

OLD TIME MUSIC



AT CLARENCE ASHLEY'S



Tom Ashley ★ Doc Watson ★ Clint Howard ★ Fred Price ★ Stella Cilbert
Caither Carlton ★ Jack Johnson ★ Eva Ashley Moore ★ Tommy Moore



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Recorded, Shouns, Tennessee, Saltville, Virginia, and Deep Gap, North
Carolina, September, 1960, by Eugene Earle & Ralph Rinzler

OLD TIME MUSIC AT CLARENCE ASHLEY'S

Band 1: SALLY ANN Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Doc Watson,
guitar; Fred Price, fiddle; Jack Johnson, banjo
Tommy Moore, washboard.

Band 2: OLD RUBEN Doc Watson, vocal & guitar; Gaither Carlton, banjo

SIDE I

FA2355-A

- Band 3: EAST TENNESSEE BLUES (T. C. Ashley)
Fred Price, fiddle; Clint Howard, guitar
Band 4: CLAUDE ALLEN (T.C. Ashley)
Tom Ashley, vocal; Doc Watson, guitar
Band 5: RICHMOND BLUES (T. C. Ashley)
Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Fred Price, fiddle;
Band 6: SKILLET GOOD AND GREASY
Doc Watson, vocal & banjo; Ralph Rinzler, guitar
Band 7: THE OLD MAN AT THE MILL (T. C. Ashley)
Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Fred Price, fiddle;
Doc Watson, guitar
Band 8: THE HAUNTED WOODS (T. C. Ashley)
Eva Ashley Moore, unaccompanied vocal
Band 9: FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW (Carlisle)
Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Fred Price, fiddle;
Doc Watson, guitar; Jack Johnson, banjo

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OLD TIME MUSIC AT CLARENCE ASHLEY'S

Band 1: I'M GOING BACK TO JERICHO
Doc Watson, vocal & banjo; Gaither Carlton, fiddle;
Ralph Rinzler, guitar

SIDE II

FA2355-B

- Band 2: MAGGIE WALKER BLUES (T. C. Ashley) Clint Howard, vocal
& guitar; Fred Price, fiddle; Doc Watson, guitar
Band 3: GOD'S GONNA EASE MY TROUBLIN' MIND (T. C. Ashley)
Tom Ashley, vocal; Doc Watson, guitar & 2nd voice
Band 4: HANDSOME MOLLY
Doc Watson, vocal & banjo; Gaither Carlton, fiddle
Band 5: THE LOUISIANA EARTHQUAKE (T. C. Ashley)
Stella Gilbert, unaccompanied vocal
Band 6: HONEY BABE BLUES (T. C. Ashley) Tom Ashley, vocal; Doc
Watson & Clint Howard, guitars; Fred Price, fiddle;
Jack Johnson, banjo
Band 7: TRUE LOVERS Tommy Moore, vocal; Doc Watson &
Clint Howard, guitars; Fred Price, fiddle
Band 8: PRETTY LITTLE PINK Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Doc
Watson, lead guitar; Fred Price, fiddle; Jack Johnson,
banjo; Tommy Moore, washboard

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

Old-Time Music at CLARENCE ASHLEY'S

EDITED AND ANNOTATED by
RALPH & RICHARD RINZLER
with a DISCOGRAPHY by
EUGENE EARLE

OLD TIME MUSIC AT CLARENCE ASHLEY'S

SIDE A

1. SALLY ANN: Clint Howard, vocal & guitar;
Doc Watson, guitar; Fred Price, fiddle;
Jack Johnson, banjo; Tommy Moore,
washboard.
2. OLD RUBEN: Doc Watson, vocal & guitar;
Gaither Carlton, banjo
3. EAST TENNESSEE BLUES (T.C. ASHLEY):
Fred Price, fiddle; Clint Howard, guitar.
4. CLAUDE ALLEN (T.C. ASHLEY): Tom Ashley,
vocal; Doc Watson, guitar.
5. RICHMOND BLUES (T.C. ASHLEY): Clint
Howard, vocal & guitar; Fred Price, fiddle
6. SKILLET GOOD AND GREASY: Doc Watson,
vocal & banjo; Ralph Rinzler, guitar.
7. THE OLD MAN AT THE MILL (T.C. ASHLEY):
Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Fred Price,
fiddle; Doc Watson, guitar.
8. THE HAUNTED WOODS (T.C. ASHLEY): Eva
Ashley Moore, unaccompanied vocal.
9. FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW (CARLISLE): Clint
Howard, vocal & guitar; Fred Price,
fiddle; Doc Watson, guitar; Jack
Johnson, banjo.

SIDE B

1. I'M GOING BACK TO JERICHO: Doc Watson,
vocal & banjo; Gaither Carlton, fiddle;
Ralph Rinzler, guitar.
2. MAGGIE WALKER BLUES (T.C. ASHLEY):
Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Fred
Price, fiddle; Doc Watson, guitar.
3. GOD'S GONNA EASE MY TROUBLIN' MIND: (T.C.
ASHLEY): Tom Ashley, vocal; Doc Watson,
guitar & second voice.
4. HANDSOME MOLLY: Doc Watson, vocal & banjo;
Gaither Carlton, fiddle.
5. THE LOUISIANA EARTHQUAKE (T.C. ASHLEY):
Stella Gilbert, unaccompanied vocal.
6. HONEY BABE BLUES (T.C. ASHLEY): Tom
Ashley, vocal; Doc Watson & Clint Howard,
guitars; Fred Price, fiddle; Jack
Johnson, banjo.
7. TRUE LOVERS: Tommy Moore, vocal; Doc
Watson & Clint Howard, guitars; Fred
Price, fiddle.
8. PRETTY LITTLE PINK: Clint Howard, vocal
& guitar; Doc Watson, lead guitar; Fred
Price, fiddle; Jack Johnson, banjo;
Tommy Moore.



From left to right: Doc Watson, Clarence Ashley and Gaither Carlton.

FOREWORD

When Ralph Peer first issued 1000 records of circus-barker, Fiddling John Carson, the era of commercial hillbilly music began; with the advent of electrical recordings, the industry was launched. Blindly attempting to sound the enigmatic new market, leading record companies accepted performers indiscriminately and pressed discs of some of the finest and some of the poorest of traditional musicians. This wild artistic speculation continued unleashed until the beginning of the depression. The curious collection of titles and artists which filled the record catalogues of this period is strikingly representative of the spectrum of traditional music of the Southeastern United States which had, until that time, retained marked regional characteristics.

With the introduction of commercial recordings as a means for the transmission of material, the musical community expanded explosively and the oral/aural tradition moved its point of emphasis sharply to the right. One can safely assume that the repertoire of the country musician was standardized to a degree and that within this repertoire, the material and technique of performance were strongly influenced by a new norm -- the recorded performance.

Professional country musicians were few indeed prior to the establishment of the Grand Old Opry in the mid-twenties. It was the Opry that organized travelling musical shows, booking a troupe into Grange Halls, school auditoriums and town armory buildings for one night stands and publicizing the tours on the weekly Saturday night broadcasts from Nashville. The troupes are still dispatched from Nashville on a regular schedule throughout the year.

Before the era of the Opry and phonograph records, medicine shows and circuses were the main sources of entertainment in rural areas, and as a variety of attractions was the general rule in these shows, music was supplied by anywhere from one performer, in a small off-season medicine show, to four or five singers and instrumentalists in a large summer company. Like Fiddling John Carson and Uncle Dave Macon, Tom Ashley travelled the medicine shows circuits in the early days;

he picked the banjo, sang ballads and comic songs, told funny stories and did his share of chores. Starting out as a musician at the age of sixteen, he continued to travel the countryside alone and with various groups until very recently.

NOTE: Bibliographical references in the text are indicated parenthetically immediately following the material to which they refer. In the interests of brevity and clarity these have, for the most part, been limited to the author's name and the pertinent page numbers. A complete bibliography has been appended arranged alphabetically by authors.

The Ashley family came over from Ireland before the turn of the 18th century and settled in eastern Virginia. They later moved west to Ashe County, N.C. where, shortly after the Civil War, Enoch Ashley married Maddy Robeson. Both Enoch and Maddy sang, often and well, the old ballads which they had learned from family and friends in Ashe County. Two of their three daughters, Ary and Daisy, picked the banjo and sang, and the youngest daughter, Rosie-Belle, was blessed with a remarkably sweet, clear, high-pitched voice.

In 1895, a year after Rosie-Belle had married George McCurry, an accomplished fiddler, both musically and morally, Enoch Ashley found reason to believe that his new son-in-law had given his name in marriage to at least one other young lady in the recent past. McCurry was "lawed out of town for good and all", and Rosie-Belle went back to her father's

home in Bristol, Tenn. where her son, Clarence was born on September twenty-ninth of that year. Two years later the Ashleys moved back to Ashe County, and in 1899 they finally settled in Mountain City, Tenn. where Enoch set up a boarding house and found employment in the local lumber yard. Young Clarence was a mischievous and energetic little fellow, much to the delight of the boarders who always called him Tommy Tiddy Waddy because he was busy every minute of the day. Clarence Earl McCurry was brought up by his mother and grandfather, and thus the family name, Ashley, was the natural one to use. Everyone came to call him Tommy, and so when Social Security cards were being prepared, his was made out to Thomas C. Ashley McCurry and was later changed to Tom McCurry Ashley.

When Tom was a boy, shop keepers were given little, red, five-string banjos by jobbers for peanut growers, and the banjo was supposedly passed on to the customer who purchased the largest quantity of peanuts. Tom's grandfather came home with a "peanut banjo" when Tom was about eight years old, and Aunt Ary and Aunt Daisy saw to it that the boy learned and learned well. Daisy picked the instrument in locally acceptable fashion, but Ary had her own peculiar style, and Tom remembers her amusing habit of picking upwards on the fifth string with her thumb rather than downwards - a trick he never mastered but always marvelled at. As his mother, grandparents, and aunts were all unusually fond of music and frequently had the neighbors in for an evening sing, Tom learned his songs when he was very young, and banjo picking was quickly mastered to fit in with his already developed musical talents. He was particularly fond of tuning his banjo to what he calls "sawmill key" or "lassy-makin'" (molasses-making) tuning: DCGDG (starting with the 1st string and working down towards the shorter fifth or thumb string.) It was this tuning that he used on his well-known recordings of the "Coo-coo Bird" and the "House Carpenter". (q.v. Folkways Anthology of American Folk Music, nos. 3 & 57)

Neighbors shared each other's work in the old days, so when it was time to prepare food for winter storage and preserving, the neighbors were invited in, musicians were given special invitations and they all had a bean stringing, an apple cutting, or perhaps a quilting party. Bean stringings were commonest, for northeastern Tennessee is bean and tobacco country. People would be divided into groups: some shelled the beans, removing them from the pod, others cut the string from the back of the bean, and others threaded them on long strands for drying. The threaded or dried beans were called "leather britches", also the name of a popular old-time fiddle tune, and it was a common thing, after church on a Sunday, to hear someone say, "Come on over this evening and we'll cook up a mess of leather britches and have a time". Peaches, corn, pumpkins and blackberries were also dried for storage, and these preparations along with log-rollings (for clearing new land/or building) and barn-raising were acceptable reasons for calling in the neighbors for a gathering and a sing. Tom jokingly refers to his oldest songs as "lassy-makin' tunes"; of all the old customs, the making of molasses in late Autumn is one of the few that have persisted to the present.

In 1905 Rosie-Belle Ashley remarried taking the name of Walsh. It was in this year, at the age of ten, that Tom left school and took odd jobs around Mountain City. Although guitars were not too common before the World War, Tom managed to get one when he was twelve, and he became an accomplished guitar picker (note guitar solo on "Farm Land Blues", Anthology of American Folk Music, no. 27). He was about sixteen when the "doctor" of a medicine show, then camped in Mountain City, invited him to join up with the troupe (consisting of the doc and a comedian) and pick the banjo and sing some. It was Spring-time, so Tom asked his granddaddy for permission, and this given, off he went on the road.

In these, his first years with a show, Tom travelled in the prairie-schooner type covered wagon along with the platform, lanterns and rigging for the stage, while the doc rode in a

smart little horse-drawn buggy. In later years a couple of trucks and/or a house trailer carried both gear and performers. The doctor always ran the show, headed the troupe, hired the performers and arranged the runs in each town. Before World War I, he had a license to sell his products, usually consisting of corn salve for foot ailments, liniments for all sorts of aches and pains, tonic for blood building and worm cure, special soap for dandruff, eczema or a beautiful complexion, and little colored boxes containing penny candies and a slip of paper. The candy was sold by a mail order house in Chicago, and for each carton of pre-packed colored boxes with slips, an allotment of prizes was sent. The prizes, -- quilts, bedspreads, blankets and pillowcases, -- were used as a back-drop display for the show platform, and the candy was sold by members of the troupe circulating amongst the spectators, during the course of the doctor's various pitches for other products. After a pitch, the doc would ask who had gotten a special ticket in his candy box, and the holders of these tickets would come forward to choose their prizes.

In some towns where licenses were not easily procured, the doctor would work in conjunction with the town druggist, ostensibly operating a concession for the drug store and leaving behind some warm tonic or other product for sale after his departure. After the War, when veterans had special privileges enabling them to secure licenses of various kinds without the usual conditions of time or residence requirements, it became customary to keep a veteran as a permanent part of the troupe in the capacity of a "fixter" thus precluding the possibility of forced closing in a town due to failure to meet legal requirements for public performances.

Each doctor had a territory of his own, and each town was visited annually. A visit usually lasted two weeks, unless the town was too small to support the troupe for this long a period. The doc rented a field on the edge of town, the platform was set up with the prizes as a backdrop and large brilliant lamps on either side providing illumination, and the show went on, consisting of separate pitches for different products, relieved by songs, blackface skits and tall tales told by the doc. The itinerary was mapped out so that all principal towns in the doctor's area could be covered during the warm weather season. In Winter, the troupe was cut down to a bare minimum, usually consisting of the doctor and a musician, and they worked what was known as a "pitch", setting up their platform at a large tobacco market and selling only soap and medicine. Although the salve, soap and candy were sent from Chicago, the medicine was generally boiled up by the doc's wife and forwarded to him at the main post office of each town on his itinerary. Tom describes the taste as approximating that of strong unsweetened wild cherry or aromatic bitters.

After his first few summers on the circuit, Tom hitched up with a fellow named Doc Hower with whom he worked regularly until the beginning of World War II, and Tom's extraordinarily animated recountings of the Doc's pitches, complete with lurid tales of little girls consumed by worms who could have been saved by one small bottle of Mokiton Tonic, are as entertaining as the best of his "lassy-makin'" tunes.

Tom had not been with Doc Hower long before a young boy was brought into the troupe and the Doc asked Tom to teach him the ropes - songs, skits, jokes and all. The two boys got on well together, for the new fellow had a fine voice and learned tunes quickly; and so Tom and Roy Acuff met as youngsters and have remained friends for life.

In 1914 Tom married Hettie Osborne from Ashe County, N.C. They settled in Shouns, just outside of Mountain City, and Tom set out on a career of "busting" (commonly called "busking" in the British Isles), singing in the streets, on the edge of carnivals, outside of the main building of mines on pay days, etc. He had met the best musicians in his two neighboring states of North Carolina and Virginia on the medicine show circuit, and among his own neighbors he could find one of the best of fiddlers, George Banman Grayson, from Laurel Blooming, Tennessee (q.v. Anthology of American Folk Music, #13). Tom and Banman Grayson often travelled

alone to the West Virginia Coal fields where, on a pay day, they could collect a large crowd and a sizeable sum by playing a few yards from the pay shack where the miners lined up for their envelopes.

They sometimes travelled with another neighbor, Ted Bear, who picked the mandolin, and it was in 1917 or 1918 --when this trio was playing at a week-long carnival in Saltville, Virginia -- that they met Hobart Smith, cracker-jack banjo picker, fiddler and ballad singing brother of Texas Gladden. Many music-filled hours were spent at the Smith home that week, and the friendship, formed more than thirty years ago, has not waned in the ensuing years.

Tom played with two different pairs of sisters in trios: the Cook Sisters, from Boone, N.C., one of whom sang bass, the other soprano, contributing fiddle and mandolin to the group while Tom sang tenor lead and picked the guitar; and the Greer Sisters, who, like the Cook girls, played mandolin and fiddle. He later formed a band with Dwight and Dewey Bell from Wilkes County, Virginia; the group, banjo, fiddle and guitar, was known as the West Virginia Hotfoots, although none of the three was a West Virginian. One of Tom's bands, the Blue Ridge Mountain Entertainers (Tom, guitar; Clarence Greene, fiddle; Gwen Foster, harmonica; Will Abernathy, auto-harp and harmonica; Walter Davis, lead guitar), made several early recordings, among them, an amusing parody of an "Old Time Fiddler's Convention". It was with Byrd Moore and his Hot Shots (Byrd Moore, finger style banjo or lead guitar; Clarence Greene, fiddle or guitar; Clarence T. Ashley, guitar or banjo) that Tom had his opportunity to record the few solo records which he made for Columbia (q.v. discography appended to this article). At the end of a recording session with the Hot Shots, The A. and R. man asked if they cared to try anything else. Tom mischievously volunteered some authentic "lassy-makin' tunes" and the ingenious gentleman, intrigued and puzzled, was treated to "The Coo-coo Bird". He was genuinely impressed with the "lassy-makin' tune" and later wired for Tom to come up to New York and record more of the same. Today, nothing amuses Tom and his neighbors more than this naive New Yorker's reverent acceptance of "lassy-makin' tunes" as a distinct category of songs.

It was in 1925 that Tom met Doc Walsh at a fiddler's contest in Boone, N.C., and not long after that, the Carolina Tar Heels was formed (Tom Ashley, guitar and usually vocal lead; Doc Walsh, banjo and occasionally vocal lead; Gwen or Garley Foster, second guitar and harmonica), (q.v. Folkways Anthology of American Folk Music Nos. 12 and 27). The band had an unusual sound, as each performer was able to stand alone as a soloist of primary interest and yet could participate in the trio, adding just enough to produce a homogeneous musical mixture. The curious harmonica style, so characteristic of this group and so distinct from that of any other group or soloist, could be supplied by either Gwen or Garley Foster, the exchange being musically imperceptible. With the merging of the repertoires of its members, the Tar Heels had a collective repertoire of extraordinary proportions and equally notable quality. Although they performed more than a few tunes which are of little interest to the folklorist (i.e. "Her Name was Hula Lou", "Shanghai In China", and "She Shook It On the Corner"), they had their own interesting versions of several old standbys (i.e. "Rude and Rambling Man", "The Old Gray Goose", "My Home's Across the Blue Ridge Mountains"), and recorded several most interesting songs which have not appeared elsewhere, either in print or on disc (q.v. Folkways "Anthology of American Folk Music", nos. 12 and 27, "Peg and Awl" and "Got the Farmland Blues", resp.) Some of Tom's finest recordings are the duets which he recorded with Gwen Foster on Vocalion (q.v. Discography attached under "Ashley and Foster"). Here the perfect blending of voice and harmonica is unique among the varied sounds to be heard in recorded American traditional music.

In 1930, during the time he was playing with the Tar Heels, Tom bought a seven acre farm, rented out the farmland and settled down to live on the rest. He continued travelling with Doc Hower on the summer medicine show circuit and went "busting" during the rest of the year. In 1941 he sold this farm and bought the seventy-five acres in Shouns, Tenn., just outside of

Mountain City, where he still lives. He did not give up the medicine show circuit until 1943, when, during the war years, he and his son, J.D., bought two trucks and hauled coal, furniture and anything anyone wanted hauled. During the early forties he had occasion to travel with Charlie Monroe as comedian at the same time that Lester Platt (of the now famous Platt and Scruggs team) was playing with this favorite old time band, the Kentucky Partners. During the years that the Stanley Brothers worked out of Bristol on the Virginia-Tennessee state-line, Tom worked with them on many occasions.

In 1960, at sixty-five years of age, Tom lives on his own farm with his lovely wife, Hettie. He still rents out part of his land to a nearby farmer who tills it, and he raises a herd of Shetland ponies on the rest. His daughter, Eva, whose singing he says is reminiscent of his mother's high, clear voice, is married to Mr. Robert Moore, engineer on the local railroad in nearby Saltville, Virginia. Their thirteen year old son, Tommy, inherited his grandfather's gifts as a performer; in addition to his interest in singing and talents at the piano, Tommy is developing into a first rate ventriloquist. Tom's son, J.D. Ashley, who plays the banjo, mandolin and guitar, lives near his father in Shouns and is a successful businessman operating his own Ford Agency as well as a very neat little roadside restaurant. His son, Joe Dean, recently was graduated from the local high school as valedictorian of his class and is now a college freshman. Tom has taught Joe Dean all his old medicine show blackface routines, and just before I arrived, the two of them put on a show in the local theatre along with Clint Howard, Fred Price and Doc Watson, keeping the packed house roaring with laughter. Tom's half sister, Stella Walsh Gilbert, also lives nearby, and the entire family enjoys gathering frequently for music and Tom's stories, the latter providing a never-ending source of amusement to all who know him.

If you meet Tom Ashley today, you will surely find yourself laughing comfortably with him a few moments after your introduction and will probably go away thinking that in ten or fifteen years he'll be a delightfully spry old man -- at the moment he's a devilishly amusing one.

Biographical material on musicians not included in the general biography of T.C. Ashley and family.

GAITHER WILEY CARLTON

Born Patten's Ridge, Wilkes County, N.C. February 3, 1901.

The Carlton family moved from Wilkes to Ashe County when Gaither was two years old, and five years later they settled in Tripplett, Watauga County, N.C. A year later, at the age of eight, Gaither began learning to pick the five string banjo from his oldest brother, and his father started him on the fiddle at fifteen. Dara L. Carlton, his father, picked the banjo and fiddled, and it was he who taught Gaither many of the songs he knows.

Along with his father and brother, Gaither regularly played for dances and church socials in the neighboring towns and often played with the Hopkins brothers, Al, John and Joe, whose bands, the Hillbillies and later the Buckle Busters, subsequently toured the Southeast with great success. John Carlton, Gaither's grandfather, was a drummer in the Confederate Army during the Civil War.

Gaither has lived in Watauga County since the age of seven; he raises corn, potatoes and beans on his farm near the village of Deep Gap.

As a fiddler, Gaither will be heard to better advantage on a recording of Old Time Fiddling soon to be released on Folkways Records. His style is not unlike that of G.B. Grayson (q.v.).

Folkways Anthology of American Folk Music, FP 251 #13) of nearby Johnson County, Tenn., from whom he learned a number of his tunes. The bowing is long and slow, the fingering sure and notably straightforward, producing a fluid and faithful rendering of the tune complete with melodic subtleties and strikingly devoid of ornamentation. An almost saucy lilting quality, more evident in "Handsome Molly" than in "Going Back to Jericho", is the direct result of his economical application of a restrained syncopation to the otherwise square melodic and rhythmic treatment.

On "Ruben's Train", Gaither's banjo picking, down picking or frailing, is, like his fiddling, smooth and sure. As he wears no finger picks, Gaither, using the same banjo which Doc Watson uses on "Back to Jericho" and "Handsome Molly", brings a pleasant chunky sound out of the instrument rather than the brittle ringing sound otherwise heard.

WILLIAM CLINTON HOWARD

Born near Mountain City, Johnson County, Tenn. October 30, 1930.

Both Elizabeth Snyder Howard, Clint's mother, and George Howard, his father, sang old time ballads and songs to Clint from the time he was an infant. Mrs. Howard accompanied herself on the dulcimer and there were no other instruments around the house until Clint's father bought him a guitar when the boy was eleven. Although he learned to pick the guitar as a child, Clint did not play music regularly until he was twenty. Tom had known him since he was a boy, and so it was to be expected that when Clint decided he wanted to pick up some pointers and tunes he'd stop by the Ashley's on the way home.

Clint works in and around Mountain City as a welder, but he is bringing up his children on his own farm, deep back in the woods a few miles off the main road. Here he raises his allotted share of tobacco for the open market and some corn, beans and cattle as well.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

Born Surrey County, North Carolina, June 15, 1923

Harrison Johnson placed the guitar on a chair so that his eight year old son could learn to pick it, and a year or two later he taught young Sam to play the banjo as he himself picked it. The McGee brothers, Sam and Kirk, the backbone of the Fruit Jar Drinkers who worked for many years with Uncle Dave Macon, spent some time in Mt. Airy, N.C. where the Johnsons lived, and the young boy would sit by the hour and listen while his father picked with them.

When Sam joined the Richmond County Ramblers he was dubbed "Happy Jack". He picked mandolin, guitar and banjo in the group which operated from radio station WAYN, Rockingham, N.C. When the band broke up he went back to farming, did some mill work and now raises tobacco, corn and some grain on a farm in Pilot Mountain, N.C. near Mt. Airy.

His banjo style is a strongly individualistic one based on the old time two-finger or double-thumbing technique. Although he occasionally employs modern phrases commonly used by banjo pickers in present day "blue grass" bands, the overall effect of his playing in a group is very close to that of the old time banjo pickers of the last generation who used finger-style banjo to back up a band (Charlie Poole with the N.C. Ramblers, John Reedy with the Buckle Busters, for example).

FRED PRICE

Born Shouns, Johnson County, Tenn., July 16, 1915

When Fred was about fifteen years old his father bought him a fiddle, arriving home just before dinner. By the time dinner was on the table, Fred could saw out "The Little Log Cabin in the Lane", and with some help from a cousin who was an accomplished fiddler, Fred learned quickly.

During the War, Fred went overseas with the

armed services and later was stationed in different parts of the U.S., but he came back home to marry and take over the family farm, raise a crop of children and tend his tobacco and corn. His farm is adjacent to Clint Howard's place, and so the guitar and fiddle never have any dust on them.

Fred's fiddling is characteristic of the type so often heard in the well-known string bands recorded from the twenties on (Hopkins' Bucklebusters, the Fruit Jar Drinkers, the early bands accompanying Bill Monroe etc.). The melodic line is systematically ornamented, syncopation is used with practiced regularity and the general effect is that of a bird soaring into the clouds. The style is perfectly suited to the old time tunes which Tom has been teaching to both Clint and Fred; and interestingly enough, although Tom himself has never played the fiddle, he has breathed the tunes into Fred's fiddling with painstaking concern for ornament and inflection, bowing and wrist action.

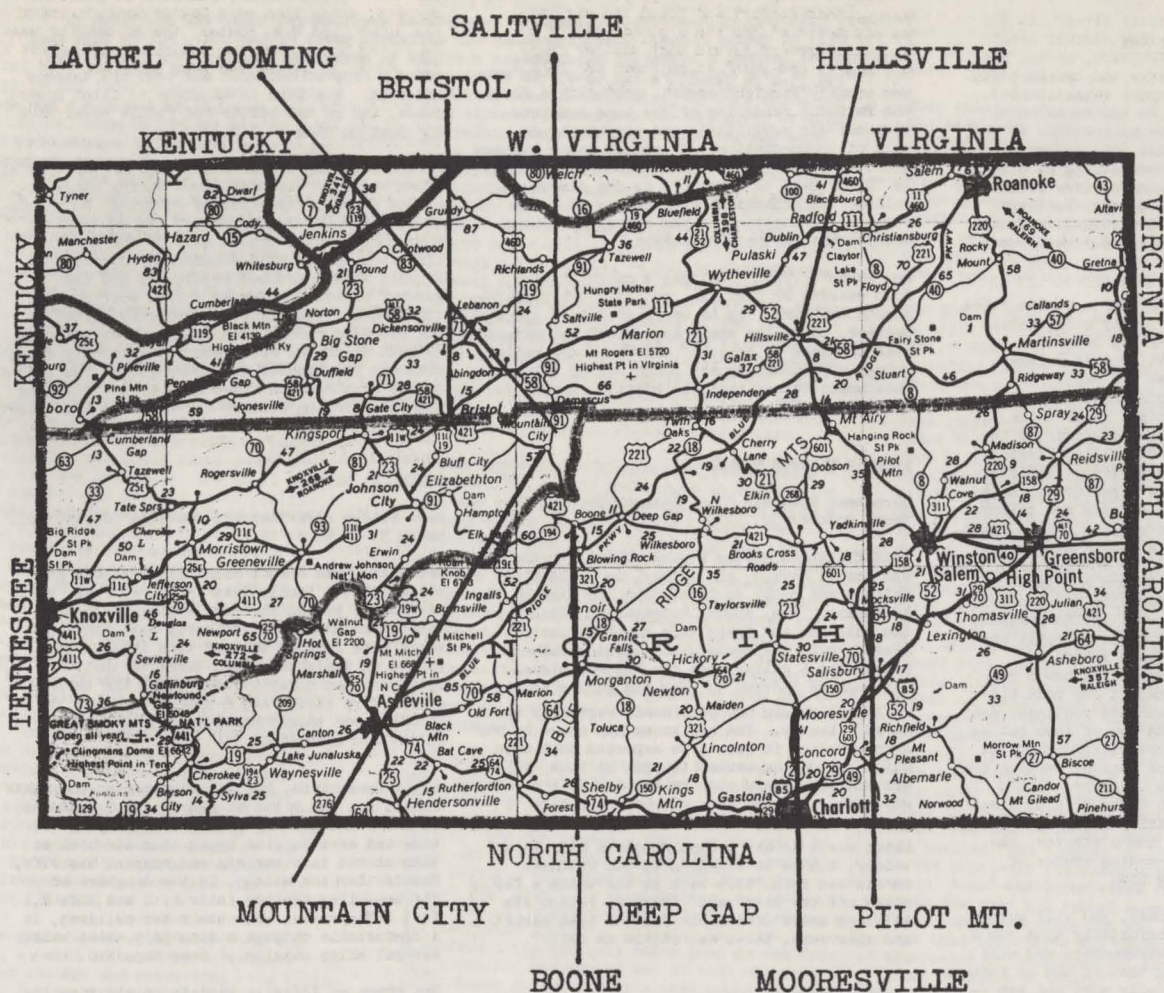
ARTHEL L. WATSON

Born Stoney Fork Township, Watauga County, N.C. March 3, 1923

Doc Watson was one of nine children born and raised on the family farm in Stoney Fork, N.C. His father picked the five string banjo and taught Doc to play at an early age. Both parents were fond of the old time ballads and passed on their songs and tunes to their children. An older brother plays the harmonica and five string and a younger brother the fiddle. Doc taught himself to pick both the guitar and mandolin.

Blind from birth, Doc was educated at the State School for the Blind at Raleigh, N.C., and he is now a musician by profession, playing old time and more popular types of music both as soloist and in a variety of groups. His wife, Rosalee Carlton Watson, is the daughter of Gaither Wiley Carlton (side A, 2 and side B, 1 & 4). They live, with their two children, in a comfortable cottage hidden in a quiet valley several miles outside of Deep Gap, N.C.

Doc sings an infinite variety of old time songs and ballads in a wholly personal traditional style; his consummate versatility on both the guitar and banjo can be only imperfectly appreciated on the basis of these few selections. He uses his own adaptation of three finger banjo picking on "Skillet Good and Greasy", the more common old time basic "up-picking" style on "Going Back to Jericho", and a combination of "clawhammer" (known in the North as frailing or down picking) and two finger picking on "Handsome Molly". His guitar picking covers a full range of the various traditional techniques ranging from two and three finger picking, hinted at on "God's Gonna Ease My Troublin' Mind" and "True Lovers" to the solid back-up style found on "Old Ruben" and "Claude Allen" to the most intricate type of lead melodic picking best illustrated on this recording by his "breaks" in "Pretty Little Pink". Limitations of space made it necessary to choose individual items with care, and thus several excellent examples of guitar picking do not appear here. In one case, during the course of a fiddle and guitar duet with Gaither Carlton, Doc was backed by the fiddle while he played the dance tune in all its traditionally ornamented complexity picking the guitar as though it were a mandolin. Several of his performances are strongly reminiscent of the best of Riley Puckett's solid "dancing on the bass strings" while his ballad singing is at times accompanied by the old favorite style championed by Maybelle Carter. The compelling character of his performances can be attributed as much to the extraordinary rhythmic and melodic certainty with which he picks as to the warm honesty and clarity of his vocal style.



BRISTOL, Tenn., Va. : Birthplace of T.C. Ashley; here the Carter Family recorded their first record, August 1, 1927.

LAUREL BLOOMING, Tenn.: Former home of G.B. Grayson.

SALTVILLE, Va.: Home of Eva and Tommy Moore, Stella Gilbert, Hobart Smith.

HILLSVILLE, Va.: Former home of Sidna, Floyd and Claude Allen.

PILOT MOUNTAIN, N.C.: Home of Samuel "Jack" Johnson.

MOORESVILLE, N.C.: Former home of Charlie Poole (vocal lead and banjo picker) and Posey Rorer (fiddler) of the N.C. Ramblers, and of Henry Whitter, partner of G.B. Grayson.

DEEP GAP, N.C.: Home of Doc Watson and Gaither Carlton.

BOONE, N.C.: Watauga County where the Hopkins Brothers were raised.

MOUNTAIN CITY, Tenn.: Where T.C. Ashley was raised and home of the Grayson Family, descendants of the capturer of Tom Dooley and relative of G.B. Grayson who originally recorded the song.

SHOONS, Tenn., where Tom Ashley, Fred Price and Clint Howard now live, is about seven miles south of Mountain City on Rt. 421.

Side A #1

SALLY ANN

Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Doc Watson, guitar; Fred Price, fiddle; Jack Johnson, banjo; Tommy Moore, washboard.

One of the more popular hoedowns among southern fiddlers, "Sally Ann" is often coupled with "Sally Goodin" under the collective title "The Two Sallies". This tune, unlike most other hoedowns, does not draw on the large body of comic quatrains for its text, but rather retains the same few simple phrases, most of which appear in the version recorded here. In all examples of the tune with which I am familiar, there are two distinct four line sections, alternation of which provides sufficient melodic interest to raise the effect from monotony to effervescence.

Cecil Sharp (Vol. II, p. 351) recorded a version of the tune in Burnsville, North Carolina (about forty miles from Mountain City) in 1918. Although he offers only two verses, both of which are found in the version on this record, the tunes are substantially the same, fiddle ornaments discounted.

The present version is almost identical with one recorded in the late twenties by the Hopkins Brothers (The Buckle Busters, Brunswick 105), who, hailing from nearby Watauga County, N.C., were friends of Tom Ashley's. A recent outstanding recording of "Sally Ann" by the fiddler, Tommy Jackson (Dot #1032) presents the same tune with an effective variation provided by the addition of the relative minor in the second part of the piece.

Side A #2

OLD RUBEN

Doc Watson, vocal & guitar; Gaither Carlton, banjo.

It is surprising that this tune does not appear in more folk song collections, for its currency in the South today, under a dozen or more titles, is such that there is hardly a singer of old time songs who has not known it since childhood.

Gaither Carlton learned the song from his brother, and Doc's verses are virtually standard. As a fiddle tune, performed without verses, it is often entitled "Train 45". Woody Guthrie used to couple a minor version of the tune with "Ryestraw" and fiddle out an uncommonly eerie dance piece, or sing the railroading verses to a somewhat squarer version of the tune q.v. Lomax "Folk Song U.S.A." pp. 254-5 both of which he called "900 Miles". The major version, as it is recorded here, is a favorite among harmonica players, and in recent years Wilma Lee and Stoney Cooper recorded it as "Stoney" (Are you mad at your man?) (Columbia 21049) with a harmonica lead. Under the title of "Ruby, Are you mad?" an almost identical version was presented in a white hot bluegrass treatment by the Osborne Brothers (MGM #K-12308) even more recently, and it is this latter version that is commonly performed at current-day fiddlers' conventions in Virginia and North Carolina by the new generation's blue grass musicians.

Also

"Ruby" - Cousin Emmy on Decca 23583 - vocal with old time banjo

"Old Reuben" Wade Mainer and the Sons of the Mountaineers, Bluebird 8990, vocal with string band

"Riding On Train Forty-five" - J.E. Mainer, Zeke Morris and Steve Ledford, Victor 27493, vocal with string band.

SIDE A #3

East Tennessee Blues

Fred Price, fiddle; Clint Howard, guitar.

Tom called this "The Hitman Rag" and Fred "The East Tennessee Blues". Whatever its original title was, the tune surely took form under the

fingers of a rag time piano player in the early part of this century and found its way into the mountains either via a piano roll or a phonograph record as did such similar tunes as "Back Up and Push" (also known as "Rubber Dolly"), "Down Yonder", and "I Don't Love Nobody".

Side A #4

CLAUDE ALLEN (T.C. Ashley)

Tom Ashley, vocal; Doc Watson, guitar.

Tom does not remember where he learned this ballad, but he does remember that he knew it prior to his marriage (1914); as the execution of Floyd Allen and his son, Claude, took place in March, 1913, and Hillsville, Va., where the original tragedy occurred, is some sixty odd miles from Mt. City, Tenn., it is reasonable to assume that the ballad originated in this area less than a year after the execution.

The entire series of events which lead up to the courtroom shooting, flight, capture, trial and execution of Floyd and Claude Allen and the imprisonment of Sidna Allen, Floyd's brother, was, from the first, hopelessly complicated by sensationalistic and shamefully inaccurate newspaper accounts. As the case was nationally publicized - a front page article appearing in the N.Y. Times on the day following the shooting (q.v. N.Y. Times, 15 March, 1912) - it is not surprising that numerous books appeared in the years that followed, most of which set aside fact in an effort to assure commercial success through unprecedented sensationalism. It is unfortunate that this romantic approach to fact has been maintained rather than dispelled by folklorists and writers who have dealt with this and other ballads and songs concerning the Allens. There seems to have been little attempt at clarifying such simple facts as who was executed, the relationship of the individuals involved, and the reasons why they were called to appear in court. Through its coverage of the case, the Times took a moralistic and strongly prejudiced point of view; the facts contained in its articles are of disputable authenticity in some cases; at times the statements are false and actions are attributed to the wrong people.

By comparing various accounts of the case with a defense written by J. Sidna Allen in his "Memoirs" published by F.H. Lamb of Mt. Airy, N.C. in 1929, it has been possible to clarify many of the basic facts, which are of more interest to the folklorist than moralistic denunciations and righteous defenses.

The Allen family came to this country before the Revolution and settled in Carroll County, Virginia, prior to the Civil War. Jeremiah Allen and Nancy Combs Allen had ten children; the seven boys were all successful in their occupations - several were merchants and farmers, one was a school teacher, two owned and operated sawmills and one was a Primitive Baptist minister. Four or five of them held public offices of various sorts - one was sheriff, two were township supervisors and constables - and all were literate, some attending school until the age of twenty years. The family was a close one, they were politically active in the Democratic Party and were among the leading citizens of the county.

Of particular interest in this instance are only a few members of this large family: the brothers Floyd, Sidna, Garland and Jasper Allen; their widowed sister, Mrs. Alvirtia Edwards; her sons, Wesley and Sidna Edwards; Friel Allen, Jasper's son; and Claude Swanson Allen, Floyd's son. Floyd and Sidna Allen were both prosperous merchants owning large modern houses and living comfortably, not, as has been suggested, in cabins high in the mountains. They operated dry goods stores and had reputations for honesty, Floyd having served as constable and deputy sheriff in the township. Jasper, a prosperous farmer, owned and operated a sawmill. Garland, the youngest of the brothers, was a minister and also engaged in lumbering and milling, later becoming a successful merchant. The elder members of the family were in their mid to late forties; the Edwards boys, Wesley and Sidna, were twenty and twenty-two, respectively; Friel was seventeen and Claude, the youngest of Floyd's sons, was a bit older than the Edwards boys.

It is only fair to mention that the Allens, as staunch Democrats in the predominantly Republi-

can town of Hillsville, had certain political enemies; among them were Dexter Goad, clerk of the court, and W.M. Foster, the prosecutor, who, in former years, had run against Floyd Allen for political office and been defeated.

It would seem that Sidna Allen had a bad record, for he had been brought up on charges of counterfeiting but had been fully acquitted of these and was later convicted of perjury in connection with the charge of which he had been acquitted; an unnecessarily involved affair of which the most significant detail is that Sidna's sole connection with the counterfeiter was the fact that he had ordered the plating machine which the convicted man used to plate counterfeit twenty dollar gold pieces. This is not as suspect as it may seem when one realizes that Allen operated one of the largest general stores in the area, and he sold the plating machine man who made his living as a carpenter and metal worker. At any rate, at the time of the tragedy, Sidna was under sentence and out on an appeal. He was in court on the morning of March 14th, 1912, to settle a minor civil offense involving his store.

The initial incident in the series of events took place at a dance in the Spring of 1911 at the Fancy Gap schoolhouse in Carroll County. Wesley Edwards exchanged words but no blows with a certain young man named Thomas. The following morning, a Sunday, Wesley and his brother, Sidna, were involved in a fight with Thomas and his friends outside the schoolhouse where Garland Allen was conducting religious services. The Edwards boys were brought before the Commonwealth's Attorney, W.M. Foster, (Floyd Allen's enemy), and were indicted for disturbing religious worship and fighting. While waiting for their Uncle, Floyd, to obtain bond, they crossed over the State line, and were brought back, without legal warrant, in chains. When Floyd came on the deputies passing through town with his nephews manacled in this fashion, he had words with them and it has been claimed that he beat one of them senseless. This was never proven, the boys proceeded to the court, and, after bond had been placed, were set free until their trial. They were eventually sentenced, one to thirty days, the other to sixty; both served their terms and were released. It was at Floyd Allen's trial for assaulting the deputy that the major tragedy occurred on the morning of March 14, 1912. The trial had continued for several days, Floyd had put up bond and returned to his home after court session each day. On this particular morning, Floyd had been convicted and sentenced to a year in prison. One of his lawyers arose and asked for a retrial on the basis that additional evidence could be presented and new witnesses called in. The judge consented, and Claude Allen stepped forward to speak with his father. They conversed for a few moments during which time Sidna Allen was talking with a Mr. John Moore, a construction worker, about some work for which he had engaged him. It has been established that Moore stood at Sidna's left, the latter being left handed, and the workman testified to the fact that Sidna did not draw his gun until several shots had been fired in the courtroom. There have been several accounts as to who started the shooting, but there is no question but that many people in addition to the Allens were firing their guns during the period of several minutes when more than two hundred shots were fired. The New York Times published two conflicting reports, both of which are outstanding examples of "purple prose" (q.v. N.Y. Times, 15 March 1912, p. 1, col. 1; and the Times, 29 March 1913, p. 11, col. 2). In one case they say Floyd's two brothers, "Shiney and Jack, at the head of a troop of twenty mountaineers, rode up to the Court House...some armed with rifles and others armed with revolvers crowded into the small courtroom and stood behind the rail." They go on to describe how Floyd, covered by his brothers' fire "sprang from the prisoner's dock as Judge Massie collapsed upon the bench." In a later account the writer says that the "loyal Allens were all in court" and "Floyd Allen, a stalwart and powerful figure, with beetling brows and bushy reddish whiskers, stood in the prisoner's dock and stared fiercely at the judge. He boasted thirteen bullet wounds, five inflicted in quarrels with his own brothers... 'You'll never take me to jail', he shouted when the Judge pronounced sentence. As he spoke he drew two revolvers from inside his blouse

and opened fire on the Judge." Other accounts tell how Sidna, not Floyd, started the fracas, and a popular ballad, set to the "Casey Jones" tune, confuses the matter even further with:

"The judge called the jury in at half past nine
Sidney Allen was a prisoner and he was on time
He mounted the stand with a pistol in his hand
And he sent Judge Massey to the Promised Land" (Gardner, p. 341)

The ballad goes on to tell how, with his "thirty-eight special", Sidna backed the sheriff against the wall:

"The sheriff saw that he was in a mighty bad place;
The mountaineer was staring him right in the face;
He turned to the window and then he said
'Just a moment later and we'll all be dead'" (ibid)

After telling of Sidna's escape to the West and subsequent capture, the ballad concludes, in the same quasi-humorous vein:

"Then the people all gathered from far and near
To see poor Sidney sent to the electric chair,
But at last with surprise the judge he said,
'He's going to the penitentiary instead.'" (ibid)

In some particulars the ballad is correct, for Sidna did carry a thirty-eight pistol and he did succeed in escaping to Des Moines, Iowa with Wesley Edwards where they worked as carpenters. Edwards, in love with a young lady in Carroll County, went back to visit her, returned successfully to Des Moines and awaited his sweetheart's arrival. The detectives arrived with her, took both men without incident and brought them back to Carroll County later sharing the reward money with the young lady. Floyd Allen had been wounded in the courtroom battle, and after going to a local hotel in Hillsville, surrendered himself the next day. Both Claude and his cousin, Sidna Edwards, were captured within a week of the shooting, and Friel Allen was taken a short time later.

Floyd and his son, Claude, were tried on several accounts, and though Claude was convicted of second degree murder (in the case of Judge Massey's death) it was because of W. M. Foster's first degree murder conviction that he was sentenced to die. Floyd too was sentenced to death in the electric chair, and though countless appeals were filed and attempts were made to bring the case into the Supreme Court in Washington, the two men were executed, after the expiration of three stays granted by the Governor. Before the execution on March 28, 1913, the women of Virginia presented Claude with a gold medal inscribed: "For bravery in defending his father". Both men went to their deaths bravely and with unflinching step; each left behind a long statement protesting his relative innocence.

"My last words to the people of Virginia are: I knew absolutely nothing of any conspiracy and do not believe there was one. I did not fire the first shot and did not shoot until my father had been shot at. I did not kill Judge Massey. Those who have wronged me I forgive and hope we shall meet in a better world where sorrow is never known. Pray God's blessing upon our dear old State and to all her people I say farewell. I am with a clear conscience,
Claude Allen
(signed)

("Memoirs", J. Sidna Allen)

There were many who sympathized with the Allens, despite the extravagant pictures painted by the newspapers, and the ballad, recorded here, echoes this sentiment.

Sidna Allen was convicted of the voluntary manslaughter of W.M. Foster (a curious conviction in as much as Claude had already been convicted of murder in the first degree for this man's death); he was tried on multiple charges, but after several compromises and

locked juries, he was sentenced to thirty-five years and released after serving thirteen and one half; Wesley Edwards, convicted and sentenced to twenty-seven years, was released at the same time; his brother Sidna along with his cousin, Friel Allen served ten years, the latter having been only seventeen years of age at the time of the shooting.

There is no dearth of material relating to this incident in standard works on folklore in the AAFS.

An excellent bibliography on both Claude and Sidney Allen can be found in Malcolm Laws', "Native American Balladry"; for no apparent reason, Floyd has been the subject of neither song nor story. Among the many available references some noteworthy examples are: Henry, pp. 316-20; Gardner, pp. 341-2; and Hudson, pp. 242-3.

Tom Ashley states that he taught this ballad to Hobart Smith around 1918; Alan Lomax recorded the latter singing this tune in 1942. The performance is an exceptionally fine one, and offers a verse found in other versions but not included in the present recording:

"Sad, indeed, to think of killing
A man just in his youthful years
To leave his dear old mother weeping
And all his friends in bitter tears"

The above example, although similar to the Smith verse, comes from the singing of Miss Rachel Tucker, Varnell, Ga., Dec., 1930 (q.v. Henry, Claude Allen, ex. B).

In addition to the ballad of Claude, recorded here, and the "Come-all-ye" song about Sidna, mentioned earlier, there is a third song, "The Pardon of Sidna Allen" found in song books of country music (q.v. Peterson); the tune is dull and the text moralistic.

Side A #5

THE RICHMOND BLUES (T.C. ASHLEY)

Clint Howard, vocal and guitar; Fred Price, fiddle.

Under the title, "Baby, All Night Long", Tom and Gwen Foster recorded this song for Vocalion records in the twenties. In recent years, Tom taught it to Clint and Fred taking great pains to preserve the inflections and nuances, both vocal and instrumental, of the song as he sang it. Thus the performance is strongly reminiscent of those heard on many of the early recordings. The phenomenon is an interesting one, for today it is far more common to find city musicians learning these songs from the old recordings than to find country musicians to whom the song has been carefully taught by the musician who originally recorded it.

Side A #6

SKILLET GOOD AND GREASY

Doc Watson, vocal & banjo; Ralph Rinzler, guitar.

John Work (p. 244) offers one of the few printed versions of this song about a fellow who seems to enter the general store through the back window rather than the front door.

The present version, in which the singer intends to buy his flour and brandy and "procure" his chickens by other means, was learned from the much celebrated recording by Uncle Dave Macon (Bluebird B5873). Like many of Uncle Dave's songs, this very possibly had its origins in the minstrel shows of the last century.

Also a recording by John Henry Howard (also known as Sam Jones) "Skillet Good and Greasy" Gennett #3124.

Side A #7

THE OLD MAN AT THE MILL (T.C. ASHLEY)

Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Fred Price, fiddle; Doc Watson, guitar.

This is a happy combination of two separate songs: a well-known play party, "The Jolly Miller"; and "The Bird Song" or "The Leather Winged Bat".

"The Jolly Miller" is chanted as a children's jingle and sung as a play party throughout the United States, and it has been suggested that it would perhaps appear more frequently in serious collections of folk material if collectors did not tend to dismiss the song as one which most children learn in their early years at school. Newell, as far back as 1883, recorded the incidence of the song in this country (pp. 102-3) and it was probably current before that. References to it in later publications are many, (q.v. Botkin, "American Play Party Song", pp. 247-50; Randolph, vol. III, pp. 293-5; and the Journal of American Folk-Lore, vols. XXIV, p. 304; XXV, pp. 270; XXVI, p. 91; XXXIII, p. 123).

"The Leather Winged Bat" (Lomax, "Folk Song U.S.A.", pp. 18-19) was originally popularized by Burl Ives around 1940. As "The Bird Song", Sharp gives two very lovely, modal tunes and some particularly humorous verses. (Sharp, vol. II, p. 304).

"Says the robin as he flew
When I was a young man I choosed two
If one didn't love me the other one would
And don't you think my notion's good?" (1)

"Says the blackbird to the crow
'What makes white folks hate us so?'
'It's been our trade of pulling corn
Ever since old Adam was born.'" (2)

(1) Sharp, from the singing of Mrs. Jane Gentry, Hot Springs, N.C. 12 Sept. 1916.

(2) Sharp, from the singing of Mr. Bridges, St. Peter's Mission, Franklin County, Va., 12 Aug. 1918.

Ashley's tune, although not identical with any version I have seen, follows the general contours of the examples in the Sharp and Lomax collections. It is mixo-lydian in character, lending itself to instrumental treatment in a major key (unlike the Burl Ives tune which is wholly minor) while the melodic line shifts between the modal and the straight major.

Side A #8

THE HAUNTED WOODS

Eva Ashley Moore, unaccompanied vocal.

Eva sang this song from a hand-written ballad book which contains a number of the songs sung by her great-grandfather, Enoch Ashley, and her grandmother, Rosie-Belle Ashley. The book, is a school composition pad (7" x 8 1/2") containing thirty-four songs in all, and the selection of titles includes "You're Irish and You're Beautiful", "The Tear Stained Letter", "Coming In On a Wing and a Prayer", "Cowards Over Pearl Harbor", "I'll Reap My Harvest In Heaven", "The Round County Crew", "Gypsy Warning" and "Don't Get Around Much Anymore", to mention a representative few.

I know of no sources for this ballad other than the Ashley family, and will be grateful for any that may be forwarded to me.

Side A #9

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW

Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Fred Price, fiddle; Doc Watson, guitar; Jack Johnson, banjo.

This song is probably not much older than Cliff Carlisle's recording of it, cut on July 26, 1939 (Decca 46105) and is surely the most modern of the songs on this record. There have been several commercial recordings: Dusty Ellison, 4 Star 1155; Buckley and Skidmore,

Continental 98030; Bradley Kincaid, Majestic 6011 and Bill Monroe and the Blue Grass Boys, Columbia 37151, the last of these being the most popular recording of the song and one of Monroe's most successful pressings (reissued on Columbia "Hall of Fame" series #B-2804 and retained in the current catalogue). As this is one of Monroe's earlier recordings with the Blue Grass Boys, before the advent of the Scruggs-style banjo, hard driving rhythm and stepped up tempo which later became typical of his bands, the performance represents a transition period for Monroe between his early years, singing with his brother Charlie (vocal duet with mandolin and guitar only), and his now well-known "Blue grass" sound. Yet, although Clint and Fred learned this song from the early Monroe recording, their performance here bears no trace of Monroe's interpretation, but rather sounds like an even earlier recording - as Al Hopkins and the Buckle Busters might have played it in the early thirties.

Side B #1

I'M GOING BACK TO JERICHO

Doc Watson, vocal & banjo; Gaither Carlton, fiddle; Ralph Rinzler, guitar.

Gaither learned this tune as a young boy from an old time fiddler, Tom Hodge, who lived nearby, and Doc learned it from the singing of his father. The "Carolina Tar Heels" recorded it in 1931 as "Back to Mexico" (Victor 23611) and Doc Walsh (banjo picker with the "Tar Heels") sings a version very similar to the one recorded here accompanying himself on the banjo ("Back to Jericho", Columbia 5094). Walsh, who comes from Wilksboro, N.C., is the only one I know of who sings the song aside from Doc Watson. But as it was not an unusual song in the area of Boone (Wilksboro is some 30 miles from Boone) when Gaither was a boy, it is not unlikely that it originated thereabouts towards the end of the last century or the beginning of the present one.

Side B #2

MAGGIE WALKER BLUES (T.C. ASHLEY)

Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Fred Price, fiddle; Doc Watson, guitar.

Published texts and references indicate that this song, under a variety of titles, has been widely collected in the Southeast, Midwest and Western United States. Belden (pp. 198-200) lists his Missouri texts under "Peggy Walker", Buell Kazee recorded it as "The Roving Cowboy" (Brunswick, 156-A), and the majority of collections use "The Girl I Left Behind" as the title, but it should be noted that this ballad owes nothing to the equally popular song and fiddle tune of the same name which is often remembered as a favorite play party and marching tune of the American Revolution.

Excellent texts can be found in the following books: Gardner, pp. 98-100; Sharp, vol. II, pp. 62-65; Henry, pp. 354-8; Lomax, "Cowboy Songs and other Frontier Ballads", p. 244; and an interesting recording of the more familiar version of the tune was made by Dick Reinhardt (q.v. "Listen to our Story", Brunswick album #B-1024).

Side B #3

GOD'S GONNA EASE MY TROUBLIN' MIND (T.C. ASHLEY)

Tom Ashley, vocal; Doc Watson, guitar & second voice.

The origins of this tune are unmistakable; the text is eclectic. Tom does not remember when or where he learned it, but he has added a bit here and dropped some there to suit his tastes. The melody is not unlike that of the song "Motherless Children" (q.v. Folkways FG358; Blind Willie Johnson, "Mother's Children Have a Hard Time", orig. Columbia 14343; also Carter Family, "Motherless Children", Victor 23641) both in its general contours and minor lamenting quality.

Tom mentions the significance of the second line of the second verse: "There laid the long rail as well as the short", saying that it was a common practice to use two rails, one to measure the length and the other the width, when digging a grave.

Side B #4

HANDSOME MOLLY

Doc Watson, vocal; Gaither Carlton, fiddle.

The blind fiddler, George Banman Grayson, and Henry Whitter, with whom he played after travelling for some years with Tom Ashley, recorded this song in a version identical with the one performed here in 1927 (Victor 21189). It was Grayson who taught it to Gaither, while Doc learned it from his dad.

Although Scarborough (p. 16) mentions that Mrs. Piny Knight of Pirkey, Va. sang this song, there is neither text nor tune offered in her book. Davis, in his title listing of "Folk Songs of Virginia", shows the title "I Rode to Church Last Sunday", very possibly a version or at least a related song. And I have seen references to a song entitled "Loving Hannah" which is not unlike "Handsome Molly" as it is sung here; but I have not seen a printed version of either tune or text in any of the standard references on folk song. A local blue grass band brought down the house with a performance of this song at the Annual Old Time Fiddler's Convention in Galax, Va., during the summer of 1960; the singer, Herbert Lowe, from Galax, had learned it from the record by Grayson and Whitter.

Side B #5

THE LOUISIANA EARTHQUAKE

Stella Walsh Gilbert, unaccompanied vocal.

At two A.M. on Monday, December 16, 1811, the first violent shock of an earthquake which was to devastate the Mississippi Valley and continue for a period of some nine or more years, wracked the city of New Madrid, Missouri, the epicenter of the quake.

Originally a trading post started by Francis and Joseph LeSieur in 1783, a pretentious town was laid out in 1788. At that particular time the site of New Madrid was important, both politically and economically, for it was (and still is) situated on the west bank of the Mississippi some sixty-five miles below the mouth of the Ohio River (long. - 36° 37'), and the Louisiana Province, of which it was a part, had recently been ceded to Spain (Treaty of Paris, 1763) by France. The Spanish, for a period of thirty-seven years, concentrated considerable effort on the colonization of the territory, offering land grants so liberal that a married man, benefitting by allowances for his wife and each child, could stake a legal claim of 600 arpents (equal to about a square mile with a maximum of eighty rods fronting on the river). In the interests of further colonization, the territory was retroceded to France in October, 1800, and three years later, Jefferson acquired the vast territory from Napoleon I for the sum of \$15,000,000. By 1811 New Madrid was a large town, second in size only to St. Louis in the area now known as Missouri.

A record, kept by Jared Brooks of Louisville, Ohio (q.v. Sampson, "Missouri Historical Review"), divides the shocks into six classes according to intensity; in the thirteen weeks following the first shock, he recorded eight most severe and ten of second degree with a total of eighteen thousand seventy-four shocks in all. An area of a million square miles was affected, convulsions being felt as far north as upper Canada, to the south in New Orleans, to the west in Indian settlements some five hundred miles away and to the east in Washington, D.C. Severe shocks occurred at intervals after the initial one of December 16th: three on the 27th; a most violent one on January 23rd which kept the earth "in continual agitation, visibly waving as a gentle sea until February 4th" (Sampson, *ibid*); the shock of February 7th at four A.M. was called the "hard shock", the most violent of all, and as far away as St. Louis, a distance of 150 miles it was re-

corded as "severe" - "fowls fell from trees and crockery from shelves" (Sampson, *ibid*).

The Missouri State Historical Society holds numerous statements written down by people who experienced the quakes and by others who visited the area shortly thereafter. In the Society's publication Mr. F.A. Sampson lists more than a dozen original sources including accounts of visitors on boats as well those of natives.

The first steamboat on the Mississippi, the "New Orleans", was moored at Yellow Banks, not far from Louisville on the Ohio River, when the first shock came. The boat passed through the entire three hundred mile major disturbance area during the course of this, its maiden voyage and finally reached Natchez, its terminal point, on January 7th, 1812, almost a month after its departure from Ohio. At noon of the third day, the Captain, Nicholas Roosevelt, docked the boat at New Madrid which, although levelled to the ground, was still visible. But during the course of the day, seeing the town cemetery, situated on the banks of the river, break away and dissolve into the water, Roosevelt put out from shore just in time to see a huge section of the Mississippi bed rise from the waters and seemingly turn over catapulting all that was behind it downstream at an unheard-of rate of speed, while all that lay before it was forced upstream as the river flowed backwards during a period estimated from fifteen minutes to three hours in various accounts. Shortly after the river resumed its normal course, a low rumble was heard. Then the entire city of New Madrid, located on a bluff approximately fifteen feet above the summer flood level, fell twenty feet and was covered by the river's muddy waters. Sand, water and, in some cases, layers of bituminous coal were hurled high in the air as escaping sulfureted gases burned darkening the heavens with such intensity that no sunbeam could find its way through. "Birds and animals screamed in their fright, cattle crowded around assembled men for companionship and protection, and birds lost all power and disposition to fly and too sought the protection of man." (Sampson, *ibid*).

The Mississippi Valley underwent a remarkable geographical transformation, the major area of change spreading along the river front from the mouth of the Ohio to the St. Francis River for a distance of three hundred miles or more. Islands in the river itself sank and new ones were formed, navigators were perplexed as the bed of the river shifted levelling sandbars and building new ones. Eighteen mile long Reelfoot Lake was formed in the northwestern corner of Tennessee. Sir Charles Lyell, visiting the lake in 1829, remarked that in places the water reached a depth of fifty to one hundred feet, and when passing over the surface in a boat one could see the tops of submerged trees which, still rooted, stood upright on the lake's floor. Several hundred lakes were formed during the upheaval; and, conversely, existing lakes, formerly stocked with fish and fed from underground springs, disappeared. Lyell mentions Lake Eulalie, a comparatively small body of water measuring three hundred by one hundred yards, which had existed prior to the tragedy; when Sir Charles visited the site of the lake, eighteen years after its disappearance, it was covered by a grove of young trees.

Although trembling could be felt underfoot for many years, no troublesome shocks were felt after two years had elapsed, and Lyell says that "within three months people had become accustomed to the tremors, returned to their homes, and showed little regard for the shocks not even allowing them to interrupt their dances, frolics and vices." In 1820, he notes, passengers who went ashore from a steamer at New Madrid were terrified at feeling the house in which they were visiting begin to shake. The lady of the house, seeking to calm them, said, "Don't be alarmed, it is nothing but an earthquake."

The destruction was so great that Congress passed special laws for relief and land restitution. The latter proved more trying than one might imagine, for the topography of the recently purchased province was altered so drastically that individual claims whose boundaries had

been ambiguous from the first were now hopelessly confused. Some had become a part of the Mississippi river bed, others were filled with seemingly bottomless crevices and so on. It has been estimated that settlement and development of this area was retarded at least fifty years due to the tragedy. Of those who survived, many were discouraged by the wasteland which had once been their homes and farms and these moved on to other areas or returned to the East; and needless, to say, settlers were not over-anxious to stake claims on land which seemed to bear the curse of God.

As might be expected, these events provided welcome material for preachers of all sects who, seeking to gain proselytes to their cause, termed the occurrence God's way of showing man the terrors of Hell; others insisted the devil had come to claim his due, and so the descriptive theories came thick and fast enough to justify the publication of an article on the subject: "The Earthquake of 1811 and Its Influence on Evangelistic Methods in the Churches of the Old South" (Posey).

Stella Gilbert sang this ballad from the same book that contained "The Haunted Woods", this version having been taken down from the singing of Enoch Ashley, her grandfather. Prior to that time the text as well as the tune were preserved by oral methods, and it is of interest to note that during this period of a century or more, the day of the week, Sunday, was retained correctly in the text. A glance through any reputable publication of field collecting should illustrate the ease with which facts are altered and phrases dropped and/or replaced. Thus the line: "On Sunday night, as you may know? could have changed in any number of ways, least of which might be the substitution of the word Monday for Sunday.

In the year following the quake, the Louisiana Territory was officially renamed the Missouri Territory; on this basis, one might infer that the ballad originated before the new name took hold in common parlance or within a short time of the actual tragedy. It is, in any event, unlikely that the ballad was written as much as a decade later, unless the facts were drawn from a religious sermon rather than from experience or hearsay. Although the text presents the event in moralistic fashion, the use of the first person in the song would tend to indicate that a personal rather than a projected experience is involved.

I have not come across this ballad in printed form but would be most interested in any information pertaining to it.

Note: The recorded performance differs slightly from the text in the ballad book.

Rest of that night was spent in grief
And wishing for the morning;
But little thought the people had
This was the second warning.

Soon as daylight did appear
And the elements were lighter
I walking out about the yard
And saw the earth was cracking.
The last verse, as sung, follows these.

Side B #6

HONEY BABE BLUES (T.C. ASHLEY)

This is another of those songs which can be related to countless songs and ballads. Tom's version is closest to the well-known "Sugar Baby" song (Folkways "Anthology of American Folk Music", no. 62) also known as "Red Rocking Chair" (Charlie Monroe, Victor) and "Red Apple Juice" (Lunsford, "30 and 1 Folk Songs from the Southern Mountains"). Scarborough (pp. 122-4) provides an interesting discussion of the fragments of this text and their derivation from "The Lass of Loch Royal" (Child 76) pointing out the interrelationships between the ballad and such songs as "I Truly Understand That You Love Another Man" (for which she gives a complete text) (q.v. recordings of this song by Shortbuckle Roarke and Family, and the more recent recording by the New Lost City Ramblers on Folkways FA 2396), "Storms Are On the Ocean" (Carter Family, Victor 20937 & Columbia 20333,

37756), "Who Will Shoe Your Pretty Little Foot" (Guthrie & Houston, Stinson SLP #5) and the other versions of "Ten Thousand Miles".

Side B #7

TRUE LOVERS

Tommy Moore, vocal; Doc Watson, & Clint Howard, guitars; Fred Price, fiddle.

References for this song, also found under the titles "Silver Dagger", "The Green Fields and Meadows", "Young William", "Katy Dear", and "The Drowsy Sleepers", to mention a few, can be located through Malcolm Laws' "bibliographical syllabus" and a wealth of information is readily available in both Belden (pp. 124-5) and Randolph (V. II, pp. 53-8). The Library of Congress AAFS has at least ten different recordings of it, and the song is widely current in oral tradition throughout the South and West of the U.S.

Neither the text nor the tune recorded here differ significantly from some previously collected versions of the ballad, but several observations regarding the performance and its inclusion here may prove interesting.

In a discussion of oral tradition in music, Charles Seeger notes as a condition of control in field collecting, the attitudes of the collector/editor as well as those of the musician, factors which may be overlooked all too frequently.

"It is evident that both carriers and students of folk music hold a variety of traditional attitudes towards their respective activity - attitudes fostered by and expressed, often as not, qua oral tradition. They want it, or expect it, to change; or they do not want it or do not expect it to do so. They want to revive it, but not to put it to new uses; or vice versa. They wish to preserve it for themselves, or they want to popularize it. And so on. Sometimes they want to do two or more apparently contradictory things at once, or at different times, or in different ways. These attitudes and the actions that flow from them are essentially critical in character. But we seldom subject them to disciplined criticism, because they appear to us as self-evidently right, good, desirable, or beautiful. In fact they present thoughts and feelings about what is right, good, desirable or beautiful, not only in musical terms, but in terms of life and culture in general." (Funk & Wagnalls, pp. 826-7)

The first two recordings of "True Lovers", also sung by Tommy, were of particular interest in connection with the above statement, as the singer accompanied himself on the piano, which he played by ear.

Between verses the melody was played to an improvised bass accompaniment in a fashion that can best be described as strongly rhythmic and wholly musical. Were it not for the fact that the piano drowns out the singing due to misplacement of the microphone, one of these two recordings would have been used in lieu of the present example. In discussing my original intention with various folk music enthusiasts, it was interesting to note the partial spectrum of reactions ranging from absolute rejection of the possibility that this might be of interest in any way whatsoever, to quasi acceptance of the performance for the sake of curiosity. It may be further noted that Hobart Smith of Saltville, whose abilities as both a singer and instrumentalist can be readily observed by listening to a few of the many AAFS recordings of him, also plays the piano by ear in his own particular style - an interesting one at that, and more remote, the observation that on certain recordings of the North Carolina Ramblers, the banjo and guitar combine in such a way as to simulate the sound of a simple piano accompaniment. People in the area of Johnson County, Tenn. still remember Al Hopkins and the Buckle Busters featuring a small portable piano which Al himself played. ("Cripple Creek," Al Hopkins and the Hillbillies, vocalion B 15367.)

Just as certain purists still persist in the belief that the only true traditional performance is that of the unaccompanied voice,

so others maintain that the singer can accompany himself only on certain "traditional" instruments. Initially, the fiddle and perhaps the fife, flute and dulcimer were the only instruments generally found amongst settlers; later the banjo, mouth harp, jug, Jew's harp, guitar and mandolin and others found their place. It has been argued that the guitar, for example, is an acceptable "traditional" instrument for the accompaniment of folk songs by field singers, for it is generally used not only in this country but abroad by field musicians, whereas, with the exception of jazz piano playing, the use of the latter instrument is confined to art music. The proponent of this theory was reluctant to admit the acceptability of a sitar, Celtic harp and other instruments, traditional in other countries, in connection with American folk song. One wonders to what extent this critical control has influenced the character of such large collections as the Archive of American Folk Song of the Library of Congress and, in another area, the preparation of various publications - anthologies for popular uses as well as more serious works in the field.

Aside from these considerations, is interesting to note that Tommy Moore's singing does not reflect either the crooning or the rock and roll styles of singing which would undoubtedly be more than easily discernible in the singing of this same song by a child of thirteen in a less rural area. Moreover, certain limited but nonetheless perceptible ornaments are recognizable as the result of Tommy's having learned the song from the singing of his elders.

Side B #8

PRETTY LITTLE PINK

Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Doc Watson, lead guitar; Fred Price, fiddle; Jack Johnson, banjo; Tommy Moore, washboard.

This tune, with surprisingly little variation, appears under a variety of titles with diverse texts as a play-party game, hoedown, courting song and Mexican War song.

Margot Mayo's recording of her cousin, Rufus Crisp of Allen, Ky. (Library of Congress AAFS album 20 record no. 98-A, "Blue-Eyed Girl") is a fine example of the courting song-hoedown version of the tune done as a vocal solo with five string banjo in wry Kentucky backwoods style.

Jean Ritchie sings another completely different set of courting verses which she learned in her Kentucky home as a child. The chorus, a collection of nonsense words, is simply:

"Rink to my dink to my diddle, diddle dum
Rink to my dink to my doo-dee"
(repeat both lines).

And the text covers what surely is folk song's most complete and laconic account of the meeting, courtship and mutual renunciation of a boy and girl...all in five amusing verses, each one a dialogue. In condensed form:

"Where are you going, my daisy?"
"If I don't find me a young man soon
I think that I'll go crazy."

"How old are you, my honey?"
"If I don't die of a broken heart
I'll be sixteen next Sunday."

"Can you court, wild flower?"
"I can court more in a minute and a half
Than you can in one hour."

"Will you marry me good looking?"
"I'll marry you, but I won't do
Your washing or your cooking."

"Then I won't marry you, my dear-o."
"Who's asking you to marry me
You big, black-headed scarecrow?"

Hudson (P. 533) states that the song is of Mexican War origin, and Grand Ole Opry star, Grandpa Jones, thumps out his energetic version on the five string to support this idea:

"Place a knapsack on my back
And a rifle down on my shoulder
March me down to Mexico
And there I'll be a soldier."

(He uses the common refrain "Fly around, my pretty little miss")

Botkin supplies a play party text under the title "My Pretty Little Pink" (p. 296) mixing a courting verse, the above quatrain referring to Mexico and another common verse found in play parties, hoedowns and as a fragment in a completely separate play party with a different tune, "Coffee Grows on White Oak Trees" (Lomax, "Folksong U.S.A." pp. 100-101, better known quite recently as a popular song "Railroad, Steamboat, River and Canal").

"Coffee grows on white oak trees
And the rivers flow with brandy
Rocks in the mountains covered with gold
And the girls all sweeter than candy."

(Also in the Grandpa Jones version)

The play party terminates with:

"Now the war's all over and we'll turn back
To the place where we first started;
So open the ring and choose another
To relieve the broken hearted."

All the above examples share only the tune and some phrases of the refrain with the version recorded here by Clint and the group. The verses on this recording belong to the stock hoedown repertoire and are used interchangeably in numerous play parties, break downs and four line songs of various types sung throughout the U.S. The second of the two tunes, used only as an instrumental refrain here, is also a part of the hoedown repertoire and appears, slightly altered, as a part of Sally Ann on this recording; it is often used in the hoedown "Bile Dem Cabbage Down" as a second theme.

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Tom Ashley

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Notes:

1. The known master numbers and recording dates are indicated in parenthesis.
2. The Columbia records were recorded approximately October, 1929.
3. The Vocalion items except Vocalion 02780 were recorded approximately September, 1933.
4. Vocalion 02780, The Melotones, and Conqueror 7939 were recorded approximately December, 1931. It is likely the other Conquerors were recorded at the same time.
5. The Gennett masters were recorded approximately January, 1928.

If other data on Clarence Tom Ashley's records are known, please submit same to the author. This discography was prepared by Eugene W. Earle, 309-C Faller Drive, New Milford, New Jersey.

SIDE I, Band 1: SALLY ANN

Going to the wedding, Sally Ann (repeat)
Sift that meal and save your bran
I'm going home with Sally Ann.

Did y'ever see a muskrat, Sally Ann (repeat)
Dragging its slick tail through the sand?
Great big wedding up, Sally Ann.

Shake that little foot, Sally Ann (repeat)
Great big wedding up, Sally Ann
I'm going home with Sally Ann.

Pass me the brandy, Sally Ann (repeat)
I'm going 'way with Sally Ann
Great big wedding up, Sally Ann

SIDE I, Band 2: OLD RUBEN

Old Ruben made a train
And he put it on the track
He run it to the Lord knows where.

REFRAIN:

Oh, me...Oh, my
He run it to the Lord knows where.

You oughtta been up town
Heard his train go down
You could hear the whistle blow a hundred miles. (repeat first verse)

If this train runs right
See my woman tomorrow night
Nine hundred miles away from home.

I've been to the East
And I've been to the West
I'm going where these chilly winds don't blow.

(Repeat first verse)

SIDE I, Band 3: EAST TENNESSEE BLUES
T. C. Ashley

(INSTRUMENTAL)

SIDE I, Band 4: CLAUDE ALLEN

Claude Allen and his dear old father
Have met their fatal doom at last;
Their friends are glad their trouble's ended
And hope their souls are now at rest.

Poor Claude was young and very handsome
And still had hopes until the end
That he might in some way or other
Escape his death at Richmond's Pen.

But the Governor being so hard hearted,
Not caring what his friends might say,
He finally took his sweet life from him;
In the cold ground his body lay.

Claude's mother's tears were gently flowing
All for the one she loved so dear -
It seemed no one could tell her troubles
It seemed no one could tell but her.

Poor Claude, he had a pretty sweetheart
She mourns the loss of the one she loved;
She hopes to meet beyond the river
A fair young face in heaven above.

High up on yonder's lonely mountain
Claude Allen lays beneath the clay;
No more we hear his words of mercy
Or see his face till judgement day.

Now all young men from this take warning
Be careful how you go astray
Or you might be, like poor Claude Allen
And have this awful debt to pay.

SIDE I, Band 5: THE RICHMOND BLUES

REFRAIN:

Honey, all night long
Baby all night long
Got the Richmond Blues
Baby all night long.

Went down to the depot
Look upon the board
That train ain't here
But it's somewheres on the road.

(REFRAIN)

Well, I left the country
And I moved to town
That's when my baby
Started running around.

(REFRAIN)

SIDE I, Band 6: SKILLET GOOD AND GREASY

Gonna buy me a sack of flour
Bake me a hoeecake every hour
Keep that skillet good and greasy all the time, time,
time
Keep that skillet good and greasy all the time.

Honey, if you say so
I'll never work no more
I'll lay around your shanty all the time, time, time
(repeat)

Got some chickens in the sack
Got the blood hounds on my track
Keep that skillet good and greasy etc.

If they beat me to the door
I'll sick 'em under the floor
Keep that skillet good and greasy etc.

Gonna buy me a jug of brandy
Gonna give it all to Mandy
Gonna keep her drunk and boozy all the time etc.

SIDE I, Band 7: THE OLD MAN AT THE MILL

REFRAIN:

Same old man a-living at the mill
The mill turns around of its own free will
One hand in the hopper and the other in the sack
Ladies step forward and the gents fall back

"Down", said an owl with its head all white
"A lonesome day and a lonesome night
Thought I heard some pretty girl say
'Court all night and sleep next day'"

(REFRAIN)

Then said a raven, and she flew
"If I was a young man, I'd have two
One for to git, and the other for to saw
I'll have a little string to my bow, bow, bow."

(REFRAIN)

My old man's in Kalamazoo
And he don't wear no - "Yes, I do!"
First to the left and then to the right
This old mill grinds day and night.

(REFRAIN)

SIDE I, Band 8: THE HAUNTED WOODS

In olden times there was a river
Ran between two mountain walls
In the place from where it started
Was a place called Haunted Falls.

On the binder of this river
Sailed a-many light canoe
And the streams, they danced about them
While the Summer skies were blue.

On its banks there lived a white man
With his wife and children three
And the shouts of pain and sorrow
Echoed with their shouts of glee.

To a little town, the father
For the mail, one day, had gone
Left his wife his wife and loving babies
For a-one quiet hour alone.

Hark, the sound of tramping horses
Then the mother turned in prayer
Just in time to draw the door-bolt
When four Indians rode in sight.

Then she seized and kissed her children,
Bade them neither speak nor cry,
Locked them in the secret closet
Then prepared herself to die.

With an angry push the Captain
Flung the bolt from off the door
Grabbed her by her long brown tassie
Dragged her to the river shore.

There they sang and danced about her,
Paid no heed to her piteous prayers
Placed her on the rocks beneath them
There in agony she died.

'Twas revenge that they had wanted
'Twas revenge that they had found
When they burned those weeping babies
With the dwelling to the ground.

Now an old man sadly wanders
Round the place where the dwelling stood
And the people of this village
Calls that place the Haunted Woods.

SIDE I, Band 9: FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW

Now, some folks like the Summertime, when they can
walk about
I like the meadow green, it's a treasure there's no
doubt;
But everytime the snow falls it brings back memories
'Cause I found her when the snow was on the ground.

REFRAIN:

I traced her little footprints in the snow
I found her little footprints in the snow, Lord
I bless that happy day when Nellie lost her way
I found her when the snow was on the ground.

I dropped in to see her when there was a big, round
moon
Her mother said she'd just stepped out but would be
returning soon;
I went out and I found her little footprints in the
snow
And I found her when the snow was on the ground.

(REFRAIN)

Now she's up in heaven, she's with that angel band
I know I'm going to see her in that promised land
But everytime the snow falls it brings back memories
'Cause I found her when the snow was on the ground.

(REFRAIN)

SIDE II, Band 1: I'M GOING BACK TO JERICHO

I'm a-going back to Jericho, sugar babe (repeat)
I'm a-going back to Jericho
And I'm a-getting married before I go, sugar babe.

Never seen the like since I been born, sugar babe
Picking up sticks and parching corn, sugar babe.

What ya gonna do when the meat comes in, sugar babe?
Set in the corner with a greasy chin.

What ya gonna do when the weather gets cold, sugar
babe?
Do like a ground hog, hunt me a hole, sugar babe.

(repeat first verse)

SIDE II, Band 2: THE MAGGIE WALKER BLUES

My parents raised me tenderly, they had no child but
me
My mind being placed on rambling, with them I
couldn't agree
Just to leave my aged parents and them no more to
see.

There was a wealthy gentleman who lived there very
near by
He had a beautiful daughter, on her I cast my eye
She was so tall and slender, so pretty and so fair.
There never was a girl in this wide world with her I
could compare.

I asked her if it differed if I crossed over the plain
She said, "It makes no difference if you never return
again;"
We two shook hands and parted, and I left my girl
behind.

I started out in this wide world strange faces Ier to
see
I met little Maggie Walker and she fell in love with me
Her pockets all lined with green back and her labor
I'll grow old,
Now if you'll consent to marry me I'll say I'll roam
no more.

I travelled out one morning, to the salt works I were
bound
And when I reached the salt works I viewed the city all
around
Work and money were plentiful and the girls all kind to
me
But the only object to my heart was a girl in Tennessee.

I travelled out one morning down on the market square
The mail train being on arrival, I met the carrier there
He handed me a letter so's I could understand
That the girl I left in Tennessee had married another
man.

I drove on down a little further and I found out it was
true
I turned my horse and buggy around but I didn't know
what to do
I turned all around and about there - bad company I'll
resign;
I'll drive all about from town to town for the girl I
left behind.

SIDE II, Band 3: GOD'S GONNA EASE MY TROUBLIN' MIND

REFRAIN:

Trouble in mind, trouble in mind
Trouble in mind, trouble in mind
Trouble in mind, trouble in mind
God's a-gonna ease my trouble in mind.

Mary and Marthy, Peter and John (repeat twice)
They had trouble all night long.

(REFRAIN)

Down by the graveyard stood and talked
There laid the long rail as well as the short.

(REFRAIN)

If you get there before I do
You tell my friends I'm coming too.

(REFRAIN)

Additional verse:
Two white horses, side by side
Must have been the horses King Jesus ride.

SIDE II, Band 4: HANDSOME MOLLY

I wish I were in London
Or some other seaport town
I'd set my foot in a steamboat
And sail the whole world round.

While sailing on the ocean
While sailing on the sea
I'd think of Handsome Molly
Where ever she might be.

Remember, Handsome Molly,
When you gave me your right hand
And you said if you ever married
That I'd be the man.

But now you broke your promise
Go marry whom you please
While my poor heart is breaking
You're going at your ease.

She goes to Church on Sunday
She passes me on by
I can tell her mind is changing
By the roving of her eye.

Her hair is black as a raven
Her eyes are black as a crow

Her cheeks look like lillies.
Out in the morning glow.

(repeat first verse)

SIDE II, Band 5: THE LOUISIANA EARTHQUAKE

Come, my dear friends and neighbors all
Come, listen while I tell you
Concerning of a mighty call
Took place in Lou'siana.

On Sunday night, as you may know
While we were all a-sleeping
The Lord from heaven looking down
And set this earth to shaking.

Some jumping up ran out of doors
Others they followed after
Others they stood with lifted hands
Crying, "Lord, what is the matter?"

As for myself, I must confess
I could but stand and wonder
Expecting any moment for
Some louder clouds of thunder.

Rest of that night was spent in grief
And wishing for the morning,
Soon as daylight it did appear
The elements were darkened.

A full six months had rolled around
But the earth it still kept shaking
While the Christians go with their head bowed down
And the sinners hearts were aching.

SIDE II, Band 6: HONEY BABE BLUES

REFRAIN:

Well, I ain't got no honey baby now (repeat)
Well, it's ho me...ho-ho Lordy, my
Ain't got no honey baby now.

I'm leaving on that early morning train etc.

(REFRAIN)

Well, I'll see you when your troubles is like mine.

Good girl, you ain't no girl of mine.

I'm going if I don't stay long.

(REFRAIN)

SIDE II, Band 7: TRUE LOVERS

Boys and girls, pay good attention
To these few lines I'm going to write
They are as true as ever was written
By a lady who was fair and bright.

Now, she was courted by a noble young prince
Whom she had taken his delight
He often proved his word of honor
That she would be his lawful bride.

When his parent came to know this
To break it up they both did try
Saying, "Son, oh Son, what makes you foolish?
"She's poor, she's poor," they often cried.

Now when the young girl came to know this
She wandered hills and valleys all around
Until she came to a place of clear water
In a pleasant place there she set down.

Then she picked up a golden weapon
She placed it through her snowy-white breast
Then she began to reel and stagger
Saying these few words, "I'm going to rest."

Her true lover were on the ocean
Had a chance to hear her dying groan,

He reel, he raved, like a man destructed
Saying, "I'm lost, I'm ruined, I'm left alone."

Then he picked up her dying body
And rolled it over in his arms
Saying, "Oh, true lover, no doctor can save you
"Don't you want to die in your true lover's arms?"

Then he picked up the bloody weapon
And placed it through his troubled heart
Saying "Let this be a farewell warning
To all who keep true lovers apart."

SIDE II, Band 8: PRETTY LITTLE PINK

REFRAIN:

Fly all around, my pretty, little Pink
Fly all around, my baby
You slighted me, and you broke my heart
And you almost drive me crazy.

When I was a little boy
A-playing in the ditches
Now I am a big grown man
A-wearing pappy's britches.

Yonder stands my own true love
You reckon how I know
Tell her by her under clothes
Hangin' down so low.

Every time that I go home
I do my best to please her
The more I try the worse she gets
And I be darned if I don't leave her.

Yonder stands a pretty, little girl
She's all dressed in red
I looked down and seen her feet
And I wished my wife was dead.



From left to right: Fred Price, fiddle; Tom Ashley;
Jack Johnson, banjo; Tommy Moore, washboard;
Doc Watson, guitar; Clint Howard, guitar.