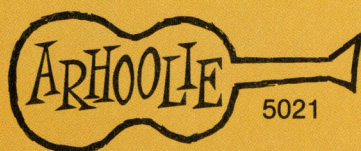


# Wallace "Cheese" Read

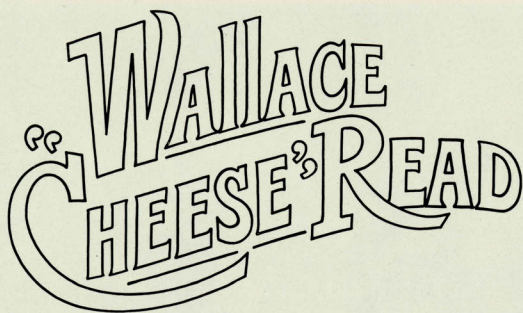
with Marc Savoy  
and Other Friends

CAJUN  
HOUSE  
PARTY

"C'ez  
Cheese"







# "CAJUN HOUSE PARTY" with Mark Savoy and Other Friends



You might not see Cheese Read at the local dance hall in Eunice because Cheese is not a professional musician. He prefers to play music at home or at parties with a few friends. But a more powerful singer or a more precise, knowledgeable fiddle player couldn't be found in Southwest Louisiana.

Wallace "Cheese" Read was born in Eunice, La., in 1924, a very pure era in the history of cajun music due to the people's isolation from the outer world. There were mostly fiddles in the area (accordions became popular somewhat later) and the tunes were still tunes remembered by the French, Irish, German and Spanish descendants living around Eunice.

Cheese's grandfather was from Germany and settled in the Eunice-Prairie Rhonde area where he practiced medicine. Through his contact with the local people he learned the language and the music. It was from him that Cheese eventually acquired the fiddle he has today. Cheese's great grandmother was from Bordeaux, France. Cheese says that the earliest settlers around the Prairie Rhonde region weren't from Canada but from Europe. The actual Acadians settled further in the Bayou country and only later drifted up to the prairies.

As a teenager in the 1930's Cheese and his father went to many black dances and it was here that Cheese really began to want to express himself through music. He heard jazz, blues, and French music played on fiddles and washboards. At the dances Cheese made the acquaintance of Adam Fontenot, an accordion player who taught lots of young musicians to play the accordion (his son, Canray Fontenot, is a well known Cajun fiddle player heard on Arhoolie LP1070). Cheese also recalls a singer named Oliver Edwards, whose strong vocal style Cheese tried to imitate.

It didn't take Cheese long to figure out that he had music in his soul, and at the age of twelve he began playing harmonica. Later he got a fiddle which he figured out how to tune himself. He formed his first band when he was fifteen years old. Cheese's young band consisted of a banjo, a fiddle, and a guitar. He loved the music of the Breaux family, the Robins, and Mayeux Lafleur.

As a young man Cheese was greatly influenced by Leo Soileau, J.B. Fusilier, Harry Choates, and the Hackberry Ramblers. Bob Wills was also one of his favorites and Cheese played in a band with some of Bob Wills' musicians when he was in the service in Amarillo, Texas.

So, as Cheese says, the style of music he plays "makes history." It is a melange of many styles that Cheese has heard and loved throughout his life. As you listen you will hear pieces of the old fiddle styles of Dennis McGee, of the peppy more strong band sound of the Hackberry Ramblers, and of the polished, smooth sounds of Bob Wills and Harry Choates. You will hear a New Orleans blues sound on "Keep A Knocking" and a variety of other sounds all pulled together to form the unique and powerful sound of Cheese Read.

## Tolan Waltz

Hé, 'tite fille, moi je connais  
Ça t'as fait, il y a pas longtemps  
Tu vas pleurer, il sera trop tard  
Malheureuse, pour ça t'as fait.

Hé, chérie, tu m'as quitté  
Il y a pas longtemps, vilaine  
manière

Ça t'as fait, un jour va venir  
Tu vas revenir en demandant  
des pardons.

Hey, little girl, me I know  
What you did, it wasn't long ago  
You're going to cry, (it will be too late  
Unhappy one) for what you did.

Hey, my darling, you left me  
It wasn't long ago, one with  
ugly ways,  
For what you did, a day will come  
When you'll come back asking for my  
forgiveness.

## Bosco Stomp

Il y en a des 'tites brunes  
Il y en a des 'tites blondes  
Il y en a qui est si brunes,  
Que moi, je peux pas les voir  
C'est ça qui me fait du mal.

Ils vont te faire les aimer  
Ils vont te faire des promesses  
Ils vont te faire des accroires  
Et là sa tournent le dos  
Et ça, ça me fait du mal.

Il y en a des 'tites blondes  
Il y en a des 'tites brunes  
Il y en a qui est si blondes  
Que le diable peut les voir  
C'est ça qui me fait du mal.

Ils vont te faire les aimer  
Ils vont te faire des promesses  
Ils vont te faire des accroires  
Et là sa tournent le dos  
Et ça, ça me fait du mal.

There're some little brown haired girls,  
There're some little blondes,  
There're some that are so brown  
That me, I can't even see them,  
And that, that makes me feel bad.

They'll make you love them  
They'll make you promises  
They'll make you believe things  
And then they'll turn their backs  
And that, that makes me feel bad.

There're some little blondes  
There're some little brown-haired girls  
There're some who are so blonde  
That the devil can see them  
It's that that makes me feel bad.

They'll make you love them  
They'll make you promises  
They'll make you believe things  
And then they'll turn their backs  
And that, that makes me feel bad.

## Le Pays de L'Acadien

Oh, chère 'tite fille que moi j'aime autant  
Oh, chère 'tite fille que moi j'aime autant  
Un jour va venir, tu vas voir ça t'as dit

Si tu te maries dans le pays de  
l'Acadien.

J'ai demandé à ton père pour te marier,  
J'ai demandé à ta mère pour te marier,  
Ils m'ont répondu, "Tu peux l'avoir  
Si tu la maries dans le pays  
de l'Acadien."

La bague j'ai acheté a coûté pleine  
de l'argent

La bague j'ai acheté ça coûté pleine  
de l'argent

Si tu la veux, chère, il faudra  
tu me promets

Oui, de marie dans le pays  
de l'Acadien.

Oh, dear little girl that I love so much  
Oh, dear little girl that I love so much,  
A day will come, you'll see what  
you said

If you'll marry me in the land of  
the Acadians.

I asked your father if I could marry you,  
I asked your mother if I could marry you  
They answered, "You can have her  
If you marry her in the land of  
the Acadians."

The ring I bought cost much money

The ring I bought cost much money

If you want it, dear one, you'll  
have to promise

To get married in the land of  
the Acadians.

## 'Tit Canard Mulet

(Chere Maman Creole)

Hé, y aie, tous les soirs  
On s'en va, oui, là-bas, à la veille  
chez Mémère,  
Tous les soirs on se rencontre  
les 'tites canailles.

'Tite canaille mulet,  
'Tite canaille mulet,  
'Tite canaille mulet, y-aie,  
'Tite canaille mulet, bebe,  
Que j'ai rencontré et aimé il y a  
pas longtemps.\*

\*This is the corrected version of the last line, according to Cheese.

Hey, every night  
We go over to a party at  
Grandma's house,  
Every night we meet up with the  
little sly ones.

My little muley duck,  
My little muley duck,  
My little muley duck, ee-yaie,  
My little muley duck, baby,  
That I met and loved, not so  
long ago . . .

(Transcriptions and notes by Ann Savoy, Eunice, La., 1979)

## BAYOU POM POM (3:05)

## ONE STEP A CHAUMONT (3:10)

## LES VEUVES DE LA COULEE (3:05) (a)

## TOLAN WALTZ (3:07)

## GRAND TEXAS (3:25) (a)

## BOSCO STOMP (3:10)

## CHERE MAMA CREOLE (2:50)

## LE PAYS DE L'ACADIEN (3:10)

## KEEP A KNOCKING (2:30)

## PERRODIN TWO STEP (1:20)

## CANKTON WALTZ (2:25)

## J'AI LAISSE DE LA MAISON (2:20)

## 'TIT CANARD MULET (2:45) (b)

## Side A:

Wallace "Cheese" Read—vocals and fiddle;  
Marc Savoy—accordion;  
John Stelly—guitar and vocals on (a).

## Side B:

Wallace "Cheese" Read—fiddle and vocals;  
Marlin Manuel—guitar; Harry LaFleur—bass;  
Eston Bellow—drums; Marc Savoy—fiddle  
on (b) only.

Recorded in Eunice, La. by Chris Strachwitz on a Nagra  
IV-S and 2 Neumann KM-86 microphones in May 1979.

Cover: Wayne Pope

Notes by Ann Savoy

Photography: Chris Strachwitz

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