

Leave Her Johnnie, Leave Her.

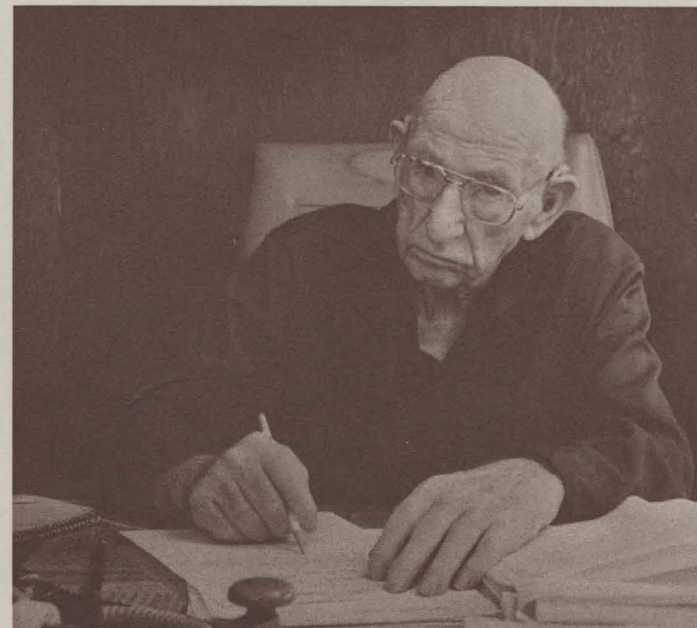
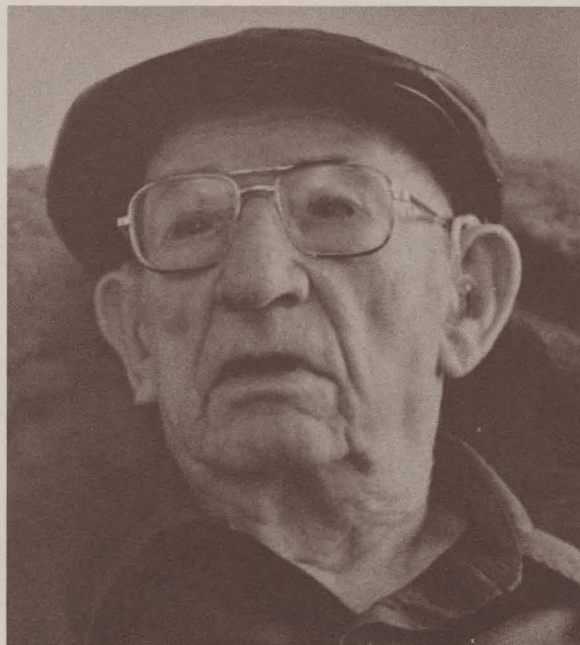
The Stories and Shanties of HJALMAR RUTZEBECK

Told, read, and sung by:
HJALMAR RUTZEBECK
CLARK BRANSON
and
MORRIGAN

Mary Malloy
Marc Bridgeham
William Pint



A musical, literary, and documentary tribute to the working men of many nations who manned commercial vessels in the latter days of sail: a story of extraordinary hardship, brutality, and sacrifice, told and sung in the words of a survivor.



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Leave Her Johnnie, Leave Her.

Program

Hjalmar Rutzebeck - Songs and Conversation.
Clark Branson - Readings, Vocals, Concertina.

MORRIGAN

Mary Malloy - Readings, Vocals, Fiddle.
Marc Bridgeham - Readings, Vocals, Concertina.
William Pint - Readings, Vocals, Guitar.

Side I

BLOW THE MAN DOWN portion (Hjalmar)
Introduction (Hjalmar)
WHISKEY JOHNNY portion (Hjalmar)
Prologue (William)
The Roma (Marc)
ROBIN RANSOR (Lead: Mary)
WHISKEY JOHNNY portion (Hjalmar)
Greenwich (William, Clark)
FIRE DOWN BELOW (Lead: Clark)
The West Coast (Mary)
CHEERLIO (Leads: Marc, Mary, Clark, William)
ROLLING HOME portion (Hjalmar)

Side II

CHEERLIO portion (Hjalmar)
Antofagasta (Clark)
SANA ANNA (Lead and Guitar: William, Fiddle: Mary.)
The Clackmannanshire Mutiny, with LEAVE HER JOHNNIE
(William, Mary, Marc, Clark)
Jumping Ship With the Mate's Clothing and Money
(Clark, Mary, William)
RIO (Lead and Guitar: William, Fiddle: Mary.)
The Clackmannanshire Cook's Demise (Hjalmar)
A SAILOR'S WIFE HIS STAR SHALL BE portion (Hjalmar)

Side III

Sailor Talk (Hjalmar)
Tramping (Clark, Mary, William, Marc)
THE POPULAR WOBBLY (Clark: Vocal with Concertina)
The Asgard (Hjalmar)
Headed for Davy Jones' Locker (Mary)
Ashore and Rescued (William, Mary)
SHANGHAI BROWN (Lead: Marc)
On Shantying (1) (Hjalmar)

Side IV

On Shantying (2) (Hjalmar)
Callao (Marc, Mary, William)
"Hombre Por Muerte Por Mano" (William)
Shipboard Fight (Hjalmar)
THE SARGASSO SEA with comment (Clark, Hjalmar)
Steaming Up the Coast (Marc)
Weaned From the Sea in San Francisco (Clark, Marc, Mary)
Epilogue (William)
GOODBYE FARE YE WELL (Leads: MORRIGAN and Clark.
Concertina: Marc, Fiddle: Mary.)
On Shantying (3) (Hjalmar)

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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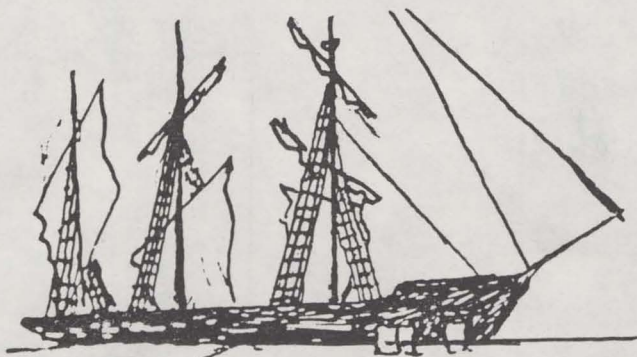
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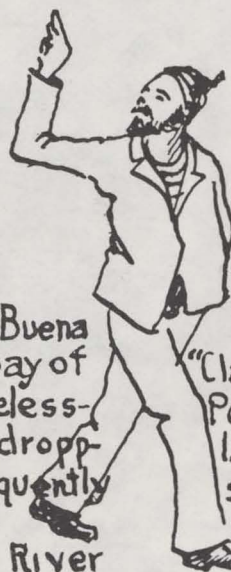
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Leave Her Johnnie Leave Her

The Stories and Shanties of HJALMAR RUTZEBECK



By the middle of July 1849 Yerba Buena Cove, and other anchorages, in the bay of San Francisco, were crowded with useless-shipping; no sooner had a vessel dropped anchor than the sailors, and frequently the officers took possession of the life boats and started up the Sacramento River toward the mines,----- During the height of the gold excitement, there were at least five hundred ships stranded in the harbor.....
from "The Gold Hunters" J.D. Bothwick 1924.



"Good By"

Practically the whole crew of the "Clakmannanshire" deserted her in Portland. Most of them got drunk and landed in jail right off. Captain Churl sought to have the police send the men back aboard in chains, but was turned down. The west coast was the land of the free, and to these sailors truly the BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS.

From "Mad Sea" by Hjalmar Rutzebeck



HJALMAR (THIRD FROM THE LEFT)
WITH SHIPMATES, CIRCA 1905.

Credits and Acknowledgements

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Descriptive Notes by Clark Branson.

Thanks go out to Dorian Keyser for introducing us to Hjalmar, to Henry Etta Rutzebeck for her family research and support in many ways, to The Chilton Book Company of Radnor, Pennsylvania, for kind permission to use portions of MAD SEA, and to Stan Hugill for shantying advice and expertise.

Dedicated to the working men of many nations who manned commercial vessels in the latter days of sail in an occupation of extraordinary hardship, brutality, and sacrifice, and to their heritage and legacy in song and story.

Hjalmar Rutzebeck - Songs and Conversation.

Clark Branson - Readings, Vocals, Concertina.

MORRIGAN

Mary Malloy - Readings, Vocals, Fiddle.

Marc Bridgham - Readings, Vocals, Concertina.

William Pint - Readings, Vocals, Guitar.

Footnotes to the Readings

Prologue - ALASKA MAN'S LUCK, 6th Edition, Pg. 9.

The Roma - MAD SEA, Pp. 43-46.

Greenwich - Ibid., Pp. 68-70, 77.

The West Coast - Ibid., Pp. 78-80.

Antofagasta - Ibid., Pp. 167-9.

The Clackmannanshire Mutiny - Ibid., Pp. 170-175.

Jumping Ship With the Mate's Clothing and Money - Ibid., Pp. 179-182.

Tramping - Ibid., Pp. 195-200, 204-205.

Headed for Davy Jones' Locker - Ibid., Pp. 253-255.

Ashore and Rescued - Ibid., Pp. 260-261, 263-264.

Callao - Ibid., Pp. 265-267, 270-274.

Steaming Up the Coast - Ibid., Pg. 280.

Weaned From the Sea in San Francisco - SAILOR WITH A GUN, Pp. 6-10 and Author's Note in that book.

Epilogue - ALASKA MAN'S LUCK, 6th Edition, Pg. 9.

Portions have been edited for continuity and "Antofagasta" includes a portion from IN DEPTH.

Side I

Program

BLOW THE MAN DOWN portion (Hjalmar)

Introduction (Hjalmar)

WHISKEY JOHNNY portion (Hjalmar)

Prologue (William)

The Roma (Marc)

ROBIN RANSOR (Lead: Mary)

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FIRE DOWN BELOW (Lead: Clark)

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CHEERLIO (Leads: Marc, Mary, Clark, William)

ROLLING HOME portion (Hjalmar)

Side II

CHEERLIO portion (Hjalmar)

Antofagasta (Clark)

SANTA ANNA (Lead and Guitar: William. Fiddle: Mary.)

The Clackmannanshire Mutiny, with LEAVE HER JOHNNIE

(William, Mary, Marc, Clark)

Jumping Ship With the Mate's Clothing and Money (Clark, Mary, William)

RIO (Lead and Guitar: William. Fiddle: Mary.)

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Sailor Talk (Hjalmar)

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THE POPULAR WOBBLY (Clark: Vocal with Concertina)

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SHANGHAI BROWN (Lead: Marc)

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Side IV

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Epilogue (William)

GOODBYE FARE YE WELL (Leads: Marc, Mary, William, Clark. Concertina: Marc. Fiddle: Mary.)

On Shantying (3) (Hjalmar)

MORRIGAN

Mary Malloy, William Pint, and Marc Bridgham formed MORRIGAN in the fall of 1978, combining their diverse musical backgrounds and experience into an energetic blend of talent and enthusiasm. MORRIGAN specialized in creative contemporary arrangements of traditional tunes and songs of the British Isles and the Sea, opening up the world of traditional music to a variety of fans of many ages and other cultures and musical tastes.

MORRIGAN played in clubs on the West Coast and at Northwest Seaport, the Seattle Aquarium, and the San Francisco Maritime Museum, and in the Northeast at Mystic Seaport and South Street Seaport. They have perform-

ed on American and Canadian radio, Northwest television, and recorded the sound track for a Northwest Seaport film about the historic schooner Wawona. They are heard, together and individually, on their own album, By Land or By Sea (Folkways FTS 37321), and Songs of the Sea; San Francisco, 1979 (Folkways FTS 37315), and Sea Songs; Seattle Chantey Festival (Folkways FTS 37311).

This recording is MORRIGAN'S last joint effort. After "MORRIGAN'S WAKE", their last concert in November of 1980, the three members parted to pursue other musical and nonmusical goals.

- Mary Malloy



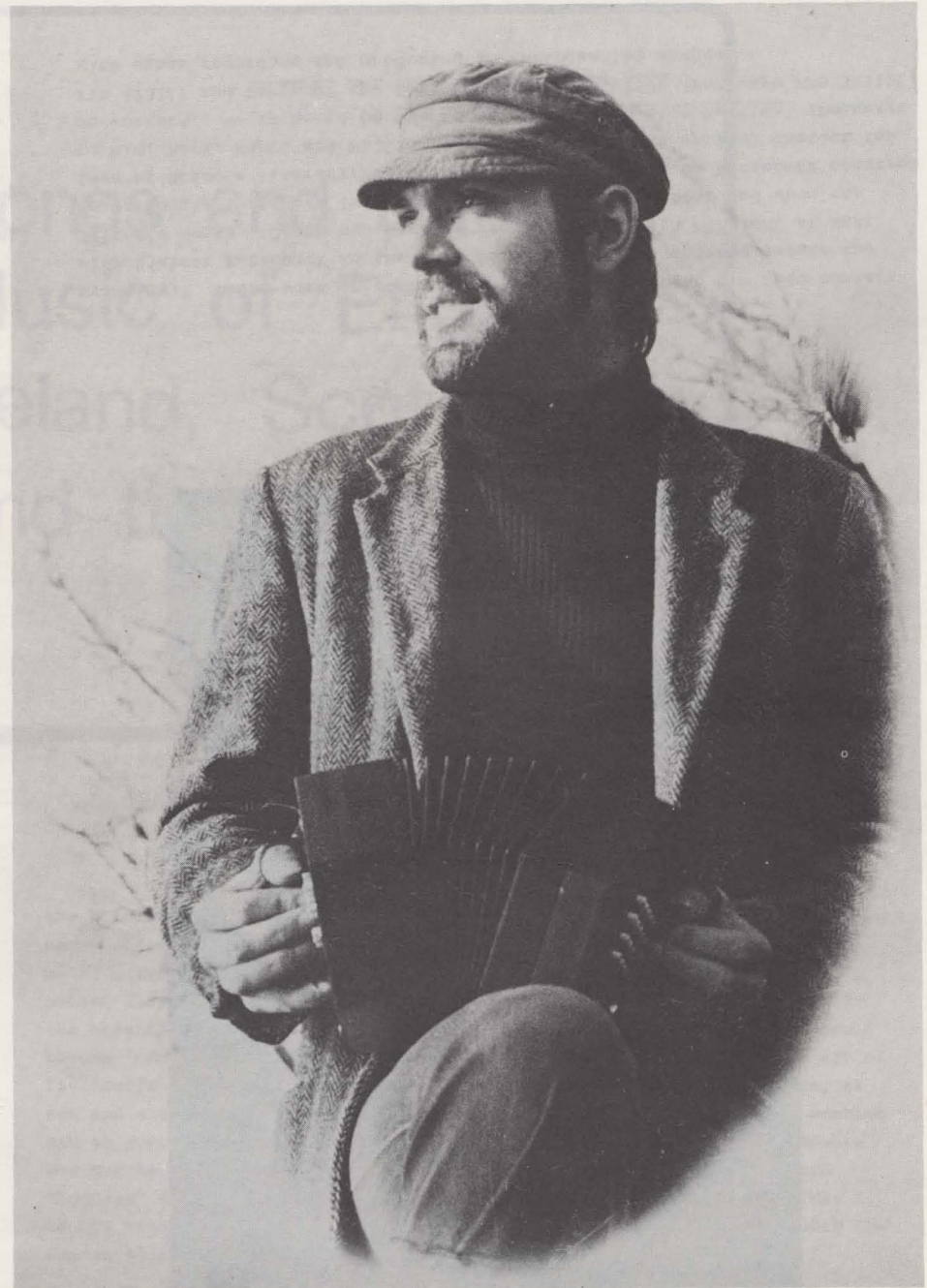
MORRIGAN: WILLIAM, MARY, AND MARC.

WILLIAM PINT took up guitar in his native Wisconsin in 1969 and served an apprenticeship in pop music, which soon led to an interest in folk-rock and whence unto traditional music nearest its roots. He studied fine arts at the University of Wisconsin, and with colleagues formed ensembles which produced two record albums and were featured at Renaissance Faires in the Midwest from 1976 to 1978. William has performed in Europe, at the University of Salamanca in Spain, and variously in the British Isles. Both as a solo performer and with MORRIGAN, William has shared stages with some of the finest folk performers of Europe and America, including Martin Carthy, Peggy Seeger, Ewan MacColl, and Gordon Bok. He renders vocals, mandolin, acoustic and electric guitars, bodhran, fiddle, and pennywhistle.

MARY MALLOY grew up in Spokane, Washington, where she began studying classical voice and violin at ten and took a B.A. from the University of Washington. She has explored and performed in a variety of musical genres and situations, from symphony concerts in the Kennedy Center to street music in Seattle and Dublin, from shanty and folk music festivals around the Northwest to opera orchestras at the Banff School of Fine Arts. Her abiding interest in traditional music led her to Ireland and England in 1977, and on her return she founded MORRIGAN with Marc and William.

Mary claims both a seafaring and a traditional singing heritage. Her grandfather was a sean-nos singer from the Connemara Gael tacht; her great-grandfather a crew member on the British ship Caswell (mutineered out of Antofagasta, as it happens). She is currently working on a solo album and on an album with William Pint for release in late 1981, as well as a book of theory for traditional musicians. In addition to vocals, Mary plays fiddle, bodhran, guitar, mandolin, and pennywhistle.

MARC BRIDGHAM for ten years has been a scholar and performer of the songs and music of the deep-water sailor as well as the shoreside music of Ireland, Scotland, England, and lands settled by the same. As a solo performer and as a member of MORRIGAN, he has appeared at major festivals and concerts of traditional music across the country. A native of County Lewis, Washington, Marc holds a degree in Theatre Arts from the University of Washington and has worked frequently as a professional actor in Seattle as well as directing and teaching in private schools throughout the Northwest. He is a recent graduate of the Munson Institute of Maritime History and has been resident shantyman at Mystic Seaport Maritime Museum in Connecticut. In addition to vocals, Marc plays equally energetic English concertina, guitar, pennywhistle, bodhran, and spoons.



MARC BRIDGHAM



CLARK BRANSON

CLARK BRANSON (guest performer with MORRIGAN) is entirely into vocals, alternately a cappella and with English concertina accompaniment. For years an avid, studious listener to various kinds of traditional and other music, from classical to Greek dance music to traditional and modern jazz to blues and ballads, Clark began performing about five years ago (1976), inspired by key revival singers like A.L. Lloyd, Ewan MacColl, Jean Ritchie, and Frank Harte, as well as, not least, the late Charlie Monroe. He has since performed at clubs, coffee houses, restaurants, churches, colleges, and folk festivals in his native Los Angeles and elsewhere in the U.S.A. and Canada. Graduating in social sciences at the University of California, at Los Angeles, he did graduate work there in Folklore/



MARY MALLOY

Mythology: field work in connection with which brought him into contact with Hjalmar Rutzebeck in the fall of 1979, all too shortly before the latter's death. Clark had earlier crossed paths with MORRIGAN at West Coast shanty festivals (via T.A.S.A. and other agencies) and when the idea of doing a literary/musical/documentary tribute to Rutzebeck occurred to him, Mary, Marc, and William were soon enough the optimal choices for co-workers. He is heard on Sea Songs; Seattle Chantey Festival (Folkways FTS 37311) and Songs of the Sea; San Francisco, 1979 (Folkways FTS 37315), with other recording and producing in the planning stages.



Songs and Dance Music of England, Ireland, Scotland, and the Sea

WILLIAM PINT

Program Notes on the Songs

See Introduction and Biography for texts and additional commentary on ROBIN RANSOR, LEAVE HER JOHNNIE, SANA ANNA, RIO, SHANGHAI BROWN, and ROLL THE COTTON DOWN. For other texts see Appendix I.

A note on "On Shantying (1)" of Hjalmar's conversation: Here Hjalmar refers to capstan shanties when leaving port. Naturally, the same anchor raising/lowering applies when arriving - which is, mainly, the subject of his conversation here and concerning the use of LEAVE HER JOHNNIE ('telling the officers off', etc.).

Side I

BLOW THE MAN DOWN. Probably the most popular of all sea songs, this top'sle halyard shanty "goes back to the New York and Liverpool packets of

the pioneer Black Ball Line, the first regular shipping line in the modern sense..." (Doerflinger). Stan Hugill lists six types, Hjalmar's version being a fairly typical "Paradise Street/Damsel" type. "Chief mates in packet ships were known as 'Blowers' and second mates as 'Stickers'. In the Atlantic trade, the 'Law of the Fist' predominated and a seaman could become 'cock of the fo'c'sle, then a bosun, then a mate, by ... the art of fisticuffs." (Hugill). Fighting was a main theme in Hjalmar's life, at sea and elsewhere - craft at which he lethally excelled, and which enabled him to survive on a few occasions. (Ref: "Shipboard Fight" and "Hombre Por Muerte Por Mano" in our readings.) His version's use of the word "buddies" is anachronistic if the word in fact originates in World War I, as has been conjectured. Hjalmar first heard BLOW THE MAN DOWN aboard the German ship Osterbeck (Ref: "The West Coast" in our readings).

WHISKEY JOHNNIE. Likewise a hauling and top'sle halyard shanty of wide renown, "a great favorite, and frequently sung with an eye to the skipper, with the hope that he would pass out a ration of grog." (Emrich) "Whiskey drove me on the beach," would refer to falling from the status of sailor-temporarily-ashore to beachcomber or West Coast derelict. (Ref: Antofagasta" in our readings.) Of this (Chilean) coastal environment Rutzebeck became stranded in prior to being crimped aboard the Clackmannanshire, Stan Hugill writes (in his book SAILORTOWN):

In the latter days of Sail the west coast of South America was a veritable paradise of Beachcombers. And in these latter days there was a sailor distinction between the 'real beachcomber' who went on the beach because he wanted to, and the other kind... Naturally, some 'beachies' were good seamen, men who had left their ships on purpose... Other beachies were the scum of the earth, the scourings of the ports of the Seven Seas, plug-ugly deadbeats, lay-about, and, as a rule, lousy sailormen. Yankee, Scandinavian, and German seamen were usually found in greater numbers (for reasons)... (P. 5).

Someone once called the Coast 'a refuge of worn-out ships and men who preferred the beach to the brace'... (P. 253).

Pisco and aguadiente were so cheap that no sailor ever remained sober long on this Flaming Coast, and the sailor beachcombers lived, more or less, in a drunken stupor all the time.

From these Antofagasta crimp ships usually received deadbeats and greenhorns for crews, and the jails were often emptied of drunks to man many a nitrate ship's fo'c'sle. (P. 257).

ROBIN RANSOR (REUBEN RANZO). "Ranzo," Stan Hugill writes, "was one of the most rousing of all halyard shanties, the name Ranzo beating even the word 'blow' as a savage shout on which to pull - a man just had to pull when he roared out 'Rrrranzo!'" Theories on who Ranzo was range from: Russian or Polish Jew to Portuguese sailor ('Lorenzo') to Daniel Rantzau, hero of Denmark's Seven Years' War with Sweden in the 16th century, to American greenhorn (a 'rube', as still refers to a yokel or farmer). Stan cites a Sicilian fish-net-hauling song structurally comparable in ways and with a similar tune, indicating yet another possible (probable?) source for the shanty. Was Ranzo a Sicilian?

FIRE DOWN BELOW. A pumping shanty often, and in later years used at the capstan. Our free-style singing of it is after Hjalmar's singing, who indicates it as a hauling song. His version's structure is comparable and its tune somewhat similar to Hugill's version (b), which Stan once learned from a Welsh shipmate. In this shanty Sailor John 'would have his joke, even about that most dreaded of dangers, fire at sea; and the joke (often) lay in his choosing nonflammable portions of the ship in which to locate his imaginary fire," although there's usually a fire-in-the-galley. (Colcord.) The last verse, about the cook, we improvised in rehearsal, in facetious reference to Hjalmar's much grimmer account of "The Clackmannanshire Cook's Demise" (Side II). Wiseacreingly or not, we think it's a good 'folk revival' verse in its own right.

Side II

CHEERLIO. This fond batch of piratical romance - used in our program as a recurrent theme, usually in reference to youthful cockiness or other euphoria - may be a mixed bag of things indeed. The interesting tune (English, to one's ears) was vaguely familiar to Stan Hugill when sung to him, though he couldn't place it offhand. Our rendering is more 'modal' than Hjalmar's singing of it. (Note Clark's musically-varied verses 5 and 6, which, tunewise, approximate Hjalmar's singing.) Hjalmar said that he heard the song as a boy in Denmark and that it was used in capstan work. Next, what should he do but direct me to the novel BLACK BARTLEMY'S TREASURE by Jeffery Farnol, which features some similar verses - book copy-righted in 1920, ten years after Hjalmar left the sea for good. Hjalmar's differing text adds the mutiny theme, as though autobiographically, by way of his sordidly memorable Clackmannanshire experience (Side II). Yet, did Farnol (who features verses from Barbara Allen in another novel) use an older song he, as a possible folksong hobbyist, knew and which Hjalmar also ran into as a kid? It's of course a possibility. Alas, Hjalmar was unable to conclude when or where he first got it, pester him though I did on CHEERLIO.

Piracy is said to have been a popular theme in the 19th century fo'c'sle, as well as suggestively, a negative part of Sailor John's collective self-image, both then and since - the beachcombing, scum-of-the-seas part, as might kill you from behind for some small change.

Our last verse, sung by William, is derived from a Farnol verse.

ROLLING HOME. See Introduction and Biography and Appendix I for discussion and Hjalmar's texts which are, in part, an evidently significant contribution to maritime folksong annals. "First and foremost a song, it was a capstan shanty as well, popular on American, British, and German ships." (Hugill.) Stan Hugill shares the following personal anecdote concerning the song:

I remember an unforgettable scene when the four-masted barge Gustav was making fast in Belfast after a 142-days' passage from Geelong, Australia, around Cape Stiff. The anchor cable was unshakled from the anchor and hove around a bollard and back aboard again. All hands manned the anchor capstan. I sang one verse of Rolling Home in English and all hands sang the chorus in English, then a German shantyman sang a German verse and all hands sang the chorus in Low German, and so on, alternating English and German verses and choruses until the long job was done. And then, from the crowd of onlookers on the dockside a rousing cheer rang out. (Hugill, P. 187.)

SANA ANNA. See Introduction and Biography for discussion and Hjalmar's unusual text. On the record, we render the shanty's familiar 'grand chorus' although Hjalmar's text lacks it.

LEAVE HER JOHNNIE. Traditionally the last shanty sung on the voyage, it was opportune for telling the officers off and venting complaints not to be gotten away with any earlier. Reportedly, when maritime workers struck the Queen Mary in New York in the early 1950's, the song they sang while walking off was LEAVE HER JOHNNIE, handily enough!



HEAVE AWAY RIO. RIO's tune is estimated to be the least variable of all shanty tunes. "'This shanty,' said Captain Patrick Tayleur, 'was generally sung aboard of those little Baltimore vessels that used to run down to Sao Paulo and back to the United States with coffee - to Sao Paulo and the Rio Grande and Brazils. It was a beautiful place, and the sailors used to love it - and the song was sung by seamen all over the world.'" (Doerflinger.) See Captain Tayleur's text in Doerflinger. Like Hjalmar's, it describes a courtship.

A SAILOR'S WIFE HIS STAR SHALL BE. Concerning this special (shanty?) contribution of Hjalmar's, Stan Hugill related in his correspondence, "This was an English Victorian music hall song popular in Scandinavia," and gave the following excerpt from an earlier version:

Of all the wives as e'er ye know
 Yeo ho me lads, yeo ho me lads
 There's none like Nancy Tee, I know
 Yeo ho me lads, yeo ho.
 See there she stands and waves her hand upon the quay
 And whispers low when tempests blow for Jack at sea.
 Chorus: Oh a sailor's wife a sailor's star shall be
 Yeo we go across the sea
 A sailor's wife a sailor's star shall be
 A sailor's wife his star shall be.

Side III

THE POPULAR WOBBLY. Written around 1920 by T-Bone Slim (Valentine Huhta) and, in good Wobbly fashion, parodying a well-known song of the time, this wry piece postdates Hjalmar's I.W.W. stint by some years (as it predates the circumstances of Steinbeck's THE GRAPES OF WRATH). It, yet, tells part of the story of any panic or economic crash, namely of the large numbers of uprooted, needy, and transient men in unavoidable collision with fearful little towns and their armed forces - adding up to yet more trouble, not least for organizers like the oft-hated I.W.W. fellows in their day.

SHANGHAI BROWN (SALLY BROWN) was once a pumping shanty, and with a subsequent capstan career. See Introduction and Biography for text and discussion of this most appealing item of Hjalmar's repertoire.

Side IV

THE SARGASSO SEA. A pseudo-shanty composed at least in part by Hjalmar, it seems a graphic enough description of the doldrums by a man who lived through them. (Ref: "The Asgart", Side III.)

HOMEWARD BOUND (GOODBYE FARE YE WELL). Hjalmar's is an average version. Thought to be the most popular homeward-bound shanty, it was often sung at the capstan raising the anchor for the last leg of the voyage. Informant Richard R. Terry relates, "This is one of the best beloved of shanties. So strongly did its sentiment appeal to sailors that one never heard the shantyman extemporize a coarse verse to it." Its tune resembles that of "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls" from THE BOHEMIAN GIRL (by Balfe and Bunn, 1843). (Colcord.)



HJALMAR (SECOND FROM THE LEFT, BOTTOM ROW) WITH HIS COPENHAGEN FAMILY.

INTRODUCTION AND BIOGRAPHY

Hjalmar Rutzebeck is remembered by a relative few for his books, *ALASKA MAN'S LUCK* and *MY ALASKAN IDYLL*, originally published in the early 1920's, and by a few more for his retrospective *MAD SEA* (1956) and other autobiographical works. Although he is still fairly well known in Alaska, his writings have fallen from print, save for some private printings, and the man largely forgotten, despite his early and deserved reputation as a distinguished author in the "proletarian adventure" realm. Our recorded production with notes and attendant material constitutes his initial re-discovery of consequence - aptly, here, in the sound-documentary medium of Folkways (in view of his special interest, not only as a forgotten writer of importance, but as a bearer of folk heritage, and for the ways these twains meet in the man).

The dual purpose of our musical, literary, and documentary tribute is to reintroduce him to maritime and frontier heritage and to present his shanty texts as he recalls them from the days when he often served as shantyman aboard square-riggers in the first decade of this century. Two



A YOUNG, DAPPER HJALMAR HOME FROM SEA FOR A WHILE.

songs of his own making (more or less) are included as well. His songs, stories, and accountings we've rendered in a program of (1) his own conversation and singing (excerpted from a home-recording made in September of 1979, about a year before his death), combined with (2) our folk-revival interpretations of the shanties and other songs in addition to (3) readings by us, mainly from his book *MAD SEA*.

Up to a year or so before his death at the age of 91, Hjalmar was reasonably well and active in Sunland, California, at work on literary and journalistic projects. Born April 17, 1889, in Copenhagen, of an upper middle-class family, his long, frequently harrowing personal history is not least one of happy immigration here - by hard way of a wild-and-wooly youth and young manhood of persistent getting into trouble.

Of his parents and grandparents, Hjalmar has this to say:

My mother was born and raised in a little village named Gismansdorf near Gorlitz in Silesia which was then part of Germany, now Poland. I know practically nothing of her parents or ancestors. She had what I would call White Russian features, short, stocky, grey-eyed. She became a graduate of the University of Gorlitz, so her parents must not have been too poor. As a young woman she went to Riga in Russia (now Lithuania) to teach German to Russian children.

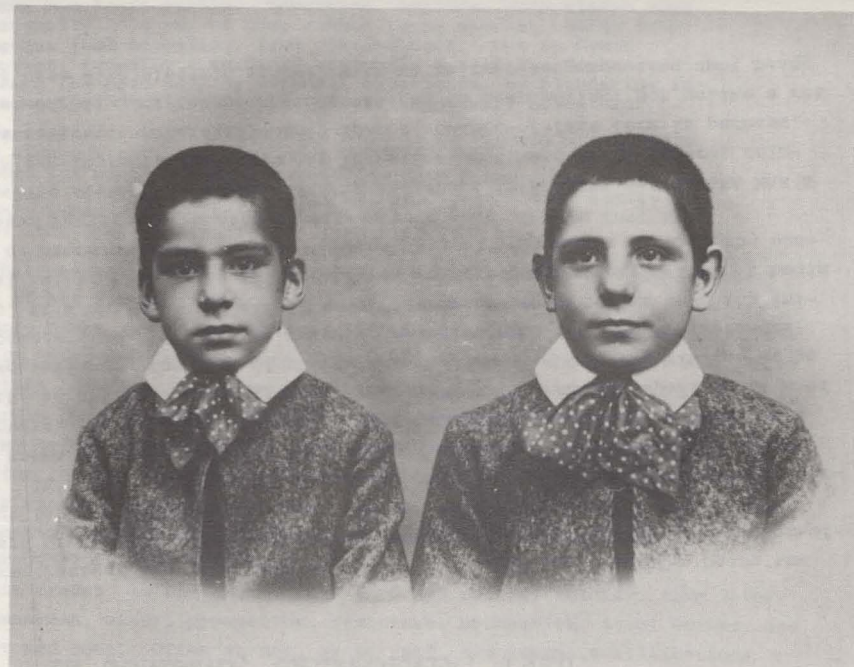
There in Riga, my father, who at that time was an engineer on a Danish steamboat, met and became enamored of her. On the ship's next call to Riga he, Hans Julius Rutzebeck, married her, Martha Maria Poulina von Voelkel ... Of my father's background I have some information obtained from records and verbal discussions in my home. He was born on the island called Moen, south of Zealand, where his family had lived and owned land since the fourteenth century. There used to be a little village called Rutzebeck on Moen. This village (I have heard) was burned down by an expedition formed by the Hansestadt seafaring people. I was there on Moen about five years ago, but I learned nothing about this feud that resulted in the burning of the village of Rutzebeck. However, there were still road signs giving the distances to Rutzebeck.

My grandfather, Hans Rutzebeck, captained a sloop carrying mail between Moen and Copenhagen. This sloop was said to be the fastest sailing vessel of its day. Grandfather later became captain of one of the first steamships owned by Danes. He sired five children, three sons and two daughters. The boys were Hans Julius, my father, Viggo, and Holger. Viggo grew up to be an owner of steamships, a coal merchant and consul to Norway ... Holger went into education, first as a teacher then as Vice Director of Copenhagen's school system. You may find his books on education and school systems in many American libraries, also some of his transplanted novels. The daughters, Truesel and Dagmar, became teachers. (IN DEPTH, Pp. 6-7.)

Hjalmar's immediate family and household included nine children (Hjalmar one of the youngest), three servants, one maid, one kitchen helper, and one nurse (baby helper), all living in a large rented home in an otherwise "petty bourgeois" neighborhood in Copenhagen. The maritime-trading family also owned a home in the country for summer residence. (The family holdings were lost in World War II.) Hjalmar recalls his own great unruliness and penchant for extreme pranks amidst this family haven. In brief, he started life as a "bad boy".

His eventful boyhood included delinquency and street-gang life in addition to the benefits of the bookish and musical household. The boys of his peerage formed into large gangs. The gang Hjalmar had something to do with was the "Norborene Drenganar" (Northtown Boys), who were rivals with the "Nyboder Drenganar" (boys from the nearby seafaring people's neighborhood). They would assemble for large-scale fights in vacant areas with sticks with protruding nails, clubs, and other crude weaponry. In Hjalmar's memory: three boys were killed in such fracas.

The "Norborene Drenganar" members ranged from six to eleven years of age. Initiation rites consisted of the not unfamiliar pseudo-ritualistic exchange of blood. Other activities, apart from burglary and shoplifting in pairs or small numbers, were: meetings in empty ice houses, barns, and storage houses for "talk"; improvised pole-vaulting and archery (with arrows made from sailmakers' needles), and sundry ball games.



HJALMAR (RIGHT) AND HIS
YOUNGER BROTHER, JULIUS.

Hjalmar, always very tough and strong for his age (all his life), eventually formed a detachment around him and split off from the "Norborene" boys. Initiation rites from there featured the same blood-exchange plus the candidate being required to stand perfectly still while Hjalmar urinated over him.

Another recreation among the boys, loosely-knit for it, was the hunting, gathering, and preparing of their own cuisine. Stews were made from the stems and seeds of plantains, and from dandelions, nettles, wild celery, and other edible obtainables. Liquor-marinated peas were fed to the town pigeons, the birds whence keeling over drunk as trapped game ready for preparing and roasting. "Do-it-yourself meals tasted good," Hjalmar recalls.

Like other Copenhagen boys, Hjalmar hung around ships and sailors a lot. Sailors enjoyed bragging and yarning to the boys of adventures at sea and in foreign lands. This sort of entertainment coupled with the romance and adventure of far-off places in books (of the exploits of Marco Polo, for example) often induced boys to go to sea as soon as they could. (It's partly in this vein that Hjalmar's pirate ditty CHEERLIO figures as a running theme in our program.)

Before the age of twelve his parents enrolled him in a "ship school" of the sort which took unruly boys: the premises being a sailing ship and with sailor duties added to the usual curriculum (somewhat in the pattern of the prep military school in America). At twelve he stowed away to sea, on a voyage to Greenland, out of adventuresomeness whetted by adventure literature he would, in ways, autobiographically surpass.

So much for Hjalmar's "old-fashioned boyhood".

Rutzebeck the writer is what we must call a yarner. However embroidered, in the manner of yarning, his writings are yet convincingly, or even assuredly, the stuff of real and lived incident. His books aren't really novels but what we'd call "autobiographical accounts". A writer formally comparable to him would be Henry Miller (apart from the flights of imagination the latter is richly given to).

The writer he initially invites comparison with is his old acquaintance Jack London, they having trod so much of the same territory in their time: going to sea, and on the frontiers of the greater West Coast. But where London is (not least) a man of ideas - an intellectual, an urbane consciousness - giving expression to the same in the realistic and predominant terms of his frontier experiences, Rutzebeck is a corporeal, "primitive" or "unlettered" writer whose communicated experience is rather its own end: namely in the manner of the anecdote, of interest for-its-own-sake. (It was more or less in these terms that London rightly steered the younger Rutzebeck in his writing.)

Rutzebeck's is, for the most part, physical adventure in a literal and complete sense. Even so, rather as Jack London is given to study in terms of his ideas - in *THE SEA WOLF* and *THE CALL OF THE WILD*, for good examples (and even in his very corporeal *TO BUILD A FIRE*) - Rutzebeck's accounts are given to the formal features of the yarn, or a process of yarning. A yarn is "a story of adventure, an exciting and often dubiously true story", though in Rutzebeck's case it's "an often embroidered story", if that, since his accounts, all told, are probably much truer than not.

Though harrowingly fantastic, in terms of the frequency of extreme situations in his accounts, he is "convincing". Too, it may be safe to assume that a man of Rutzebeck's experience would respect the truth of his or any experience over fakery. And very applicable here seems to be the dictum "Truth is stranger than fiction". Hence, his own self-designation as "romance of fact". Such portions of his main works as may be fictional do not, in any case, interfere with nor mar this predominant "romance of fact", the always compelling basis and substance of his writing.

Beyond this, he'd have to be evaluated by a peer of his generation and experience, an eminence not easy to come by today. Though many men have lived the sort of experiences he has come through, they're mainly of a preceding generation and passed on, and very few (if any) have written about it with the graphic candidness of Rutzebeck.

Again, his most important works (*MAD SEA* and *ALASKA MAN'S LUCK*) are exemplary as yarning and, moreover, given to certain comparison with the perennial forms of the heroic quest as in Homer's *THE ODYSSEY*, in folk-tale, myth, and John Bunyan's allegorical *PILGRIM'S PROGRESS* - though pilgrimage Rutzebeck's journeying is not, importantly. His "odyssey" is not a Quest, with its sense of archetypal plan/idea, nor is it epically

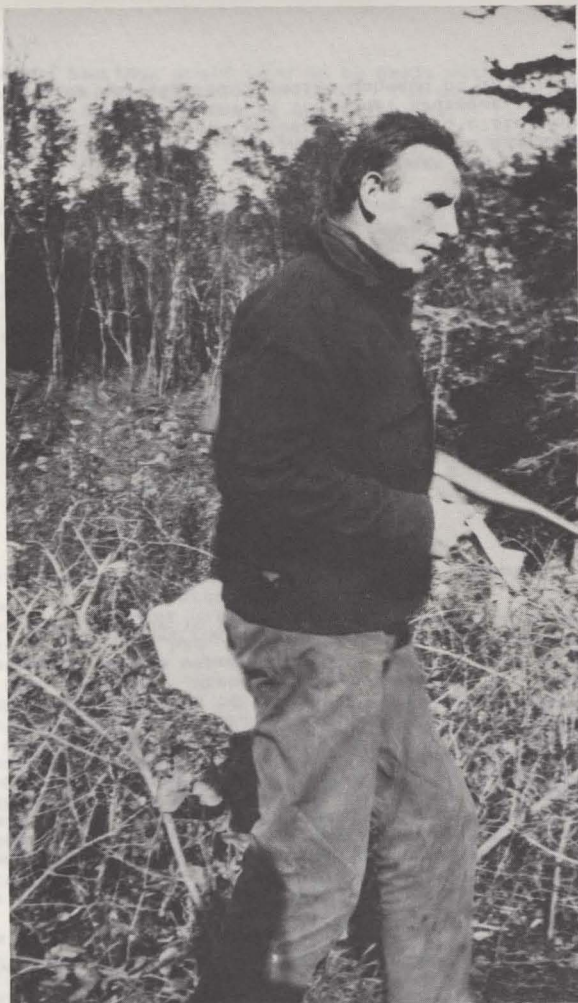


HENRY ETTA RUTZEBECK AND HJALMAR AT HOME
IN SUNLAND, CALIFORNIA, 1980.

formalistic: its detailedly physical and anecdotal character being the basis of another variety of heroic journey - again, the yarned romance-of-fact (a good designation).

It's not a pilgrimage, since the protagonist almost never sufficiently knows or projects where he's going to end up. As its moniker aptly conveys, the yarn is, instead, a particularly linear form, a story told with one physical event leading to another in a temporal/spacial chain of association on the part of the teller re witnessing his experiences as he proceeds (ideally egged-on to embroidered heights by earnest listeners). Too, it's not given to retelling or transmission by others than the initial teller - it being in fact his embroidered experience - lest it begin to be processed unto another form, of "epical" character or with the non-linear features of oral/folk narrative.

The situations experienced by Rutzebeck in *MAD SEA* and *ALASKA MAN'S LUCK* are characterized by their transitoriness, and their general uninhabitability. A heroic journey in the romance-of-fact form is perhaps, first of all, one in which you're forced to keep moving, not unlike a rat in a maze with electric shocks, with no halfway-accommodating spot being home for long.



Hjalmar's writing grew out of long letters and personal accounts concurrent with or reminiscent upon: extreme predicaments, numerous scrapes with death, outlawry ranging through fighting, insubordination, mutiny, theft, burglary, and two or three counts of manslaughter (via fighting again, a perpetual theme with him) - this pattern usurped by an educative stint in the U.S. Army before World War I, and stretches of penal servitude in Alaska, if interrupted by jailbreaks and flight from the law through that wilderness (as narrated in ALASKA MAN'S LUCK). His is, again, fairly a literature of getting-into-trouble-at-the-ends-of-the-earth, both "asking for it" and more innocently. (Yet, there's his more settled Alaskan homesteading period, making for reading nearly as engrossing.)

Rather summarily, Hjalmar (alias Svend Norman or Hans Jensen, in his books) opens the sixth edition of ALASKA MAN'S LUCK with:

Some men learn easily. Education, culture, even wisdom come naturally to them, or they gather these special things from books, from schooling, from their elders. Not so Svend Norman, recently a soldier, erstwhile a sailor. He had to learn the hard way, by personal experience, by blundering into most of the pitfalls that hazard the unwary adventurer...

Decisions, rules and laws are made to be broken, I had heard a wise guy say. If that were so, why make them? Yet I felt need for one. During the last few days I had been on the ragged edge of outlawry. I felt that I was a free entity only because I had enjoyed exceptional luck. Could that kind of luck last indefinitely? I doubted it. (P. 9)

This passage could be made to refer to many points throughout the stages of his autobiographical accounting, which stages, covered in his five main books, are: (1) harrowingly eventful merchant voyages about the Atlantic, back and forth around Cape Horn and about the greater West Coast on English, German, and Norwegian ships; migratory labor in South America, California, Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia; (2) his stretch in the Army in San Francisco and Alaska; (3) pursuing a home in Alaska, running afoul of the law there; (4) finally gaining his homestead, sending for his fiancée in California, marrying and beginning a family and a farm; (5) sometime later going to work in the building trades in San Francisco. (See DESCRIPTIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY.)

His trades, in and about, thus included sailor, soldier, farm laborer, lumberman, miner, prospector, fisherman, housesmith, steel worker, and we must add hobo. Often as not, as we read, his seaman qualifications served him as a worker ashore, in times of both recession and boom on the North American West Coast.

During the Depression he was involved in the co-operative movement in California and elsewhere (as treated in his book HELL'S PARADISE). His friend Upton Sinclair's CO-OP, A NOVEL OF LIVING TOGETHER has Rutzebeck as a main character and is based in part on his experiences. Of this phase of his life shortly.

In the present writer's opinion, like that of others in the past, his work (or much of it) is some of the finest, most important writing of its kind in modern American literature. At this writing, friends and relations surviving him are at work on its republication in book form.

Hjalmar's Singing

As a general statement, Stan Hugill in his correspondence has this to say concerning Rutzebeck's shanty texts and the autobiographical MAD SEA:

On reflection I find Rutzebeck's yarns in (MAD SEA) nothing like so literary-encrusted as are his collection of shanties... (as) appear to have developed into romantic ditties with words and phrases never heard at sea and probably accretions stemming from his Doctor of Literature degree period. On the other hand his sailor stories have the ring of truth about them. ... Yes, Rutzebeck tells a real sailor yarn and I enjoyed reading every page of (MAD SEA). (3/5/81)

In due respect, this writer feels this synopsis of the shanties to be a little harsh and that the texts are given to more fruitful examination in terms of their vestiges of traditional use or context - and, of course, as a handy introduction on the subject (including some detailed comment on the shanties by Stan).

For a period, he was active in the I.W.W., and of this particular context, of singing, he writes:

Since I had a good, clear, strong voice it was not long before I led the singing. It excited me to stand on a soapbox with a sea of workers around me. It was not so different from being the chantey man aboard a ship when the upper topsails were hoisted or the anchors raised. To be a chantey man had been one of my ambitions as a boy. Now the chantey had changed into revolutionary songs of landmen.

I did notice that these landmen did not sing as loudly or as lustily as had the sailors aboard ship. The sailors sang freely, with utter abandon, enjoying the song to the depths of them. Here on land, some sang defiantly, some furtively, others with an air of amusement as if it was all a lark, a bizarre way of having fun. Few of them sang as if they enjoyed singing.

Uniformed policemen often circulated through the crowds at the street meetings. I could always tell where the officers were. The chorus came in weaker from around them. Most workers were afraid of the law. (MAD SEA, P. 204-5.)

To begin discussing Rutzebeck's shanty texts, I would first quote passages around the Clackmannanshire incident: at once one of the most important episodes in his autobiographical works, and focusing, in significant part, upon shantying:

Maybe there have been other ships with as dissolute, degenerate, and reckless crews as the one which boarded the Clackmannanshire in Maxellanos. I doubt it. Most men try to appear to best advantage - at least as long as they are comparative strangers. Not so this crew. They vied with one another in showing how tough, how lewd, how irresponsible they could be. Had it not been for the presence of John Packard, for whom they seemed to have a hypnotic fear, the wait on the beach, before the life boat came in to pick us up, would surely have broken up in a free-for-all fight. There was incessant grumbling and quarreling. I suppose men sold as slaves tend to sink to the level of their purchase. But Packard held them in check. When an argument reached the fighting point, he butted in with a venomous: "Shut up!" or "Cut it out, you fools!" These men had, most of them, been with Packard as virtual slaves in a mine up in Bolivia. They subsided like dogs when he roared.

We raised the anchor to the old 'Santa Ana' chantey:

Santa Ana is dead and gone,
Heave away for Santa Ana.
Oh, Santa Ana is dead and gone,
And around the plains of Mexico.

Oh, Santa Ana was an Indian maid,
Heave away for Santa Ana.
Oh, Santa Ana was an Indian maid,
And around the plains of Mexico.

I had heard this chantey sung as a beautifully sad love story. I liked it. But this time it was a rape and murder. The way those men relished the lewd, sadistic tale, shouting the chorus hysterically, voices breaking, made my flesh creep. I had a profound foreboding of ill to come from this voyage as we headed out into the Pacific through the dark night.

Subsequently, the crewmen mutiny around bad food, and:

The captain capitulated. Packard took over the galley. Somehow or other the keys to the lazaret fell into his hands. Dried figs, raisins, and prunes appeared in the fo'c'sle along with smoked pork, Danish butter in tin cans, sausages, an occasional round of wine and other delicacies unheard of in a Limejuicer fo'c'sle. ...



HJALMAR AND HIS FIRST-BORN, CALIFORNIA, 1920'S.

We were nearing the states; we were approaching God's country. Still, there was a measure of fear among us as we approached our destination - fear that we would all be charged with mutiny when our ship reached Portland. ...

The anchors hit the bottom before Astoria, and, sure enough, the flag streamers hoisted from the mizzen gaff brought a police launch from the shore. ...

(But) The American officers were loath to take action against the ragged crew. I could see what they thought. If the ship's food had been as bad as her supplies, as judged by the men's clothing, or lack of it, there might have been some reason for the mutiny. Those policemen seemed more inclined to listen to the crew than to the officers. ...

Charges and hearings would have to be dealt with by higher authorities when the ship reached Portland. The police launch went back to Astoria without taking any prisoners.

A stern-wheeled tugboat came out and hooked on alongside of us. We manned the capstan to the tune of 'Leave Her Johnnie, Leave Her'. ...

Packard was singing the chantey, improvising as we went along. He told the story in his deep baritone, how the crew had been sold as slaves by the police and the shipping sharks.

They threw us in the calaboose
And told us there to rot,
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her.
They threw us in the calaboose
And left us there to rot,
Oh, it's time for us to leave her.
They made us sign the roll of ship
Not one had ever seen
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her.
They made us sign aboard a ship
Not one had ever seen,
Oh, it's time for us to leave her.
They sold us like cattle, like
The black slaves of old,
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her.
They fed us rotten meat and worse,
As never has been told,
Oh, it's time for us to leave her.

We ragged beachcombers roared our defiance in the chorus till cold chills of excitement ran up and down my spine, as they must have in the officers huddled back there on the quarterdeck. They had lost the first round in their fight with the crew. Now they had lost the second round when the Astoria police refused to take us off.

We're near the land of freedom, men,
Where tyrants can be told
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her.
Where galley slaves and sailor men
Were freed, from young to old,
Oh, it's time for us to leave her.

I was worried over the mutiny business, and I communicated my doubts to Jack, an American. "Me, too, Svend," he said. "Them Limejuice officers hate like hell to be bested by common sailors. They are used to having their own way. I don't like the looks of it. I'm gonna try to get ashore before we get to Portland."

Subsequently, he does, Svend escaping with him, and Jack Commons taking mates' clothing and gold sovereigns with him. Later, Svend reads about the outcome in the Portland Oregonian:

It sounded as if the bos'n John Packard had given it to the reporter. At the hearings the ship's crew had told of being sold like slaves, of living in a vermin-infested fo'c'sle, of being given putrid food. The newspapers had lent a sympathetic ear to the crew's story. So had the authorities. All the men had been paid off and legitimately discharged - all except Jack Commons who had been picked up ashore as drunk and disorderly. He had drawn a sixty-day stretch in the county jail, with a charge of grand larceny aboard ship pending his release. (MAD SEA, Pp. 168-182.)

Much later, on a Norwegian ship:

"Call hands to man the capstan," I sang. Already I was the chantey-man. ... I was improvising like John Packard, my former shipmate. I found it difficult to keep tears of nostalgia from choking off the song.

You may talk about your Spanish donnas
With their dark and silky hair,
But there's better girls in Denmark.
Twice as true and just as fair. (MAD SEA, P. 213.)

Informative points here, as say something about shantying context, are: (A) Packard, the natural leader as bos-un and as shantyman, (B) the shantyman as improviser and (C) as shantying "spokesman" for/to the group: first, as a rough, shameless lot, and on the latter occasion as righteous and prospectively successful mutineers.

(D) Leave Her Johnnie was traditionally the last shanty sung on a voyage, and often vented the accumulated complaints of the trip. If sung before the end of a voyage, the connotation was mutinous. (Ref: Hugill, P. 293.)

Hjalmar, in conversation, emphasizes that in his sea experiences, the shantyman at work would often "tell his own story", replacing or amending sets of stanzas then extant. We know that variation, and via improvisation, is the case with worksong. Just as this differs from ballads, in their character of general fixity, so are shanties with relatively fixed texts (such as Rueben Ranzo, for chief example) usually narratives, telling a story.

Hjalmar also relates that shanties - both capstan and halyard - were often sung, by he and fellow seamen elsewhere than in the actual work, such as in the fo'c'sle, for diversion. This contrasts with the view and reportage of shanty-singing as being customary on the job only and even taboo in other contexts than the work. Hence do we seem to encounter a modern "degeneration" of older 19th-century custom/taboo as it's said to have been.

Hjalmar's shanty texts, those in his privately-printed songbook CHANTEY MAN and the stanzas in his book MAD SEA, display forms and versions that are: (a) traditional and familiar, (b) differing from (a) but not anomalously, and (c) a few that are possibly traditional but interestingly at variance with their counterparts elsewhere. These, of group (c), may well be idiosyncratic where wider tradition is/was concerned, or (one or more) may represent more considerable strains of shantying practice in the past, pending further available texts.

Hjalmar began shantying rather simultaneously with learning English. First we'll consider three unusual yet possibly traditional texts of group (c). Santa Ana was known to Hjalmar as a "beautifully sad love story". The versions we know touch on the fight between Santa Ana and Zachary Taylor in the Mexican War and, in instances, praise and comment on Mexican girls and other things. (Ref: Hugill, Pp. 80-87) In Hjalmar's text, in CHANTEY MAN, Santa Ana becomes Sana Anna, an Indian maid and a lost love. Of it, he writes: "Sana Anna, a capstan chantey has many versions. It was sung by the old timers on nearly all the ships I sailed. It is a sad slow-moving song." (CHANTEY MAN, P. 9.) His version, of course, seems to be of modern descent from the once more-current Mexican War forms.

Was it a type or story significantly widespread in tradition or practice?



PORT OF ANTWERP, LEFEBVRE DOCK (1920).

Oh Sana Anna was an Indian maid
HEAVE AWAY FOR SANA ANNA.
Her folks were poor, her father was dead.
AND AROUND THE PLAINS OF MEXICO.

[illegible]

She promised that with me she'd wed/ No sweeter song I ever read.
Became my lot to go to sea/ That was where we came home to me.
I promised her I would return/ That for her only I would yearn.
I sailed the seas and saved my pay/ For her to wed some happy day.
On barque I sailed to Mexico/ With her to live, no more to go.
My heart in wildest throbs did beat/ In the village where I found
her street.

A mother gray with head bent low/ I knew that sorrow made her so.
She pointed out the flowered mound/ Where all my dreams lay in
the ground.

Thus comrades all, I roam the seas/ And dream of her who could
not be.
My love is only a memory/ My love lies dead beyond the sea.

Rueben Ranzo we know as the story of a tailor who ships aboard a whaler, is inept at the work and punished for it, but saved by the captain's daughter who, taking a fancy to him, intervenes for him. After this, the

captain tutors him and he ends up a first mate who is "a terror to the whalers". In Hjalmar's version, this is dropped and the ending has the tailor suddenly 'shaping up' and in this way adjusting to his plight the only way a sailor generally could. A more common-sensical account or portrait, this simpler but not uninteresting ending was evidently added, at some point (not improbably by Hjalmar) in lieu of the memory-lapsed (or otherwise deleted) Captain's daughter story.

Oh, poor old Robin Ransor
RANSOR BOYS RANSOR
Oh, poor old Robin Ransor
RANSOR BOYS RANSOR

Oh Ransor was no sailor/ Oh Ransor was no sailor
One day he met a sailor/ One day he met a sailor
A sailor from a whaler/ A sailor from a whaler
He shipped aboard the whaler/ He shipped aboard the whaler
Ashore he was a good tailor/ At sea he was no sailor
The Captain made him climb the mast/ All he could do was to
hold fast

A seasick man was little worth/ Men scoffed at him and called
him turd
A happy day to Robin came/ He was as good as any man.

Sally Brown we know as a lyrical shanty describing, praising, and be-seeching a mulatto beauty of the same name, on whom the narrator has spent all his money. In Rutzebeck's version, she's less praised than damned and becomes the daughter of Shanghai Brown (Hjalmar's title) of crimping ill-fame. Crimps and whore accomplices are of course familiar in sailor's song as they were in the sailor's life ashore. Of this text Hjalmar notes: "The story is that Shanghai and Sally made their living by luring sailors to waterfront dens, where they were Shanghaied for the shipping masters. The police often worked in conjunction with the crimps. Sailors were considered hell-raisers. The authorities were glad to get rid of them." (CHANTEY MAN, P. 23.) In correspondence, Stan Hugill comments on this version: "Never heard that S.B. and Sally Brown worked together, but could be!" and adds that the word 'vampire' rings inauthentically for shanty tradition according to his experience and research.

In this writer's feeling, it's the most interesting text in Hjalmar's reportage for its combined unusual turn and traditional qualities (ref: verses 1, 4, 6, and 7). Note the first verse's similarity to the verse of Shenandoah which goes, "Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter..." The use of past-tense at points suggests retrospect and therefore rewriting, but then it's hard to say.

Oh Shanghai Brown I love your daughter
WAY AY, OH SALLY BROWN
Oh Shanghai Brown I love your daughter
AND I SPEND MY MONEY ON SALLY BROWN

Oh, oh Shanghai Brown had a nice young daughter
Oh, oh Shanghai Brown had a nice young daughter

Oh, Shanghai Brown your daughter's a vampire
Oh, oh Shanghai Brown your daughter's a siren

I bought her jewels and I bought her perfume
She paid me in coin that was out of tune

That Shanghai worked for the shipping masters
Luring sailormen to grim disasters

Though her breasts were white as alabaster
Her cold heart loved but shipping masters

Many a man has sworn to knife her
They were all too late to ever get there

Ashore once more with gold hard earned
My only thought for her I yearned.

(Note: Might verse 7 refer to their swearing to kill her, or is it meant sexually, with the line of customers being too long?)

Next, we look at Rio and Roll the Cotton Down (the latter not included in our sound portion), two texts of group (b), as differ from familiar versions but remaining commonplace - although, in these instances, recomposition on Hjalmar's part, "telling his own story", is suggested, as both texts seem to reflect episodes in his book MAD SEA (though even as Robin Ransor's seasickness may). Both are not untypical sailor accounts.

Heave Away Rio

In Texas I met with a beautiful gal
HEAVE AWAY FOR RIO
In Texas I met with a beautiful gal
WE ARE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRAND
HEAVE AWAY FOR RIO/ HEAVE AWAY FOR RIO
In Texas I met with a beautiful gal
WE ARE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRAND

I was a young sailor just home from Hong Kong
I dreamed of adventure wherever I went
We cast our anchor at Texican town
Twas there that I met her she thought me a clown
I said dear young lady your fragrance is sweet
She turned up her nose at my compliment neat
Her interest I won after several nights
That was after I was the victor in fights
At first she would give me no more than a smile
But after a while I her hand held and kissed
She sought to avoid me but seldom I missed
When night came I held her up close to my breast
My arm stole so silently around her slim waist
Now men of this clipper a thought I must tell
As long as you love you will never grow old.

Note the one-line stanzas, namely of one line repetitively sandwiched with chorus lines. This is characteristic of about a third of the shanties in CHANTEY MAN (and not untypical of shanty reportage elsewhere). In their older, work context, this would of course be functionally easier for improvising, remembering, and stretching out the song. Of this text, Stan Hugill comments: "This version naming Texas [instead of naming or implying Brazil] gives me the opinion that it is modern."

Roll the Cotton Down

Oh away down south where I was born
OH ROLL THE COTTON DOWN
Oh away down south where I was born
OH ROLL THE COTTON DOWN

This story told you will not like
A song of woe, a broken life

Tells of a heart-broken sailor lad
Whose luck turned out to be all bad

I was at a dance in New Orleans
In a place I should not have been

A pretty girl's smile is a wonderful thing
It stirs the soul and makes the heart sing

That smile sure swept me off my feet
It sent me reeling down the street

Behind the smile was a girl so sweet
To see her was a heavenly treat

She didn't see me as a mere sailor man
All she saw was muscle and tan

In dancing I held her close to my heart
I was sure that we would never part

Her father was a wealthy man
From upper crust superior clan.

Others, in Hjalmar's songbook, of group (b), with different but not unusual texts, are Blow the Man Down, Fire Down Below, and Homeward Bound (Goodbye Fare Ye Well). His versions in group (a), more or less like the traditional versions we know, are: Napoleon Was a Warrior, Whiskey Johnnie, and Yankee Ship. (See Appendix I and Program Notes.)

Stan Hugill, in his correspondence, was struck by Hjalmar's version of Rolling Home, writing: "Now this is interesting, and gives me a clue to a way-out verse I once found." This singular verse, which Stan came across in Adventure magazine, goes:

I have traded with the Indians/ With the Negroes and Chinees
 I have traded with the Spaniards/ In the dark and southern sea
 Many countries I have traveled/ Many strange sights have I seen
 But give to me the English maiden/ Softly tripping o'er the green.

(Hugill, P. 186.)

The verses in Hjalmar's version in this rare "I have" pattern are:

I have kissed Columbia's beauties/ Underneath a wide spruce tree
 I have loved the girls of Oregon/ While I was dreaming of the sea.
 I have hugged Australia's daughters/ Underneath the blue gum tree
 I have courted Indian maidens/ By the shores of Java's sea.
 I have talked of love and marriage/ With the girls who loved me true
 I have thought I could be happy/ In the land I never knew.

Hence, these rate group (c), as unusual yet maybe traditional. If they're of Hjalmar's improvisation (as he suggests in MAD SEA) they're yet in the "I have" form. Where the form originates we don't know, but it would seem that Hjalmar's verses here are a significant find, as they suggest wider tradition for the form.

See Appendix I for more of Hjalmar's verses for Leave Her Johnnie, which text (in both MAD SEA and CHANTEY MAN) lacks the 'grand chorus' we're familiar with (as does Sana Anna). Stan Hugill's evaluation of "verses O.K." indicates group (b) for it. Judging from its context/source described in our reading from MAD SEA (on the Clackmannanshire mutiny), it seems to be recalled from the shantyman Packard's singing on the mutinous ship. The question is: was it recalled by Hjalmar or in mind at a point close to that event, or significantly later, and additively? In either case, the Clackmannanshire crew's Leave Her Johnnie seems to have constituted a basic, imprinted lesson in shantying for him.

In nearly all cases, the tunes, as he sung them to my tape-recording, are the most familiar tune-types associated with their respective shanties. At that time he had to read from his songbook to sing the songs. Just how they were recalled - how additively or recompositionally with respect to their original context, say - when he compiled CHANTEY MAN in 1969, remains unknown and has passed away with him (and seemed beyond memory anyway, on the occasions of my interviewing him).

In conclusion here, all we can say is that Hjalmar's shanty texts are a problematic mixture of: (1) oral tradition, in some strict sense, in the obvious instances and possibly the unusual cases like Sana Anna, Shanghai Brown, Robin Ransor and Rolling Home; (2) folk recomposition in that context, as may be the case with Rio and Roll the Cotton Down, and as may include Robin Ransor and Rolling Home as well; (3) more recent additive factors yet to be clarified.

His literary penchant, from early, might naturally contribute additive or recompositional factors in greater part than in the cases of other informants. Contextually, in a way, his shanty texts are part of his literary writings, CHANTEY MAN being put forth as one of his authored books. On the other hand, his rough-hewn texts are much more like reportage than literature.

All things considered, Hjalmar's shanties constitute reportage in some folkloristically meaningful sense, behooving further analysis though they may. Where oral-traditional factors may be overlaid or done-over by additive, "writerly" factors, the texts are no less in and of the context and the substance of the man and his imprinted experience in genuine shantying.

Hjalmar and the Co-operative Movement

Subsequent to his dissatisfying period with the I.W.W. (described in MAD SEA) and concurrent with participation in Upton Sinclair's 1934 campaign for governor of California (see BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY), Hjalmar, during the 1930's and earlier, became prominently and dedicatedly involved in the co-operative movement and other social/economic activity along the same lines. Some things need be said about it, important a part of his story as it is. (Quotes here are from MODERN POLITICAL PHILOSOPHIES AND WHAT THEY MEAN by Louis Wasserman. Blakiston Co.: Philadelphia, 1945. Pp. 174-177. General information is from Wasserman and standard reference.)



HJALMAR ON THE AIR, CIRCA 1936.



HJALMAR WITH TWO COLLEAGUES AT THEIR FARM CO-OP, SANTA BARBARA, 1936.

The term designates "those forms of economic activity in which organized groups own and operate business enterprise for the mutual benefit of their members." Co-operatives are of several types: (1) Consumers' co-operatives, societies of consumers who aren't the producers. (2) Credit unions. (3) Producers' co-operatives: which produce on an agreed basis, pooling skills and equipment and sharing profits. (4) Marketing co-operatives, of farmers or ranchers who collaborate in growing, shipping, and marketing, and (5) Self-help co-operatives, the sort in which Hjalmar was involved. At that time, these were "a spontaneous outgrowth of the depression years in the United States... associations of unemployed families who, by means of barter, salvage, and other small-scale production activities, (derived) an income which (was) distributed among the members in the form of cash, commodities, or services. Self-help units sprang up throughout the country, beginning in 1931, as the alternative to acceptance of public or private relief by their members. By 1934 more than three hundred units were in operation, chiefly on the West Coast. The movement was

popularized by Upton Sinclair in his 'Epic Plan' campaign for governor of California in that year. With the inauguration of a broad work-relief program by the Federal government, however, most of the self-help co-operatives disbanded."

By 1939, the co-operative movement (i.e. of the several kinds of co-operative enterprise) had become firmly established in forty-three countries. The total membership was estimated at approximately 130 million persons, belonging to some 30,000 co-operative societies of all types (allowing for duplication, as some of these people doubtless belonged to more than one co-op). Of these, about fifty percent were consumer societies, twenty percent farm producers and distributors, and fifteen percent credit unions. These figures do not include co-operative enterprise in the Soviet Union where, at least at the time, it formed a large part of the total activity, particularly in handicrafts and agriculture. Co-operative enterprise of more than one kind has enjoyed particular success in the Scandinavian countries.

The two poles of thinking with regard to the long-range aims of the co-operative movement have been: (a) The movement's place as rightly within the boundaries of capitalism to improve the standard of living especially among low-income groups, and entering only those fields in which distribution costs are excessive, where private business is unwilling to assume the risk, or where competition is needed to curb monopoly. (b) The movement foreseeing the eventual realization of a 'co-operative commonwealth' in which nonprofit enterprise will have supplanted private business in every field, from the extraction of raw materials to the sale of finished goods, save for government ownership of utilities not amenable to co-operative control: in short, the co-operative movement as a path to socialism.

Co-operativism's main concern is consumer welfare and service, which under capitalism tends to be a merer by-product. The movement appealed strongly to those who - like Rutzebeck - were convinced of the need for comprehensive social change, yet disagreeing with or unwilling to accept the methods of drastic action, and hence opting for this economistic 'middle way'.

Historical Biography

October, 1973

HANS HJALMAR RUTZEBECK, Lit.D., Sunland, California.

Born: Copenhagen, Denmark, April 17, 1889.

VOCATION: Novelist, Real Estate Broker, Tax Consultant, Co-operative Specialist.

EDUCATION: Feilberg Private School, Copenhagen.

CAREER ACTIVITIES:

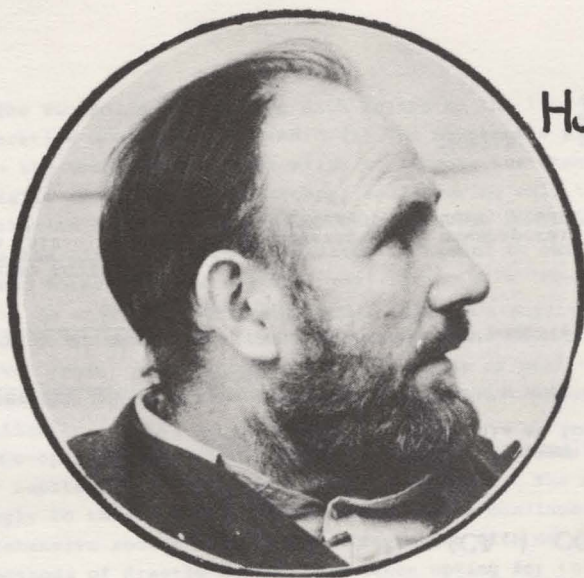
- 1902 Ran away to sea at age twelve. Boyhood and teens spent on clipper ships ploughing the seven seas.
- 1910 United States Army Volunteer, serving three years in Thirtieth Infantry. Honorable Discharge.
- 1915 Homesteaded in Alaska.
 - MARITAL: 1917 Married in California.
Five Children.
Sixteen Grandchildren.
Nine Great Grandchildren.
 - 1935 Divorced and remarried in Nevada.
 - 1937 Divorced second wife and married Henry Etta Robertson in New Mexico (present wife).
- 1918-22 Novelist and writer for magazines and newspapers about fishing in Alaska.
- 1922 Citizenship by Act of Congress. Because jumped ship without passing through immigration, had no Certificate of Landing. However, since I had a discharge from the U.S. Army, had taken up a homestead, and was also married and (at that time) had two children, the Alaska delegate (Alaska then being a territory) succeeded in having a rider passed along with another congressional bill providing a Certificate of Landing and Citizenship.
- 1923 Fruit grower with produce route in and around Paradise, California.

- 1924 Edited OAKLAND WORLD and became deeply interested in problems of Unemployment and Relief.
- 1925 Organized PARADISE PROGRESSIVE ASSOCIATION.
- 1930-31 Organized PEOPLE'S PARTY. Convention in Sacramento.
Editor of YOLO INDEPENDENT, Yolo, California. And RUTZEBECK'S WEEKLY, Sacramento, California, writing about unemployment and need and the unemployed seeking a new way to live as an alternative to living on relief.
- 1932-33 Personnel Coordinator (elected by membership) of the UNEMPLOYED EXCHANGE ASSOCIATION (UXA), Oakland, California.
Cooperative Specialist serving in Roosevelt Administration under Harry Hopkins, National Relief Administrator, Washington, D.C.
- 1933-34 Advised and Counseled state leaders working in a dozen different states helping with problems of unemployment and need, under auspices of the FEDERAL EMERGENCY RELIEF ADMINISTRATION (FERA) in Washington, D.C.
- 1934 Staff member of Campaign Committee to elect Upton Sinclair Governor of California. (Had Upton Sinclair been elected, I would have become State Relief Administrator of that state.)
Edited, managed and financed the Oakland and San Francisco editions of THE EPIC NEWS, a Sinclair campaign publication.
- 1934-35 General Manager (appointed by the Board of Supervisors) of the LOS ANGELES COUNTY DEPARTMENT OF REHABILITATION.
- 1935-37 Organizer and Chairman of SANTA BARBARA COUNTY (California) CO-OPERATIVE INDUSTRIES (SBCCI).
- 1936 Founded and edited THE KEY, Santa Barbara (California), a monthly publication.
- 1937 General Manager of CO-OPERATIVE HYDROPHONICS in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.
- 1939 Assistant to Governor Phillip LaFollette, Madison, Wisconsin, in capacity of member of Brain Trust.
Co-operative Specialist on staff of THE COUNCIL FOR SOCIAL ACTION of the Congregational Church, Indiana, working under: Hobby, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in Roosevelt Administration.
Assistant Manager of MEROM INSTITUTE, Merom, Indiana, under: Director, Rev. Shirley Greene and Dr. Arthur E. Holt, Dean of Social Ethics of the Chicago Theological Seminary, Chicago, Ill.
Lectured in UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO on problems of unemployment and group self help as alternative to relief under: auspices of Merom Institute and Dr. Kincheloe, Head of Dept. of Soc. Sciences, Chicago University.
Organized the MONONGAHELA RECIPROCAL ECONOMY in six coal-mining towns near Morgantown, West Virginia, under: auspices of First Presbyterian Church.
- 1940 Ordained Minister by the HUMANIST SOCIETY OF FRIENDS (a Quaker Organization).
Administrative Assistant (appointed by Gov. Culbert L. Olson) STATE RELIEF ADMINISTRATION (SRA) Los Angeles, California, in charge of development of production-for-use for the unemployed.
- 1941 Dr. of Literature, bestowed by Da Landas University, Los Angeles.
- 1943-46 Member Board of Directors: National Urban League, Los Angeles Unit.
- 1960 Candidate for State (California) Assembly, 42nd District.
Honored by the establishment of THE HJALMAR RUTZEBECK COLLECTION of original letters, manuscripts, articles, documents and published books in the Library of the University of Southern Mississippi at Hattisburg, Mississippi.



HJALMAR AND CO-WORKERS AT THEIR SANTA BARBARA
(CA.) CO-OPERATIVE KITCHEN, 1936.

- 1963 Collection of Published Books of CURRENT AMERICAN NOVELISTS at Library of University of California at Los Angeles.
- REGISTERED IN: The Author's and Writer's Who's Who, Burke's Peerage Limited, London.
- LITERARY ACHIEVEMENTS: (Published books and pamphlets)
See Bibliography
- CURRENT ACTIVITIES:
From 1918: Contributor to magazines and newspapers: Los Angeles, Sacramento, Seattle, Chicago, New York, Alaska, London, Copenhagen.
- PROFILE: Self-assured, positive, decisive, determined, tenacious, tempestuous, opinionated, explosive; socially and economically insightful (wife's opinion).
- From 1928: Real Estate Broker (intermittant) dealing in land, industrial, commercial and residential properties with offices in Northern or Southern California.
- From 1941: Organization and Management of NORTHSIDE TAX GROUP with staff of tax consultants servicing income tax clients in Southern California area.
- LEISURE TIME ACTIVITY: Television.
- HOBBY: Writing, reading.
- QUOTE: "We are what we want to be mostly."



HJALMAR RUTZEBECK

author & singing sailor



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MAD SEA. Autobiographical account of Hjalmar's life as a sailor, at sea and ashore, from around 1900 to 1910 or so. Greenberg, New York. 1956. Published in England by Redman, London, as THE WIND IS FREE. Also serialized in Wide World Magazine and in the Australian Post.

SAILOR WITH A GUN. Autobiographical account of his stint in the U.S. Army before World War I. Alvin Redman, London. 1960.

ALASKA MAN'S LUCK. Autobiographical account of his adventures in the Alaska Territory. Boni & Liveright, New York. 1920, 1921, 1923. Sixth edition, the Reciprocal Economy Foundation, Sunland, California. 1974. Published in Britain by T. Fisher Unwin. Serialized in several countries.

MY ALASKAN IDYLL. Autobiographical account of homesteading in the Alaska Territory. Boni & Liveright. 1920's.

MEN OF IRON. Autobiographical novel of post-earthquake rebuilding in San Francisco in the 1920's. Exposition Press, New York. 1967.

HELL'S PARADISE. Autobiographical account of West Coast co-operative enterprise in the 1930's. Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston. 1946. Published in Toronto by Ryerson Press.

BAIT. Fictional novel of the fishing trade in Alaska. Novel Books, Inc., Chicago. 1956.

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COMMON SENSE IN IDEALISM. Handbook for co-operative enterprise. Builders of a Better America. 1938.

CHANTEY MAN. Songbook privately produced with Greenie Greenfield. Rutzebeck-Greenfield. 1969.

IN DEPTH. Unpublished Ms. 1977. A general rehashing of his main books though with added incidents and details including, e.g., some previously unprintable.

Pamphlets (on political subjects and co-operative enterprise).

1932: Ten Principles of Government; Sacramento.

1935: Reciprocal Economy; Rowney Press, Santa Barbara, Ca.

1970: Keys to Survival.

1972: Concerned Americans.

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Doerflinger, William Main. SHANTYMEN AND SHANTYBOYS. The MacMillan Company, New York. 1951.

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Finger, Charles J. SAILOR CHANTIES AND COWBOY SONGS. Norwood Editions. 1974. Haldeman-Julius Company. 1923.

Frothingham, Robert. SONGS OF THE SEA AND SAILORS' CHANTIES. Houghton Mifflin Company. 1924.

Hugill, Stan. SHANTIES FROM THE SEVEN SEAS. Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd., London. E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., New York. 1961.

Masefield, John. A SAILOR'S GARLAND. Norwood Editions, Norwood, Pennsylvania. 1974. Methuen & Company, London. 1906.

I.W.W. SONGS /SONGS OF THE WORKERS (TO FAN THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT), 34th Edition. Industrial Workers of the World, Chicago. 1976.

Appendix I

Hjalmar's shanty and song texts (from CHANTEY MAN unless otherwise noted):

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

As I was a-walking down Paradise Street
To me way ayy blow the man down
So handsome a lady by chance I did meet
Give me some time to blow the man down

Chorus: Blow the man down to Liverpool town
To me way ayy blow the man down
Oh blow the man down to Liverpool town
Give me(us) some time to blow the man down

She said, My dear man will you buy me a drink
I felt so dry I could empty a sink

I looked at her eyes they were pretty and and blue
Glimpsed bit of heaven could happen to you

I took her right in to my favorite bar
And that is the way that most sailors are

I bought her some whiskey she bought me some rum
And this, my lads I should not have done

Morning bright found me in Liverpool jail
Drinks she had poisoned for me not to fail

That's how I was Shangaied aboard this old ship
And men let me give you a real honest tip

Stay clear of all ladies would buy you a drink (2)

Oh blow the man down, buddies, blow the man down
Oh blow the man down to Liverpool town

Oh blow the man up and blow the man down
Oh blow the man down to Liverpool town

WHISKEY JOHNNIE

Oh whiskey is the life of man/ Whiskey, Johnnie
Oh whiskey is the life of man/ A whiskey for my Johnnie
Oh I'll drink whiskey whenever I can (2)

Bad whiskey gets me in the can (2)

Oh whiskey killed my poor old man (2)

Oh whiskey makes me hock my clothes (2)

And whiskey drove me on the beach (2)

Oh whiskey made me go to sea/ Now whiskey is the life of me

Now whiskey has me in its grip (2)

FIRE DOWN BELOW

A curse is feared by the men of the sea

Oh woe, oh woe, oh, oh

A curse is feared by the men of the sea

There is fire down below

There's fire in the cargo, fire in the hold

There's fire in the cargo, and fire in the hold

We open up the hatch and pour in the sea (2)

The flames leap out of the cargo red and blue (2)

Up into the main mast the fire sure will leap (2)

There's fire in the main mast, fire in the sails (2)

The fire creeps along the deck and frightens every man (2)

The captain curses the mates and the mates curse the crew (2)

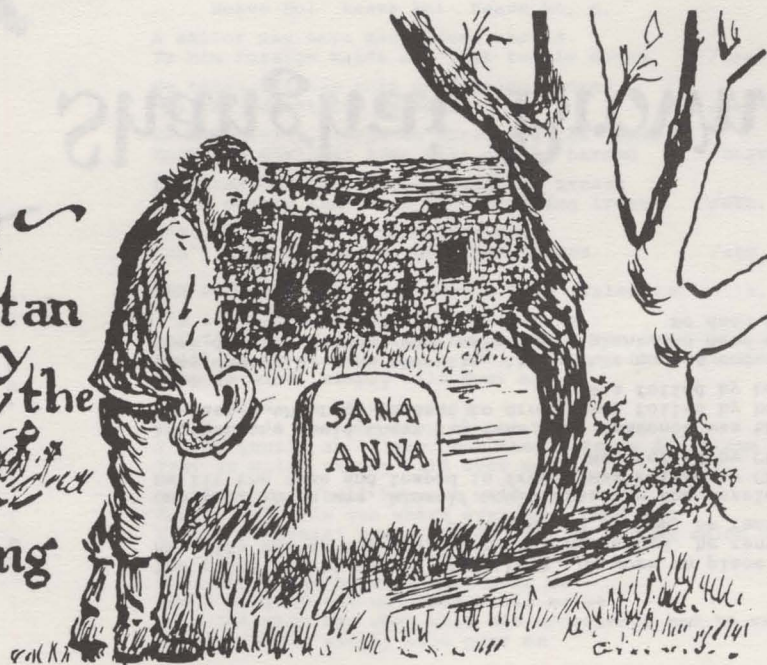
There's fire in the galley and the cook he doesn't know (2)

The captain's wife was frantic and screamed loud with fear (2)

Sana Anna

Sana Anna, a capstan
Shantey has many
versions. It was sung by the
old timers on nearly
all the ships I sailed.

It is a sad slow moving
song.



CHEERLIO (Hjalmar Rutzebeck)

A mutiny aboard our brig, our captain likes to sing, o
As pirate bold, he sails his brig through battle, arson, song, o
Through battle, arson, song, o

Chorus: Sing cheerlio, sing cheerlio
The battle ends with song, o
While from the main mast, to and fro
We watch the traitors swing, o
We watch the traitors swing, o

The battle o'er, we swab the decks of blood and men that's dead, o
The traitors left are just a few, they wish they'd never sung, o
They wish they'd never sung, o

One by the knife sure lost his life and two by bullets took, o
While three times three died plaguily, they died by gash of hook, o
They died by gash of hook, o

The chief mate's weapon was a hook, he wore in place of hand, o
As handy was as any gun, he swung, he gashed, he rent, o
He swung, he gashed, he rent, o

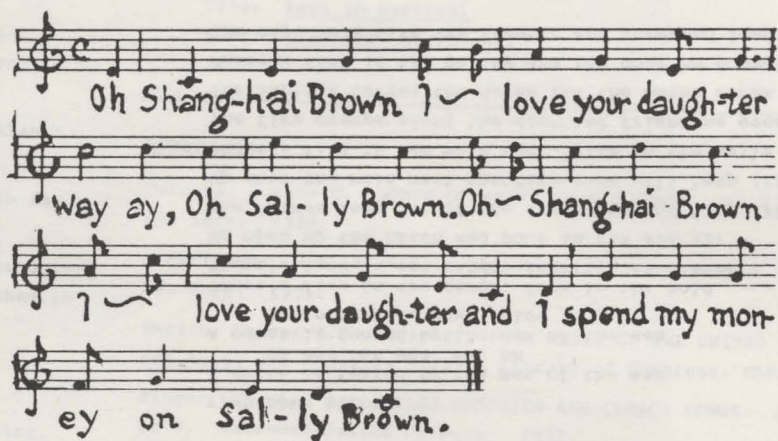
One fool there was, himself would blast in the muzzle of a gun, o
He lit the fuse and leaped in front, was foiled by Chief Mate Gung, o
Was foiled by Chief Mate Gung, o

Another one would cheat his fate, his sentence was the plank, o
He rushed the rail himself to drown, was foiled by bos'un Rank, o
Was foiled by bos'un Rank, o

Sing cheerlio, sing cheerlio, the battle now is ended
Some died by wounds, some walked the plank, no dead men ever sang, o
No dead men ever sang, o



Shanghai Brown



The story is that Shanghai and Sally made their living by luring sailors to waterfront dens, where they were shanghai'd for the shipping masters. The police often worked in conjunction with the crimps. Sailors were considered hell raisers. The authorities were glad to get rid of them.

ROLLING HOME

Call hands to man the capstan /See your sheets and cables clear
For tonight we'll ship our anchor /And for England's coast we'll steer

Chorus: Rolling home, rolling home /Rolling home across the sea
Rolling home to merry England /Rolling home to land and thee

Many maids of differing colors, harbor minds of sailor men
As they head their ships to sea, memories sweet shall ever be

You may talk about your Spanish Donnas, with their dark and silky hair
But there's better girls in England, twice as true and just as fair

I have kissed Columbia's beauties, underneath a wide spruce tree
I have loved the girls of Oregon, while I was dreaming of the sea

I have hugged Australia's daughter, underneath the blue gum tree
I have courted Indian maidens by the shore of Java's sea

I have talked of home and marriage with the girls who loved me true
I have thought I could be happy in the land I never knew

Still our thoughts they keep returning to our sweethearts 'cross the sea
And we long to see Saint Katherine* with old England on our lea

*St. Katherine is the lighthouse on Land's End on the southern tip of England. His text of ROLLING HOME in MAD SEA (Pp. 213-214) has place-name variations, i.e. "Norway" and "Denmark" for "England", and other minor variations. E.g.:

Still my thoughts they keep returning /To my sweetheart 'cross the sea
/And I long to see old Denmark /With the Skague fair on our lea.
.....Rolling home to good old Norway /Rolling home our girls to see.

LEAVE HER JOHNNIE (the version in CHANTEY MAN)

Oh the times they are bad and the wages they are low
Leave her Johnnie, leave her
Oh the times they are bad and the wages they are low
Oh it's time for us to leave her

Oh we've sailed many ships and we've roamed the sea around
But we've never sailed aboard a ship so certain hellfire bound

She was a rotten hulk the day they signed us on
Oh the captain's breath is foul with gin his tongue is thick and brown

We knew he'd spent the clipper's stores carousing 'round the town
We sensed that the owners schemed and hoped that we would drown

We cruised down in the Atlantic and we weathered every storm
We've patch and sewed on canvas that was rotten, old, and torn

The captain is a miser and the steward is a crook
They even rationed shark's meat caught on the sailor's hook

The food served on this lousy hulk is rotten as can be
The salt horse putrid with maggots you can see

Salt pork is so rotten that it walks all by itself
The cook he had to kill the worms right there on the shelf

The captain fears a mutiny and carries 'round a gun
The frightened wife in cabin stays alone with her son

The West Coast is hungry for strong men such as we
There ashore we'll welcome be as escapes from the sea

When harbor is made and sails they are furled
We'll say farewell for good to Captain Thomas Churl

HOMEWARD BOUND (GOODBYE FARE YE WELL)

Goodbye my boys we are homeward bound
Goodbye fare ye well, goodbye fare ye well
Hurray my boys we are homeward bound
Hurray my boys we're homeward bound

Chorus: We're homeward bound for Liverpool town
Goodbye fare ye well, goodbye fare ye well
We're homeward bound for Liverpool town
Hurray my boys we're homeward bound

We're homeward bound with a cargo of wheat (2)

We've had our fun now we're sailing back home (2)

Six months' back pay we'll have in our jeans (2)

The girls back home are now waiting for us (2)

We'll swing 'em, we'll kiss 'em, we'll love 'em all 'round (2)

With all our dough spent we'll go back to sea (2)

(Excerpt from MAD SEA with GOODBYE FARE YE WELL verses confusedly indicated as halyard song):

Canvas pounded in the off-shore breeze as the topsails went up to the tune of "Homeward Bound".

Hooray, my boys, we're homeward bound;
Goodbye fareyewell, goodbye fareyewell.
Hooray, my boys, we're homeward bound,
Heave away, my boys, we're homeward bound,

We're homeward bound with a cargo of wheat;
Goodbye fareyewell, goodbye fareyewell;
We're homeward bound for a jolly good treat
Heave away, my boys, we're homeward bound.

I thought of the songs I had sung at IWW meetings. They had reminded me of the sea chanteys I loved. Now I was singing on the sea and thinking of the land - dreaming of the girls I was leaving behind me. (Pp. 214-215)

A SAILOR'S WIFE HIS STAR SHALL BE

A sailor man's wife his star shall be
Heave ho! heave ho! heave ho, o
He dreams of her while out at sea
Heave ho! heave ho! heave ho.
Heave ho, his star shall be...

He ploughs the waves to many lands
Heave ho! heave ho! heave ho.
Compares the maidens on every strand
Heave ho, on every strand
Heave ho! heave ho! heave ho, o.

The remaining verses are in this pattern.

A sailor may have many loves abroad
To him foreign maids are just turtle doves /Heave ho, just turtle doves
He takes off his ship on foreign shores
All new adventures he adores /Heave ho, on foreign shores
He blissfully sleeps in strange girls' arms
Sure the girls at home will not be harmed /Heave ho, in strange girls' arms
He thinks of home while breast to breast
Ne'er dreams that thus he's breaking trust /etc.
When he returns to wife once more
Can't help the dreams of other shores /etc.

THE POPULAR WOBBLY (By T-Bone Slim /Valentine Huhta, from I.W.W. SONGS)

I'm as mild a mannered man as can be
And I've never done them harm that I can see
Still on me they've put a ban, and they threw me in the can
They go wild, simply wild over me

They accuse me of rascality
But I can't see why they always pick on me
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram
They go wild, simply wild over me

Oh the copper/bull he went wild over me
And he held his gun where everyone could see
He was breathin' pretty hard, when he saw my union card
He went wild, simply wild over me

Then the judge he went wild over me
And I plainly saw we never could agree
So I let that man obey what his conscience had to say
He went wild, simply wild over me

Oh the jailer he went wild over me
 And he locked me up and threw away the key
 It seems to be the rage, so they keep me in a cage
 They go wild, simply wild over me
 They go wild, simply wild over me
 I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea
 They disturb my slumber deep, and I murmur in my sleep
 They go wild, simply wild over me
 Will the roses grow wild over me
 When I'm gone into that land that is to be?
 When my soul and body part, in the stillness of my heart
 Will the roses grow wild over me?

THE SARGASSO SEA (Hjalmar Rutzebeck)

Wind has died and sails hang still and slack
 Our ship lies still as still can be
 Sea around us sure is dead and black
 We are in the Sargasso Sea

Chorus: Go below, my Johnnies, go below
 Go below, my Johnnies, but be handy

Grizzled mate sings tune that's soft and low
 Tune he learned on ship so long ago
 Song for nights when breezes never blow
 Some thought it promised horrid woe

Sweet and soft the theme sung in September
 Every night at watch-change I remember
 He would scan the sky for slightest breeze
 That would fill his frightened crew with ease

Calms at sea a sailor's dread can be
 Lack of wind can be a real enemy
 So he prayed for wind far out to sea
 Trusted God, just any god, quote he

No wind came from that old seaman's prayer
 Not a breath came from the sullen air
 Captain ill with fever in his bunk
 Cursed the gods and wished his ship was sunk

Days and weeks turned into dragging months
 Water rotten stunk in every tank
 Men grew sick with boils on arms and necks
 Each man hated how the others stunk

One by one the captain and the crew
 Died of fever, scourge, and not a brew
 Nor a cooling drink to rest or soothe
 Swelling tongues, cracked lips we had to rue

When at last the only ones were left
 I and mate and his old lips were cleft
 The last words he spoke was his old song
 That as prayer to his heaven sadly rang

When alone a storm blew up and drove
 That old ship now mine when all alone
 Drifted we to better climes and lived
 To be rescued and in prayer atoned

Two more of Hjalmar's shanty texts not in our sound portion:

NAPOLEON WAS A WARRIOR

Napoleon was a warrior /He went to war
 Napoleon was a warrior /John Fransoir
 He fought the Germans and the Danes (2)
 He fought the Scandinavians (2)

The Austrians gave him serious pains (2)
 He fought the Russians 'cross their plains
 The Ruskies sent him home again
 At last he met his Waterloo (2)

"I only heard (NAPOLEON WAS A WARRIOR) sung once on a Limejuicer, the Chatham, out of London. We took a general cargo from Valpariso, Chile, to San Pedro, California. Some of the sailors sang the chorus as 'John French War' instead of 'John Fransoir'." (CHANTEY MAN, P. 7)

A YANKEE SHIP

A yankee ship sails down the river /Blow boys blow
 A yankee ship sails down the river /Blow boys, bonnie boys, blow
 Her sails are full, her yards they quiver (2)
 And how do you know she's a yankee clipper? (2)
 Her yards and arms they shine like silver (2)
 Her captain, a blue-nose down east'er (2)
 Words from his lips so hot they blister (2)
 Mates all hail from stone-strewn Norway (2)
 All they know is ships and women (2)
 The clipper roams the seven seas
 With cargoes: rum, black coal, and cheese
 Come storm, come calm, she makes her way
 There's power built in every stay

For additional texts see
 Introduction and Biography.

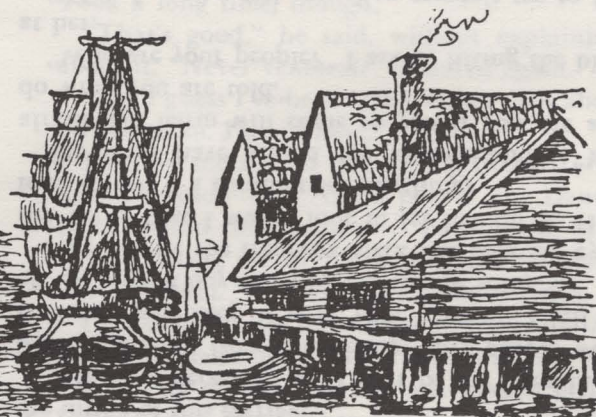


THE END OF IT.

CARDIFF

Blind Heaven

From MAD SEA, here presented as a short story.
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As is the way of a sailor in a foreign port, I spent my evenings looking for entertainment and adventure. One night I wandered into one of the better up-town theaters. While I was rather half-heartedly watching the dull play, my interest was drawn to a slender woman in a box. She was looking over the audience through a pair of opera glasses, apparently more interested in the people in the balcony, where I sat, than in the play. I thought she looked at me, though I could not tell for sure. Still, I smiled in her direction whenever her binoculars seemed to be pointed toward me. I could not see what she looked like. She was too far away and with the glasses before her eyes most of the time it was difficult to make her out. That made no difference to me, a young sailor ashore in a foreign land. A woman's interested stare, even if it was only imagined, was enough to set my fancy galloping along the scented lanes of loveland.

In the lobby at intermission I strolled about trying to spot my lady fair, but I could not see anyone who looked like her. Back in my seat I waved my bandaged hand to her. I thought she nodded in return.

Strolling along the street after the show, still in a fog of imagined love adventure, I stopped momentarily at an intersection. A rubber-tired carriage, one of the open kind, came by, rumbling a little over the cobblestoned street. It too was halted by the bobbie who was managing traffic at the intersection. There were three women and an elderly man in the carriage. One of them pointed at me standing there on the sidewalk. The other two laughed.

WHEN I LEFT CARDIFF, WALES, FOR MY LAST VOY-
age around Cape Horn to the west coast of South America, I
should have been happy over the chance to return to the United
States, the land of my dreams. I had a berth as AB on a fine
ship. But I was not happy. I was in a state of daze.

Haunting me was an experience so strange that it seemed
more like a dream than reality, and haunting me also was a
woman I had never seen. . . .

After I had been paid off and had received my discharge in
Swansea, I took passage to Cardiff and put up at the Sailor's
Home as Hans Jensen, Danish-American, AB., willing to ship
on any vessel going to America.

A local surgeon in Swansea had sewn up the long gashes in
my hands and head, and I had healed miraculously. Youth,
health, and strength were with me.

I reached down to see if my fly was unfastened. It was not that. I looked behind me to see if there were someone else who could be the butt of their mirth. I saw nothing funny. Then I waved my bandaged hand to them. One of them nodded. "That's he," I thought I read on her lips. The carriage rolled on while my youthful imagination once more swept me through the gardens of delightful dreamy make-believe.

My flights of fancy, born of the theater affair, were beginning to wear off when, a few days later, I was having a paper of fish and chips at a small restaurant near the docks.

An elderly woman came and sat down opposite me. "Sailor?" she queried. I nodded. "Where from?"

"Danish-American from Seattle, Washington, in the USA." I would stick to my assumed nationality. I liked it better than just being a Dane.

"What's the matter with your hands, sailor?"

I didn't think it was any of her business, but I told her.

She asked me about my people. I gave her a story of their adventures in the American Northwest, mixed with a little truth about my ancestry in Denmark.

"Would you meet me here tomorrow?" she asked.

"Why?"

"I can't tell you now, but if you will be here tomorrow at about this time, I may have a proposition for you."

"What kind of a proposition?"

"It will be pleasant."

I looked her over, perhaps somewhat rudely, and I laughed, a little embarrassed. She was nice enough, but her hair was gray—old enough to be my grandmother, I thought.

She frowned. "Not me, you fool."

I apologized.

"Meet me here tomorrow. There's a sovereign in it for you. And don't follow me," she warned, as she left the place.

I had another paper of fish and chips. The woman intrigued me. She had looked as dowdy as the average water front wench, yet her dress was not made of cheap cloth. And she had not talked like other water front wenches. I began to think that this adventure might be interesting. It would at least be different.

I was at the fish and chips joint long before the elderly woman arrived. Seating herself opposite me as she had before, she began talking in a low voice. "You are a very fortunate young man," she said. "You are about to have an adventure such as few men ever experience. You must obey my instructions to the letter. No harm will come to you if you do as I tell you. Is that clear?"

I had been tingling with excitement, eager to start whatever it was that lay in store for me, but now I experienced a wave of caution. "What am I to do?"

"That I cannot tell you. You will have to trust me. And keep your voice down. We can't afford to be overheard."

"Does this have to do with the lady I saw in the theater the other night?"

She hesitated a moment. "I can't tell you that, either. You mustn't ask any more questions. You will have to trust me. You don't have to come with me unless you want to." She rose as if to go.

I was sure my guess was right. It was the slim woman with the binoculars that wanted to see me. "I'll go with you," I said. "Where do we go from here?"

"Follow me. Don't speak to me. Just follow."

I tailed her down a narrow street a block or two from the eating place until she stopped beside a closed carriage. When I caught up with her, she opened the door and motioned for me to enter. I looked at the driver, but he did not turn his head.

I hesitated. "There's a sovereign in it for you," she whispered. "You will never earn a sovereign more easily or more pleasantly."

What the devil, I thought, I'll take a chance. I stepped into the vehicle. She pulled down the blinds.

"I shall have to put a blindfold over your eyes," she said.

"Is that necessary?" I countered. "I can't see anything except the inside of this carriage."

"Yes, it is necessary. It is part of the bargain." She pulled a black silk cloth from a handbag. "My people would appreciate it if you will keep it over your eyes till I tell you to take it off. Be a good boy and you will not be sorry."

I let her tie the fragrant black silk over my eyes, thinking all the while that I was a fool to let her do it. How could I defend myself if I couldn't see anything?

She must have sensed my apprehension. "You needn't be afraid. No harm will come to you if you are a good boy and do what you are told."

"Who are your people?" I asked, lifting the black silk to look at her.

"That I cannot tell you. You mustn't try to find out. If you lift your blindfold again I shall have to take you back to the water front."

Like the gambling fool I was I let the cloth drop.

Blind Heaven (3)

Recurrent apprehensions swept through me as the carriage rolled on and on over cobblestoned streets. Finally the wheels of the carriage ran smoother and the horses broke into a gallop. We were on a country road and going pretty fast. After fifteen or twenty minutes the horses were pulled up. I could hear them panting and snorting while the driver talked soothingly to them.

"Careful now," my companion admonished as she opened the carriage door and stepped out. "Don't try to look. It will not be healthy for you if you try to look."

Again I was a little frightened. We had come a long way. What was it they did not want me to see?

"Take it easy, sailor," the woman said, holding me by the arm as if to reassure me.

Now I heard women whispering, at least two—maybe more. One of them took me by the arm and led me. "Careful," she warned. "Steps up."

I was led up several flights of stairs. Then through hallways. Now and then my coat sleeves brushed the walls. I could hear doors opening and closing as we went through. Then they took my bandage off.

To my surprise I was in a bathroom. A bathtub was steaming with hot water. "Get yourself refreshed," the old woman said when she saw the astonishment in my face.

I had never seen such a place—white tile to the ceiling, tiled stall shower, big white washstands, glass shelves with powders, lotions, and perfumes.

She smiled. "Nice, no?" For once I did not know what to say.

"Take a bath," she insisted, "and put on those pajamas."

That was the first pair of pajamas I had ever seen. In Denmark, people—at least my people—had worn nightshirts—if they had worn anything to bed. Since leaving home I had slept in my underwear.

She left me. I dove into the hot water and had a wonderful time, laughing aloud when I thought of what some of my former shipmates would have had to say about the scented soap. I was wiping myself with the biggest, softest bath towel I had ever seen when an old man came in. He wore a white smock like a doctor. "Let me see your hands," he said without any preliminary introduction. He cut the bandages off with a pair of scissors. "Healing well," he said to himself, nodding wisely. "Must have been some scrap." He felt the cut on my head. "Must have meant to scalp you," he mumbled.

"You know about the fight?" I asked.

He did not answer. He told me to open my mouth. He examined my teeth and throat and had me say "Aah." Then he examined my genitals. "Had any serious diseases? Venereal?"

"No. Only typhoid in America several years ago. I got over it. Took a long time, though."

"That's good," he said, without explaining what was good about it. "Never venereal?" he asked again.

"No. I guess I've been lucky. Other men aboard ships I've been on had them. I never have."

He gave me a hard slap on my stomach. "Damned fine specimen," he mumbled. "Great people, the Danes. . . . Put on the pajamas and come with me," he ordered, as he turned out the lights. Taking me by the arm he led me through a corridor to another room. "Now get in bed," he growled.

I could barely see the outline of the room. A little light sifted through a curtained, half-draped window. The bed was soft. There were down quilts and soft woolen blankets that felt like Iceland wool. My mother had had some of them. I had almost forgotten what they felt like.

I was dozing off when someone crept into bed with me. Whoever it was must have been as uneasy and as apprehensive as I. We lay still and apart a long time. Finally I ventured to speak. "Did I see you first at the theater?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Then in a carriage on the street afterward?"

"You did. But you know too much. Don't be so clever. Are you a Sherlock Holmes?"

"I am a sailor, I guess, mostly. I have been a logger in America. I have built a telephone line in Chile. I want to go back to America and live ashore, though. A sailor's life is pretty tough. I've had enough of it. Might be all right if I didn't know anything else, but I've been working ashore. A sailor's life can't compare with life ashore in America."

That's how we began to talk. After a while I touched her hand. I told her of the sea and of the ships, of the desert in South America and the woods in Canada. She said little about herself, except that her husband was over seventy and very ill. They wanted an heir. They had to have an heir. I wasn't sure what an heir was, but I didn't press the point. They had been married for three years. "He's nice and a dear, and I'm ashamed," she confessed. "We have to be extremely careful. We planned it, my mother and I. Mother searched for a man that would do. Had to be from abroad. We read about you and that fight you had in the paper. Mother was intrigued by it. That led her to our keeping track of you. I saw you twice before the time in the theater. I certainly am glad they chose you."

"Who are 'they'?"

"That is what you must never know. Please don't try to find out. I'm so glad it's you. It could have been so awful."

"Were there others, then?"

"Yes. But there was always something wrong; or when I saw him, I refused to go through with it. It has been more than a year. I'm glad I waited."

So was I glad. Glad to be there with her. I thought she was the most wonderful woman I had ever known.

"You will visit me again?" she asked before she left me.

"If you want me."

"Oh, but I do. I like you. You are so strong, so fine." Then she was gone.

I wanted to sleep. But my old woman friend came and shook me. "We must leave," she said.

Back in my own clothes, I was once more taking a carriage ride with the black silk over my eyes. I thought of asking the old lady if she was the girl's mother, but I thought better of it. "You needn't pay me that sovereign," I said to her. "I have enough money." But she insisted. I slept in the carriage on the way back and I slept till noon on my cot in the Sailor's Home.

That most wonderful first experience was like a dream. The second visit two nights later was less like a dream. The third and fourth were deep and complete realities. My mystery woman began to possess me wholly and completely. I could think of nothing else. She was with me everywhere. She had become a part of me. I could hear her low, soft voice greeting me: "Why, hello there!" I could smell the rare fragrance of her hair and hands. I could feel her soft arms about me and her tender embrace—but I could not see her.

When I closed my eyes to conjure up her image, I saw other faces—faces I knew did not belong to her. They were the faces of other women. There were new faces at each desperate effort, but never one to fit this new love. It was maddening. I was in love with a woman I would not know if I met her on the street. I had become a blind man who could see everything except what I wanted most to see.

I had spent long hours talking with her. I told her my real name and about my family in Denmark, that I wanted to take her there and have her know my mother. Then I told her we would go to America together—or anywhere in the wide world she wanted to go.

She dreamed along with me, breathlessly whispering "Yes" and "Oh, yes" when I thought of new things for us to do. We became increasingly unwilling to part when the old woman knocked on the door and told me it was time for me to leave.

It must have been the thirteenth or fourteenth visit when I had three matches in my hair. I had told her during the preceding visit that I *must* see her, that I *must* know her name.

"Oh, please don't, my darling, please don't! They won't let you!"

I had grown a little angry. "I want to know who 'they' are too," I said, maybe too loudly.

She wept, clinging to me. "You will never find out. They will hurt you. I may never have you with me again. And believe me, I want to—often, always. I can't bear to think that you will go away never to come back."

Now I was in the room with her again. I had matches. I was determined. I would risk everything to see her face.

"I want to see you," I whispered in her ear. "I want to look into your eyes. I want to fill my soul with you till, should I die tonight, your face will be with me through all eternity."

"How wonderful!" she breathed, holding me close to her. "How utterly wonderful! I never dreamed you were a poet too."

"I mean it, darling. I must see you. I'm crazy to see you." I pushed her away from me and got out of bed.

Disregarding her cries of: "Don't! Don't do it!" I took a match from my hair. It broke as I tried to strike it on the carpeted floor. I groped about for a better surface. A bell sounded somewhere in the house. I felt the cold breath of the door opening. I thought I heard her crying as I was pushed through the dark corridor.

"Put on your clothes. We are going." It was the old woman. There was cold anger in her voice.

I felt as if I had committed a despicable crime. She hardly spoke to me in the carriage. When I tried to tell her how I felt, that I was sorry, she gave me a bitter, stony stare. "Fool! You utter and complete fool!" She said it as though she were passing sentence on me.

A few days went by. I was in an agony of self-recrimination and fear lest I never meet my love again. I hung around the eating place where the old woman had first accosted me, hoping against hope that she would again come for me. But it was all in vain.

One day the clerk at the Sailor's Home told me a policeman

had called at the desk to inquire about me. That same afternoon two plain-clothes men called to question me. What was my real name? Where did I come from before I had decided to become an American. I thought I lied successfully to them. They did not arrest me. They merely stated that they would be back.

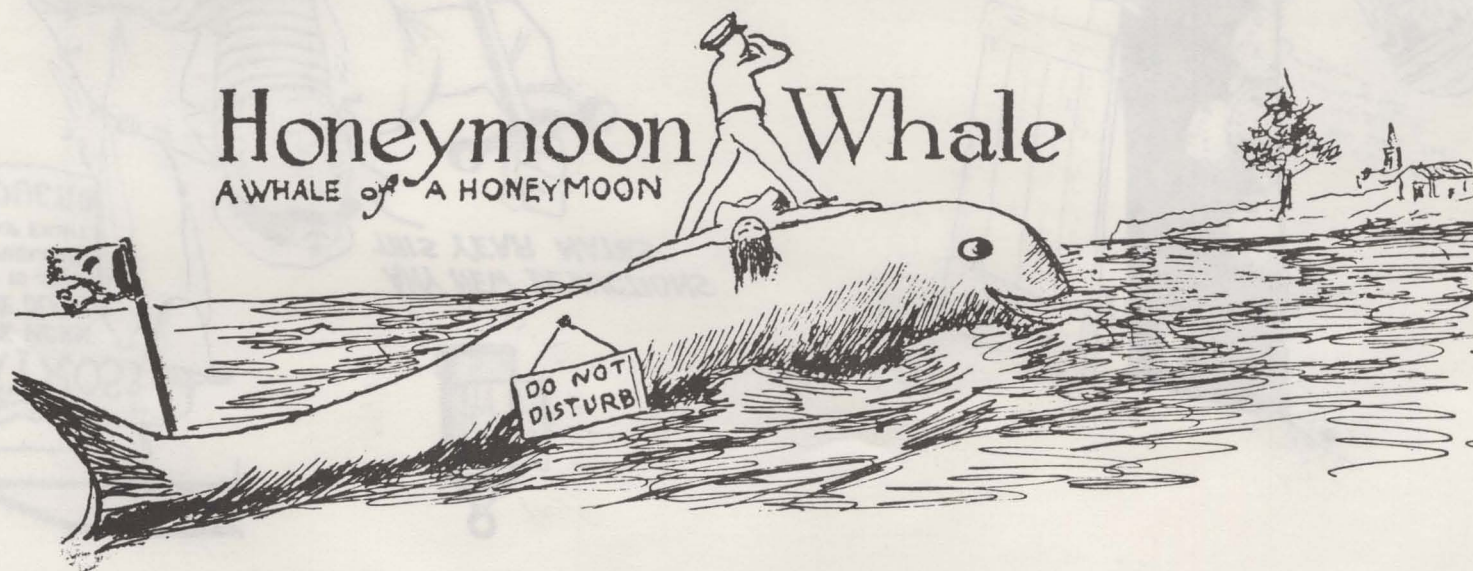
The uneasiness which I had felt on my first visit now returned. Those people, whoever they were—all except the old woman and the doctor—had been mortally afraid of my seeing them. The old woman had implied that I would come to grief should I see the person I came to visit. "They will hurt you," my love had warned.

Who were these mysterious and powerful individuals? One part of me was burning with a frantic desire to comb the countryside for the mansion I visualized, to find her, to face her in daylight, to tell her that I loved her more than my life. Another part of me wanted to run away. Every policeman I saw filled me with dread of arrest. The flights of my imagination into the realms of loveland had turned into fear of jail, of death, or hellfire.

When I heard that a Norwegian barque was leaving for Callao, Peru, and that the captain needed men, I hurried down to the docks. I signed the ship's papers and brought my duffle down. The following evening we towed out to sea, heading west, out of the Bristol Channel, then south into the Atlantic.

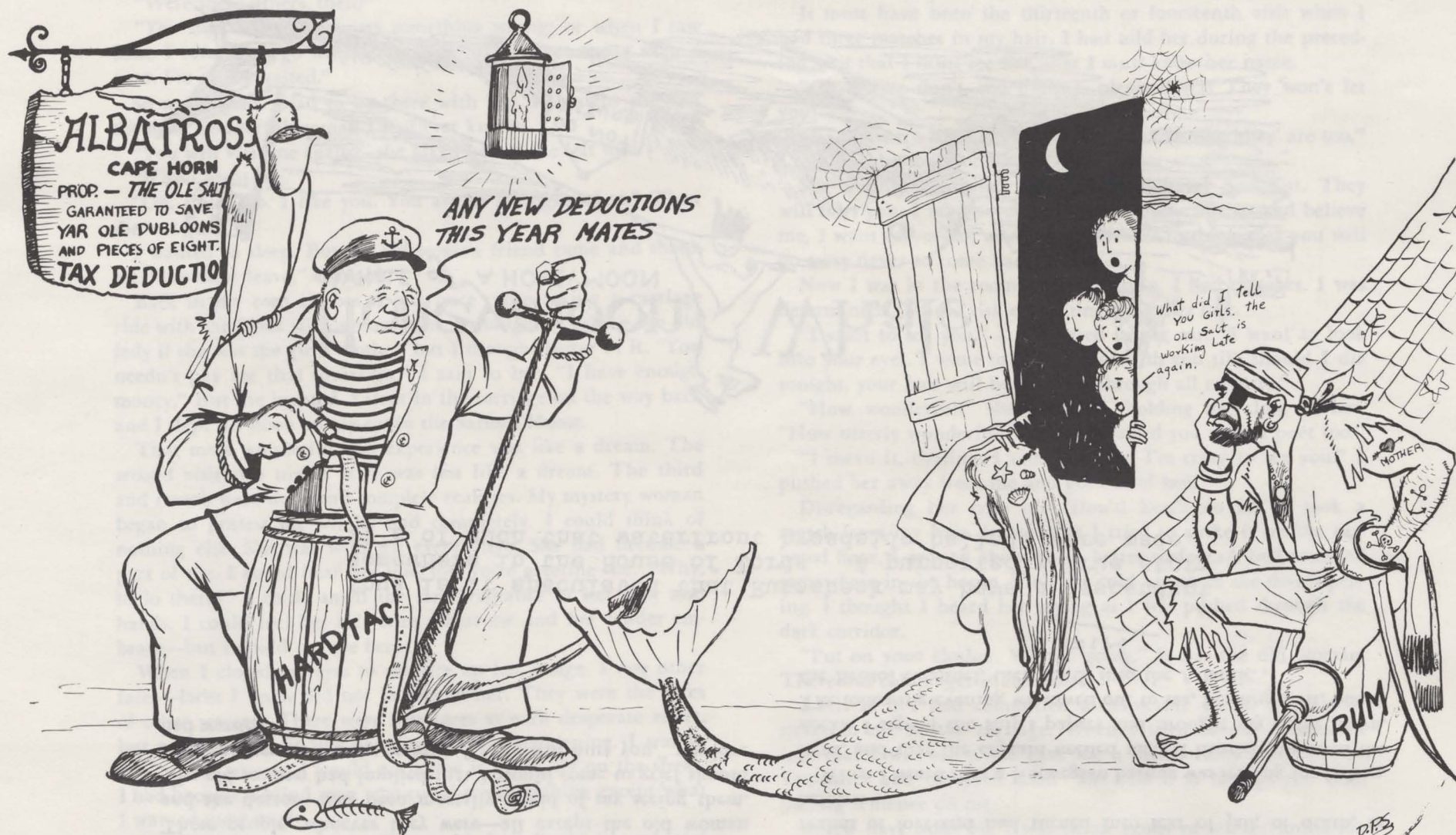
FIN

Thus is it speculated that Rutzebeck may have a descendant somewhere in the House of Lords. A purportedly true story, it's of such that waterfront broadside ballads were made.



Rutzebeck the tax consultant: The old sailor succumbs to solid citizenship.

(Artist unknown.)



"Any new deductions this year, mates?"

"What did I tell you, girls. The old salt is working late again."

FOLKWAYS Records

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Leave Her Johnnie, Leave Her

The Stories and Shanties of HJAMAR RUTZEBECK

Hjalmar Rutzebeck - Songs and Conversation.
Clark Branson - Readings, Vocals, Concertina.
MORRIGAN — Mary Malloy - Readings, Vocals, Fiddle.
Marc Bridgeham - Readings, Vocals, Concertina.
William Pint - Readings, Vocals, Guitar.

FSS 38550 A

SIDE 1

BLOW THE MAN DOWN portion (Hjalmar)
Introduction (Hjalmar)
WHISKEY JOHNNY portion (Hjalmar)
Prologue (William) The Roma (Marc)
ROBIN RANSOR (Lead: Mary)
WHISKEY JOHNNY portion (Hjalmar)
Greenwich (William, Clark)
FIRE DOWN BELOW (Lead: Clark)
The West Coast (Mary)
CHEERLIO (Leads: Marc, Mary, Clark, William)
ROLLING HOME portion (Hjalmar)

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William Pint - Readings Vocals, Guitar.

FSS 38550 B

SIDE II

CHEERLIO portion (Hjalmar) Høfagasta (Clark)
SANA ANNA (Lead and Guitar: William, Fiddle: Mary.)
The Clackmannanshire Mutiny, with LEAVE HER JOHNNIE
(William, Mary, Marc, Clark)
Jumping Ship With the Mate's Clothing and Money
(Clark, Mary, William)
RIO (Lead and Guitar: William, Fiddle: Mary.)
The Clackmannanshire Cook's Demise (Hjalmar)
A SAILOR'S WIFE HIS STAR SHALL BE portion (Hjalmar)

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FSS 38550 C

SIDE III

Sailor Talk (Hjalmar)
Tramping (Clark, Mary, William, Marc)
THE POPULAR WOBBLER (Clark: Vocal with Concertina)
The Asgard (Hjalmar)
Headed for Davy Jones' Locker (Mary)
Ashore and Rescued (William, Mary)
SHANGHAI BROWN (Lead: Marc)
On Shantying (1) (Hjalmar)

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William Pint - Readings, Vocals, Guitar.

FSS 38550 D

SIDE IV

On Shantying (2) (Hjalmar) Callao (Marc, Mary, William)
"Hombre Por Muerte Por Mano" (William)
Shipboard Fight (Hjalmar)
THE SARGASSO SEA with comment (Clark, Hjalmar)
Steaming Up the Coast (Marc)
Weaned From the Sea in San Francisco
(Clark, Marc, Mary)
Epilogue (William)
GOODBYE FARE YE WELL (Leads: MORRIGAN and Clark.
Concertina: Marc. Fiddle: Mary.)
On Shantying (3) (Hjalmar)