

VOLUME TWO STEREO

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31071

# EVERHART

## WAITIN' FOR A TRAIN



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E94  
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1980

MUSIC LP

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE



**SIDE 1**

Band 1 - PLEASE MR. WALKER  
(Lyrics & Music by Bob Everhart)  
Band 2 - FIDDLERS BLUES  
Band 3 - SON OF THE RISING SUN  
Band 4 - NASHVILLE  
(Formerly called An-Nee-Nah)  
Band 5 - IN THE NIGHT-TIME  
Band 6 - FEELINGS  
Band 7 - LEAVING ON A BLUE RIVER TRAIN

**SIDE 2**

Band 1 - NOTHING IS SMALL  
(Lyrics by David Burbeck)  
Band 2 - FISHPOLE JOHN  
Band 3 - WAITIN' FOR A TRAIN  
(Written by Jimmie Rodgers)  
Band 4 - DALLAS KENT NELSON  
Band 5 - OLD JERIMIAH  
Band 6 - THE BIG MAN MUSIC MAKER

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**PARTICIPATING MUSICIANS:**

Steve Hanson—Bango, mandolin, guitar & back-up vocals  
Dave Morris—string-bass  
Dave Fowler—fiddle  
Pete Blakeslee—dobro  
Matt Dalton—guitar (acoustic)  
Frank Green—producer and back-up vocals  
Dan Newton—penny whistle on Dallas Kent Nelson

Bob Everhart—12-string guitar, harmonica and lead vocals and  
Executive Producer

**PARTICIPATING SONG WRITERS:**

David Burbeck on Nothing is Small  
Jeff Doty on Old Jerimiah

**PARTICIPATING IDEA DONORS:**

Derek Perring, Wembley, England (Oh Please Mr. Walker)

**BOB EVERHART INTERNATIONAL FAN CLUB**

c/o Nadine Dreager  
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England agent: Mike Storey, 38 Knowl Road Golcar,  
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Holland agent: Cor Sanne, P.O. Box 59, 2420 AB Nieuwkoop,  
Holland

Tom Howe & Harvey Stewart who produced my television special  
"Everhart" for PBS NETV Network

And finally, but certainly not least, Don Rogert who I hope will  
produce my next album.

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**EVERHART**  
**WAITIN' FOR A TRAIN**

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31071



## EVERHART

### Naitin' for a Train

#### SIDE A--Track 1

PLEASE MR WALKER: (Lyrics & Music by Bob Everhart) Royal Flair Pub. EMI

You took the yodel away from Jimmie Rodgers  
You took the fiddle away from a Texan named Bob Wills  
You even took the blues from Hank Williams  
You took the very soul from the hills  
You took the banjo away from Uncle Dave Macon  
From the Carters you stole their sweet harmony  
You play the latest hot stuff you call country  
You fool a lot of people you don't fool me  
You took the land away from an Okie, Woody Guthrie  
The microphone away from Old Judge Hayes  
The last thing he told you as you go on the Grand Old Opry  
Just keep it country boys all the way!  
You heard us tell the stories of our heart-aches  
The pain and sorrow we write in a song  
You put us way up high in the pop charts  
For real country music that seems wrong  
won't you please give us back country music  
It helps us make us through the working day  
And when we rest at night with sweet country by our side  
We'll know we'll make it through another day  
We know we'll make it through the coming day.

The controversy around what is and what isn't country music is just as strong and just as raging in the beginning of the 80's as it was in the mid-70's when the first creeping contemporary sounds of 62 trumpets, 53 french horns, 98 slide trombones and a symphony of violins started invading the ground of traditional country music. Country music was never intended to include all this extraneous musical sound. It just simply never was meant to be so "perfect." What Nashville has done to country music is disgraceful and disgusting to many of the folks who really love their country music simple and meaningful. What Nashville has done to the lyrics of country music, most rural folk would never bring back from behind the barn, and a lot of the subject matter would make some rural folks blush just talkin' about it "behind the barn." There's a lot to be said for the privacy and the private thoughts of country folks, and most of what the Brooklyn drugstore cowboys are singing about today (the 80's) is not what would be considered respectable to "real" country folks. I consider myself a "real" country singer from the sandhills of Nebraska, and the things I write and sing about all over the world, have become an embarrassment to Nashville. I hope I continue to embarrass them for a long time.

#### SIDE A--Track 2

##### FIDDLERS BLUES

Went to a fiddlers Jamboree down in Old Brownville  
rain coming down bout as fast as it can  
crazy folks stand still  
Don't want to move till they hear the word  
the contest been postponed  
Paid three dollars to enter the race, He'll be going home alone

Well the river flowing by 'bout as fast as it can  
and it's falling from the sky  
Makes no difference which fiddle you play  
you can hear the widow (fiddler, young folks) cry....

Her man been playing fifty some years  
and he never won a one  
It's mighty hard for him to lose when he knows he could have won.  
Life gets kind of funny that way,  
when you know you just can't lose  
Along comes an old-time fiddling man  
playing the fiddlers blues...

##### CHORUS

There's a few brave souls going to give it a try  
doing what Grandpa done  
Most of them leave saying the same, I knew I could have won.  
Young folks are kind of funny that way when they know they just can't lose. Along comes an old-time fiddling man  
playing the fiddlers blues...

##### CHORUS

Years ago, the only entertainment of the pioneer settlers was only a fiddler or a harmonica or guitar player, To bring these fine old-timey players together, fiddler conventions were held to determine who the best fiddler was. This custom died out for awhile, until only a couple conventions a year were held. Then during the 60's a resurgence in folk music occurred, and fiddler conventions started making a comeback. They continued to grow until by the 80's thousands of these gatherings were being held across the country. Mostly it is a way to register a legitimate complaint against the "pop-country" music sound of Nashville, but more importantly it is a continuing American phenomenon in music, where money interests and production decisions cannot destroy the "real" American traditional music. My own festival held annually over Labor Day Weekend in Council Bluffs Iowa features the Mid-America Fiddlers Championship and attracts as many as 20,000 folks interested in preserving the music of our pioneers.

#### SIDE A--Track 3

##### SON OF THE RISING SUN

Mama cried in New Orleans and she died in Papa's dreams  
he brought her back from what she'd done in the House of the Rising Sun  
Oh yes she worked in the rising sun  
took on all the sportin' ones  
Papa loved her there one night and brought her back from her cheatin' life  
I ran away from all that shame  
all my life I placed the blame  
on Papa's love cause I'm his son  
of the House of the Rising Sun  
Papa died on Bourbon Road payin' back the debt she owed  
she tried to leave that house of shame  
and killed the man that Papa blamed  
Papa took his life it seems when Mama died in New Orleans  
when she went back to find the one in the House of the Rising Sun.

A lot of folks tell me that nobody is writing good hillbilly or old-time country music today. I disagree, and sat down and wrote this song that contains all the elements of a good hillbilly piece of music. It's a story, a tragic one, of what might have happened to a boy in the well-known House of the Rising Sun. In this case, the lad grew up in this rather irreputable place only only to discover his mother and father dead at the altar of sin. Good old-time country music doesn't necessarily have to have fifty million chords and a lot of hidden meanings. Most of the really good ones have a simple story line, simple chord changes, and a lot of drive. I hope that with the help of a bluegrass band from Lincoln, Nebraska, called Bluegrass Crusade, this recording of a very "new" old-time country song will fall under the heading of "real" hillbilly music, and eventually be accepted by bluegrass and hillbilly music lovers everywhere!

#### SIDE A--Track 4

##### NASHVILLE (formerly called An-Nee-Nah)

I only try to do some good and the faces turned toward  
me begin to cry  
If you would, could you lend us a helping hand  
and help us to try  
I guessed I should, I knew I would  
around the corner lies another lie!  
The mask she wore revealed a whore saying my, aren't you nice!  
I'd be so pleased, especially, if you would come and spend the night!  
I guessed I would, I knew I would  
around the corner lies another lie.  
Some call her mean, some just believe she's all of us in vain disguise.  
She's envy and jealousy, and in between all those white lies.  
I knew I would, I guessed I should wave her a friendly goodbye.  
Full of might she thinks she's right in everything she says and does.  
She wears a cross and screams a lot about her rights and love from above.  
I knew I would, I guessed I should give her anything, but love!  
Ah, shake me rough and wake me up and free me from her evil spell.  
Lord, please release me and relieve me from her one-way road to hell.  
I knew I would, I guessed I should wave her a friendly farewell.  
I knew I would, I guessed I should wave her a friendly farewell.

It's a known fact that thousands upon thousands of hopeful and aspiring country music artists go to Nashville, Tennessee to realize

their dreams. It's also a well known fact that 999 out of every thousand leave disappointed, heart-broken, broke in mind, spirit and pocketbook. The worst tragedy of all is that most of these aspiring artists are in every sense of the word "real" country music artists. And even worse than that, the product emanating from Nashville today is NOT in any sense a "real" country music product. Brooklyn cowboys, Chicago pop singers and L.A. pink poodles have a better chance of succeeding in country music than the "real" struggling "country" artist in Nashville. The only remnant of this "real" country music in Nashville is the radio program "Grand Old Opry." And even that is being deteriorated and deformed by the pressures of "pop" and "rock" artists to be on it. This is probably the most relevant and true song I have ever written about an actual series of events taking place in the music world today!

#### SIDE A--Track 5

##### IN THE NIGHT-TIME

As the night-time gathers 'round you  
whispering secrets to the sky  
and the moon shines down upon you  
and the stars fall all around  
and the thunder crashes around you  
and the lightening fills the sky  
all the people they are frightened  
and the children start to cry  
in the night-time, in the night-time,  
in the night-time.

I have been repeatedly accused of being incapable of producing any musical sounds or styles other than traditional country music. This criticism, I'm sure, has been aimed more at the way I perform, rather than what I perform. In this song, I have attempted to prove that I am capable of writing and performing other than traditional country music. BUT, I decided to do it by using the musical instruments of traditional country music. Pete Blakeslee's dobro guitar in this song (especially when re-played on hi-fidelity equipment at approximately the same volume level as rock and roll music) is a superb rendition of utilizing the instrument in a musical art form other than hillbilly music. The fiddle (in this instance an elegant gypsy rendering by Dave Fowler) is used to really embellish the music. Quite obviously not a "country" piece of music, "In the Night-Time" is however a quite unique rendition of music using the musical instruments of traditional hillbilly music. I was quite pleased with the results of the musicians on this number. The contents of the song is written mostly around a verse that appears in the book of Revelations in the Bible and refers to the ending times, and the conditions that might arise from the forces at work during the ending times.

#### SIDE A--Track 6

##### FEELINGS

What I do, doesn't matter  
there is always someone better  
to tell me what to think  
living life in red ink  
all their thoughts are far apart, it's only someone else's heart.  
Life is filled with emptiness  
people filled with restlessness  
individuals seeking fame  
for all their work they only gain  
death alone and far apart it's much too late  
to heal their heart.  
What I do, doesn't matter  
there is always someone better  
to tell me what to think  
living life in red ink  
all their thoughts are far apart, it's only someone else's heart they break.  
Sarcastic minds and scornful looks  
seeking feelings out of books  
speaking words in offense  
leaving pride in defense  
all their thoughts are far apart it's only someone else's heart they hurt.

As I travel around the world playing my traditional music, I find more and more people faced with the same terrible realization. . . They cannot find anyone that will listen to their tales of woe. No one cares about them, their thoughts, their hopes and dreams. The world has gone awry in their thinking, and mostly I think these dis-heartened people are right. There seems to be some sort of "closed door" to the honest hard-working person seeking to advance themselves. Masses of people exposed to television and communication media in staggering amounts seem to want to believe a lie than the truth. Fantastic conspiracies are more important than a simple belief in one's self. People that would normally be quiet hard-working dilligent and responsible souls turn to the most outrageous x-rated entertainment outlets to sate their minds.



WHY do people who work hard and pursue the American dream continue to be rejected, turned away, beaten down and in many cases ridiculed for their efforts? I believe it is because so many of our leaders, our responsible politicians, our community objectives utilize greed as a motivation rather than the honest respectable "help your neighbor" golden rule. Everywhere it seems that "greed" is replacing honesty, and worse, it seems to be the more respected. BUT a lot of that has to do with where you live and why. I still think that "real" country folks (and that is a state of mind too!) are going to be the final victors in this struggle I call "feelings" and those victors shall inherit the universe!

#### SIDE A--Track 7

##### LEAVING ON A BLUE RIVER TRAIN

I'm leaving on that blue river train  
leaving on that blue river train  
I'm leaving on that train and I won't be back again

Oh I'm leaving on that blue river train!  
Darling you can't love one  
Darling you can't love one  
You can't love one and have any fun, oh  
darling you can't love one!

##### CHORUS

Darling you can't love two  
Darling you can't love two  
You can't love two and still be true, oh  
darling you can't love two!

##### CHORUS

Darling you can't love three  
Darling you can't love three  
You can't love three and still love me, oh  
darling you can't love three!

##### CHORUS

This is a really fine example of a very old public domain song used in revamped form to produce a very popular "newer" country song. The new version is known as "Rollin' In My Sweet Baby's Arms." But, back before it was known by that title, it had been played and sung by a number of hillbilly bands as "Blue River Train." Even in that form, newer groups sang it as "New River Train." My first exposure to the song was (and I'm not absolutely sure about this) a rendition written by Carson Robinson. Robinson was an old Kansas boy, born in 1890, the son of an old-time fiddler. He worked a lot with Vernon Dalhart and Frank Luther. He was on radio (on WDAF in Kansas City), and went on to NYC to record for Victor. He was a leading hillbilly writer of the 20's, and wrote under several different names. I believe it was Robinson that created this particular version of "Blue River Train," and although it went on and on, it's kind of nice to see the end result being "Rolling In My Sweet Baby's Arms." Many hillbilly groups have performed and recorded both versions. I hope folks like this version using a fine bluegrass band from Lincoln, Nebraska, called Bluegrass Crusade.

#### SIDE B--Track 1

##### NOTHING IS SMALL (lyrics by David Burbeck)

It seems as though we have always been children  
It seems as though we have always been young  
and from your bed you soon will be rising  
and the brightness of the day has just begun  
You lie upon this golden ground in the morning  
the love you share is always in this feeling  
and from your heart it comes out loving  
and from your soul it comes out so easy  
though suns may rise and fall  
times goes by for all  
there is nothing small, anymore!  
You lie upon that golden ground of the morning  
the love you share is always in this feeling  
and from your heart it comes out loving  
and from your soul it comes out so easy

##### CHORUS

David Burbeck is a young songwriter that spent many years with me, especially trying years, working the various clubs in the Chicago area. We did a number of concerts with such names as Herman & the Hermits, Peter & Gordon, Sonny & Cher, Chubby Checkers, and Joey Dee (Peppermint Twist). David was influenced by these artists in his song writing and continued to reflect this in his writings. I first heard this song he wrote sometime in the early 70's, and though it was originally a very folksy and 60's oriented song, I hope David will forgive me the artist's liberty of placing the song in my own style. The utilization of hillbilly instrumentation, to me, really blossoms the song, and I hope more people will get the opportunity to become exposed to this kind of music. The lyrics and the melody line (somewhat my own) are all romantically reflective, and the whole song is a very delightful "love" song set in a hillbilly music style.

#### SIDE B--Track 2

##### FISHPOLE JOHN

Down on the waterfront lives an old fisherman  
he hides his time speaks his mind and says  
what he can  
his mind is strong his heart is true his  
philosophy is fine  
go down there on a rainy day you'll come back  
feeling fine  
go down there on a rainy day you'll come back  
satisfied  
Fishpole John, don't you go there unless you  
want to know the truth  
Fishpole John, don't you go there unless you  
want to hear the truth!

Down on the waterfront on old Franklin Street  
there's a man lives down there got gold at  
his feet  
his mind is strong his heart is true his  
philosophy is fine  
go down there on a rainy day you know you're  
feeling fine  
go down there on a rainy day you'll come back  
satisfied

##### CHORUS

##### CHORUS

In the mid-70's I spent a couple of years as the General Manager of radio station KJNO in Juneau Alaska. It was quite an experience working for the Pascal family, and getting to know such people as Senator Gravel, Governor Egan, and fellow broadcaster Lowell Thomas. One of the most interesting "characters" I met in Alaska however, was a man who spent all his time making salmon rods for the folks who wanted to go fishing for this fine game. His name was "Fishpole John" naturally, and he made (and probably still does) the best darn salmon pole anywhere in the Alaskan panhandle, or the whole state for that matter. Fishpole John was also a great watch-dog over local politics and the "state of the city" so to speak. One of the more popular programs I had on the air at KJNO was a radio talk show with telephone call-ins. When things were slow I'd just grab the guitar and harmonica and play a tune or two. But when things were hot, you can bet that Fishpole John had just uncovered some irresponsible political action and took advantage of the talk show to expose his findings. He had a habit of starting his sentences kind of slow and as he built up a head of steam, by the time he had finished, he was going ninety miles an hour. I've tried to recapture this man in song and even style. At the end I do the harmonica part kind of like Fishpole John, and though it is in-beat but out-of-meter, it's really a lot like this fine man. He thought and talked that way, but mostly everything came out o.k. in the end.

#### SIDE B--Track 3

##### WAITIN FOR A TRAIN (Written by Jimmie Rodgers)

All around the water tank waitin' for a train  
a thousand miles away from home just sittin'  
in the rain  
walked up to a brakeman to give him a line  
of talk  
he said if you got money I'll see that you  
don't walk  
I haven't got a nickel not a penny can I show  
get off get off you railroad bum and he  
slammed the box-car door.

He put me off in Texas, a state I dearly love  
wide open spaces all around me, the moon and  
stars up above  
nobody seems to want me or lend me a helping  
hand  
I'm on my way to Frisco bay going back to the  
promised land.

Aside from Woody Guthrie and Hank Williams, my most favorite idol has got to be Jimmie Rodgers, the Mississippi Singin' Brakeman, or the Blue Yodeler, or more commonly known now as the Father of Country Music. Jimmie Rodgers and his music have always impressed me, not only when I hear his music, by him, or anyone else. Merle Haggard has probably given all of us the best tribute album ever of Jimmie Rodgers. I know I can't do it nearly so well, but I would hope that somehow Jimmie Rodgers might like the way I do his songs. I do them the way I remember as a little boy out on the lonesome prairie in the sandhills of Nebraska. Way out across the eerie moonlit night I can still hear a lonesome train whistle in the dark. Not once or twice, but several times as approached a cattle crossing. Jimmie Rodgers was like that. Today, a lot of people think the yodel is hokey, but Rodgers used it as a way to express his loneliness or sorrow and sadness. The yodel can almost be heard as a crying sob in some of his songs. Me, I yodel because it fits the songs, and in this one, I'm still waitin' for a train too. And, like Jimmie Rodgers, I still sing the song like he

might have. Rodgers is such an important part of my life, that in 1980, we started the first annual Jimmie Rodgers Yodeling Championship. Held each year over labor day weekend in Council Bluffs, Iowa, we hope it will become the new home of all those that are concerned about the direction of country music today, and the preservation of it as it once was.

#### SIDE B--Track 4

##### DALLAS KENT NELSON

Now the story goes not so long ago  
about two men and the Phantom  
they sailed the seas and swore to be a deck  
hand and a captain  
'twas a sunny day when they sailed away  
aboard a schooner called Phantom  
to far flung isles they sailed for miles  
the deck hand and the captain  
'Twas a Welshman he that sailed the seas  
as the master on board the Phantom  
Wynne Jones his name and he claimed his fames  
and the gold stripes of a captain  
And the hard working lad as a deck hand he had  
all the toil he could do on the Phantom  
Young Nelson his name and he claimed no fame  
and the words came harsh from the captain...  
'Tis been many a day since you've been away  
why do you stay on the Phantom  
Young Nelson replied he knew not way  
and remained a deck hand to the captain  
many months passed by, young Nelson would cry  
for he had no friends on the Phantom  
until one day he began to pray for someone  
that he could depend on.  
It was two short weeks, that the story speaks  
when a stranger came on board the Phantom  
he spoke words of love and placed far above  
the deckhand over the captain.  
Young Nelson you see, was an Admiral to be  
on a ship far finer than Phantom,  
they became good friends, this stranger and  
him,  
he placed far higher than Captain.

I've spent some time singing and playing music in the Bahama Islands and the West Indies. One of the more pleasant things I've done in my life was taking a couple of leisurely trips on board the Windjammer cruise through these beautiful islands. On board one of their ships was a young man named Dallas Kent Nelson. Originally from Memphis, Tennessee, he was working (backbreaking work at that) on board the flagship Phantom. He is just a small guy, weighs about 130 pounds, but could do the work of a man twice his size. He is quite intelligent, and could penetrate even the most difficult problems or philosophical thought with his mind. The story revealed in this song (the music taken from an old English sea chanty) is mostly true, and though we've only seen each other a few times since, we still consider each other the best of friends. Kent (as he prefers to be called) is still probably down in the islands somewhere sailing handsome vessels, and most likely you will find him at an island called Antigua, more precisely at a harbor called "Nelson's Harbor."

#### SIDE B--Track 5

##### OLD JERIMIAH

For a drink of his cider he'll tell you of  
his youth  
and anything he thinks you want to hear  
he prays your days are brighter as he  
sees his final truth  
but mostly his days are filled with fear  
Old Jeremiah lived in Norfolk Square  
down in old London town  
Old Jeremiah a self made man  
Nobody knew his name before he died

They say he was a master at everything he done  
and everything he did long ago  
but now it doesn't matter, his last song is  
sung  
and Jeremiah lays his head down low.

##### CHORUS

They say, he was the first and only man to  
know  
the secrets of a treasure to unfold  
a cider for his thirst he'll tell you where  
to go  
to find the answers to the universe

##### CHORUS

The answer's in a bottle is all he would  
reveal  
they found him in his sleep upon the ground  
he finally won his battle and his name to  
safely keep  
as they slowly lowered Jeremiah down

##### CHORUS

I really like to write songs about people I  
meet along the way, and Old Jeremiah is no  
exception. In this case, however, it is not  
his real name. I never knew his real name, but



Jerimiah seemed to be a most apt name. In London (I've done concerts there for several years now) I stay at the Royal Norfolk Hotel which is conveniently located next to Paddington Station. Outside my window I could watch an old rag-and-bone man (a beggar or trash collector) in the afternoon every day as he begged for food and hand-outs. He always seemed to have a smile no matter how dirty and disheveled he might be from sleeping in a doorway the night before. Many people in a small park called Norfolk Square knew him on sight, and shared their meager belongings and more importantly their bottle of cider. Cider is similar to wine in the United States, inexpensive and capable of slating the alcoholic's thirst. Old Jerimiah was obviously an alcoholic, and though I never witnessed his death, it was surely upon him the last time I observed his staggering through Norfolk Square.

SIDE B--Track 6

THE BIG MAN MUSIC MAKER

Like statues in a graveyard they write lines upon my tomb  
singing all their music to the world-war baby boom  
all the big man music makers can't fill the empty minds  
they leave their screaming record grooves and super-stars behind.  
Conforming is the harness leading human sheep to die  
guitar strings magnetic from playing endless lies  
all the big man music makers with the genius of a fool  
talk on and on and on and on, voices is their tool.  
They criticize what's different till I get a belly full  
while they're thinking of epitomy, I think they're full of bull  
all the big man music makers think their singing is the best  
what they don't know is their voices is a little prejudiced.  
They stare at record grooves, write poetry on the wall  
their rotting minds perverted with tried and tested gall  
all the big man music makers have holes in their hands  
from playing magic music in a hairy fairy land  
Masculinity seeping like a strong perfume smell  
he hides his family jewels to prevent a trip to hell  
all the big man music makers are right but they can't tell  
the phonies from the real they're all the same in hell  
Take away his guitar his hands begin to heal  
give him a brand new organ he can't play what he can't feel  
all the big man music makers are hidden from my view  
is what I have already done, what they're trying to do?  
He says he does it better, just give him all he needs  
he'll play amazing melodies, write new songs with his seed  
all the big man music makers forgot a minor part  
to be a music maker you've got music in your heart.

One of the highlights of my performing life has been my appearance on the first Woody Guthrie Memorial Festival in Oklahoma City, Okla., in 1979. It seems strange that a man like Guthrie (now deceased), who wrote "This Land is Your Land," is still having difficulty receiving recognition for his tremendous contribution to our world of "traditional music. BUT, the same old "greed" motivated industry still refuses to recognize "hillbilly" music as an authentic musical art form. For some reason, that I have yet to understand, all music art forms receive some sort of recognition in this country. Classical music for instance receives hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars in Arts Council's grants and assistance. Jazz is considered a true American musical art form and is pursued by the upper classes. Pop and Middle-of-the-Road music is heard on radio stations around the world. Rock and Country and its various offsprings are the most popular musical art forms in the decade of the 80's. But hillbilly music is almost scorned and ridiculed, yet without it, none of the others could exist. I hope that those that hear this song, and find that the shoe fits, find even more reason to scorn hillbilly music. If for no other reason, it tells the truth.

FROM:  
NADINE DREAGER, PRESIDENT  
BOB EVERHART INT. FAN CLUB  
8 GAYLAND DRIVE  
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA 51501



## Bob Everhart

With music securely rooted in the traditional style of Jimmie Rodgers and Hank Williams, Great Plains Balladeer, BOB EVERHART's achievements have significantly helped preserve and create an appreciation of traditional songs. The Midwest's most energetic promoter of the true American music; Bob is influencing the oldtime sound into national popularity, through annual European tours, recordings, and his own OLDTIME COUNTRY MUSIC CONTESTS & PIONEER EXPOSITION held annually on Labor Day week end at Westfair in Council Bluffs, Iowa. With his strong organizational skills; and the sensitivity for the music, which in performance creates a deep respect for the songs and the people who made them; Bob is a perfect spokesman for the music of yesteryear. His British promoters and his multitude of fans have aptly named him a true "Ambassador of Traditional Country Music".

Born on a farm near the small Nebraska town of St. Edward, Bob's Grandfather introduced him to the harmonica when he was five years old. By the age of thirteen, Bob's guitar and harmonica harmonies were popular at schools, churches, and social gatherings. After graduating from high school in Council Bluffs, Iowa, Bob joined the Navy's special services, entertaining troops, officers, and crew members.

Returning to the midwest to attend the University of Nebraska at Omaha, Bob majored in Business Administration with minors in Radio-TV and psychology. During this time, he worked as a deejay at various radio and TV stations including KOOO, Omaha, and KRQB, Council Bluffs. He also joined a 9-pc. rock band, called the Royal Flairs, playing tenor sax, and eventually became leader of the group.

During his rendezvous with rock, Bob adopted the stage name of Bobby Williams. He formed his own record label in 1963 and named it, "Sonorous Records", Bob's now 5 pc. Royal Flairs Combo was awarded the Nebr. 1st place trophy by KOIL Radio in a "battle of the bands" at the Omaha Civic Auditorium. Their recording of "Dream Angel" reached the #1 slot of the local Top 40 charts. In 1964, Bob formed his own music publishing company with B.M.I. known as Royal Flair Music.

Other highpoints of his rock 'n roll career was working concert dates with the Beach Boys, The Byrds, Chubby Checker, Sonny & Cher, and Mick Jagger. After the breakup of the Royal Flairs, Bob and David Krivolovek formed a duo called, "BOBBY & DAVE" and their original song, "Hat on Tie" sold 30,000 copies in one month.

As rock trends turned to heavier fare, Bob's earlier Nebraska sandhill musical influences prevailed. He could no longer overlook the years of inspiration derived from growing up where rural music was home...and listening to the opra, where the songs of Jimmie Rodgers and Hank Williams left a lasting impression. 1972 found him in Juneau, Alaska as General Manager of radio station KJNO, but because of the cold winters and loneliness, he returned to Iowa in 1974 where his country music career was launched.

1976 was a banner year in Bob's career. With his 12-string guitar and harmonica, Bob performed cross-country while traveling with the Freedom Train. His involvement in the OLD TIME COUNTRY MUSIC CONTESTS & PIONEER EXPOSITION began when the Council Bluffs Bicentennial Commission asked him to organize and direct the 3 day festival. Proclaimed a major midwest tourist attraction by the U.S. Conference of Mayors, and National Geographic Magazine, this festival of music, contests, arts and crafts, and radio reunion show is now an annual Labor Day event in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Well-known midwest sculptor, Tom Palmerton was so inspired by Bob's distinctive talent and cowboy image, that he cast a bronze cowboy figure, which he titles, "The Guitar Player", and sells for \$1,200.00.

His energetic achievements include the authoring of 3 books of poetry, and 2 novels, including "Clara Belle", the story of his pioneering Grandmother. He is degreed in Graphic Arts, and is a certified scuba diver. His notable collection of antique musical instruments includes a unique and rare prairie harp.

In March of 1980, Nebraska Educational Television (NETV) taped a half-hour program featuring Bob singing the legendary songs of Jimmie Rodgers, Hank Williams, and Woody Guthrie. PBS's airing date for "EVERHART" is August 1980.

Recognizing the need to expand the neglected art forms of folk and country music, the Iowa Arts Council, in March 1980, awarded Bob 2 grants to take his "History of American Country Music" into Iowa schools and colleges; while the 6 State Arts Council is arranging for a more extensive tour into colleges throughout the area into 1982.

Bob's album, "EVERHART", on the prestigious Folkways Records label features him singing and playing 12 string guitar, prairie harp, and harmonica. He wrote three of the songs and did most of the arrangements, plus featuring some fine yodeling. The LP has received rave reviews by both traditionalists and modernists. As proven on Bob's second Folkways album to be released in August 1980, he has incorporated the traditional sound into his songwriting abilities. This LP features his originals, with an added touch of Jimmie Rodgers music.

Bob's annual concert tours of Ireland, the British Isles, Denmark, Germany, France, Switzerland, and other points in Europe are a phenomenal success and a vital instrument for promoting traditional country music throughout the world. In Nottingham, he was presented a special award, "The Most Outstanding Country Music Performance of 1978". His venues include the Queen's Theater in Devon, and the Guild Hall (Royal Academy of Music) in London. Bob was one of the stars of Holland's Tross Country International Show in the fall of 1979.

### ALSO BY BOB EVERHART (FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31060)

Going Down This Road Feeling Bad, Red Wing (An Indian Fable)  
Muddy Waters, Train Whistle Blues, The Battle of New Orleans,  
Renegade, Brownville, Banks Of The Ohio, T For Texas, Train Song  
Medley, Orange Blossom Special, The Last Train.

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