# POWDER RIVER

## RON KANE

## SKIP GORMAN

FOLK LEGACY RECORDS
FSI-76

# POWDER RIVER

*with Greg Schaub*
*Tom Carter*
*and Hal Cannon*

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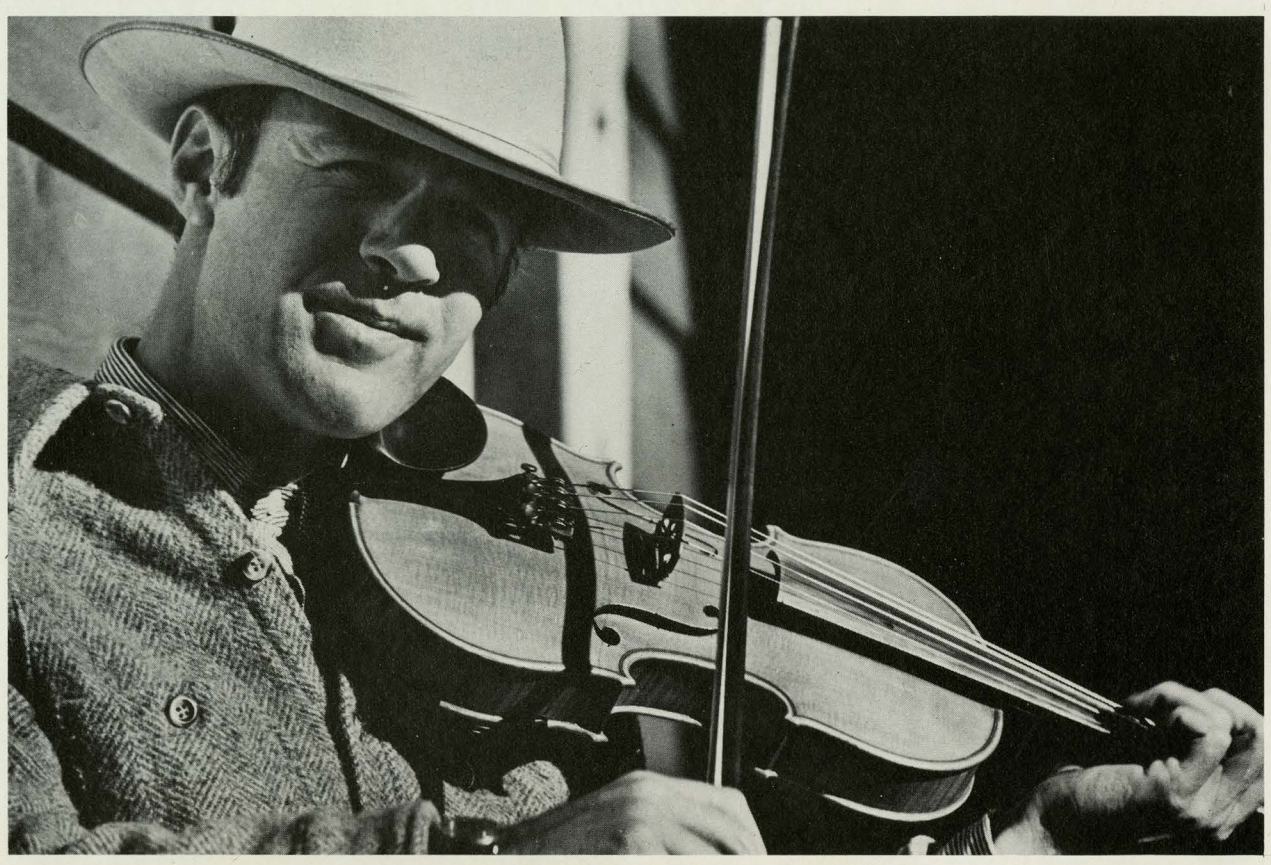
*Skip Gorman*

We got to know Skip Gorman when he came back East to teach at a school near Amenia, New York, only a few miles from our home in Connecticut. Whenever his schedule would permit, he would arrive at our house, fiddle in hand, to play Irish tunes with our sons. It was some weeks after we had met that he brought over the tapes that he and Ron Kane had made while Skip was living, studying, and playing music with the Deseret String Band out in Utah. I suppose he hesitated because he knew that Folk-Legacy had never produced a "theme" album of Western music and was doubtful of our interest.

Living in New England, we don't get to hear much of the fine music being made in the West, but Folk-Legacy's president, Lee B. Haggerty, grew up listening to recordings of Jules Allen and Carl T. Sprague, and I was living and bumming around in the West during my rebellious teenage years, swapping songs with guitar-toting harvest hands from Texas and Oklahoma, long before I learned what a folksong was. We listened to Skip's tape and we loved it. This record is the result.

*Sandy Paton*
*Sharon, Connecticut*
*February, 1981*



RON KANE

SKIP GORMAN

**SIDE A:**

| | |
|---|---|
| Texas Gals/Pike's Peak | 2:33 |
| The Bravest Cowboy | 3:09 |
| The Dying Ranger/The Indian | 4:21 |
| Peeler Creek/The Clayhole | 2:46 |
| Yodeling Cowboy *(J. Rodgers)* | 3:37 |
| Done Gone | 3:31 |
| Cowboy's Soliloquy | 3:50 |

**SIDE B:**

| | |
|---|---|
| Hale's (Laughing) Rag | 3:08 |
| Home Brew Rag | 2:54 |
| Powder River | 3:30 |
| Texas Waggoner | 3:13 |
| Maid of Argenta *(J. Driftwood)* | 2:55 |
| Brownskin Gal Down the Road | 2:02 |
| If Your Saddle is Good and Tight | 3:41 |
| New Lost Train Blues | 2:23 |

*Recorded by Kevin Lewis Sound Systems Recording Salt Lake City, Utah Cover drawing: Web Bryant*

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# POWDER RIVER

## Ron Kane and Skip Gorman

*with*
*Greg Schaub*
*Tom Carter*
*and*
*Hal Cannon*

*This album is dedicated to the memory of our very dear friend Greg Schaub without whose encouragement and patience it would not exist.*

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# POWDER RIVER

Ron Kane and Skip Gorman

with
Greg Sebouh
Tom Carter
and
Hal Cannon

# THE BACKGROUND

The "cattledrive" was hardly more than an interlude in the development of the West. Yet it set the stage for one of the most colorful periods of American history, for even when deprived of his Hollywood and Nashville trimmings, the cowboy has remained America's most distinctive legend. Much of the language, techniques and tools of the Western cowboy were taken from his early Spanish-speaking antecedent, the Mexican "vaquero," who, by the early eighteenth century, was dealing in hides, or "California bank notes," as they were called, scaling them off California cliffs to be carried away by square-riggers. But it was on the Great Plains of the West in the period right after the Civil War that cattle droving reached its peak. Before this, longhorn kine, descendents of Andalusian cattle imported by the conquistadores, had grown wild and multiplied enormously in the Southwest, especially in the Texas area.

But two factors in the later 1860's caused the cow country to burst out of its Texas corner and to reach over a great domain stretching from the Rio Grande to Canada and from central Kansas to the Rocky Mountains. First, the railroad was piercing westward across the plains, ready to haul eastward all the cattle that could be driven to its tracks. Abilene, Wichita, Ellsworth, Dodge City and others became the cow-towns at the railheads, and the primary markets of the "long drive" — one thousand miles or more — from the south. And as the railroads advanced westward, the cattle drive shifted to meet them at more convenient spots. Secondly, it was discovered that "beeves" could winter on the northern plains (like the buffalo) and by pawing deep in the snow to reach bunch grass could survive to appear healthy and sleek in the spring. As a result, during the period 1865-1885, millions of longhorns were driven north from the breeding grounds of Texas to take advantage of the inexhaustible feeding grounds along the Powder, Tongue and Cheyenne Rivers of Wyoming and Montana, where the uncropped grass called for cattle and more cattle. Similarly, millions of shorthorn cattle, descendents of cattle that had accompanied Oregon pioneers, were fed back into these northern feeding grounds within reach of steel rails. Thus, Texas became the best breeding ground while the climate and grass of Montana and Wyoming developed young cattle for the market.

It was the "puncher's" job to gather in and identify roaming, half-wild cows and get them to these feeding grounds and railhead markets. Each spring these ruggedtypes combed the range for beasts that had wandered during the winter, and once the various herds were assembled and the cattle of each brand were "cut out" from the rest of the herd, the unmarked calves were branded. Often as many as five thousand cattle made up a single trail herd. It was this stable, well-established routine of work that became a background for folk song. These cowboys had emigrated from every possible condition of life. They had little common tradition to draw from. Yet their thoughts and interests were soon joined by their daily round of sleeping in rain puddles and trailing in hot dust, of blind drunk paydays and long dreary nights, isolated from those around them and irritated by the unrelieved company of their own outfits. These were prime conditions for the development of song traditions. Many of the cowboys' songs were group efforts, perhaps relating to a comrade's tragic death, or telling of a harmless prank played on an

Easterner with a British accent, or of a stampede they had all fought to turn. The origins of their songs can often be traced to poems written by Westerners and published locally in newspapers and pamphlets. A cowboy's itinerant nature facilitated oral transmission of the songs over a wide area. Few melodies were original, the sources of the tunes being mostly English and Scottish ballads, Irish reels, Negro spirituals and German lieder. Cattle drovers employed some songs to stir up lagging cattle. Others, geared to the gait of the horse and the mood of the singer, were ideal to ride by. We can well imagine the singing voices of some of these men due to their ceaseless yelping, whistling, wailing and bawling at cattle. Some of their songs seem to be designed for just this purpose; others for more solitary and melancholy moments.

However, the songs and traditions of the cowboy were the products of just a few decades. By the 1880's big business, administered by Eastern capital, was seeing the once free range go under fence. The first barbed wire had been manufactured in the U. S. in 1874, and under the protection of this cheap new invention the farmer started to move west again. The cowman was now expected to buy or lease his grazing territory. The railroad brought these land seekers and "fence men" in to divide the once unchecked millions of acres into corn land or small grazing farms, and by 1884 the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific railroads were selling much of the land along their lines in the vicinity of the North Platte, Missouri and Powder Rivers. Enclosure was now the rule where once the cattle industry as a whole rested on the open range. The cattle droving nomad was to become the hired hand. In 1885 Theodore Roosevelt wrote: "It is scarcely a figure of speech to say that the tide of white settlement during the last few years has risen over the West like a flood; and the cattlemen are but the spray from the crest of the wave, thrown far in advance but soon to be overtaken."

Overtaken, perhaps, but not forgotten. In 1908, N. Howard (Jack) Thorp edited and printed a volume of cowboy and Western songs he had collected in the 1880's. John Lomax followed in 1910 with a larger collection, and in the 1920's and 30's folklore journals and Western quarterlies were publishing and preserving much in the way of cowboy songs and lore which otherwise would have been lost. And although it was during this more contemporary period, and later, that the fine preservers of this cowboy tradition in song — Carl Sprague, Harry Jackson, Powder River Jack and Glen Ohrlin — were working to record these traditions on tape and phonograph records, there has been, to this day, much written about the cowboy and little recorded.

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*Skip Gorman*

*Unless otherwise indicated:*

*Ron Kane: fiddle and vocal*
*Skip Gorman: fiddle, guitar, mandolin, banjo and vocal*
*Greg Schaub: banjo*

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## THE MUSIC

### TEXAS GALS/PIKE'S PEAK
*Side 1, Band 1.*

Our playing of "Texas Gals" comes from the playing of Doc Watson who exhibits a crackerjack job with his mandolin version. The second tune in the medley, "Pike's Peak," was gleaned from an early recording of Hinman and Sharp, who appear to have been an Arkansas-based outfit. Both tunes we feel are fairly typical of the style of tune displayed often in dance halls throughout the West and Midwest in the period beginning after 1900.

### THE BRAVEST COWBOY
*Side 1, Band 2.*

Ron learned this tune from the North Carolina fiddler and singer, Tommy Jarrell, and has been singing it around Salt Lake City for years. The song contains a number of floating verses associated with the more widely known "Logan County (or Dallas County) Jail." As for Ron, it suits him "much fine."

*I am the bravest cowboy*
*That ever trod (trailed?) the West.*
*I've been all over the Rockies,*
*Got bullets in my breast.*

*In eighteen hundred and sixty-three*
*I joined the immigrant band.*
*We marched from San Antonio*
*Down by the Rio Grande.*

*When I was on the prairie*
*I learned to toe the line.*
*I learned to pocket money,*
*But I could not rest much fine.*

*When I was on the prairie*
*I learned to rob and steal,*
*And when I robbed that cowboy*
*How happy I did feel.*

*I wore a broad-brimmed flop-hat,*
*My saddle, too, was fine,*
*And when I'd court them pretty girls,*
*You can bet I called them mine.*

*I courted her for beauty,*
*But love it was in vain,*
*'Cause they carried me down to Dallas*
*To wear that ball and chain.*

THE DYING RANGER/THE INDIAN
*Side 1, Band 3.*

This tune we learned from the singing of the Cartwright Brothers from Boerne, Texas.

By the 1840's, an ununiformed though organized corps of Texas Rangers had come into being, imposing order around the Rio Grande in operations against Indians, horse thieves and outlaws, as well as fostering a reign of terror out of which grew legends ("corridos") of heroes of the Mexican border folk.

We follow "The Dying Ranger" with a tune Ron picked up a few years ago at the now nationally famous Weiser, Idaho, fiddler's contest. Although details are often likely to elude Ron at these festivities, he claims to have learned this version from Tom Sauber of Los Angeles, California. Like many of the tunes from Tom Sauber's repertoire, we think this one was worth remembering and feel it adds an extra dimension to the unlucky ranger's demise.

*The sun was sinking in the West*
*And fell with lengthening rays*
*Through the branches of the forest*
*Where a wounded ranger lay.*
*'Neath the shade of a palmetto*
*And the sunset silvery sky,*
*Far from his home in Texas,*
*They laid him down to die.*

*"Draw closer to me, comrades,*
*And listen while I say,*
*For I'm going to tell a story*
*While the spirit hastes away.*
*Way back in Northwest Texas,*
*That good old Lone Star State,*
*There's one that for my coming*
*With a weary heart will wait.*

*"A fair young girl, my sister,*
*My only joy and pride.*
*I brought her up from childhood,*
*I never left her side.*
*For our father lies a-sleeping*
*Beneath that churchyard sod,*
*And our mother, too, is resting*
*In the bosom of her God.*

*"I'm dying, comrades, dying,*
*I must leave her all alone.*
*Who would be to her a brother;*
*Who will take her to his home?"*
*Up spoke the noble rangers,*
*They answered one and all:*
*"We will keep her as a sister*
*'Til the last one of us falls."*

*One glad, sweet smile of pleasure*
*O'er his pain-wracked face did spread,*
*And a dark and dusky shadow,*
*And the ranger boy was dead.*
*Far from his darling sister*
*They laid him down to rest*
*With his saddle for a pillow*
*And his gun across his chest.*

PEELER CREEK/THE CLAYHOLE (waltzes)
*Side 1, Band 4.*

One morning a few years back, my good Utah friend, Hal Cannon, stopped in after breakfast and grabbing hold of his concertina, gleamed, "Listen to this old waltz I just learned from a fella named Larkin Gifford down in Springdale, Utah. He calls it "The Clayhole." Apparently, the Clayhole was an old camping spot near the Arizona-Utah border where lumberers, freighters and cowboys would rendezvous, and Larkin claims to have learned the tune from his father, who brought it back to Springdale (see *Beehive Songster, Vol. II,* University of Utah Press).

We think "The Clayhole" is a beauty and decided to put it behind "Peeler Creek" (a waltz learned from Kenny Hall of Fresno, California) to form a lovely western-style medley.

THE YODELING COWBOY *(Jimmy Rodgers)*
*Side 1, Band 5.*

One of the strange anomalies of the country music business in the U. S. has been its overly majestic identification with the imagery of the West. Jimmy Rodgers, the father of country music, seems to have had much to do with fostering this cowboy motif in Nashville during the 1920's and 1930's. Originally from Meridian, Mississippi, Rodgers had worked long, winter rail-

road stints in Colorado and Utah before 1924. Probably contributing to his knowledge of and fascination with the West was the fact that he had moved to Kerrville, Texas, for a stay in 1930, and from there made personal appearances around Oklahoma, later helping to open a border radio station in Reynosa, Mexico. Although some scholars are quick to label Rodgers as a radio crooner and acrobatic lyricist, charging that cowboys and cattlemen did little or no yodeling, Jimmy's approach to his western tunes seemed to most listeners to be straightforward and spontaneous. The fine cowboy singer, Glen Ohrlin, remarked to me once, "Jimmy always seemed to be real popular around the bunkhouse."

Jimmie Rodgers in western dress.

I've listened to Jimmy Rodgers sing on record since I was eight years old, and "The Yodeling Cowboy" has always been one of my favorites.

*My cowboy life is so happy and free,*
*Out West where the law don't*
*bother me.*
*I do my living like a toy;*
*I'm just a yodeling cowboy. (yodel)*

*At the set of the sun,*
*When my work is done,*
*On my pony I take a ride.*
*Where the coyotes howl*
*And the varmints prowl,*
*With my .44 by my side.*

*I go down that lonesome trail,*
*Just galloping on.*
*I love to hear this yodeling*
*Cowboy's song. (yodel)*

*Where a man is a man*
*And a friend is a friend,*
*And all my cares and worries end.*
*I have no troubles,*
*Nothing but joys;*
*I'm just a yodeling cowboy. (yodel)*

DONE GONE
*Side 1, Band 6.*

Ron and Greg do a lovely job on this southern tune from Lowe Stokes.

THE COWBOY'S SOLILOQUY
*Side 1, Band 7.*

Often sung as "The Cowboy" or "The Cowboy's Lament," I learned this melancholy tune from a 78rpm recording of America's first singing cowboy, Carl Sprague, from Alvin, Texas. Sprague first recorded sides for Victor in 1924, and is said to have learned many tunes from a cowpunching uncle.

Written versions of this song have innumerable lyrics, many of which make little or no sense. I've slowed the singing down somewhat here to better reflect on the author's bold self-assertion, given over to a dependency on mankind and the spiritual.

*All day long on the prairie I ride;*
*Not even a dog to trot by my side.*
*My fires I do kindle with chips*
*gathered 'round;*
*My coffee I boil without being ground.*

*I wash in a pool and I dry on a sack;*
*I carry my wardrobe all on my back.*
*For want of an oven, cook bread in a pot,*
*And I sleep on the ground for want of a cot.*

Carl T. Sprague in the 1920's.

*My ceiling's the sky, my floor is the grass,*
*My music's the lowing of the herds as they pass.*
*My books are the streams, my sermon's the stars,*
*My parson's a wolf on a pulpit of bones.*

*And if my cooking is not so complete,*
*You can't blame me for wanting to eat.*
*And show me the man who sleeps more profound*
*Than the big puncher boy who sleeps on the ground.*

*Between me and love lies a gap very wide.*
*Some lucky feller may call her his bride.*
*My friends gently hint, I am coming today,*
*But a man must make money and a woman obey.*

*My books teach me consistence to prize;*
*My sermons, small things I should not despise.*
*My parson remarks from his pulpit above*
*That fortune favors all who look out for their own.*

HALE'S (LAUGHING) RAG
*Side 2, Band 1.*

Always at home with ragtime tunes, Ron does a superb job on this southern ragtime piece variously called "Hale's" or the "Laughing Rag," all the while splitting a gut and milking those notes as he used to milk cows when a boy on his farm in Washington State. The tune comes from Theron Hale and his daughters, a Nashville group of the late 1920's.

HOMEBREW RAG
*Side 2, Band 2.*

One of the less well-known, yet outstanding members of the famous and prolific Skillet Lickers band of the 1930's, and one-time leader of his own group, the North Georgians, was Lowe Stokes, from Rome, Georgia. Lowe was the prime exemplar of the fiddler with the smooth and rolling North Georgia style bow, and, along with Clayton McMichen, was a more permanent member of the Skillet Lickers group. (McMichen also worked with his own group, called the "Georgia Wildcats," which included Merle "Ridgerunner" Travis.) Lowe was under contract with Columbia Studios as a studio musician. Therefore, we can assume he was exposed to many musicians, as well as a plethora of musical styles. Stokes' recording of "Homebrew Rag," a fusion of big band sound (featuring clarinet accompan-

iment) and older fiddle arrangements is certainly a deviation from his other recordings, such as "The Swamp Cat Rag" or "Citico," which he executed with superb rhythm and brilliant bowing in the more rhythmic and heavy-handed rural North Georgia style.

Clayton McMichen's Georgia Wildcats (Carl Cottener, Buck Yates, McMichen, Merle "Ridgerunner" Travis, Blackie Case).

*Well, I've never been drunk but about*
*one time,*
*And I think it was on homebrew;*
*If you ever drink any brew yourself,*
*You know just what it'll do.*
*Well, I think I'll go home right now*
*And make me a barrel or two.*

*Kickpoo, homebrew,*
*We know what we'll do.*

*Well, come on, boys, now I made my*
*brew*
*And I believe you'll say it's good.*
*If it isn't just what it should be,*
*I done the best I could.*
*Well, come on, boys, let's have a*
*little drink*
*And see what she will do.*

*Kickpoo, homebrew,*
*We know what we'll do.*

POWDER RIVER
*Side 2, Band 3.*

*Skip: vocal*
*Hal: concertina*

Our title song comes from the singing of Powder River Jack Lee, who was purported to have performed in Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show. It's a beautiful description of the whole atmosphere of the round-up.

"Powder River, let 'er buck! A mile wide and an inch deep. Too thin to plow; too thick to drink! Runs uphill from Texas!" was the battle cry of the Wyoming volunteers in France during World War I.

Situated north of the Platte River, between the Bighorn Mountains and the Black Hills, Powder River is said to have been named by gold-seekers and cowboys due to the dark sand resembling gunpowder along its banks. Today, booming coal prospects alarm the last vestiges of ranching families as railroad cars once jammed with bellowing cattle haul silent coal from the magnificent rangeland — magnificent for the time being, at least — that sits atop a major portion of America's energy reserves.

*Powder River, let 'er buck!*
*A surgin' mass of cattle,*
*Round-up wagons full of chuck,*
*Horns and hoofs a-rattle;*
*Steers and dogies, beef and broncs,*
*Heavin' flanks a-quiver,*
*Hear the wranglers yip "Whoopee!*
*Hooray for Powder River!"*

*Clouds of dust and ropes a-whirl,*
*Snubbin' broncs a-standin',*
*Bellerin' mavericks holdin' down,*
*Every outfit brandin'.*
*Deep the mud and cold the rain,*
*Loud the claps of thunder,*
*Slickers nigh for buckaroos*
*And waddies crawlin' under.*

*Loud the steers and heifers bawl,*
*And dogies all a-roamin',*
*Strays set out for stompin' grounds*
*And headin' for Wyoming.*
*Bridles off for feedin' grounds,*
*Horns and hoofs a-rattle,*
*One eye open, half-asleep,*
*A-herdin' ornery cattle.*

*Old Red Smith, the wagon cook,*
*Bakin' beans and liver;*
*We're wild and we don't care a cuss,*
*Them boys from Powder River.*
*The cookie yells through pots and pans,*
*"Come on, you ornery guzzards!*
*Come and get 'er or out she goes,*
*Or I'll feed 'er to the buzzards!"*

*Herders left and herders right,*
*Broncs and cuttin' horses,*
*Snoozin' under starry skies*
*And the wagon's for the bosses.*
*Old chinook, it's changin' west,*
*Angry bulls a-boomin';*
*Straight above the feedin' grounds,*
*The Rocky Mountains loomin'.*

*Flappin' hats and shaggy chaps,*
*Dogies all a-shiver,*
*"Top screws out!" an' "Spool your beds!"*
*An' "Home for Powder River!"*
*Circlin' riders singin' low,*
*Zoomin' o'er the prairies;*
*Pens a-bulgin', hear 'em shout,*
*"We're goin' to see our Marys!"*

*Thunderin' hoofs across the range,*
*Sunburned hides and faces,*
*Twisters spinnin' east an' west*
*And the cowboys runnin' races.*
*"Scratch your broncs, yuh ridin' fools!"*
*A big "Whoopee" they give 'er,*
*"We're wild and wooly and full of fleas*
*And bound for Powder River!"*

*She's one mile wide*
*And one inch deep,*
*And she rolls uphill from Texas.*

TEXAS WAGGONER
*Side 2, Band 4.*

*Tom and Skip: fiddles*

Otherwise known as "Waggoner," this oldtime Texas fiddle favorite was first recorded for RCA Victor by the original Texas fiddler, A. C. "Eck" Robertson, in the 1930's. Originally from Arkansas, Eck was raised around Amarillo, Texas, and as a boy had run away from home to play fiddle in medicine shows in Texas and Oklahoma, where he became a respected fiddle champion. In June of 1922, he traveled to Virginia to play for a Civil War veteran's reunion and met up with the Virginia fiddler, Henry C. Gilliland. From there the two decided on a spur of the moment trip to the Victor studios in New York City (we can picture Gilliland in his Confederate Army uniform), and the result was the first disk recording of country music: "Sally Goodin" and "Arkansas Traveler."

Tom Carter and Skip Gorman

I had the good fortune to see the aging Eck Robertson, along with Clayton "Pappy" McMichen (see, on this album, "Done Gone," Side 1, Band 6), at the Newport Folk Festival in the early 1960's and although Eck had slowed up somewhat by then, he was still the champion — an extraordinary fiddler.

While waiting to begin this recording session, our good friend, Tom Carter, had been fiddling "Waggoner" around the studio, sawing up a storm. So I joined him with another fiddle and we decided to record it. A typical western-style dance tune, "Waggoner" makes for a humble tribute to the champion.

MAID OF ARGENTA *(Jimmy Driftwood)*
*Side 2, Band 5.*

As a small boy, Ron used to sing this for hours while rocking in his little rocker. It's a song Jimmy Driftwood composed years ago about Argenta, Arkansas, his "rock on the river;" and when we approached Jimmy two years ago at the Stanford University Spring Weekend with the idea of recording it, he was honored. We're the ones who are honored! A beautiful song and a veritable poem, "Maid of Argenta" is a tribute to Jimmy's fine ability as a songwriter and musician.

*As I was a-ridin' on the streets*
*of Argenta,*
*I spied a fair maiden all dressed*
*in magenta;*
*The riders who knew her all called*
*her Pimenta,*
*Oh, she was a beautiful dame.*

*I sprang from my saddle and I walked*
*up beside her,*
*Said, "Where can we get some corn*
*whisky and cider?"*
*We walked down the street to a*
*place called the Spider,*
*Where she turned my heart into flame.*

*I tried to be calm, but my heart*
*was so frisky*
*I knew I was playing the game that*
*was risky.*
*I looked in her eyes and could not*
*drink my whisky,*
*For she was an angel to me.*

*I cried, "Oh, my beautiful maid of*
*Argenta,*
*All dressed in the splendor of*
*royal magenta,*
*If you will but promise to be my*
*Pimenta,*
*My heart yours forever shall be."*

*I gave her my gold and I gave her*
*my cattle;*
*We both made a vow as we sat in*
*my saddle.*
*And I rode away the wild outlaw*
*to battle,*
*And left her in old Arkansas.*

*When I returned home to my rock*
*on the river,*
*I found she was gone and it made*
*my heart quiver.*
*I cannot forget and I cannot*
*forgive her,*
*And I can't get her out of my craw.*

*Now I sit alone in that place called*
*the Spider*
*Where I fell in love as I sat there*
*beside her,*
*And all the day long I drink whisky*
*and cider*
*And talk to all manners of men.*

*I tell 'em if ever I see the*
*Pimenta,*
*All dressed in the splendor of royal*
*magenta,*
*I'd hug her right there on the*
*streets of Argenta,*
*And we'd start all over again.*

BROWNSKIN GAL DOWN THE ROAD
*Side 2, Band 6.*

*Tom Carter: guitar*

Properly titled "There's a Brownskin Gal Down the Road Somewhere," this I feel was one of Eck Robertson's best tunes and similarly typical of the style of fiddle tune played in dance halls and at square dances throughout the Southwest at the beginning of the century. And one certainly can't confuse this tune with the more popular "Brownskin Gal" often heard at fiddle contests today. Apart from being the slipperiest tune I've ever tried to fiddle, it conjures up very pleasant memories for me — memories of the times I've spent traveling and playing music in the Southern Utah desert.

IF YOUR SADDLE IS GOOD AND TIGHT
*Side 2, Band 7.*

This interesting ditty, not uncommon in the singing cowboy's repertoire, is fair warning to the young man who feels he can get away with marrying early in life. It comes from a 78rpm recording by Carl Sprague.

*When a bunch of foaming mustangs*
*Are chargin' around a corral,*
*And you know just how to ride one,*
*There's no use for me to tell;*
*When you get your harness on him,*
*And his eyes are shinin' white,*
*Don't step into your saddle*
*'Til you know that she's good and tight.*

*When some outlaw of a maverick*
*Turns the herd up into the hills,*
*And you're down to just plain running,*
*With no other fancy frills,*
*When he turns the herd up on the rough rock,*
*Don't let your gills turn white;*
*Just dig in all the harder,*
*If your saddle is good and tight.*

*When you'd like to take a wallop*
*Out of some long-horned locoed steer,*
*You'd better take a looking*
*To the hanging of your gear.*
*For if your bovine goes lengthwise*
*And your luck goes sailin' right,*
*Then you have to dally welters,*
*If your saddle is good and tight.*

*But when you take down your lasso*
*For to catch yourself a bride,*
*I'll tell you how, me waddies,*
*You're going to have a ride.*
*You'll find the range so confusing,*
*With no watch to hold in sight,*
*If you are not very careful to keep*
*Your saddle all good and tight.*

*Of all the crazy critters*
*(You ever did try to halter)*
*A woman is the worst one,*
*When she's prancing around the altar.*
*But when you find the right one*
*And you know that you are right,*
*Just dally hard and hold her,*
*If your saddle is good and tight.*

NEW LOST TRAIN BLUES
*Side 2, Band 8.*

*Tom and Skip: guitars*
*Hal: railroad whistle*

This railroad instrumental, previously recorded by Steve Ledford and J. E. Mainer, and by the New Lost City Ramblers, we offer as an alternative to the over-used and abused "Orange Blossom Special."

Tom Carter, Hal Cannon & Greg Schaub

GLOSSARY

*Chaps* - (from the Mexican-Spanish "Chaparreras") Leather slip-on breeches used for leg protection in thorny chaparrals.

*Chinook* - A warm west wind.

*Circle rider* - When rounding up the herd, the job of the circle rider was to take the outer perimeter of the circle while the other cowboys fanned out to gather all the cattle within.

*Critter* - Refers to cattle and other domestic and wild animals, and, by extension, to women.

*Cutting horse* - The function of the cutting horse was to separate or "cut out" one particular critter from the herd. As a young heif-

er or steer is very reluctant to leave the herd, always trying to break back into it, this vigorous afternoon work necessitated the use of smaller, quicker ponies than those used for the circle riding.

*Dally welters* - (Anglicized from the Spanish "dale vueltas," meaning to give it turns) Right after roping a cow, a rider would give his rope one full turn around the horn of his saddle. This allowed him to pay out line and prevented his saddle from being torn off his horse.

*Dogie* - This term may have derived from the Spanish "dogal" (halter or noose) or short tie rope that keeps a young calf away from its mother while she is being milked. Popular usage may have then transferred the word to mean the calf itself.

*Flaps* - During the cold seasons, the sombreros often had flaps that could be let down to protect the ears.

*Lasso* - (from the Portuguese "laco" or noose) A long rope of hide with a running eyelet or "honda" at the end for making a loop.

*Maverick* - It's said that when Samuel E. Maverick sold a range herd to a neighbor, many of the cows were unbranded. As a result, the purchaser boldly went ahead and began claiming any unmarked cow he encountered, even though it may have rightfully belonged to someone else.

*Puncher* - This term, referring to the cowboy, may have come from the prodding that went on in cattle cars. Cattle had to be kept on their feet in cars, so as not to be trampled by the others.

*Slicker* - A raincoat or oilskin used on the range. Also: a heartless lover of women.

*Steer* - A castrated male cow.

*Stomping grounds* - Home grounds for cattle, often salty licks.

*Sugan (soogin)* - Blanket for bedding down. Austin Fife distinguishes between the sugan and the bedroll which carried many of the cowboy's possessions and was often carried in the chuck wagon.

*Top Screws* - Cattle bosses.

*Waddy* - Cowboy, puncher.