in the history of American unionism: Holly Grove, West Virginia; Calumet, Michigan; Centralia, Washington; to name a few, but Woodie's song is one of the best examples of a labor folksong which chronicles more or less exactly what happened at a particular historical event, and at the same time introduces a human element into an otherwise factual account. The song is

too widely known for printing here, but it can be found in Greenway's *American Folksongs of Protest*.

The strikes and troubles before 1890 came fast and furiously too numerous to mention, but in 1892 one of the most famous uprisings in labor history took place at Homestead, Pennsylvania. The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, one of the strongest unions in the country, had in 1889 signed a three-year contract with the Carnegie Steel Company, and when it expired Carnegie wanted the workers to take a reduction in wages. The union declined, and even before they could declare a strike they were locked out of the plant. Henry Frick, the company's superintendent, erected a wire fence three miles long and fifteen feet high around the plant and called for the Pinkerton Detective Agency to protect it. Three Pinkertons came by boat, three hundred of them, and when the strikers met them at the docks, shooting began. A number of men were wounded, seven killed, before the strikers were scattered. The Pinkertons however, went back to Pittsburgh, and Frick called for the State militia. Homestead became an armed camp.

From this uprising came several songs; the one I have included here is "Father was Killed by the Pinkerton Men." It is a good example of the strikers' attitude, an emotional, rabble-rousing song.

'Twas in a Pennsylvania town not very long ago
Men struck against reduction of their pay
Their millionaire employer, with philanthropic show
Had closed the works till starved they would obey
They fought for home and right to live where they had toiled so long
But e'er the sun had set some were laid low
There're hearts now sadly grieving by that sad and bitter wrong
God help them, for it was a cruel blow

Chorus

God help them tonight in their hour of affliction
Praying for him whom they'll ne'er see again
Here the poor orphans tell their sad story
"Father was killed by the Pinkerton men."

Ye prating politicians who boast protection's creed
Go to Homestead and stop the orphan's cry
Protection for the rich man—ye pander to his greed
His workmen they are cattle and may die
The freedom of the city in Scotland far away
'Tis presented to the millionaire suave
But here in free America, with protection in full sway
His workmen get the freedom of the grave.

Douglas Gilbert prints the words and a few historical notes in his book *Lost Chords*, but he gives no tune. There are three sets, at least, of the songs of William Delaney, the credited author, where the music could probably be found. The most accessible is the Grosvenor Library in Buffalo. Actually there is a certain amount of question about the authorship of the song. If William Delaney did write it, it cannot be classified as a labor song. Delaney, also known as Willy Wildwave, was a professional song writer who was in the habit of going through stacks of unpublished sheet music in printer's offices, and taking out the ones

he thought might sell. Delaney was a peaceful character, certainly no agitator, and furthermore he had absolutely nothing to do with Homestead. From the internal evidence it seems likely that the song was written during the strike to arouse public opinion.

In 1913, in Kanawa County, West Virginia, an unorganized strike broke out in protest against a number of grievances, and culminated in the massacre of a number of miners and their families at Holly Grove. The same group of strike breakers, the Baldwin-Felts, used sometime later at Ludlow, rigged up an armored train known as the "Bull Moose Special." On February 11, 1913 the train rolled into Holly Grove at night and opened up with machine guns on the miners' shacks, killing a number of the inhabitants. Ralph Chaplin, the IWW organizer was in the area when this massacre took place, and he wrote a poem called "When the Leaves Come Out," which he printed in his book *Wobbly*. The song which follows here was written eighteen years after Holly Grove by Walter Seacrist of Hudnal, West Virginia, during a mining strike in 1931.

"The Striker's Orphaned Child"

My father was a striker in nineteen and thirteen
He was the sweetest daddy; he never treated us mean
He worked in dark and danger, almost day and night
To earn for us a living, to bring us all up right
We were oh so happy, we were so wondrous blest
The Union issued a strike call, Dad came out with the rest
To better his conditions, that he might not be a slave
That they might have a Union, and get a living wage
They cared no more for miners than a cat does for a mouse
They came on cold rainy days, and threwed them from their house
Mothers with new born babies, so innocent and so sweet
Without the least protection, were cast out in the street
And as I look around me, and see the same things near
I wonder what would happen if daddy could be here
With some of his old buddies, of nineteen and thirteen
For he could not stand to see, little babies treated mean,
On February 11th, eleven o'clock one night
The sky was clear and beautiful, the stars were shining bright
The high sheriff and his gunmen, up from Charleston came
And shot up our village, from the fatal "Bull Moose Train"
My dad he heard the shooting, he rushed us from our bed
And a few moments later, he was found dead.
While trying to get us to safety, and find for us a place
An explosive rifle bullet had tore away his face
Don't weep for me and mother; although you might feel sad
Just try to help to keep alive, some other boy's dad
And when you meet in heaven, on that golden strand
Then you can see my daddy, and clasp his blessed hand.

The song uses a past incident to incite indignation in the miners taking part in the strike in 1931. Seacrist dedicated this work to Clifford Estop, whose father was killed at Holly Grove by bullets from the Bull Moose Train.

There is a legend that the Bull Moose Train was used to avenge the execution of two guards who had been arrested for kicking a pregnant woman to death, and although there is nothing to support this, the emotions which give birth to this type of legend are the same kinds from which the labor folk song arise.

The IWW, organized in Chicago in 1905, was an anarcho-syndicalist group, and made no attempt to hide the fact that they advocated direct action, sabotage, and violence in order to attain labor's goals. Both in their organizing and in their songs they urged the worker to join the one big union and physically destroy management. Perhaps even more interesting than their ideology is their internal organization, designed to combat unorganized labor as well as management. Joe Hill, the IWW martyr and song writer, directed a great many of his songs, not at big business interests or the "bosses," but rather at the scissorbill, the scab, and the unorganized laborer. Most of the IWW were migratory workers, lumber camp workers, and drifters from job to job. To the American public they were bums or "I Won't Works," and perhaps in a loose interpretation many were bums. In this segment of society, however, a bum was not just a bum. There were many classifications: hoosiers, johns, dynos, dingbats, etc. The obviously difficult task the IWW cut out for itself was to organize these unskilled workers, and a large part of it was done with song. They called themselves, in fact, the singing union, and their music generally falls in the category of union songs that support a position or advocate action. The prototypes of this group are the contemptuous song about the scissorbill who won't organize and the songs urging workers to join the IWW.

On August 3, 1913 news headlines read "IWW Riot in California Hop Fields." This was the Wheatland riot, and the song "Mr. Block" was a partial cause of the uprising. It was not a direct sabotage song, but it had the same effect. Two IWW agitators, Ford and Suhr, went down to Wheatland trying to stir up a bunch of apathetic workers, and get them to revolt against the unsanitary conditions of the pickers' camp. Ford and Suhr introduced Hill's "Mr. Block" and got a large number of people singing it, and a good deal of fervor was worked up as the song passed back and forth. There was even a rumor that Joe Hill himself was there, although Harry MacClintock denied that this was true. When a truck load of deputies showed up to quiet things down, the workers rioted, killing several of them. The song is a scornful parody on the unorganized worker.

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake
You take the cake
You make me ache
Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

There are four more verses which can be found in any edition of the *Little Red Song Book* after the 1913 edition.

"Mr. Block" is an excellent example of a song that did not grow

out of history, but which helped to shape it. Unfortunately the workers did not get much for this uprising. Ford and Suhr were convicted of murder and did long prison terms, but the IWW got what it wanted; the advertising and publicity accompanying the riot, and two new martyrs.

As has been mentioned, direct action was part and parcel to the IWW anarcho-syndicalist ideology. Direct action, however, played an important part in the internal as well as external organization of the Wobblies. The use of special committees to ride herd on the members was a well established and effective practice. During strikes and political agitation the dingbat, the rock bottom of the hobo's social register, was of little use to the cause. There was a special classification of dingbat, known as the dehorn, who was even more worthless because he was generally drunk. While he paid lip service to "one big unionism" he was generally far too stewed to have any effect. Archie Green will treat the story of the dehorn fully in a future article, and suffice it to say here that the IWW formed a Dehorn Committee to crack down on the drunks by closing the bars and brothels before a strike, by force if necessary. The chorus of "The Dehorn Song" follows:

Oh Dehorn, why don't you get wise
And quit the booze and organize
A sober mind will win the day
The one big union will show the way.

Another interesting form of internal direct action was the Hijack Committee. Unfortunately I do not know of a song to illustrate it, but it is a valuable piece of lore and deserves inclusion. The migratory workers were generally a footloose crowd, and the best means of transportation until after the war was the freight train. A worker would make his stake on some farm, then move on to new ground by hopping a freight. He would, of course, have his stake in his pocket, and when he boarded a train hijackers would often pick him out and lift his bankroll. If he put up any serious resistance he often wound up under the speeding train. In retaliation the Wobblies formed a kind of goon squad, a Hijack Committee, and these men boarded the freights in small groups. One of their members would have in his pocket a roll of paper with several ten dollar bills on the outside, and when somebody suggested a poker game out would flash this wad of green known as a "Missouri bank roll." The squad then watched to see who moved in on their buddy, and when they spotted a hijacker they used him, as they put it, to "grease the tracks." The Hijack and Dehorn Committees are only two of the many responses to the problems which faced the IWW and the migratory workers.

One of the best examples of the IWW sabotage song is Joe Hill's "Ta Ra Ra Boom De Ya." The migrant worker was grossly underpaid, sometimes not paid at all, and the Wobs' method for instigating labor legislation on the farm was the "accident," which destroyed farm machinery and slowed work almost to a standstill. Hill's song is almost a "how to do it." He points out that the best way to make a boss cooperate is to foul up his work.

I had a job once threshing wheat
Worked sixteen hours with hands and feet
And when the moon was shining bright
They kept me working all the night
One moonlight night I hate to tell
I "accidentally" slipped and fell
My pitchfork went right in between
Some cog wheels of the thresh machine

Chorus

Ta Ra Ra Boom De Ya
It made a noise that way
And wheels and bolts and hay
Went flying every way
That stingy rube said "well,
A thousand shot to hell."
But I did sleep that night
I needed it alright.

At the conclusion of the song "reuben farmer" has seen the light; he cuts the hours and raises the pay. "Ta Ra Ra Boom De Ya" was first printed in the 9th edition of the *Little Red Song Book*, March 1916, about four months after Joe Hill was executed. It was deleted in the 14th edition, April, 1918, along with other sabotage songs because the government cracked down on the IWW with the syndicalism laws, and it has never appeared in the L.R.S.B. again.

Under the syndicalism laws many Wobblies were sent to prison, and the real power behind their organization was broken for good. The sabotage methods used on the farms, in the mills, and in the lumber camps of the northwest, however, did succeed in gaining some of the legislation they were after. The "bosses" eventually learned that they could not fight striking on the job and "accidents." The "free speech fights" exemplify this. When a town cracked down on soap box oration and threw the IWW lecturers in jail, members from all over the country began swarming into town, all climbing on boxes and speaking their minds. Before long the jails were flooded with Wobs, all singing and "building battleships." Building a battleship meant banging on the walls and bars with metal cups or spoons, and the racket they made was so terrific that they were generally set free. The term itself is an obvious pun on wartime patriotism, and is a fine example of Wobbly humor.

Among those sent to prison in 1917 was Ralph Chaplin, the author of "Solidarity Forever." Greenway has called this composition "the greatest of American labor songs," and its author was certainly one of the great early leaders of the IWW. Chaplin, however, was eventually to see his great parody on the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," parodied once again by his brethren and turned on him. When the members of the IWW who had been sent to prison were pardoned, they were asked to sign a paper to the effect that they had not been mistreated. Everybody refused, unwilling to recognize the court's right to put them in prison under the syndicalism laws, except Chaplin. He signed the document and a short time thereafter received a letter attacking him for

his action. He responded to this with an attack of his own on the literacy of the writer, who hadn't spelled his name right, and he concluded his letter by saying that he was the Poet Laureate of the IWW. In 1923 Chaplin went to San Francisco to speak. As he was introduced a group of dingbats, instigated by "fellow worker Murphy", stood up in the front row and sang in loud voices this verse composed by Murphy.

Is there aught we hold in common with the vulgar rank and file
It was born to be a leader, at their ignorance I'd smile
They don't spell my name correctly. They don't even punctuate
I'm the Poet Laureate.

A glance at stanza two of "Solidarity" immediately shows a parody. Even the great leaders were not exempt from the sting of the rank and file poets. Chaplin eventually left the IWW, and like many who pulled out of the organization, he substituted the Catholic Church for the one big union.

Songs in the polemic tradition are probably the most familiar to the labor movement today, and for that reason we need not dwell at length on them here. Many of the songs of the auto workers, textile workers, rubber workers, and others fall into this group, and are written for the most part to induce labor legislation, retirement pensions, and social security.

Examples of polemic songs can be found in almost any trade union songbook: AFL-CIO, ILGWU, and so on. Joe Glazer's "Too Old to Work" is probably one of the most widely known. It was written in 1950 during a strike at the Chrysler Plant to point out the need for retirement pensions for workers as well as for management. When men were too old to keep up with the assembly line they were turned out with nothing to live on but their social security; "too old to work and too young to die." The song, along with many similar examples, can be found in any AFL-CIO songbook or in Greenway's *American Folksongs of Protest*.

The struggle between labor and management, as we can see from the 1959 steel strike, goes on. There is, however, a significant difference in today's troubles as compared with yesterday's. The few songs in this article are not conclusive proof, but they indicate well enough the trends in labor history. To begin with we had the workers uprising with machine guns and clubs. ("Father Was Killed by the Pinkerton Men," "Ludlow Massacre," etc.) At the end we have the workers uprising with the picket sign. There is an obvious and important difference. The songs of the IWW give us an idea, incomplete as it is, of the struggle labor went through in the transitional stage from machine gun to picket sign, negotiation, and arbitration. A glance into the UAW-CIO Songbook will give further proof of the somewhat milder obstacles facing organized labor today. With the exception of a few standards like "Solidarity Forever," "Union Maid," and "Roll the Union On," the book is filled with old favorites like "Clementine," "Home on the Range," and "Red River Valley."

As labor has gained sophistication and strength, the ability and need to arouse men with song has seemingly dwindled. Perhaps the magnitude of the fight has dwindled in the same proportion. But from the Molly

Maguire terrorism to modern labor demands, the history of our industrial folk has been, and is still being, recorded in song. Because of the final acceptance of unions and organized labor, it is probably a safe assumption that, with a few exceptions, the strength and power of the songs from 1865 to 1935 will never again be achieved. The battle, for the most part, has already been won.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS ISSUES 3 NEW TITLES
IN SERIES OF FOLK SONG RECORDS FOR SALE

Through a grant from the Carnegie Corporation of New York, the Library of Congress will issue for sale to the public on May 22, three new titles in its series of folk-music recordings reproduced from its Archive of Folk Song.

One record is devoted to folk music of Wisconsin and another to songs and ballads of Michigan lumberjacks; two additional records, under one title, contain ballads traditional in the United States.

All four records are 33-1/3 rpm, 12-inch discs, and each is accompanied by an explanatory pamphlet containing the words of the songs included on it. The discs may be obtained at \$4.50 each, plus 10 percent excise tax and shipping costs, from the Recording Laboratory, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D.C. Descriptive order blanks will be mailed free upon request to the Recording Laboratory.

HOB0

kurva—'prostitute,' and I recognize in the last word *kr'zons* the common Slavic *kurvy syn*—'son of a prostitute'—being very common in the Slavic hobo language." This observation is helpful. It indicates that the verse ends triply emphatic, with allusions to three strata of bums lower than those of the first three lines. And it is analogous with the common English usage, "sons of bitches."

D. J. Georgacas of the University of North Dakota writes, "There is no element "Kr" in the languages I know comparable to "Mc" etc. in Celtic. The names in the telephone directories are all different names including, eg., 'Kr' for Christ, etc."

This last observation is telling. As is well known, profanity is the rule in communities of single men, and the names Jesus Christ has been a standard and susceptible source of formulations of neologists of the road. *Kee-riest*, *Cripes*, *Meist Alkriety*, *Kry-sill mighty*, *Cry-sweetsake*, are several that come readily to mind. Kryst, by bums and krumb-bums has also been called "Jerusalem Slim." In standard dictionaries several

of the "Kr" words have to do with Christ and sacerdotal ceremony.

Early in 1959 Archie Green got a scholarship to the University of Illinois. While in Chicago in November, Archie recited "We flopped, &" to Jack Sheridan, an old-timer and some others. Sheridan was quite excited by Archie's rendition, and said that while he had not heard the words for years he knew them well as part of a song. Sheridan then sang the verse for Archie Green, substituting 'slept' for 'flopped,' and telling him that the melody was that of "Ivan Skavinsky Skavar," which had been the music employed by Bill Friedland.

Sheridan recalled that he had heard the chorus sung at Wobbly street meetings in Chicago between 1911 and 1913 by Cassidy, the Wobbly songbird. Sheridan was nine years old at this time; his father took him to the meeting. He could not recall any of the verses, but said there were at least five. One portion of a verse, he recalls, memorialized hobo's itching and scratching. As Sheridan recalls, the fourth line referred to homosexuals or punks, which would be in the range of Dr. Rudnyckyj's gloss.

One of the gathering, Charles Velsek, a soft-spoken, middle-aged man, volunteered diverse definitions for the usages in the first three lines, and said that in his boxcaring days around 1922 the fourth line was rendered, "The gazooney, gazooks and gazocks." Gazooney, according to Mr. Velsek, meant a homosexual or punk, passive to the sexual charge of a jockey or wolf. During the interchange, Jack Sheridan seemed to agree that Velsek's three "g" terms were more "correct" than the "Kr" of Jim Dorriss and Joe Murphy. Neither Sheridan nor Velsek had an opinion as to whether the song was hobo or Wobbly. Writing to Archie Green later in November, 1959, Mr. Velsek rendered the fourth line, "The gazooney, gazook and gazunk."

This, then, apparently is what is in print on this fragment. It is hoped that the publication of this material may unearth the several verses of the song of which this appears to be the chorus.

A glossary of the words is appended to illustrate the diverse sources of the hobo-1WW vocabulary. Definitions are based on use in this context only. Definitions are at best circular, and, on the basis of personal experience, others will have variant connotations for usage other than on the low level of this text. The date is that of the earliest usage in print known to the writer.

- Flopped. Slept. Chinese: Gold Rush.
Jungles. Hobo camp. 1908.
Wise guy. One who thinks he knows all the angles. 1896.
Hoosier. An Indianian (1826). Anyone who works. 1900.
John. A wise guy. Alternately, a zany. Term of contempt in several languages for centuries.
Wino. Among hobo's, associated with the wineries of San Joaquin Valley, California, where formerly if one hung around a gallon can might be filled for 5¢.
Dino. As does dynamite, this word goes off in all directions, at all levels. Originally employed to denote workers who used dynamite, and to those who extended their operations to the labor and political troubles of the 19th century, it

Scruggs Style

Just what is Scruggs style? The three finger approach to banjo playing is the traditional way of playing the 5-string banjo and has preceded Scruggs by at least 50 years.

As far as I can determine from listening to Scruggs's recordings and reading the section devoted to Scruggs style in Seeger's book, the sixteenth is the basic interval. (You could use the thirty-second, sixty-fourth, etc.—if you can play that fast—just as well.) Thus only sixteenth notes and sixteenth rests (or integral multiples of sixteenth rests) are used. Thus by properly combining notes and rests, the effects of 1/8, 1/4, 1/4 and whole notes can be obtained. The driving rhythm then would be obtained by *omitting* the triplets, grace notes, dotted notes, etc. (This description, of course, fails to take account of Scruggs's artistic genius but is meant only to be a technical description.) If this account is inaccurate or vague, how do you describe Scruggs style? It may be that this whole idea is utter nonsense and that Scruggs style consists only of single string work using three fingers—a style that preceded Scruggs—and is so named because Scruggs is the leading artist using this style.

I am enclosing a piece of music in tablature which I wrote out in a traditional banjo style. I do not consider this Scruggs style, do you? How would this go in true Scruggs style?

Gilbert C. Vandling
520 Euclid Ave.
Syracuse 10, N. Y.



Jessie James

G. tuning

Tablature for the piece "Jessie James" in G-tuning. The notation is written on five-line staves for strings D, B, G, D, G from top to bottom. It includes various symbols for notes, rests, and fingerings (1, 2, 3) and includes triplets marked with a '3' in a circle. Above the staves are rhythmic patterns using dots and plus signs to indicate note values and rests. Specific annotations include "HOLD" and "NOW" with arrows pointing to notes.

+ thumb

index finger

middle finger

THE INS AND OUTS OF FOLK MUSIC

Pete Seeger is OUT, Dave Van Ronk is IN.

Stereo is way OUT.

Monaural and fifteen dollar phonos are IN.

Banjoes are OUT but ukeleles are IN.

Capos are positively OUT.

Library of Congress 78 rpm discs are IN, but the same material on LP's is OUT.

Singing in the square is OUT; photographing the singers is even further OUT, *but* the Brownie Bass is in *if* it has a rubber fire hydrant mounted on top.

Ewan MacColl, The Kossoy Sisters and The Everly Brothers are all IN.

Diamond needles are OUT, Cactus needles are IN.

Ten-inch records are IN.

Flamenco is OUT.

Odetta on Tradition Records is IN, but on Vanguard she's OUT.

The Weavers have been OUT for a long time.

Theodore Bikel, Burl Ives, Oscar Brand, Richard Dyer-Bennet and Harry Belafonte are all OUT—making a living.

John Jacob Niles presents a problem.

Pilfering the song texts from ELEKTRA and FOLKWAYS records is definitely OUT

The Folklore Center is OUT because Israel Young is never IN.

Jac Holzman

One should never trust facts; they have a way of changing. Our last issue bore a couple of errors due to the fact that the facts had changed between the time that we received the manuscripts and the time the magazine went to press.

On page 24 of issue #19 at the end of the John Greenway Discography two records are listed as "forthcoming." Actually, one of those records came forth quite a while *before* issue #19 and it is available as Australian Folksongs and Ballads, Folkways FW 8718, by John Greenway. Also by Greenway on the same label (by way of bringing the discography up to date) is The Talking Blues, FH 5232. For further corrections to the article in question see John's letter in the letter column.

Don't go away yet. On page 38 of issue #19 the article "What is a Good Folksong" by Kenneth S. Goldstein is introduced as being adapted from the notes of another forthcoming Folkways record, Harry Jackson, the Cowboy. This article, of course, is a reprint since the record was out before issue #19.

Spiritual Singing in the South Carolina Sea Islands

By Guy Carawan

This winter I've been developing a singing program for adult Negroes in the Sea Islands of South Carolina as part of Highlander Folk School's extension program of adult education. It's a new feature of the schools on Edisto, Wadmalaw, North and South Johns Island and in the North area of Charleston. These adult schools were set up to help meet the basic needs of the people in those areas. They have provided such things as health services, farm education, driver education, sewing classes, reading and writing, arithmetic, citizenship training and voter education. The dual purpose of this new singing program is to help keep alive the old and beautiful singing traditions of the Sea Islands and at the same time help develop new ones. Aside from its specific educational and recreational value the singing program is proving to have general inspirational value for the school's program as a whole.

Each school has between 25 and 45 students, most of them between the ages of 40 and 60—about 150 students in all. Practically all are descendants of the slave communities that worked on the Sea Island plantations. Many of them still live and farm the very same land that their families did as slaves.

The oldest form of Negro folk life still alive today in the United States is to be found in this area. These low flat islands covered with swampy marshes, black farm land and forests of live oaks draped with Spanish moss have only had bridges and causeways built to them from the mainland since about 1930. Some of them are still only accessible by boat. Because of their relative isolation from the cross currents of modern life, the Sea Islands have preserved many aspects of the old slave culture including the Gullah dialect, the old spirituals and style of singing them, their own folk version of Christianity and "praise house" form of worship (as contrasted with the various organized churches' formal worship services), folk tales and beliefs. Even African cultural survivals are to be found here.

One of the main functions of the adult schools has been to make the people aware of their rights as citizens and how to go about getting them. One of the most important aspects of reading and writing instruction has been to teach the people how to fill out the voter registration forms and to read the South Carolina constitution which is a requirement for voting. The schools have been responsible for nearly 600 new registered voters in Charleston county alone this last few years.

For the last couple months I've been living with *Esau Jenkins*. As I arrived he and *Septima Clark* started introducing me around to the various Sea Island Negro communities. Since the church is the center of Negro social life they've taken me to many church services of different denominations and church functions, where I've had a chance to talk and sing with the people. With these two beloved leaders to vouch for me I've had the inside track in getting to know people who under different circumstances might be suspicious and unfriendly. On Christmas Eve Esau took me to a traditional all-night watch in the middle of Johns Island at Moving Star Hall. I was the first white person ever to sit in on their Christmas watch. A week later I returned for the New Year's Eve watch by myself without Esau. By then I knew that I was among friends.

Christmas Eve Watch on Johns Island

Esau and I arrived at Moving Star Hall about 11 p.m. It was a raw lumber clapboard building with only a pot bellied stove for heat and light. Older Negroes were beginning to arrive and take their seats along the wooden benches. They walked through the pitch black night outside from their farms in the surrounding area. The bright flickering flames from the stove threw off an orange glow that lit up many faces—some of deep black, reddish brown and golden tan. Shadows danced on the white-washed and raw lumber walls to the accompaniment of all the friendly greetings going on amongst the arrivals. I sat there in the dark next to Esau taking it all in and feeling like I was in heaven.

When the singing started I knew I was. A woman with a thick rich low alto started off in the corner and very soon was joined by some deep resonant male "basers" from another corner. Then falsetto wails and moans sailed in to float on high over the lead. By the time the whole group of about sixty worshippers had joined in, each freely improvising in his own way, the hall was rocking and swaying to an ecstatic "Saviour Do Not Pass Me By." This is a relatively modern hymn of white origin, but their style of singing it was as old as any Negro religious singing in America today. All sorts of overlapping parts and complementary sounds wove and blended together to produce a breathtaking whole full of rough beauty. I've never heard such colors in the human voice before. Some people did things with their voices that I don't think anyone could duplicate unless he'd grown up in that tradition.

Song followed song with different people taking turns at leading off as the spirit moved them. I couldn't understand half of what was being sung because of the thick dialect.

After a while different individuals began to pray and give personal testimony while everyone else hummed, wailed, moaned, and answered

fervently in response. That sound was the strangest and most beautiful of all. Every person seemed to have his own special musical twists, turns, and vocal colorings which expressed his deepest feelings and said things that words couldn't say. The total sound was beyond description. As the fervor mounted at the end of each prayer or testimony the congregation would soar back into song, sparked by the testifier himself or by someone who felt a particular song at the moment.

Then the preaching came with different people telling in their own words the nativity story as found in the Bible and their special Christmas feelings. (The many versions of the Christ story told in the Gullah dialect that night, some of them in contemporary terms and settings, would make a beautiful book of Sea Island folk lore.)

I could hear a single foot tapping in response to the preaching sometimes rising and then falling to a hush, sometimes increasing in tempo, stopping, or changing to a rapid double time. It punctuated the sermon and added excitement. The tapping came from different parts of the hall at different times—but I rarely heard more than a single foot at a time.

From the moment the watch started with the first song, heads and bodies began to sway, feet to tap, and hands to clap in time to the singing. They sang with their whole bodies. These motions increased in abandonment as the evening went along until finally the "shouting" started. Someone stood and started rocking back and forth doing a special rhythmic step and hand clap in time to the singing. Others followed, and by the end of the song the whole group was on its feet singing, dancing, and clapping a joyous noise to the Lord. The whole building was rocking in time. Three different rhythms were being carried by the hands, feet, and voice.

The watch went on from beginning to end in a seemingly informal fashion but with a near perfect sense of timing for a change of mood and pace. Everyone seemed able to sing, lead and pray, preach, or give testimony when the spirit moved them in a very beautiful way that contributed to the whole. *It was truly a group form of expression.*

This highly developed folk form of worship, body of songs and style of singing are in danger of complete extinction in another generation or so. Most of the younger generation in this area have lost them to a great extent already. The combined forces of the schools, the organized churches, and the mass commercial culture with its control of radio, records, T.V., etc., have been too much for the young people to resist. The finer aspects of their parents' folk culture get practically no recognition from these institutions that play such a large part in their education. Local schools and churches here usually take no responsibility for helping keep them alive. The young people are losing a valuable part of their heritage. They are the victims of a couple of generations of Negro educators who were trained in traditional white schools and taught to scorn or ignore all African and Negro folk culture. Genuine Negro music is discredited. The real indigenous spirituals and style of singing them are suppressed while supposedly "more artistic" Europeanized book versions with phony musical arrangements and "corrected"

words and tunes are laboriously learned. The students are taught how to use their voices "correctly." The final product is usually a complete emasculation of the original.

The older people will never lose their spirituals. They are already too much a part of them. But the only place they have to express them is in the meeting house where no outsiders and few youth come. With all these other institutions neglecting or rejecting their older ways it is no wonder that many of them feel ashamed or reticent to sing these songs in the presence of whites and more educated Negroes.

One of the main purposes of the new singing program at the adult schools this year has been to help stimulate the continuance and development of this old spiritual singing tradition in the Sea Islands by giving it some recognition and a regular place in the program. It has been enthusiastically received. The attendance and group spirit have both increased. Each week night I meet with a different adult school for an hour or more of singing after their other classes are over. The first half of the period I teach them a variety of new songs and then throw it open for anyone who feels the spirit to sing whatever he feels like. That's when the spiritual singing starts. Many people take turns leading off and are invariably joined by the rest. I've never heard singing mean so much to people as it does to them. Aside from all the singing many people have given beautiful personal testimonies about how these songs have helped give them the faith and determination to hold on and overcome their many hardships and to come through them still full of love for their fellow men. Each week I've read something to them about the spirituals by various writers who hold them in high esteem and have attempted to describe the conditions of life which created them. They were genuinely moved when I read them some parts of Alan Lomax's new book *The Rainbow Sign*. Esau and Septima have also told of their life experiences and the meaning these songs have for them.

This program is helping to bolster the Sea Island people's own feelings about their songs and make them more aware and proud of their unique history and beauty.

Here is a partial list of spirituals that I've heard sung here this winter:

"Drinking of the Wine"

"My God is a Rock in the Weary Land"

"I'm Going Home on the Morning Train"

"I Just Got Over in the Heavenly Land"

"I Wonder If the Light From the Lighthouse Will Shine On Me?"

"Come Out the Wilderness"

"In the Morning When I Rise Crying Holy"

"Keep Your Eyes on the Prize, Hold On"

"Mary Row Your Boat Ashore"

"Swing Low Chariot, Let Me Ride"

"Wade in the Water"

"There's a Rest for the Weary"

"Come By Here Lord"

"Careless Love" (Spiritual)

"I'm a Soldier in the Army of the Lord"

"Ride On Conquering Jesus"

"He Never Said a Mumbling Word"

"Guide My Heart While I Run This Race"

"That's All Right"

"Don't Miss That Train, You Gotta Be Ready When They Call Your Name"

"Lay My Burden Down"

"I Shall Not be Removed"

"I Will Overcome"

"Jesus is Real"

"Walking Down The King's Highway"

"I'm on My Way to the Canaan Land."

This has been a very rewarding experience for me. I hope to come back again next winter. I have learned more about the life and music of the people in this area than I ever expected to. They are moved by the fact that I know and love to sing so many of their songs. One old lady asked me how come I know their "old mother" songs. She was both puzzled and pleased. I have been invited to many homes and have been able to carry my tape recorder along with me. Some of the nicest singing has been around the pot-bellied stoves in their small homes at night after the day's work with just the family present. What little they have they've made me completely welcome to share with them. I feel a great deal of strength in these people. Their hardships have made them tough. One man who not too long ago had a Ku Klux Klan cross burnt in his yard for his outspokenness in the Negro community put it this way: "We've been swallowing bitter pills and chewing dry bones for a long time. It's made us tough and we can take anything now—people knocking on our doors at midnight and burning crosses. They used to feed us corn bread and sweet potatoes and still we'd plow the hell out of their mules."

I also feel a great capacity to love in them. In spite of all they've been through there seems to be very little bitterness. They are deeply religious, and Jesus' doctrine of love is a real guide to them. The changes in the South of the last six years as symbolized by events in Montgomery, Alabama are being felt in these Islands. The people are beginning to join voter clubs, the adult schools, attend political meetings of their own leaders, register, and vote. Older men who have held plows and axes in their hands most of their lives, but never a pencil, are struggling now to learn to hold one and sign their names. They are determined to improve their lot and that of their children. Their songs still have a great deal of meaning for them in the struggles which they are involved in today. Songs like "Keep Your Eyes on the Prize, Hold Out", "My God Is A Rock In A Weary Land", "I Will Overcome", "Guide My Heart While I Run This Race, I Don't Want My Running To Go In Vain" still inspire faith and determination to go on.

For more detailed information on the background of the Sea Islands read:

- A Social History of the Sea Islands—Guion Griffis Johnson—1930
 Folk Culture on St. Helena Island, So. Carolina—Guy B. Johnson—
 1930
 Black Yeomanry, Life on St. Helena Island—T. J. Woolfer, Jr.—1930
 Africanisms in the Gullah Dialect—Lorenzo Turner
 Slave Songs of the Georgia Sea Islands—Lydia Parrish—1942
 Slave Songs of the U.S.—William Allen—1867
 Folklore of the Sea Islands, So. Carolina—Elsie Clews Parsons—1923
 Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society, XVI.

HOBO

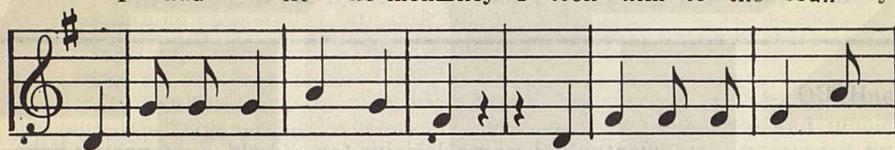
- eventually became derisive for any old, unmenacing hobo, especially one who used habit-forming drugs.
- Dingbat. A beggar, not a hobo; the crummiest of bums. "Ding" and "bat" both mean to hit, to knock, as in to hit for a loan, and to knock on a door, begging. 1903.
- Kr-. In addition to the discussion of this prefix in the text, it might be mentioned that in American slang, "kroo" has meant a Negro or other colored person. Black crow? 1925.
- Gazooney. As outlined, a homosexual or punk. Catamite: Fort Leavenworth Disciplinary Barracks, 1919. The only "Ga" word bearing this meaning, gazooney, in 1914 meant simply a man, a simpleton, a fool.
- Gazook. A man. 1901.
- Gazocks. Apparently, another orthography, plural of Gazook.
- Gazunk. A man. 1921; H. C. Witwer; onomatopoeic, a hard blow. These "Ga" words are probably extensions of the sense of "gazabo" (pronounced variously, gazaba, gazabo), an architectural term. Suggesting lightness and height, the word was extended to mean a tall, awkward person. Used by the Irish in the 18th and 19th centuries, it has been common in American slang since late 19th century. The Irish word, "gossoon," a boy, is also in this complex of usage.

Incidentally, the term VOCUMENTARY is a coinage of the writer. It has appeared in JAZZ 4, Berkeley, California; Fall, 1959; treatment of the vocal of Bessie Smith's GIMME A PIGFOOT.

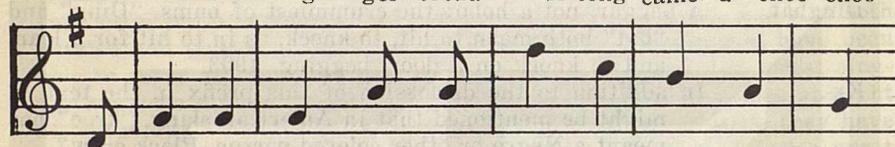
Children's Folk Poetry



I had a lit—tle mon_key I took him to the coun—try



And fed him on gin—ger bread A long came a choo-choo



And' knocked him coo-coo And now my mon—key's dead.

From Sandy Cutrell of Portland, Oregon, who learned it from a "couple of kids," who learned it in camp.

One day after school I was mixing up a bottle of brown paint with the assistance of my good friend Johnny Easter (age 5) and he began chanting

Brown, Brown
Go to town,
Turn your britches upside down.

When I asked him if he knew any more colors he came forth with the following:

Red, red,
Pea in the bed
Wipe it up with gingerbread.
Blue, blue
You got the flu,
Don't nobody wanta play with you
Green, green
Stick your hand
In gasoline.
Yellow, yellow
Cinderello.
Black, black,
The railroad track.

Johnny said he just learned them from "the kids."

From my own memory of second and third grade (Salem, Oregon, 1939-40) comes this button-counting rhyme:

Rich man
Poor man
Beggar man
Thief
Doctor
Lawyer
Merchant
Chief

and when we saw some girl wearing red and yellow we chanted,
"Red and yellow,
Kiss your fellow."

Five-year-old Margie Jenkins said she learned the following from her seven-year-old cousin Tooga (who learned it from his thirteen-year-old brother, Lambie).

Old Lady witch
Fell in a ditch,
Found a penny
And thought she was rich
Jumped so high,
Touched the sky,
Didn't never come down
For the fourth of July!

Zonweise Stien

(Zonweise Stien is just about Caravan's biggest West Coast Booster. She and her husband Jim both play and sing folk songs. Jim is a teacher in the public school system of Pittsburgh, California, where he is making his charges aware of folk music and song. Zonweise, who was a kindergarten teacher before her marriage, is presently at work (among other things) on a Caravan Index from 12 to 20, which we hope to print in issue 21. An index of Caravan 1 through 11 will be made available in mimeographed form for 25¢ when available.—Ed.)

Old Misses Katzenjamer,
Hit her in the head with a hammer
G-d damn her, G-d damn her, G-d damn her.

My father spouted these noble words in passing the other day. He heard them in Central Park around 81st St. in 1919 (I hope that is not too far back for you).*

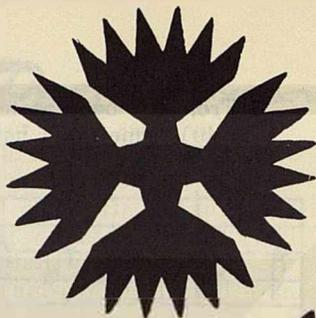
In reference to "G-d," I am a reverent man. But if you print it, print it any way you want.** In reciting the poem, the last line must be done rapidly.

Paul Luria

* Nope. Not at all.

** We print as you send it.

INDIAN NECK



Folk Festival

By Robert Shelton

A folk-music festival that was really festive is news. The word "festival," worked into the ground by box-office barkers has lost much of its meaning. But it was a particularly appropriate term for the week-end of May 6 to 8 at Branford, Conn.

The occasion was the second Indian Neck Folk Festival, a refreshingly non-commercial endeavor held for about 150 performers, scholars and close friends of folk music. For the 115 week-end guests, the whole event was on the house. An additional thirty-five collegians served as the "staff" of the Montowese House, a shambling, rambling hotel on Long Island Sound. The first night of the proceedings was open to the public, and about 550 persons attended.

Funds for the 115 guests had providentially been put aside by a handful of Yale students who had conducted a six-concert series at the University's Woolsey Hall. Not only had they been able to pay the artists who performed on the series during the academic year, but they also earned enough to make this altruistic week-end possible. Bill Arnold, a Yale senior from the Virgin Islands, who is a folk-song enthusiast and a singer of surprising charm, was in charge of the week-end.

What made Indian Neck so festive? An excellent setting, a warm and noncompetitive spirit, a bevy of new talent, a stimulating encounter between scholars and students, and twenty-eight kegs of beer, which came to approximately 450 gallons, give or take a few for spillage.

Friday night there was a public program, which began about 8 o'clock and was suspended about 1 A.M., when the throng got too big and boisterous. The Yale Football Team offered its services in removing some noisy "townies" from the premises, but the offer was declined by the festival manager. There were a few minor scuffles, a stolen guitar, some bruised feelings because of the "Walpurgisnacht" spirit, but this did not mar the rest of the week-end proceedings.

Saturday morning, which broke fair and warm, saw the invited guests gambling on the lawn in front of the hotel, chatting, exchanging notes verbal and musical, doing an impromptu square dance, and uncovering a real local folk-singer in the person of the hotel's dishwasher-handyman, Eugene Sesler, a 51-year-old former Floridian who sang some

rollicking blues in the morning and gospel songs in the afternoon. When Frank Warner praised Mr. Sesler for his singing contribution the latter replied, "You should have heard me when I had my teeth!"

Saturday afternoon there was a droll and informative session on bluegrass and country music run by Mike Seeger and John Cohen of the New Lost City Ramblers. Meanwhile, another group, which might have been from Washington Square or Paradise Pond in Northampton, Mass., sang their heads off on the windswept lawn.

Saturday evening was sparked by an excellent panel moderated with ease and wit by Israel Young of the Folklore Center in New York. Prof. Willard Rhodes, genial, leonine-bearded ethnomusicologist from Columbia University, reported on and played fascinating tapes gathered in his fifteen-month African trip. Prof. David MacAlester of Wesleyan University gave as invigorating an introduction to American Indian music as one could have asked for. His singing of Seneca, Navajo and Comanche songs, threaded together with amusing commentary broke down any feeling of estrangement one might have had toward the "inaccessability" of Indian music. Billy Faier gave a sincere, revealing history of his evolution as a musician and a leader in the folk-song revival, and the inimitable Rev. Gary Davis gave an inspirational talk about developing musical resources. A program that ran until 4 A.M. followed.

This bare outline of the proceedings really does not do justice to the festival. Actually, there was something musical going on every minute in every nook and cranny of the big hotel. A series of small parlors stretched along the front of the building between the "concert hall" and the beer kegs. Anyone who traveled the route, and almost everyone did a few times, would be exposed to a series of intimate musical sessions in one room after the other that would intrigue and/or assail the senses. It was like taking an elevator at Steinway Hall and stopping briefly at each floor to hear different sounds, techniques, styles, interpretations, and ideas along the way.

There was bluegrass growing all around, like crabgrass. There were banjo-pickers in the parlors, in the bedrooms, in the closets, even under the beds, it seemed. And there was even bluegrass on the grass, alas.

From the charivari of performances, formal and informal, it is taxing to choose the most notable. But this writer, in the habit of playing autocrat of the turntable, was struck by several new and old talents. The Rev. Gary Davis is not new to the folk community, yet he is still languishing without the sort of public acclaim he deserves. On Saturday evening he gave a performance that may have been the highlight of the week-end. His raw-boned song-sermons, blues and spirituals never seemed more powerful. The stark shouts and yelps he punctuates his singing with, the strutting bass figures on guitar, the thrusting antiphonal response he elicits on "When the Train Come Along" or "Beautiful City" . . . all these were memorable, and as Izzy Young said so correctly, deserve to be recorded. The current boom of interest in the country blues singers, Lightning Hopkins, John Lee Hooker and Furry Lewis, will, one hopes, turn to the great work of this titan of American folk music.

There were some great moments offered by relative newcomers. Sandy

Bull, a music student at Boston University, added still another dimension to five-string banjo playing. More than a technician and innovator, he produces some of the most sensitive tone and delicate phrasing of folk banjo this listener has heard. He is derivative of many influences, city and country, and fuses them all with exceeding musicality.

Carolyn Hester was something of a Roman candle at the festival. In the last six months her high soprano range has been deepened to include some stunning chest tones and her control has grown. She is a dramatic and theatrically compelling performer. On such songs as "House of the Rising Sun" and "East Virginia" she had some people muttering "a white Odetta" to themselves.

Two groups made effective bids for interest at the festival. The Highwaymen, five sophomores at Wesleyan, who have been singing together for about fourteen months, showed skill in arrangements, a sprightly sound that was evocative of the Kingston Trio at its best, and yet, a seriousness toward folk music that should make them popular in and out of the folk community.

Since the festival, another group, now dubbed the Song Spinners, has been organized by Logan English. Miss Hester and English are the excellent lead singers, Jack Keenan provided instrumental arrangements and Marty Lorin the vocal arrangements. The group is striving at a folk-rooted ensemble style, deals with American materials only. In the few short weeks since its birth, the Song Spinners show promise of offering a distinctive, authentic quality in group singing.

To single out three soloists and two groups from the week-end does not mean that there were not many other exciting performers who moved the festival crowd. Billy Faier and Dick Rosmini were impressive in instrumental solos and together. Ric von Schmidt offered some interesting blues. Sonja Savig was an ingratiating performer of Norwegian songs. Peter and Mira Gardner rambled through the international song-bag and pulled out some gems that were delivered in a fresh, exuberantly bright fashion. Jackie Washington showed some splendid ideas in "Motherless Child" and Bob Yellin and Paul Prestopino of the Greenbriar Boys added considerable excitement to the country-music panel. Ted Alevizos' Greek songs, which are undoubtedly going to be picked up by a lot of the internationalists before long, showed a great gift for lyricism.

The Clover Junction Clan from Yale was another of the many groups springing up on campuses that are oriented toward the New Lost City Ramblers rather than to the Kingstons. Frank Warner was his usual charming self, belting out his collectanea with gusto. Molly Scott made a quietly dignified appearance. Her patience with the noisy crowd showed admirable poise.

The great sound at Branford that week-end was more than the Long Island Sound. It was people finding a joy and a vitality in folk song that should one day replace some of the trivia of American popular music. The absence of any "big-name" performers at Indian Neck was not a detriment. The unknowns and little-knowns are making beautiful music and persuasive good sense in their performances. What Professor Rhodes said of the Africans, "They are a lovely people who express

universal feelings in their music," can be said of the energetic crew that made this festival one to remember.

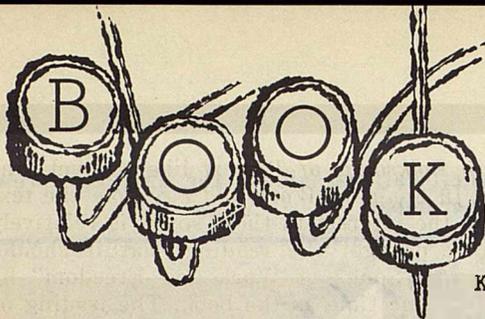


Whenever we go to New York City, one of the first things we do is to phone up Oscar Brand. This is because he is one of the most captivating and humorous speakers we know, and he likes to talk. Last time we talked to him we received an extra bonus in the form of the following news.

Oscar now has a new radio program on WCBS-FM and AM, New York, on Sunday evenings, 9 to 10 P.M. It is called, of all things, *The Oscar Brand Show*. This show is a disc jockey show of folk music and is, says Oscar, "an attempt to show . . . how folk music is integrated in our lives." We understand that the show will concentrate mainly on the better known folk singers and groups.

In this day and age that can only mean the most commercial, folkum groups (for definition, see *The Little Sandy Review*, in this issue). But Oscar goes on to say "I'm using my WCBS program to build a larger audience for WNYC." This being the case we applaud and say that this new program could be a milestone on the road of elevating the public taste in authentic folk music. For those who are not fortunate enough to receive WNYC on their radio sets, Oscar Brand has been running a folk music program on that station for the past fourteen years, on which may be heard local folk singers, known and unknown, and recordings of the best of the "real stuff."

Oscar's new program is sponsored by Schaeffer Beer. It is definitely a milestone for a large company to sponsor a folk music program on radio. We are sending the beer people a letter thanking them and encouraging this policy. We might even change our brand.



REVIEWS

Kenneth S. Goldstein

Songs of Work and Freedom

Edith Fowke and Joe Glazer, Labor Education Division
Roosevelt University, 1960

Edith Fowke and Joe Glazer have compiled in this book the best existing collection of occupational songs and songs of freedom. It is a book of immense value to the student of industrial folk song as well as to the singer of these tunes. Each song is carefully annotated as to its origin, its meaning if there is any ambiguity, the strike or situation which gave rise to the song, and in many cases its author. The musical arrangement of each song is also carefully and excellently done, and piano accompaniment as well as guitar chords are given.

Unlike John Greenway's *American Folksongs of Protest*, this book is not restricted to songs with American origins, nor is it necessarily about American situations. There is no attempt to present a scholarly thesis about these songs. It simply presents them with excellent accompaniment. In general the book is objective. It is not an obvious plea for the working class or a polemic treatise for working men's rights. The songs, of course, are in this vein, but the notes refrain from subjective comment. The introduction states, "This book brings you the songs of the people who have fought for their rights on picket lines and battle fields, in prison and at the polls. Here are the songs of the men and women who raised their voices against political and industrial tyranny, against child labor, hunger, poverty, unemployment. Here are the songs of the oppressed, the downtrodden, the disinherited. Here is the song of the textile millhand, working from 'can't see to can't see,' and of the coal miner who lusts 'for the lure of the mine'; the song of the sailor in the strenuous days of the clipper ship who is 'working mighty hard for mighty little pay,' and of the itinerant worker of modern times who is 'cutting that wheat, stacking that hay, trying to make about a dollar a day.'" In general I think that the objective presentation of a very subjective topic enhances this book's appeal as a serious and scholarly work.

In spite of the fact that *Songs of Work And Freedom* is an excellent publication I fear that it will not receive the attention that it deserves. The repertoire of most young folk singers, the ones who look to books and records for their material, does not contain very many occupational ballads. In most cases they simply are not learning labor songs because for the most part labor songs have become passe. One could pick up and

read John Greenway's *American Folksongs of Protest* like a novel. The songs are incidental to the text. In *Songs of Work and Freedom* the text is incidental to the songs, and as the interest in these songs is relatively low, I feel that it will probably not get the reading that it should. Perhaps it will help that a record, "Songs of Work and Freedom" by Joe Glazer is being issued at the same time as the book. The issuing of a record with MacEdward Leach's *The Ballad Book*, and Albert Friedman's *Viking Book of Folk Ballads of the English Speaking World* undoubtedly created wider interest in these works; hopefully the same will be true with Glazer and Fowke's book.

To the few who hold a close interest in industrial folk song, and to those who can emerge from the Child ballad and Southern Mountain folk song long enough to recognize and be interested in other existing forms of folklore, this book will be of extreme importance.

Page Stegner

Wit and Mirth: Pills to Purge Melancholy

Edited by Thomas D'Urfey, 1719-1720, in six volumes; this edition, a facsimile of the 1876 edition, copied from the original. Six volumes bound in three, 2220 pages, 1144 songs. Introduction by Cyrus L. Day. Folklore Library Publishers, Inc., 116 East 27th Street, New York; 1959.

By John Greenway

From the time when Charles I's martyred head bounced away from the bloody axe until Cromwell's own dour cranium bobbed on a pole in a travelling circus, England was a mirthless place where puritans hanged cats on Monday for killing rats on Sunday. But when Charles II restored the kingly crown to the kingly head, England went on a debauch of merriment that Kathleen Windsor accurately but ineptly described in *Forever Amber*. For most of the century that followed, blatant immorality was a patriotic virtue, and those who provided the amenities of vice, the vintners and songsters, prospered as they never would prosper again. Of the scores of Grub Street habitants who wrote the songs that roisterers bawled over their beer, none was more successful than Thomas D'Urfey, England's Villon, known alike to king and courtesan as "Tom," who was indeed what his colossal vanity allowed him to call himself, a "double genius for poetry and music." He had also a genius for scurrility and witty obscenity that even in that sinful age haled him before the magistrate; but above all he had a genius for knowing what the public wanted. What the public wanted was his "Pills"—a tremendous collection of songs with nothing in common except popularity—from Child ballads to madrigals, from "Lillibulero," that thunderous marching song that toppled three thrones, to bawdy bits that even Oscar Brand could hardly make acceptable (for instance, "Aminta One Night Had Occasion to P . . . ss," or "Puss in a Corner," whose hero, John, is the same John Thomas that until this year had kept *Lady Chatterley's Lover* out of America).

Of the 1144 songs in the 1719-20 edition of the *Pills*, 350 D'Urfev wrote himself; the rest he lifted from the oral tradition of that illiterate time. All were promptly pumped back into the repertory of the ale-house roisterers. But popularity with the masses is almost always paid for by unpopularity with the patricians who unfortunately are posterity's surrogates; in his own time D'Urfev was castigated by Buckingham ("And sing-sing Durfev, placed beneath abuses, Lives by his impudence, and not the Muses"); in our time literary historians have ignored him. In the 236 years since his death, D'Urfev's *Pills to Purge Melancholy* has been printed only twice—once in 1876 (a copy of the 1719 edition) and now (a facsimile copy of the 1876 issue). Though some readers of *Caravan*, understandably irritated by the less practical aspects of folklore scholarship, wish to throw the baby out with the bathwater, all must again thank Kenneth S. Goldstein and his Folklore Library Publishers for this latest addition to the library of folksong. Here are more than a thousand songs, most with music, to enrich the repertoires of folk singers who have exhausted the mine of borrowing from one another's records; here also is scholarship of a most useful kind—though as one who has fattened off the discipline for years I cannot denigrate any kind of scholarly activity; even Harry Belafonte could profit by knowing that Mississippi boatmen did not mark "twine" and Central American banana pickers did not count bananas in "feet."

John Greenway

Woody Guthrie Newsletter #1, April, 1960. For those who don't know much about Woody and who would like to know more, this looks like the ideal thing. It's free, contains much information, a few songs of Woody's, quotations, letters, etc. It will keep its readers informed about all new material being published, recorded, or having to do with Woody.

Woody Guthrie has been a patient at Greystone Park Hospital since 1956. He is being treated for Huntington's Chorea. Bob and Sidsel Gleason, the editors of the *Newsletter* have given much of their time to help Woody meet friends, answer letters, provide a place for his relaxation away from the Hospital. The *Newsletter*, in part, chronicles these activities. At times, it gets positively chatty. Most people who have met and spoken to Woody have tremendous respect for him. The editors of the *Newsletter* revere him.

Send your name and address to Robert and Sidsel Gleason, 182 North Arlington Avenue, East Orange, New Jersey, and they will put you on the free mailing list.

LITTLE SANDY REVIEW

Published monthly by Paul Nelson and Jan Pankake at 3220 Park Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn. Three dollars per year. Thirty cents a copy.

Last issue we announced the beginning of this small record review magazine. Little did we know that this innocently titled, mimeographed

magazine would turn out to be a crusader marching into our midst from the wilds of the mid-west. For the editors of LSR have something to say and say it they do, leaving little to the imagination as to their feelings about the current folk-music-on-record scene.

The first issue was sort of a trial balloon when compared to the second. In number one we read, "We are two people who love folk music very much and want to do all we can to help the good in it grow and the bad in it perish." This statement is a semanticist's nightmare but what follows leaves little doubt as to what they "mean." Anyone who is at all familiar with the controversies and debates in the current folk-music-in-the city scene will immediately recognize their platform. They don't like arranged folk music. They don't like people that copyright folk music. They do like the New Lost City Ramblers, singly and together. They like Pete Seeger.

The second issue is a "general Give 'Em Hell blast at any and all phonies who water, dilute, and pervert American Folk Music—transforming it into Folkum rather than folk song—" Three cheers, I say, for the "folkum," the best new descriptive word to hit the folk music scene since Israel Young's ill-fated word "folknik." With apologies to Paul Nelson and Jan Pankake I would like to define this word and beg that this definition be appended to the word whenever and wherever it is used to prevent those immoral, scurilous, unscrupulous, commercial individuals who perpetrate what it refers to from turning it about and using it for their own nefarious purposes.

Folkum—That class or group of arranged folk songs whose arrangement is inspired by the mistaken notion that the general public is not sensitive or intelligent enough to appreciate folk music as it was performed when it was folk music. We specifically do not include in this definition that class or group of folk songs which are performed in the mistaken belief that they are being performed as they were performed when they *were* folk music. That battle must be fought on another front.

We would like to quote one review from the second issue of LITTLE SANDY which adequately summarizes the editors' feelings on the subject.

"Leon Bibb: Tol' My Captain (Vanguard 9058)

Harry Belafonte: Swing Dat Hammer (RCA Victor 2194)

If you sent your child to a summer camp last year, perhaps you made a mistake. Maybe this year you should send him down on the chain gang. They have all kinds of facilities: orchestras and choruses by the hundreds, Harry Belafonte, Milt Okun, Bob DeCormier, Leon Bibb, Freddy Hellerman, and guitarists and arrangers too numerous to mention; all are there. What about that mean ol' captain? Oh, he isn't so bad. Indeed, Messrs. Belafonte and Bibb and their cast of thousands make the chain gang seem like a pretty nice place: all the boys sit around at the end of the day reading dialogue credited to Lee Hays while electronic rain murmurs on the bunkhouse roof and Harry Belafonte philosophizes about beans and chuckles knowingly to himself. Or Leon Bibb talks to Shorty and drives spikes when he feels like it. Both records feature all sorts of wild sound effects—hammers swinging, spikes being driven, whips, grunts, groans, close harmony yells—when Vanguard finished the Bibb LP, one would imagine that Belafonte moved

right in and utilized the phony sounds. None of the terrible suffering, the nobility, or the feel of the real thing is contained in either one of these records. Negro chain gang music is one of the most moving things in the world and there are many fine LP's available of the real thing—the commercial and archive documentaries of Lomax. For heaven's sake, buy one of them and not this incredible pap by Bibb and Belafoney." This is good advice, unless your interest lies in Bibb or Belafonte rather than folk music.

FOLK SING—A Handbook for Pickers and Singers. Hollis Music, Inc., \$2.00. Paperback edition—Berkeley Books. \$50.

When a new collection of folk songs is published, what is it that one looks for in estimating the value of the book? It makes no sense to judge the value in dollars and cents. The first paperback folk song collection, *Frankie and Johnny*, later changed to *A Treasury of Folk Songs* (Bantam Books), edited by Sylvia and John Kolb, was truly priceless. Published in 1948, it was the first inexpensive collection of folk songs and probably did more to popularize the media than any book, before or since. This book had 91 songs in it. Of those 91 songs it is certain that in 1948 at least 70 of them were brand new to the thousands of people that bought the book. The book is out of print but is still sought after today. It had brief introductions to the songs and song groups, a bibliography of 100 hard-bound song collections and a discography of then available 78 rpm folk records. It was a fairly poor printing job and had no illustrations or decorative work at all; but the book still set a high standard for other paperback song collections to follow.

Since then there have been perhaps a half dozen other folk song collections in paperback by various publishers. The *Burl Ives Song Book* published by Ballantine Books in 1953 (50c) comes close to *Frankie and Johnny* in overall worth. It's discography is limited to Burl Ives recordings and it lacks any bibliography, but the selection of songs is quite excellent, especially by 1953 standards. Each section has detailed, fascinating notes and most of the songs have introductions. Furthermore, the book is quite beautifully printed and copiously illustrated. There are guitar chords in the back and all the songs have piano arrangements. I consider this extra baggage in a book of folk songs but the piano scores undoubtedly sold the book to many who would not otherwise have purchased it.

Now comes *Folk Sing* which declares itself to be "A Handbook For Pickers and Singers." A casual glance through the book left me quite puzzled. A one-page foreword declares that the book is a "panorama of America in song" through the use of many tired cliches like "In the South, there grew up the music of spirituals, field songs, minstrel songs . . .", etc., etc. It is signed, "The Publishers." Other than this, there are no notes or introductions of any kind. The arrangement of the songs in the book is quite mysterious. The last nine songs in the book are, for instance, "Go from My Window," "Auld Lang Syne," "The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies, O!," "Dear Old Girl," "In the Good Old

Summer Time," "Hello! Ma Baby," "This Old Man," "Bicycle Built for Two," "Ida! Sweet as Apple Cider."

Why, I asked myself, was this book published? There are no illustrations or any other redeeming features. Furthermore, a careful reading of the table of contents reveals only five songs which I had not known of previously. This is no monument to my knowledge of the field. The Table of Contents is the kind of list that the average novice folk singer would come up with if he were asked to list all the songs he knew, except that the average novice would surely have more sense than to include "In The Good Old Summer Time," "Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider," "Hello Ma Baby," "Lazy Moon," "Where Has My Little Dog Gone?," as "folk" songs. Here we find such well known "folk" songs as "I'm Just a Country Boy," "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine," "The Man On The Flying Trapeze," "Believe Me! All Those Endearing Young Charms," and "The Last Rose of Summer." But there is not one folk song, by even the most liberal and loose definition of the word, which deserves inclusion in a new song collection in 1959. As example, let us look at one section of the table of contents: "Oh, Susanna," "Old Chisholm Trail," "Old Dan Tucker," "Old Johnny Gogabée," "Old MacDonald Had a Farm," "Old Paint," "Old Rosin the Beau," "Oleanna," "One for the Itty Bitty Baby," "On Top of Old Smoky," "Over the Hill," "Oh, Who Will Shoe Your Pretty Little Feet?," "Old Colony Times."

Why then, was this book published? A closer examination, I think, provides the answer. With only one exception, every song in the book is copyrighted. That exception is "The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies." There are 148 songs with music in the book. All but three are copyrighted by one of the following music companies: Hollis Music, Inc., Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., Essex Music, Inc., Ludlow Music, Inc., Melody Trail, Inc. All these companies share the same address, and, in fact, appear on the same letterhead. I assume, therefore, that with the possible exception of the three songs ("Goodnight Irene," "Old Johnny Gogabée," and "The Zulu Warrior"), all the songs in the book are copyrighted by the one outfit named as the publisher, Hollis Music.

Why is this important and worth mentioning here? Because over half the songs in the book are "Adapted and Edited with New Material by Jessie Cavanaugh and Albert Stanton," and are "Based on the Traditional Song." But a close examination of all these songs shows no difference between the songs in the book and the "Traditional Song." There are, of course, for all practical purposes, an infinite number of versions of any given folk song. Of all the songs that bear their name, which traditional version did Cavanaugh and Stanton use to base their "adaptation" on? We aren't told that, but we *are* told at the beginning of the book "any arrangement or adaptation of the compositions in this book without the consent of the copyright owner is an infringement of copyright." This apparently means that I cannot sing or record "Billy Boy," on page 34 of the book without leaving myself open to suit. But "Billy Boy" is an old Australian folk song, thought by many to be a descendant of "Lord Randal." Everyone that knows "Billy Boy" sings it pretty much the same way, but not *exactly* the same way. Cavanaugh and Stanton's adaptation is no farther from my "Billy Boy" (which I have known since

early childhood) than any of the other versions I have ever heard. The law forbids the copyrighting of folk songs which are forever in the public domain, but does permit the copyrighting of *arrangements* of those songs. The assumption is that there is creative effort put into an arrangement. But there is nothing creative about the "Billy Boy" in the book. The differences between that version and mine are too insignificant to warrant calling it a creative change.

On and on, throughout the book, song after song we have all sung and loved for many years appears with the copyright date of 1959 on it. But wait! Here and there an extra added verse does appear. It is possible that verses 2 and 7 of "Blue Tail Fly" on page 35 are truly new. That being the case, any innocent folk singer who learned the song from the book and then performed it for profit along with the two new verses would be open to suit for infringement of copyright. In other words, we are not told what in the book is original and what is traditional. We are, in effect, warned that in order to use any song in this book, we must go to *another previous source*.

Now if Jesse Cavanaugh and Albert Stanton, whoever they may be, decided that "Blue Tail Fly" would be a better song with those two added verses, they should say so and print it as such. We would then judge the song on its merits as their adaptation and not as a folk song. But the entire presentation of the book is one of a book of folk songs. Is it possible that there is an attempt afoot to fool the public? With the great success of the Weavers and the Kingston Trio and similar groups, folk music has definitely become "big business." This book it seems to me, is an attempt to "corner the market" in folk songs. Dare I record "Billy Boy" on my next recording?

Is this book a fraud? Why else would Cavanaugh and Stanton go to the trouble of carefully working subtle changes into each and every song? Why is it they used only the songs which are all well known to most "pickers and singers"? Could it be because these songs are the ones most likely to be hits on the Hit Parade?

Will I get sued if my recording of "Billy Boy" contains the phrase "seek a wife" as it is in our little "handbook" instead of "see my wife," which is the way I have always known it? For the life of me that is the only difference that I can spot between my own "version" and the one in this book. If the versions *which they pretend to copyright*, differ so slightly and so subtly from the known traditional ones that we cannot be sure in our own minds whether they are different or not, then, it seems to me, the word "fraud" is a bit mild. Don't take my word for it. See for yourself. Buy the BERKELEY edition though. It's cheaper.

Billy Faier



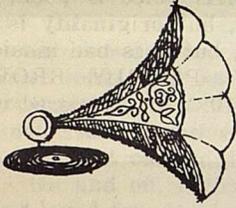
Mr. Louis Deneumoustier, who has just taken over the publishing of *Disc Collector*, sends a request to Caravan's readers. He is compiling information for a journal that will list all Folk-Country-Western LP's. He asks that you make a listing of all LP's in your collection using a 3x5 card for each LP. If the record is of one artist, or group of artists the card should have the information listed as follows; *Name of artist(s)*, *Record size* (10 or 12 in LP), *name of Company*, *Record number*, *Album Title*, *List of songs on record*.

If the record has more than one artist or group on it, the card should have: *Record size*, *Company Number*, *Title of album*, *List of songs* (with performer after each song).

Send cards to *Disc Collector*, Box 169, Cheswold, Delaware. Sign your name if you wish acknowledgments. Send lists, no matter how small.

This is a big job for anyone with more than a few LP's in his collection. But this journal should be an extremely valuable reference work for future discographers and students, and of course, will be of inestimable value to present-day collectors. Information on purchase of this journal will be made available to Caravan readers before publication. It should contain over one thousand albums.

If you want to receive *Disc Collector*, now that it's back, write to Pete Kuykendall, 323 North Piedmont St., Apt. #2, Arlington 3, Va. One dollar (\$1.00) will bring you a year's subscription.



RECORDS

ROGER D. ABRAHAMS
REVIEW EDITOR

Those of you who are devotees of folk blues will probably be pleased with a number of recent releases.

A good solid performance of a fairly unusual selection of blues can be heard on **TRADITIONAL BLUES**, Brownie McGhee, VOL. I (Folkways—FA 2421). Brownie's guitar work is at top level on these bands, and despite the fact that he occasionally picks a key in which to sing which is not quite appropriate to his vocal range, this is a generally good disc.

A country blues counterpart for Brownie McGhee's essentially urban blues is presented in **FURRY LEWIS** (Folkways—FS 3823). Mr. Lewis gives examples of a number of different blues styles on the guitar, all of which are primitive and indicate a good deal of versatility in a relatively restricted idiom. Anyone interested in the style which is commonly known as "knife guitar" will like Lewis' "bottle-neck style", which is a slight variation of the same technique. Mr. Lewis' performances are a bit uneven, but in most cases he supports his treble improvisations with a strong continuous bass which makes for unity. A worthwhile record.

The latest of Lightnin' Hopkins' records **AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN BLUES** (Tradition—TLP 1040) is also one of his finest a truly outstanding collection of blues, well performed. His voice is better than any of the other blues singers that are being reviewed here. Moreover, although he doesn't use it on certain standard numbers, Hopkins has a unique guitar style which is a mixture of primitive and sophisticated techniques, in my opinion the best of both. Finally, Hopkins always adapts his accompaniments to the quality of his songs, which he can do successfully because of his large range. I recommend this record to anyone who likes blues even a little bit.

People who like variety can hear Blind Lemon Jefferson, Big Bill Broonzy, Leroy Carr, Cannon's Jug Stompers, et al. on **THE COUNTRY BLUES**, edited by Samuel Charters (RBF Records—RBF 1). The recordings are not top-level because they are remakes of early discs, but this is a very good survey of varied blues instrumental styles and voices. The accompanying photographs are good, but the notes are less so, perhaps because the only proper notes are to be found in Mr. Charters recent book of the same name. The two are complementary in the best sense. These men were the giants of the early "race" record industry.

Robert Pete Williams, a prisoner at Angola, does his best on **THOSE PRISON BLUES** (Folk Lyric—FL 109), but his best is really not enough. The notes (as quoted from Time Magazine) would have us

believe that Williams rivals Leadbelly, but he doesn't even approach the latter, either as an instrumentalist or singer. His voice is poor; his guitar work is not bad and is certainly original, but originality is not quality. This collection may be valuable folk-lore, but it is bad music.

The spirituals and hymns sung by REV. PEARLY BROWN, GEORGIA STREET SINGER (Folk Lyric—FL 108) are rendered with a fine, mellow voice. I include it under the blues heading because one of Brown's guitar styles (the other is a straightforward pluck and strum) uses the "knife guitar" technique, basically a blues technique, which makes his songs sound like blues. Brown is probably not an unusual singer, but he is certainly good in his idiom. He does a fine version of "Motherless Children" in this definitely desirable collection.

The skiffle group on POSSUM UP A SIMMON TREE (Folk Lyric—FL 107) plays a few blues in addition to their other songs. The group consists of Blind Snooks Eaglin (guitar), Bridges and the Brothers Randolph (interchangeable on washboard and harmonica), and they maintain a high degree of group unity in their versatile exhibition. Percy Randolph's harmonica blues rival those of Sonny Terry. An excellent record.

We have two further studies of material collected by Harry Oster, these at Angola prison. PRISON WORK SONGS (Louisiana Folklore Society—LFS A-5) is a good study in prison folklore and should be approached as such (this is also true of the following record). If one wants to be "entertained" by this record, one will be disturbed by the lack of unity and harmony in the work songs performed by this group of convicts. However, if one is interested in the folklore of the Angola prisoners this collection has a great deal to offer, as do the informative notes by Harry Oster. A welcome addition to the wonderful Lomax recordings of this type of material to be found on the Library of Congress and Tradition discs.

The positive qualities just mentioned are also evident on ANGOLA PRISON SPIRITUALS (Louisiana Folklore Society—LFS A-6). In addition, there is even some talent (the quartet sings pretty well). Robert Pete Williams, whose blues record was not very good, displays some imaginative guitar work on this disc. Praise goes to Harry Oster for two good pieces of work.

From a folk concert recorded at Town Hall in New York, we can hear the fine professional performances of JEAN RITCHIE, OSCAR BRAND, DAVID SEAR (Folkways—FA 2428), some of whose work tends to resemble that of the Weavers; but that is not a condemnation—simply an observation. The instrumental accompaniments are imaginative, as a group they have a lot of musical unity, but the leading light in this collection is represented in the superb voice of Jean Ritchie and the spirit with which she renders her songs.

The foregoing is also true of Jean Ritchie on a disc on which she sings alone, CAROLS OF ALL SEASONS (Tradition—TLP 1031). Many of the versions of these carols which she sings on the record come from the area around Miss Ritchie's home in Kentucky and represent a wonderful selection. An outstanding record.

Probably the best collection of its kind that has been done is called

MOUNTAIN MUSIC OF KENTUCKY, collected by John Cohen (Folkways—FA 2317). This outstanding and unusually broad cross-section of mountain music, from the incredible banjo-picking of Roscoe Holcomb to the flat-pick guitar style on the rendition of "John Henry," reflects an excellent job of editing on the part of John Cohen. He has obviously used nothing but the best of the talent he collected to publish on this record, which is also accompanied by superlative notes and photographs.

The versatile John Cohen is also a member of The New Lost City Ramblers who have recorded a fine representative collection of topical songs from the 'thirties, SONGS FROM THE DEPRESSION (Folkways—FH 5264). This group, for those who still might not be familiar with their work, also includes Tom Paley and Mike Seeger. The instrumental and vocal performances on this disc are up to the usual high standards of this outstanding group. In every way a superb production.

ODETTA SINGS THE BALLAD FOR AMERICANS and other American Ballads (Vanguard—VRS 9066) is a record with one side which is not folk music by any stretch of the imagination, and Odetta's performance on this side, "The Ballad for Americans," is in my opinion inadequate. Although the other side does contain folk songs, they are too stylized and somewhat popularized. This is not Odetta's usual high standard of performance and is apparently directed toward an audience which wants its folk music in diluted form.

Among the records of folk music other than American, there is first of all an exciting guitar virtuoso to be heard on MUSIC OF THE BAHAMAS, VOL I, Bahaman Folk Guitar, Joseph Spence (Folkways—FS 3844). Spence is a spectacular performer, with a tremendous musical sense, who takes insignificant melodies (eg., "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer") and transforms them into whole concerts of variations on themes. His virtuosity rivals that of many a professional jazz musician. Samuel Charters, who collected this unusual music, also supplies us with a good set of descriptive notes.

Not quite so impressive is the other volume of this series, MUSIC OF THE BAHAMAS, VOL. III, Instrumental Music from the Bahamas Islands (Folkways—FS 3846), one side of which features dances and hymns and the other brass bands. Except for a few, the dances and hymns are not especially good; the brass bands are out of harmony. What happens on Volume II of this series we don't know.

A good collection of Spanish songs, delivered by someone with a fine voice, is available on SPANISH FOLK SONGS, VOL. II, Germaine Montero (Vanguard—VRS 9067). Unfortunately, some of these are sung with an orchestral accompaniment, which strikes me as inappropriate for folk songs. Many of the songs, however, are accompanied only by guitar and they come off very well. Germaine Montero is unquestionably worth listening to.

Theodore Alevizos accompanies himself on the guitar as he sings SONGS OF GRECE (Tradition—TLP 1037) with a very impressive, trained voice. His classical guitar accompaniments are excellent on this collection, some of which are art songs, some folk songs.

The following records have also been received:

TOL' MY CAPTAIN—Leon Bibb sings Chain Gang and Work Songs (Vanguard VRS 9058). Smooth, popularized versions of old standards by a poor imitator of Belafonte.

CALIFORNIA FOLK CONCERT WITH RALPH CAHN (Folkways FA 2416). Stylized delivery of a good selection of ballads and blues. Not a bad guitar technician, but misses the point when playing blues. Indicates a good deal of potential on the Flamenco instrumental.

SONGS AND FUN WITH THE BABYSITTERS (Vanguard Children's Series VRS 9053). Lee Hays, Alan Arkin, et al., doing watered-down versions of some standards ("Skip to my Lou", "The Old Sow", etc.). I expect *my* children to be more discriminating.

EVERYBODY SINGS, VOLUMES I, II, & III (Riverside Wonderland 1418, 1419, 1420). A hodge-podge of songs and performers (Jean Ritchie, Oscar Brand, Peggy Seeger, Paul Clayton, and many more) which is good for children, toward whom this series is directed.

AUSTRALIAN FOLKSONGS AND BALLADS, sung by John Greenway (Folkways FW 8718). A straightforward presentation of songs which appear to be representative of various aspects of life in Australia, including some protest songs, which are Greenway's province. The notes are very helpful and well done. This record is both entertaining and a valuable study.

STREET AND GANGLAND RHYTHMS, collected and edited by E. Richard Sorenson (Folkways FD 5589). Scenes from the lives of teenage gangs, given by the youths themselves, with rhythm backgrounds. A valuable collection of the great new province of folklore activity, urban folklore. Includes some songs.

EVERY INCH A SAILOR, sung by Oscar Brand (Elektra EKL 169). Navy songs, most of which contain a lot of obscenity and are not very funny. Very gaudy record jacket. Obviously directed toward a commercial, non-folk audience.

CISCO HOUSTON . . . THE CISCO SPECIAL! (Vanguard VRS 9057). A collection mainly of old songs which Houston used to sing with Woody Guthrie. Mediocre vocals, on which Houston is occasionally backed by a chorus, and some even in an echo chamber! Poor folk music.

FOLK SONG FESTIVAL at Carnegie Hall (United Artists UAL 3050). Jimmy Driftwood, The Stoney Mountain Boys, Memphis Slim, and Muddy Waters singing mountain music and blues. Good performances, especially by the Stoney Mountain Boys, who do an impressive blue-grass version of "Mule Skinner Blues."

FOLK FESTIVAL AT NEWPORT (1959), VOLUMES I, II, & III (Vanguard VRS 9062, 9063, 9064). This is a good set of albums, many of the songs of which can be heard on other records by the same individual performers or groups, whose names are well known and too numerous to mention. An unusual assemblage of talent.

SPIRITUALS TO SWING. The Legendary Carnegie Hall Concerts of 1938-39 (Vanguard VRS 8523/24). Great names in jazz—Basie, Goodman, Bechet, and many others. Also Sonny Terry, Big Bill Broonzy, and the Golden Gate Quartet.

March 4, 1960

Dear Billy:

Thank you for the flattering piece on myself, though I must deny being an "angry young man." I ain't mad at nobody; I even like Ike, God forgive me.

Would you bring the bit up to date by mentioning the numbers of my two late Folkways albums: FH 5232 ("The Talking Blues," on which all can hear just how I like Ike) and FW 8718 ("Australian Folksongs and Ballads"?)

Thanks again,

John Greenway

P.S. By the way, I also have an M.A. in Anthropology.

May 4, 1960

Dear Mr. Faier,

The program about which you inquired was a series entitled, On Strings of Song, and was a musical variety show based on *authentic folk music*. The series was presented during 1959 and early '60, and was chosen by *TV Radio Mirror* of New York as the "best TV music program in the Western states." The "Gold Medal Award" presentation was made in March of this year.

Our folk music background is quite legitimate. While I have a considerable knowledge of music, I began, "by ear," as an old time fiddler, and "primitive" singer. Mrs. Bears has no formal background of music whatsoever, has had no vocal training, and in fact, cannot even read notes. For accompaniment to our songs, we use an old plucked instrument called a psaltery, an early, keyless ancestor of harpsichord. It is part of my background, and I play the instrument entirely by ear. Players are almost non-existent today.

Our songs are largely family songs from two sources . . . from my maternal grandfather, who migrated west from a "shanty" Irish settlement in Pennsylvania; and from Mrs. Bears' maternal grandmother, who lived in the mid-west. Other songs we have picked up from acquaintances, or by actual discovery in the field. We rarely sing a song obtained through reference or books, other than common favorites.

We have been active in the folk performance field for about ten years, working mostly through the legitimate concert media, also colleges, radio, and television. During this time we have appeared in most major cities, colleges, and networks. While we have worked largely "out of New York," we have rarely been heard in the area, and have never recorded.

I have often been asked why we have steered clear of the New York-San Francisco "folk body-politic." I'll be frank. As an individual, I prefer to preserve my identity, and to be my own entity. I have watched the folk picture from a distance for many years, and I do not like what I see . . . specifically, a huge whirlpool of pseudo-intellectualism, creating an institution of folk music in its own image . . . wallowing in a bog of mutual admiration, and worshipping prostrate at the idols of its own fabrication . . . gorging itself on a grist of definitive speculation, formulas, protocol, trade lingo, and technical profundities that would have made my own singin', fiddlin' grandfather a rank outsider . . . tying it

all up in a neat bundle, and calling it, "Folk Music, U.S.A." (a la New York).

As a performer, my objectives are simple, and compatible with the aims of George Sullivan, who sang to us as kids. My desire is to provide the greatest possible impact to the listener, whether it be to obtain the ultimate in literary expression, o achieve its intangible esthetic values, or just to entertain. The listener who listens to me, had better listen with his intellect, and not just his feet. I have no time for the "bluegrass" exponent who cannot appreciate the melodic serenity of "Green-sleeves," or the "my baby done left me six times" blues-ite fanatic, who cannot listen in awe to the musical greatness of "Shenandoah."

We live in a day when a beard is the badge of intellect. A beard, like a shot of booze, provides a certain security and social acceptance, provided one does not talk too much. Personally, I don't give a damn for beards, musical fads, or styles, although there are some pretty good men with chin foliage. But, there are only two kinds of music: good and bad. (a hell-of-a lot of it is bad). And there are two kinds of intellect, jack-asses and men.

Respectfully yours,
Fiddler Beers

Please note Caravan's new address.

CARAVAN
Box 471
Woodstock,
New York

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED RATES: \$1.00 per line, per insertion. Six consecutive insertions for \$5.00.
(for sale)

APPALACHIAN DULCIMER. Mt. folk instrument. A. W. Jeffreys, 416 Parkwood Lane, Staunton, Va.

1927 Edison Catalog. New, \$5.00. 1928 Columbia Catalog. New, \$5.00. G. O. Moran, Box 274, Lodi, Wisconsin.

Now is the time to subscribe. Just fill out the coupon and send it with \$4.00 for 12 issues. Make checks payable to *Caravan*.

CARAVAN

Box 471

Woodstock,

New York

Enclosed find \$4.00. Send me twelve issues of *Caravan* and start my subscription with #..... (Available from #12 on.)

CARAVAN

Box 471

Woodstock,

New York

Enclosed find \$4.00. Send me twelve issues of *Caravan* and start my subscription with #..... (Available from #12 on.)

NAME

ADDRESS STREET

CITY ZONE STATE

COUNTRY

LETTER TO THE READER

Caravan's financial situation remains the same, perhaps slightly worse. As long as it continues, *Caravan* will not be out regularly. Readers may be sure, however, that they will see a new issue at least four times a year, probably more.

Many well-meaning people have told us that the most important thing is to publish *on schedule*. This is, of course, an ideal that we would like to achieve. But, at present, it would mean that you would receive an inferior publication regularly. We believe that *Caravan's* readers are more interested in the quality of the magazine and would rather have that than regular publication if we have to choose.

Our small paid circulation (approximately 1200 last issue) does not attract enough advertising to pay for the whole operation, which is the way a magazine should be run. If every *Caravan* subscriber would get *one* other person to subscribe within the next month we would be able to put out four issues. If every subscriber would get only *five* other subscriptions in the next month, it would not only take care of the financial burden for the next two years (at a bi-monthly schedule) but would raise our subscription list high enough to be very attractive to advertisers. This, of course, would put the magazine on a sound commercial basis. *Caravan* is published for *YOU!* How about it????

Billy Faier

2nd annual

NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL

NFF Three evening perfs.
June 24, 25 & 26

Tickets each perf.
\$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00.
Make reservations now...
write for tickets and info.
Newport Folk Festival
Newport, R. I. or

Rm 901 200 W. 57.
New York 19 N Y

FRIDAY EVE., JUNE 24

JOAN BAEZ
OSCAR BRAND
BROTHERS FOUR
CLANCY BROS. &
TOMMY MAKEM
JESSIE FULLER
WILL HOLT
EWAN MacCALL
SABICAS
PEGGY SEEGER
PETE SEEGER
THE TARRIERS
ROBT. PETE WILLIAMS
CLARA WARD SINGERS

SATURDAY EVE., JUNE 25th

JOAN BAEZ
FLEMING BROWN
BUD & TRAVIS
JOHN LEE HOOKER
MAHALIA JACKSON
ED McCURDY
EARL SCRUGGS WITH
LESTER FLATT &
FOGGY MOUNTAIN BOYS
STUDS TERKEL
THE WEAVERS

SUNDAY EVE., JUNE 26th

ABYSSINIAN BAPTIST GOSPEL CHOIR
THEO BIKEL & RAY BOGOSLOV
GATEWAY SINGERS
BOB GIBSON
CISCO HOUSTON
ALAN MILLS
NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS
JOHN JACOB NILES
ODETTA
FRANK WARNER

Program subject to change