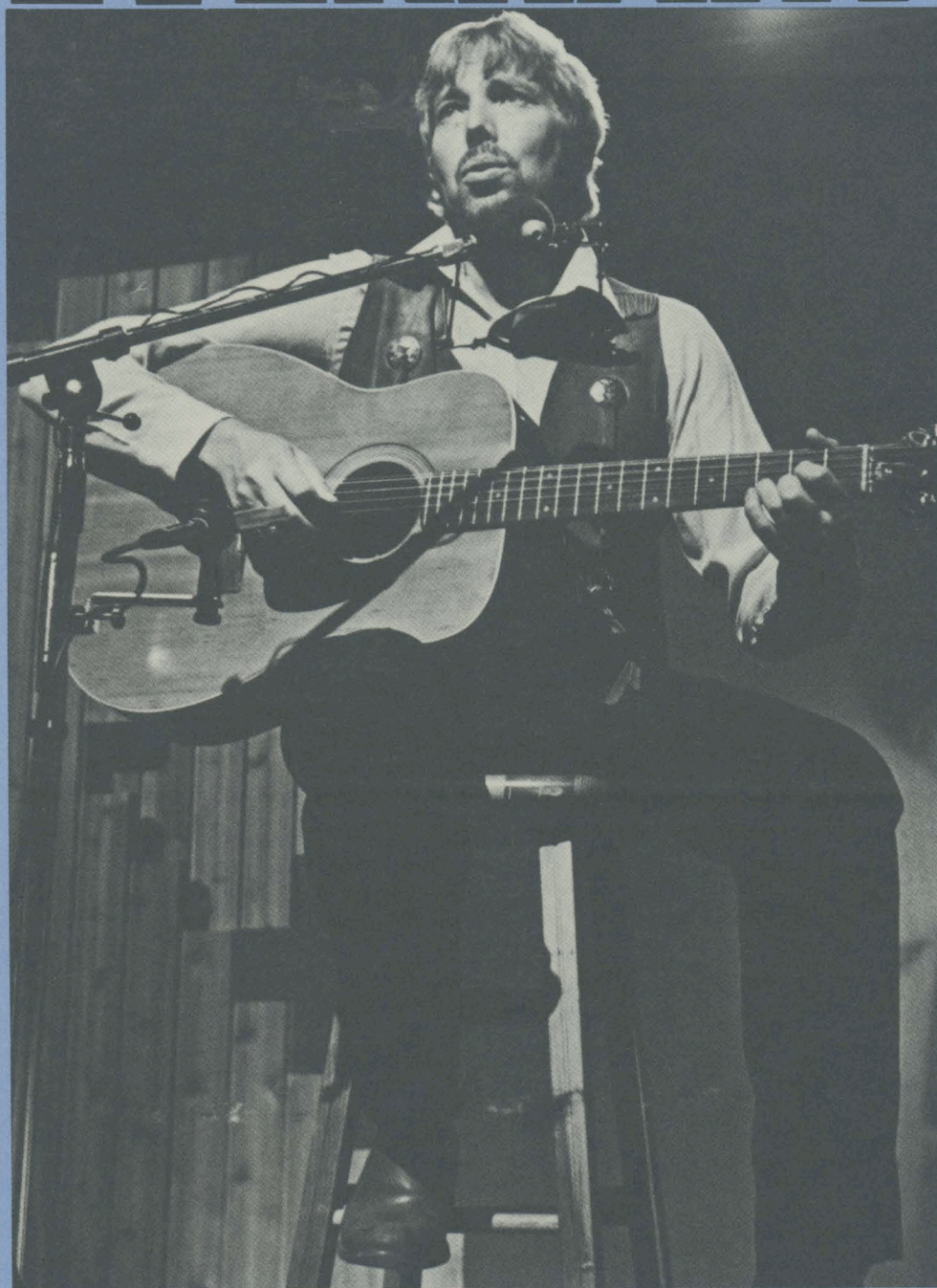


FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31082

TIME AFTER TIME
EVERHART



COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

M
1630.18
E94
T584
1981

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31082

SIDE ONE

Band 1 - Time After Time (1:56)
Band 2 - Lovesick Blues (2:39)
(Jack Mills, Mills Publ., NYC)
Band 3 - The Night The Blind Man Danced (3:37)
Band 4 - A Toast To Rosie (2:57)
(Ruth Bingaman, Royal Flair Music)
Band 5 - Come On Sunshine (2:26)
Band 6 - A Very Old Song (3:18)
Band 7 - Welcome Home Stranger (2:44)

SIDE TWO

Band 1 - Pahoee Sugar Cane Blues (3:26)
Band 2 - Knowing You (2:16)
Band 3 - Playgirl Boy (2:51)
Band 4 - Old Doc Francis (3:19)
Band 5 - Union Mill Opry (3:21)
Band 6 - Bluegrass Blues (6:15)
Band 7 - Rank Strangers
(LaRue & Ralph Stanley)

All original material is written and composed by Bob Everhart and is copyrighted by Royal Flair Music Publishing, BMI.

Cover photo from Nebraska ETV Network television special "Everhart." Photo by Larry Sheffield.

The session was recorded, mixed, and mastered at Spectrum Sound Recording, Inc., 914 'L' St., Lincoln, Nebraska.

PARTICIPATING MUSICIANS

Steve Hanson - Banjo, mandolin, guitar, back-up vocals
Dave Morris - Bass
Dave Fowler - Fiddle
Pete Blakeslee - Dobro
Jeff Doty - Mountain dulcimer, lead guitar, vocals
Ruth Bingaman - Piano
Barney Moss - Banjo, dobro
Greg Bubbert - Jew's harp
Bob Everhart - 12-string guitar, harmonica, lead vocal
Executive Producer

BOB EVERHART INTERNATIONAL FAN CLUB

c/o Mrs. Philip Everhart
106 Navajo,
Council Bluffs, Iowa, 51501

MY SPECIAL GRATITUDE TO:

England Agent:
Les Manifold
Cornubia, Warren Carr
Matlock, Derbyshire, England
Europe Agent:
Gert Roskin
Fuut St. No. 3
Slidrecht 3362 NC Holland

And,
to Don Richardson and his staff at a lovely theme park in the southern Missouri Ozark Mountains called "Silver Dollar City." They have, through the years, encouraged my musical ambitions and development, and have helped me in more ways than they are aware of. To the brothers who own the park, and make it possible for me to perform traditional country music, and to all the visitors at Silver Dollar City, who buy my records.

Bob Everhart

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43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., 10023 N.Y., U.S.A.

TIME AFTER TIME
EVERHART

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31082

TIME AFTER TIME EVERHART

M
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MUSIC LP

Side One
Band One

TIME AFTER TIME
(Bob Everhart)

You cry at night
and try to change your mind,
but it all comes back,
time after time.
You change your love
and try to change your life,
but the games you play
make it all a lie.
The center of the universe is you.
It doesn't matter where or who you do.
You cry at night
and try to change your mind,
but it all comes back
time after time.
The answers that you find
are much too deep,
for you to keep
me on your mind.
The pleasures that you want
are too far gone,
it takes too long,
to make you mine.

What with all the divorces and separations among couples in American society today, I made this attempt at writing a country song, with traditional country music backing, in response to the hundreds of successful country songs on commercial radio that praise the causes of divorce. Take a listen to any commercial country music station. You won't hear much "traditional" country music, if any, and you will hear a lot of music devoted to adultery, immoral relationships, fornication, etc. Sleeping Single in a Double Bed is one of the biggest offenders, yet it was a huge hit. I doubt that truth like "Time After Time" ever gets aired, but I thought I'd give it a try anyway.

Side One
Band Two

LOVESICK BLUES
(Jack Mills & Cliff Friend; Mills Publ., NYC)

I got a feeling called the blues
oh Lord, since my baby said good bye.
Lord I don't know what I'll do,
all I do is sit and cry, oh Lord
the last long day she said good bye,
well Lord, I thought I would die.
She'll do me she'll do you
she's got that kind of lovin'
Lord I love to hear her
when she calls me sweet daddy,
such a beautiful dream.
Hate to think its all over,
I've lost my heart it seems.
I've grown so used to you somehow,
Lord I'm nobody's sugar daddy now,
I'm lonesome, I've got the lovesick blues.

Well, I'm in love, I'm in love
with a beautiful gal,
that's what's the matter with me.
I'm in love, I'm in love
with a beautiful gal,
but she don't care about me.
Lord I tried and I tried
to keep her satisfied,
but she just wouldn't stay.
But now that she's leaving,
this is all I got to say.

"Lovesick Blues was copyrighted on April 3, 1922 by Jack Mills...the words were written by Irving Mills, born on January 16, 1894 in Russia. The music was written by a vaudeville piano player named Cliff Friend. Later, Friend sold all his rights to the Lovesick Blues for \$500. Emmett Miller recorded his first version of the song, with yodeling, on September 1, 1925, in Asheville, N.C. and was released by Okeh Records the next month. In December of 1939, Rex Griffin, the Alabama born honky-tonk singer released Lovesick Blues on Decca Records. Griffin's version is a paragon of simplicity. Hank Williams copied Lovesick Blues directly from Rex Griffin's record, and began singing it at the Louisiana Hayride early in 1949, and recorded it for MGM shortly thereafter. When he performed it during his debut at the Grand Ole Opry on June 11, 1949, he became myth, the archetypal country singer. Hank's Lovesick Blues stayed on the charts for 42 weeks. To many people, the song, like Hank is archetypally country. There are those who would not hear that it was written by a Jew from Russia, that it was midwived by a redneck jazz singer who would have been puked off the Opry." (From "Country The Biggest Music In America" by Nick Tosches). I did this song on the Louisiana Hayride on January 3, 1981, my debut at this great radio program. I was surprised to note that the back-up band was intent upon doing the song note perfect, as Hank would have done it. It was one of the biggest thrills of my life to stand in front of that Louisiana Hayride audience and sing the great Hank Williams classic, the Lovesick Blues and receive a standing ovation for it and the way I did it.

Side One
Band Three

THE NIGHT THE BLIND MAN DANCED
(Bob Everhart)

*It was another saturday night, everybody looking to fight,
cept me and a couple of guitar friends.
We drove all over that town, lookin' for a place to set down
pick a couple country songs again.
Seemed like every place we hit the answer was the same old.
you guys sound like a bunch of hillbilly hicks.
All we cared to do was sing, bring a few more people in,
and show the creeps that we could really pick.
We were getting nowhere fast, till the bass-man finally asked,
lets go out and find a country bar.
So we drove a few more miles, started losing our friendly smiles,
even though we didn't have to travel far.
Finally found an out-of-way place, just the spot to really chase
away the blues and sing a song or two.
The bar-keep was at the bar, he never went too far,
he was blind and swore he couldn't move.
We struck up a good fast tune, one that really filled the room,
wasn't anybody's feet that could stay still.
But they all stopped tapping at once, when the bar-keep started to dance,
and he just couldn't stop till he had his fill.
The night the blind man dance for me,
was a night I thought could never be.
Down at the Dew-Drop Inn, everybody there was in,
a state of mind that no one else could see.
I guess we played all night long, seemed like the morning dawn
was a timeless clock that just stood still.
The bar-keep dance the night away, we played every song we knew,
and finally the bar-keep had his fill.*

*What a wonderful experience it is to end a rather blue and
dismal day on a high and happy note. This song, though self
explanatory, is just another experience in my musical life
that I felt inspired enough to write about.*

Side One
Band Four

A TOAST TO ROSIE
(Ruth Bingaman/Bob Everhart)

*Waitress bring another round
turn that jukebox good and loud
play some honky tonkin' music
for my honky tonkin' crowd
play a song of roses
by the roomful or boquet
let's raise a toast to Rosie
the Rose I lost today.*

*Guess a better man than I
has promised her a ring
and all the things she's dreamed of
a new house and everything.
Always thought that Rose and I
had things, pretty good,
but when it came to settlin' down
somehow I never could.*

*We'll wish her a bed of roses
where ours were only thorns
with our honky tonkin' nights
and the lonely tear-filled morns.
She deserves a life of roses
for the tears she's tried to hide,
over roses by the dozen
that I sent each time I lied.*

*This is the first original song I've ever done that isn't in the
strictly "traditional" country music style, and the first
"honky-tonk" tune that I have ever collaborated on. The
real author, Ruth Bingaman of Omaha, Nebraska is a fine
poet, songwriter and teller of stories, as her many trophies
reveal. She is the 1980 1st place champion of the Great
Plains Story Tellin' and Poetry Reading Championship, and
the words and music of this song are hers. I had to alter it
somewhat to fit my own style, and sometimes I don't
pronounce words just right, so I made some arranging
changes as well. Its kind of nice to know that there are still
people concerned with specific musical art forms and not
all trying to be part of a big mass of so-called "pop" music
that does indeed satisfy huge audiences, but in the doing, it
certainly loses identification. Thank you Ruth Bingaman
for bringing this song to my attention.*

Bob Everhart

Side One

Band Five

COME ON SUNSHINE
(Bob Everhart)

*Come on sunshine, shine a little light on me.
Come on sunshine, do you always want me to be,
a no-good bum on the run,
knowing there's better things to see.
Come on sunshine, shine a little light on me.
I been around the world you know,
and I seen a lot of places to be.
Somewhere theres a home to go
someplace for you and me.
If you're looking for someone who looks quite lost,
take another gander, unload my cross,
Come on sunshine, shine a little light on me.
I've met a lot of people you know,
and I've heard a lot of music too.
I've seen a lot of folks on the go,
but I've never met a girl like you.
If you're looking for someone who looks quite lost,
take another gander, unload my cross,
come on sunshine, shine a little light on me.*

*Light and pleasant songs are sometimes hard for me to
write. This one however, was written in the very warm and
contented kitchen of the Mertz family in Ascholding,
Germany. For three years now, I've been doing old-time
country music concerts in this tiny Bavarian village, and
stay at the Mertz house while I'm there. The whole family
is busy with farm chores, and Mrs. Mertz keeps a spic and
span kitchen filled with delicious cooking aromas. It is
probably the most pleasant of the spots I visit in Europe.
Even though Mrs. Mertz doesn't speak English, and I speak
no German, we communicate through music. One of the
finest compliments I've ever received was from Mrs. Mertz
(translated by her daughter) when after playing this song
for her in her wonderful kitchen, she told me.... "your
music makes the work easier and funner."*

Side One
Band Six

A VERY OLD SONG
(Bob Everhart)

Doesn't matter where you go,
nobody wants to know your name.
Doesn't matter what you do,
nobody wants to play your game.

If you really want to sing, the only way
is to sell your soul.

Sign the papers in red ink, one denim
shirt is all you own.

The only money that you will see,
is when you're dead and safely gone.

Then the vultures start to eat,
your body's just another song.

Ask a singer that you meet,
he will tell you how it is.

It's only when you're six foot deep,
that you will hear his latest hit.

The waves of sound that we all own
now belong to a very few.

They won't play your favorite song
unless you stay and pay their dues.

They will steal the songs you have
and then they shut the door on you.

All that's left is a denim shirt,
they'll take that to if they want to too.

So kindly sing a song for me,
one that's old and long forgot.

Bring back the memory
of fiddlers playing on Rocky Top.

The only music that we have,
that made it from the east to west.

Is what we feel deep inside,
old-time country is still the best.

Doesn't matter what they say,
D.J. men don't want it sung.

But there are still folks who pay,
to hear the music grand-dad sung.

I wrote this song quite a long time ago, and the truth of it is still as strong today as it was a long long time ago. When one remembers that the airwaves the broadcasting frequencies, belong to the people, and are policed by the FCC, its absolutely incredible that musicians, singers, performers of all kinds, are barred from using the very airwaves they own. Have you ever tried to get a record played on your local radio station? Or, do you know someone that has? The answer is always the same, always. "We can't play your record until you are listed on the Billboard top 40, or the Cashbox top 50, or the Record World top 60." It doesn't matter which top-40 you are referring to, the answer is still always the same. So, of course, the next step is for the recording artist to trudge wearily to Billboard, or Record World, or Cashbox, and make the same inquiry that millions of performers have made before him. "How do I get my record on the top 40?" And, the answer is still always the same. "You can't be on the top-40 until your record is being played on the radio." If you don't believe me, ask John Lennon.

Side One
Band Seven

WELCOME HOME STRANGER
(Bob Everhart)

I ain't got the price of a ticket,
can't seem to make you recognize,
the reason for my existence,
is to try to open up your eyes.
The key to peace is in your pleasure,
happiness is what you have inside.
What you give and what you take
are the measures,
the rest is what you have at your side.
Hello, how are you stranger.
Is there something that I can do for you?
Hello how are you stranger.
Be my friend and I'll be your friend too!
You can't take it with you if you're leaving.
No need to throw it all away,
you'll always find some one is needing,
the best gift you can give is what you say.

(Chorus)

I travel a lot. All around the world. And nearly everywhere I go, I find people willing to help a stranger, lost or uncertain in his direction. Even though I do not speak any foreign languages, I've been to Europe, to the West Indies, to Japan, to Great Britain, to the Philippines, to Mexico, to Canada, to the North Pole, and to the Bahama Islands, to all the nations of the world that still allow music to be a part of their lives. And everywhere I go, the music has allowed me to enter a new experience in the log-book of my life. Even though I make musical commentaries about the desperation of life today, I make even stronger statements about the wonderful people that live all over this planet. What an exciting experience to be among people that want you among them, even though we cannot communicate with language, we can become friends in even the most trying circumstances through music. Try it sometime, you'll like it.

Side Two
Band One

PAHOKEE SUGAR-CANE BLUES

(Bob Everhart)

Swamp man cut the cane, sing the blues.
Eat brown sugar, nothing to lose.
One-room shack, out-house in back.
Nothing he lack, he just ain't paid his dues.
Pahokee Florida, has Georgia beat,
ask anybody on a one-way street.
Sell their bodies, and their soul.
Get brown sugar, takes its toll.
Too many kids, for what he did,
wants to get rid of his sugar cane pole.
Pahokee Florida, has Georgia beat,
ask anybody on a one-way street.
Sun-up in the morning, sun-down at night.
Working the cane field don't seem right.
One-room shack, out-house in back,
nothing he lack, he just ain't paid his dues.
Pahokee Florida, has Georgia beat,
ask anybody on a one-way street.
His lady loves him, she sings the blues.
Eating brown sugar, nothing to lose.
Too many kids, for what she did,
trying to get rid of his sugar cane pole.
Pahokee Florida, has Georgia beat,
ask anybody on a one-way street.

Of all the places I've been in the world, I still get surprised at the poverty in our own nation. Pahokee, Florida, is a real place. It's located at the southern in of the Okeefenokee swamp, and its entire economy is generally ruled by sugar cane crops. These people still live in abysmal poverty. The only relief apparently is having children (their families are huge) and getting drunk or drugged. Liquor and drugs are prevalent everywhere. It seems a hopeless situation for the folks that live here, even though they struggle through their daily existence, working, eating, sleeping, and repeating the pattern, every day. Doesn't it seem a pity that the United States, so involved in helping people around the world, cannot come up with a solution to this problem in its own backyard?

Side Two
Band Two

KNOWING YOU

(Bob Everhart)

Well, the yellow line going down the road
is not too straight,
and nobody knows where it goes to.
There's a lot of talk, if you want to walk,
its not to late,
if somebody tells you who to go to.
Theres lots of minds taking up your time,
plenty of ways for you to finally
prove you're something more
than who you owe to.
The hands of time are always kind
if the good die young,
and nobody cares if they know who.
Take your place in the planet race,
you're running late,
just in case somebody needs you.

This is another example of my songwriting attempts at utilizing traditional country and bluegrass instruments in a musical style that has roots in folk music. The idea deals with the returning Viet-Nam veterans and the Iranian hostages. Doesn't it seem peculiar, in our country of high public opinion, that the boys that fought in Viet-Nam returned without fanfare or public appreciation (even for those that died), while the Iranian hostages were accepted back as some sort of war-time hero. The difference in all this is the communication media of coverage. It really lays it on the line in demonstrating to us all the tremendous power of the "tube." We witnessed the Viet-Nam struggle as something evil, degenerative, un-supported and unwarranted. Only partially true. It was a struggle for freedom and democratic choice, just as other conflicts of a similar nature have been. It was an American action. The Iranian hostage crises on the other hand concerned a handful of (again American government employees equal in obligation and responsibility as any G.I. in Viet-Nam) people taken captive by a barbaric violent fanatic government. The end result however, was the ratings that could be created on television by keeping this event fully in front of the American view. It all seems a little disgusting to me.

Side Two
Band Three

PLAYGIRL BOY

(Bob Everhart)

This song is about a nineteen year old boy,
his name doesn't mean a thing to you I know.
Jeff Knoll is his name, he got caught in a picture frame
he showed just about everything he has to show.
It's a state of mind that some just want to know
they take it just about as far as they can go,
its money that they want, but they'll take all you got,
his soul is one more lost along the way.
His love has turned around in his mind.
It doesn't matter where he goes he'll find,
his picture hanging there, for someone else to stare,
and wonder if he's real or if he's blind.
There must be a thousand more just like this boy.
None of their names mean anything I know.
But if there was a way, I know that I would say,
their souls are not all lost along the way.

Sometimes I get carried away with moral issues in our country today, and sometimes I simply don't understand the pressures of today's society, but it seems so strange to me to see young men posing in the nude to satisfy the fantasies of some onlooker. Even stranger is the fact that there are so many adult bookstores and movie houses in business, and obviously making huge profits. So, in a way, its easy to understand a young man or woman doing pornographic pictures, for money, but I wonder; don't their consciences ever bother them. Stranger still, this particular breed of people must have a tremendous need to be exhibitionist to be able to perform under those conditions. Lets hope our whole society doesn't turn into a Roman orgy. That is merely the beginning indications of decay of an entire system.

Side Two
Band Four

OLD DOC FRANCIS
(Bob Everhart)

His fingers squeaked on the guitar strings
and he sang a truthful song.
The old maids shrieked and said he speaks
with a voice that don't belong.
"This land is ours, and we'll devour
anyone that comes along with a different way,
you'll surely pay for singing a nasty song."
They squeaked and shrieked and showed their scorn
till the voice of truth was gone.
All that remained was a steady reign of empty words and songs.
They claimed their fame and changed their name,
but they cannot change their wrongs.
They've crucified with damms and lies,
and pulled down all thats strong.
Now they pass the hat, and blame all that
on the errors of the past.
If only they could lead the way, but their light is out at last.
They sit in dark, and still remark,
that theirs is the only way.
Even though there is no one there
to share their empty days.
I know for sure, for I've endured
the pain and hurt of their words.
These people speak with loathsome tongues,
and honest names they've slurred.
Old St. Luke was a healing man, so is Doctor Francis,
and if the sun shall shine again,
it'll shine upon his answers.
No truer words were ever heard, or ever meant so well,
when he sang his song to anyone, old age is hell.
Old age is hell!

I find it incredible these days, to find people in need; in need of spiritual enlightenment, in need of friendship, in need of physical help, in need of material belongings. And when a volunteer comes along to help in one or all of these areas, it's incredible how these needy people soon turn the situation around, to the point that the volunteer must grovel on hand and knees begging to help. And the people he helps becomes absolutely vicious in their demands, upon his time, his resources, his energies, and his good nature. They begin by complaining, and once the creative energy and physical labor is expended, begin to boast that they can do it better. I've never seen it to fail however, that no matter how loudly they boast of their own good deeds, they never quite come up to the standards and good works of the volunteers they chase away. Ole Doc had an idea that if he talked (and sang) openly about the plight of the elderly, got them off their seats and on their feet, they could be doers instead of sitters. He hoped he could improve their lives, their dispositions, and even their health. He has implored, begged, pleaded, harassed, and demanded, and in every instance, except for a handful of hypocrites, he has changed lives wherever he goes. At first impression one might think of him as a dirty old man, but with closer inspection, one can really see that the Doc is serious about prodding the old folks out of their mean dispositions. I say more power to him, after all, he's only seventy-five years young.

Side Two
Band Five

UNION MILL OPRY
(Bob Everhart)

I did an old-time opry show down south
the best one I think I'll ever do.
There was a blind man, an old man, a lame man,
and me, that saw it through.
It was a regular Saturday night,
and everybody there saw it too!
The way the crowd roared for more
you'd thought it was New Years Eve for sure
the blind man was the first one on,
and he didn't want to take his encores.
He was a piece of dynamite,
the crowd roared with delight
and cried for more.
The old man, the next one on
played a dobro guitar like I never heard before.
He made it wail and cry a tune,
and walked back proudly through the door.
He was a piece of dynamite,
the crowd roared with delight
and cried for more.
The lame man went on stage
sang some country songs that really soared.
He touched the crowd, made them weep
limped off the stage and out the door.
He was a piece of dynamite,
the crowd roared with delight
and cried for more.
I was next and I didn't know what in the world
I could do to make it right.
The audience was all caught up
in the music and this strange unearthly night.
It was a regular Saturday night,
and everybody there saw the light.
So I sang about a blind man,
and how he saw for me.
I sang about an old man,
and how he used to be.
I sang about a lame man,
and how he walked forme.
It was a regular Saturday night,
and everybody there saw me!

The Union Mill Opry is one of those "way out in the country" show barns with an excellent stage, sound system and audience. It never fails to attract 800 to a thousand customers on their regular Saturday night shows. No liquor or drugs are allowed, and its strictly family fare, but my how they enjoy it. Buddy Boswell who is the guiding light behind this excellent family show has been in the country music business for many years and I consider him one of my closest friends in the business. The Opry house is located south-east of St. Joseph, Missouri, and is kind of hard to find, but ask anyone in the area and they will direct you.

RECORD REVIEWS

Vol. V, No. 1 January-February 1981/85d



BLUEGRASS NEWSLETTER

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EVERHART WAITIN' FOR A TRAIN



EVERHART, *WAITING FOR A TRAIN* (Folkways FTS 31071). The title track suggests Bob Everhart's passion for traditional music. On the strength of his talent and feeling for this kind of music, Everhart succeeds remarkably in his attempt to sing and yodel the country classic in Jimmy Rodgers' own style. However, here is not just another good imitator. This album (his second) mainly showcases Everhart as a songwriter. Most of the 13 tracks (a real bargain these days) are his own.

"Please, Mr. Walker," a powerful protest statement in the tradition of Woody Guthrie, apparently refers to Frank Walker, the talent scout and record producer who pioneered the commercialization of country music. The song accuses Walker (and by implication, his followers) of ruining country music. "Son of the Rising Sun," one of several bluegrass-instrumented songs on the album, drives hard and tells a good story. (Material seekers, check it out.) Perhaps the best cut on this album of first-rate material is Everhart's countrified version of David Burbeck's 60s folk-oriented "Nothing is Small." All this delightful love song needs is the instrumentation to be great progressive bluegrass.

The instrumentation on this all-vocal album ranges from traditional country and folk to bluegrass (no electric instruments here) as provided by Everhart on 12-string guitar and some harmonica and by Bluegrass Crusade, a good band from Nebraska (Everhart's home state) featuring the outstanding dobro work of Pete Blakeslee. Steve Hanson (Bluegrass Crusade's banjo & mandolin picker) and Frank Green (the album's producer) ably back Everhart on some of the vocals.

The descriptive notes by Everhart himself, inside the jacket, give about everything you'd want to know of each song except who's doing what when. For example, who's playing that hot guitar on some of the cuts? Is it Hanson, the banjo and mandolin player who's also listed for guitar? Or is it Matt Dalton, listed as strictly a guitar player? Despite this and a few other quibbles (such as Song 6 of Side 2 being listed on the label before Song 1), I recommend Everhart's album to anyone who likes traditional country, folk or bluegrass. (Folkways Records, 43 W. 61st St., NY, NY 10023) Don Rodgers

Record Reviews

DECEMBER, 1980

Bob Everhart: *Waitin' For A Train*
Folkways FTS 31071

Side I
Please, Mr. Walker; Fiddlers Blues; Son of the Rising Sun; Nashville; In The Night-Time; Feelings; Leaving on A Blue River Train

Side II
Nothing Is Small; Fishpole John; Waitin For A Train; Dallas Kent Nelson; Old Jeremiah; The Big Man Music Maker

This reviewer first had the pleasure of meeting Bob Everhart a few years ago when he held his first Old-Time Country Music Contests and Pioneer Exposition in Council Bluffs, Iowa. He not only hosts a great festival but is an excellent musician to boot.

When I first learned that Bob was a country musician it turned me off a bit because what is played under the guise of "country music" on the radio is little more than 1950's rock and roll. But Bob and his music are throwbacks to a time when the Grand Ole Opry was real country music featuring the McGee Bros, Jimmy Rodgers and the early country greats.

His music is real country, not Nash Trash. Good solid vocals, fine pickin' and no drums, no choirs, no electricity. A listen will transport you back to a more relaxed time of life when things were real, not plastic.

Many of the tunes offered here are Bob's originals, proving his right to call himself a songwriter of excellence. If you don't think you like country music, you should have this record, it might change your view point. If you do like country music this album is a must. "Blue River Train" and "Nashville" were this reviewer's favorites but the entire album is good. Very fine. (A Coats)

Folkways Records, 43 W. 61st St., New York, New York 10023

WALNUT VALLEY
OCCASIONAL

GREAT PLAINS BLUEGRASS ASSOCIATION

August, 1980

RECORD REVIEW "Waitin' For A Train" - Bob Everhart - Folkways Records

I was given the opportunity to listen to this new album of Bob Everhart's and I was very impressed with it. Our fellow member and D.J., Bill Dunbar, has been playing some songs from this new record on his Saturday evening bluegrass show on KYNN. So some of you might be familiar with the album. Some of the songs were written by Bob. He truly has a talent for writing lyrics with meaning and feeling. The Bluegrass Crusade from Lincoln, Nebraska, provides the back-up on this album and they are excellent. I highly recommend that you add this album to your collection of records. Congratulations to Bob Everhart and the Bluegrass Crusade for a superb record.

Keith Bernhagen, President

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COUNTRY MUSIC Round Up

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BOB EVERHART
Waiting For A Train
Folkways. FTS 31071

SIDE ONE — *Please Mr Walker / Fiddlers Blues / Son Of The Rising Sun / Nashville / In The Night-Time / Feelings / Leaving On A Blue River Train.*

SIDE TWO — *Nothing Is Small / Fishpole John / Waitin' For A Train / Dallas Kent Nelson / Old Jerimiah / The Big Man Music Maker.*

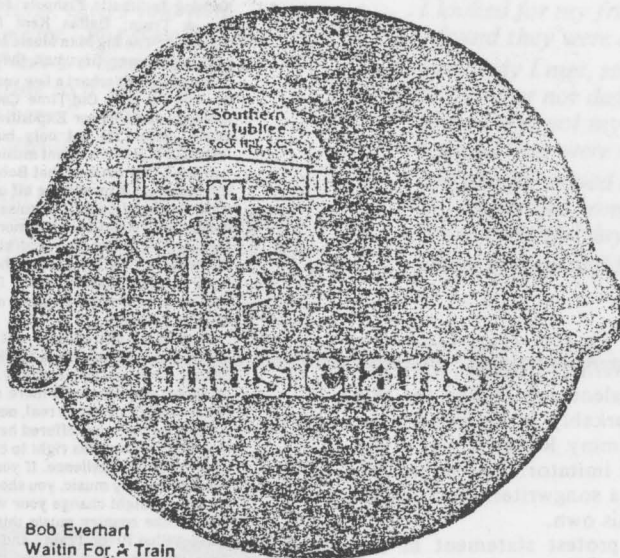
This is Everhart Vol. 2. (the first being on Folkways FTS. 31060) and again is a good example of the talents of the man from Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Written in the traditional vein...much of the material is from Bob's pen, which covers many aspects of life from the Son of The Rising Sun and the story of the would be country stars as related by his song Nashville. The song 'Please Mr Walker' is reminiscent in principle to Justin Tubbs theme of 'What's Wrong With The Way That We're Doing It Now?' Bob shows his affection for the music of Jimmie Rodgers with a very nice version of 'Waiting For A Train' and with the very able assistance of a few musicians turns out some very high class "Ol Timey" music throughout. Bob is among the finest harmonica players (he doesn't like that word) I think I have ever seen and proves it herein on several occasions along with a few yodels and some top quality 12 string guitar playing.

The album recorded at W.W. Sound Studios, Lincoln, Nebraska, comes complete with fully documented notes about the songs including all the words.

If you are looking for strings and angelic choirs it's not for you but if you like old timey pure country give it a listen, you should enjoy it.

H.T.W.



Bob Everhart
Waitin' For A Train
Folkways Records—FTS 31071

Please Mr. Walker / Fiddlers Blues / Son Of The Rising Sun / Nashville / In The Night Time / Feelings / Leaving On A Blue River Train / Nothing Is Small / Fishpole John / Waitin For A Train / Dallas Kent Nelson / Old Jerimiah / The Big Man Music Maker.

Bob Everhart, 12 String Guitar and Lead; Steve Hanson, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar and Harmony; Dave Morris, Bass; Dave Fowler, Fiddle; Pete Blakeslee, Dobro; Matt Dalton, Guitar; Frank Green, Harmony; Dan Newton, Penny Whistle.

This album seems to be dedicated to the preservation of our pioneer heritage of hillbilly or old time country music. The controversy of what is and what isn't country music is well defined on this recording.

The selection of songs are of good variety on this Lp. The back up musicians do a very fine job in their support to the vocals.

As you listen to this album, you can almost hear, Woody Guthrie, Hank Williams and Jimmy Rodgers in the way Bob Everhart performs. The sound is authentic traditional country all the way and is a very enjoyable album.

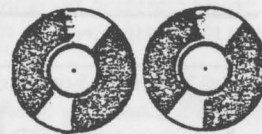
To anyone that likes country music this recording is highly recommended.

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RECORD REVIEW

BOB EVERHART: "Waitin' For A Train"

Since Bob Everhart's first album release for Folkways (previously reviewed in this column) this very able folk-country singer from Nebraska has achieved considerable exposure and a growing popularity, especially in the American and European music scene. Everhart is considerably more than merely a singer of tradition-bound folk and country however, and much of the material on this album reveals him to be a rather complex and sensitive folk-influenced musician, finely attuned to the contemporary requirements of his chosen style of music. There is an almost intellectual quality about his composition work in particular, and much of it is quite mystically complex and intricate by "down-home" hillbilly standards. The interpretations are neither purely hillbilly or traditional country in a collective sense, being instead what I would call contemporary folk-country. Pick songs in the set include "Waitin' For A Train," "Please Mr. Walker" (which laments the "Nashville" influence on country music), "Leavin' On A Blue River Train" and "Big Man Music Maker." Instrumentation is all-acoustic and somewhat reflective of the 'campus folk' sound in America. Given the fact that Everhart's prime musical influences include Guthrie, Williams and Rodgers - collectively a very large slice indeed of the heart and soul of folk, hillbilly and country tradition - it is somewhat disappointing to find his musical emphasis on this album so heavily committed to sophisticated lyrics and driving tempos. I would much prefer to hear Bob Everhart material which offers a more melodic and heartfelt style of interpretation and backing, at very least to the extent of balancing the style already achieved in his music on this album.