OLD TIME MUSIC
AT CLARENCE ASHLEY'S
Tom Ashley ★ Doc Watson ★ Clint Howard ★ Fred Price ★ Stella Gilbert
Gaither Carlton ★ Jack Johnson ★ Eva Ashley Moore ★ Tommy Moore
OLD TIME MUSIC AT CLARENCE ASHLEY'S

SIDE I

Band 1: SALT ANN  (Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Doc Watson, guitar; Fred Price, fiddle; Jack Johnson, banjo)

Band 2: OLD RUBEN  (Doc Watson, vocal & guitar; Geither Carthen, banjo)

SIDE II

Band 3: EAST TENNESSEE BLUES  (T. C. Ashley)
   Fred Price, fiddle; Clint Howard, guitar

Band 4: CLAUDE ALLEN  (T. C. Ashley)
   Tom Ashley, vocal; Doc Watson, guitar

Band 5: RICHMOND BLUES  (T. C. Ashley)
   Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Fred Price, fiddle

Band 6: SKILLET GOOD AND GREASY
   Doc Watson, vocal & banjo; Ralph Rinzler, guitar

Band 7: THE OLD MAN AT THE MILL  (T. C. Ashley)
   Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Fred Price, fiddle

Band 8: THE HAUNTED WOODS  (T. C. Ashley)
   Eva Ashley Moore, unaccompanied vocal

Band 9: FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW  (Carolina)
   Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Fred Price, fiddle

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

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET
# Old-Time Music at CLARENCE ASHLEY’S

**EDITED AND ANOTATED BY RALPH & RICHARD RINZLER with a DISCOGRAPHY by EUGENE HADLE**

## DISC A

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

## DISC B

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

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**FOREWORD**

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

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

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

Before the era of the Opry and phonograph records, medicine shows and circuses were the main sources of entertainment in rural areas, and as a variety of attractions was the general rule in these shows, music was supplied by anywhere from one performer, in a small off-season medicine show, to four or five singers and instrumentalists in a large summer company. Like Fiddlin’ John Carson and Uncle Dave Macon, Tom Ashley traveled the medicine shows circuits in the early days; he picked the banjo, sang ballads and comic songs, told funny stories and did his share of chores. Starting out as a musician at the age of sixteen, he continued to travel the countryside alone and with various groups until very recently.

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

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

In 1895, a year after Rosie-Belle had married George McCurry, an accomplished fiddler, both musically and morally, Enoch Ashley found reason to believe that his new son-in-law had given his name in marriage to at least one other young lady in the recent past. McCurry was "lawed out of town for good and all", and Rosie-Belle went back to her father's
When Tom was a boy, shop keepers were given little, red, wooden boxes by the growers for peanut groceries, and the banjo was supposedly passed on to the customer who purchased the peanuts. Tom’s grandfather came home with a "peanut banjo" when Tom was about eight years old, and Aunt Ada told him that the boy learned and learned well. Daisy picked the instrument in locally acceptable fashion, but Ada had her own peculiar style, and Tom remembers her amusing habit of picking upwards on the fifth string with her thumb rather than finger when she never mastered but always marvelled at. As his mother, guitar picking was by no means an unusual fond of music and frequently had the neighbors in for an evening song, Tom learned his banjo, learned to play, and banjo picking was quickly mastered to fit in with his already developed musical talents.

At tuning his banjo to what he called "assell key" or "lassy-makin’" (melodies-making) tuning: BDDG (starting a string up the finger board working down towards the shorter fifth or thumb string.) It was this tuning that he used on his work in the medicine shows, in the "Coo-coo Bird" and the "House Carpenter." (q.v. Folkways Anthology of American Folk Music, nos. 3 & 77)

Neighbors shared each other’s work in the old days, and Tom’s time to prepare food for winter storage and preserving, the neighbors were invited in, musicians were given special invitations, and the parties started. Bean stringings, corn stringings, and tobacco country. People would be divided into groups: some shelled the beans, removing them from the pod, some stringed the beans, some took the back of the bean, and others threaded them on long strands for drying. The threaded or dried beans were then dried in the oven, and the oven was generally baked up by the doc’s wife and forwarded to him at the main post office of each town in the area giving the Doc a way of keeping up with the town and the Doc’s patients.

After his first few summers on the circuit, Tom met Doc Hower, who with him worked regularly until the beginning of World War II, and Tom’s extraordinary, animated recollections of the Doc’s pitches, complete with lurid tales of little girls consumed by worms who could have been saved by only small lumps of white sugar and the Greer family, are as entertaining as the best of his "lassy-makin’" tunes.

Tom had not been with Doc Hower long before a young boy was brought into the troupe and the Doc said, "You've got a good voice — songs, skits, jokes and all. The two boys got on well together, for the new fellow had a fine voice and was just as good on guitar as the Doc. They played together as long as they could pick the banjo and sing some. It was spring-time, so Tom asked his granddaddy for permission, and this is how he got his banjo.

In 1914 Tom married Bettie Osborne from Ashe County, N.C. They settled in Shouns, just outside of the back-country, and Tom became a guitar picker (note guitar solo on "Pard Farm Blues," Anthology of American Folk Music, no. 57). He was about as "hostile" to the teachings of medicine show, then camped in Mountain City, invited him to join up with the troupe (consisting of the Doc) to pick the banjo and sing some. It was spring-time, so Tom asked his granddaddy for permission, and this is how he got his banjo.

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Mountain City, where he still lives. He did not give up the medicine show circuit until 1903; when, for many years, he and his son, J.D., bought two trucks and hauled coal, furniture and anything anyone wanted hauled. During the years he had occasion to travel with Charlie Monroe as comedian at the same time that Lester Flat (of the now famous Flat and Scruggs team) was playing with this favorite old time band, the Kentucky Partnerr. During the years that the Stanley Brothers lived out of Bristol on the Virginia-Tennessee state-line, Tom worked with them on many occasions.

In 1960, at sixty-five years of age, Tom lives on his own farm with his lovely wife, Hettie. He still rests on part of his land to a nearby farmer who tills it, and he raises a herd of Shetland ponies on the rest. His daughter, Eva, whose singing he says is reminiscent of his mother's high, clear voice, is married to Mr. Robert Moore, engineer on the local railroad in nearby Salville, Virginia.

Their thirteen year old son, Tommy, inherited his grandfather's gifts as a performer; in addition to his interest in his land to a nearby farmer who tills it, and he raises a herd of Shetland ponies on the rest. His daughter, Eva, whose singing he says is reminiscent of his mother's high, clear voice, is married to Mr. Robert Moore, engineer on the local railroad in nearby Salville, Virginia. They have a daughter, Stella Walsh, who lives near in Shouns and is a successful businesswoman operating her own Ford Agency as well as a very neat little boarding restaurant. His son, Joe Dean, recently graduated from the local high school as a very neat little boarding restaurant. Joe has taught Joe Dean all his old medicine show backface routines, and just before he went off to the Army,Joe, his older brother, joined him on a show in the local theatre along with Clint Howard, Fred Price and Doc Watson, keeping the packed house roaring with laughter. They have a half sister, Stella Walsh Gilbert, also lives nearby, and the entire family enjoys gathering frequently for country music and Tom's stories, the latter providing a never-ending source of amusement to all who know him.

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

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

GATHER WILET CARLTON

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

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

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

Gather has lived in Wilkes County since the age of seven. He was a member of the Folkways Records at the age of thirty years. He has appeared on the television program "The Little Log Cabin in the Lane," and with some help from a cousin who was an accomplished fiddler, Fred learned quickly.

During the War, Fred went overseas with the armed services and later was stationed in different parts of the U.S., but he came back home. During his leaves, he and his farm, raise a crop of children and tend his tobacco and corn. His farm is adjacent to Clint Howard's place. He is one of the best guitar and fiddler never to have any dust on them.

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

ARTIE L. WATSON


Doc Watson was one of nine children born and raised in the rural area of North Carolina. His father picked the five string banjo and taught Doc to play at an early age. Both parents made a living off the land and spent time on songwriting and singing.

Blind from birth, Doc was educated at the State School for the Blind at Raleigh, N.C., and is now a musician by profession, playing old time songs and ballads, both solo and in a variety of groups. His wife, Rosalee Carlton Watson, is the daughter of Gaither Carlton and her brother is the West Virginia folk singer J.D. Watson. They live, with their two children, in a comfortable cottage hidden in a quiet valley several miles outside of Deep Gap, N.C.

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

Folkway Anthology of American Folk Music, FP 251 (3) of nearby Johnson County, Tenn., February 1976. The name of "The Little Log Cabin in the Lane" not only is a fitting title for the quality, more evident in "Handsome Molly" than in "Going Back to Jericho," is the direct result of his incorporation of a restrained syncopation to the otherwise square melodic and rhythmical treatment.

On "Ruben's Train", Gather's banjo picking, down picking or frailing, is, if his picking, soundly and sure. As Gather, using the same banjo which Doc Watson uses on "Back to Jericho" and "Handsome Molly", brings a pleasant chunky sound out of the instrument rather than the brittle ringing sound otherwise heard.

WILLIAM CLINTON HOWARD

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

Both Elizabeth Snyder Howard, Clint's mother, and George Howard, his father, sang old time ballads, and some of their stories, the music to which they sang. The McGee brothers, Sam and Kirk, who were related to John Johnsons lived, and the young boy would sit by them, and Clint Howard, Fred Price and Doc Watson, keeping the packed house roaring with laughter. They have a half sister, Stella Walsh Gilbert, also lives nearby, and the entire family enjoys gathering frequently for country music and Tom's stories, the latter providing a never-ending source of amusement to all who know him.

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

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

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

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


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


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

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

SHOUNS, Tenn., where Tom Ashley, Fred Price and Clint Howard now live, is about seven miles south of Mountain City on Rt. 421.
Clint Howard, vocal & guitar; Doc Watson, guitar; Fred Price, fiddle; Jack Johnson, banjo; Tommy Moore, washtub.

One of the more popular hoedowns among southern fiddlers is "Old Hoss" often coupled with "Good Old Bill" under the collective title "The Two Gallies". This tune, unlike most other hoedowns, does not draw on the larger body of comic quatrains for its text, but rather retains the same few simple phrases, most of which appear in the verses of this version. In the examples of the tune with which I am familiar, there are two distinct four line sections, alternating of which provides sufficient melodic interest to raise the effect from monotony to effervescence.

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

The present version is almost identical with one recorded in the late twenties by the Hopkins brothers (The Buckle Busters, Brunswick 15501), who, hailing from nearby Waynesburg, N.C., were friends of Tom Ashley's. A recent outstanding recording of "Old Jim" by the fiddler, which, with its effective variation of the same tune with an effective variation provided by the edition of the relative minor in the second part of the piece, is surprising.

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

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

Gaither Carlton learned the song from his brother, and Doc's verses are virtually standard. As a fiddle tune, performed without verses, it is often entitled 'Train 15'. Woody Guthrie used to couple a minor version of the tune with "Kyesraw" and fiddle it unusually well, once playing a railroad version to a somewhat squarer version of the tune q.v. Locaux "Punk Song U.S.A." (pp. 254-5) both of which are called "900 Miles". The major version, as it is recorded here, is a favorite among harmonica players, and in recent years Wilma Lee and Stoney Cooper recorded it as "Stoney" (Are you mad at your man?) (Columbia 23049) with a harmonica lead. Under the title of "Ruby", you may find it, an almost identical version was presented in a white hot bluesgrass treatment by the Osborne Brothers (MGM #K-12308) even more recently, and it is this latter version that is commonly performed at current-day fiddlers' conventions in Virginia and North Carolina by the new generation's bluegrass musicians.

"Ruby" - Cousin Bumy on Decora 23563 - vocal with old time banjo.

"Old Boupee" Wade Mainer and the Sons of the Mountainlites, Bluebird 5995 - vocal with string band.


East Tennessee Blues

Fred Price, fiddle; Clint Howard, guitar.

Tom called this "The Hitman Rag" and Fred "The East Tennessee Blues". Whatever its original title was, the tune surely took form under the fingers of a rag time piano player in the early part of this century and found its way into the mountains either via a piano roll or a phonograph record as did such similar tunes as "Back Up and Push" (also known as "Rhubber Jelly", "Down Yonder", and "I Don't Love Nobody"

CLAUDE ALLENS (Ashley)

Tom Ashley, vocal; Doc Watson, guitar.

Tom does not remember where he learned this ballad, but he does remember that he knew it prior to his marriage. The son of Floyd Allen and his son, Claude, took place in March, 1913, and Hillsville, Va., where the original tragedy occurred. He lived in the US. City, Tenn., it is reasonable to assume that the ballad originated in this area less than a year after the execution.

The entire series of events which lead up to the brief trial and execution of Floyd and Claude Allen and the imprisonment of Sidna Allen, Floyd's brother, was, from the first, muddled by complications by sensationalistic and shapeless inaccurate newspaper accounts. As the case was nationally publicized - the first appearing in the N.Y. Times on the day following the shooting (q.v. B.F. Times, 15 March, 1912) - it is not surprising that numerous books and collections have dealt with this and other ballads and songs concerning the Allen family. There seems to have been little attempt at clarifying such simple facts as who was executed, the relationship of the individuals involved, and the reasons why, that they were called to appear in court. Through its coverage of the case, the Times took a moralistic and strongly prejudices view of the case. The court, and, in its articles are of disputable authenticity in some cases; at times the statements are false and actions are attributed to the wrong people.

By comparing various accounts of the case with a hatcheteman Allen in his "Memoirs" published by F.H. Leah of M. Airy, N.C. in 1969, it has been possible to clarify many of the facts and to add a body of more interest to the folklorist than sensational deceptions and righteous defenses.

The Allen family came to this country before the Revolution and settled in Carroll County, Virginia, the Allen brothers, the sons of Jeremiah Allen and Nancy Combs Allen had ten children; the seven boys were all successful in their occupations and actions are attributed to the Allen family. In one case they were township supervisors and constables - and all were literate, some attending school in the mountains either via a public school or a private school at Floyd's expense.

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They were farmers, plus, the boys worked for a living. The elder brothers, Floyd, Jasper, and Claude Allen stepped forward to speak with his father. They conversed for a few moments during which time Sidna Allen approached a Mr. John Moore, a construction worker, about some work for which he had engaged him. It has been established that there was no love lost between Sidna's left, the latter being left handed, and the workman testified to the fact that Sidna takes days to fire shots after his work had been completed. During the court trial, and after the original shots were fired, there have been several accounts as to why theAllen family were shooting and the Allen family were shooting and their accuracy. The New York Times published two conflicting reports, both of which are containing examples of "purple prose" (q.v. N.Y. Times, 15 March 1912, p. 1, col. 1; and the Times, 29 March 1913, p. 1, col. 2). In one case they report "Shiny and Jack, at the head of a troop of twenty mountaineers, rode up to the Court House where armed with revolvers crowded into the small courtroom and stood behind the rail. They were confronted by his brothers' fire "arpung from the prisoner's" desk as Judge Massie called the bench."

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and opens fire on the Judge. " Other accounts tell how Sidna, not Floyd, started the fracas, and a popular ballad, set to the "Cowboy's Jig" tune, confuses the matter even further with:

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

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

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

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

"Then the people all gathered from far and wide
To see poor Sidney sent to the electric chair,
But as the people, when they saw the Judge, he said "He's going to the penitentiary instead.""

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

Floyd and his son, Claude, were tried on several accounts, and though Claude and Sidna Allen were convicted of the voluntary murder of the boy, the latter having been only seventeen years of age at the time of the shooting. There is no dearth of material relating to this incident in standard works on folklore in the AFR.

An excellent bibliograpy on both Claude and Sidney Allen can be found in Malcolm Law's, "Native American Balladry"; for no apparent reason, Floyd has been the subject of neither song nor story. Among the same available references some noteworthy examples are: Henry, pp. 316-7; Gardner, pp. 341-2; and Hudson, p. 240-3.

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

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

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

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

Side A 6

THE RICHMOND BLUES (T.C. ASHLEY)

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

Under the title, "Baby, All Night Long", Tom and Owen Foster recorded this song for Vocalion records in the twenties. In recent years, Tom taught it to Clint and Fred taking great pains to preserve the inflections and nuances, both vocal and instrumental, of the old song.

The performance is strongly reminiscent of those heard on many of the early recordings, and to find city musicians singing these songs from the old recording days than to find country musicians to whom the song has been carefully taught by the musician who originally recorded it.

Side A 7

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

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

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

"The Jolly Miller" is chastened as a child's jingle and sung as a party play throughout the United States, and it has been suggested that it would perhaps appear more frequently in serious collections of folk material if collectors did not tend to dismiss the songs which most children learn in their early years at school. Revell, as far back as 1883, recorded the incidence of the song in this country (pp. 102-3) and it was probably current before. References to it in later publications are many.

The present version, in which the singer in- tends to buy his flour and brandy and "procures" his "assistance", was learned from the much celebrated recording by Uncle Dave Macon (Bluebird BS753). Like many of Uncle Dave's songs this very popular one of Uncle Dave's songs is widely known and has its origins in the minstrel shows of the last century.

Also a recording by John Henry Howard (also known as San Jones) "Skillet Good and Greasy" Genese #313.

Side A 8

THE HAUNTED WOODS

Eva Ashley Moore, unaccompanied vocal.

Eva sang this song from a hand-written ballad book which contains a number of the songs sung by her great-grandfather, Enos Ashley, and her grandmother, Rosie-Belle Ashley. The book, is a school composition pad ("7 x 8 1/2") containing thirty-four songs in all, and the selection of titles includes "You're Irish and You're Beautiful", "The Tear Stained Letter", "Coming In Over A Mountain", "Cowards Over Pearl Harbor", "I'll Reap My Harvest In Heaven", "The Round County Crew", "Oopsey Warning" and "Around Much Anymore", to mention a representative few.

I know of no sources for this ballad other than the Ashley family, and will be grateful for any that may be forwarded to me.
Tom mentions the significance of the second line of the second verse: "There laid the long rail as well as the short", saying that it was a common practice to use two rails, one laying on top of the other the width when digging a grave.

### Side B 2
**HARDBOARD KOLLY**

Doc Watson, vocal; Gaither Carlson, fiddle.

The blind fiddler, George Ballman Grayson, and Henry Whitter, with whom he played after traveling together through most of Monroe's area, first learned this song from the early Monroe recording, their performance here bears no trace of Monroe's voice and rather sounds like an even earlier recording - as Al Hopkins and the Bucker Busters might have played it in the early thirties.

I'M GOING BACK TO JERICO

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

Gaither learned this tune as a young boy from an old time fiddler, Tom Dodge, who lived nearby, and from the singing of his father. The "Carolina Tar Heels" recorded it in 1934 as "Back to Mexico" (Victor 21631) and Doc Watson (banjo picker with the "Tar Heels") sings a version very similar to the one recorded here accompanying himself on the banjo ("Back to Jericho", Columbia 5094). Walsh, who comes from Wilksboro, N.C., is not aware of who sings the song aside from Doc Watson. But as it was not an unusual song in the area to which he belonged (Yellow Banks-St. Louis 35 miles from Boone) when Gaither was a boy, it is not unlikely that it originated elsewhere towards the end of the last century or the beginning of the present one.

MAGGIE WALKER BLUES (T.C. ASHLEY)

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

Published texts and references indicate that this song, under a variety of titles, has been widely collected in the Southeast, Midwest and Western United States. Belden (pp. 196-197) gives two versions of the song "Pepper Walker", Bell Kassel recorded it as "The Roving Cowboy" (Brunswick, 156-A), and the group the Tar Heels recorded it as "The Girl I Left Behind" as the title, but it should be noted that this ballad owes nothing to the area of Black to Jericho. So, too, the tune of the same name which is often remembered as a favorite play party and marching tune of the American Revolution.

Excellent texts can be found in the following:

Gardner, pp. 98-100; Sharp, vol. II, pp. 60-65; Henry, pp. 34-5; Lowax, "Cowboy Songs and other Frontier Ballads", p. 244; and an interesting song of the more familiar version of the tune was made by Dick Reinhart (q.v. "Like Our Story", Brunswick album #B-1024).

### Side B 3
**GOOD'N'GOING MY TrouBLIN' MIND**

(Doc Ashley)

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

The origins of this tune are untrackable; the text is eclectic. Tom does not remember when or where he learned it, but he has added a hip here and there just to suit his taste. The melody is not unlike that of the song "Motherless Children" (q.v. Folkways 7305-B, Blind Willie Johnson, "Mother's Children Have a Hard Time", orig. Columbia 1493); also Carter Family, "Motherless Children", Victor 23643) both in its general contours and minor lamenting quality.

Corded as "severe" - "cows fell from trees and crockery from shelves" (Sampson, ibid).

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

The first steamboat on the Mississippi, the "New Orleans", was more than 800 miles to the north from the first quake site. When the fire struck, the boat passed through the entire town, but the ship's captain, disturbance area during the course of the earthquake, its maiden voyage and finally reached Natchez, its assigned port, 15 days later, on October 21. It was almost a month after its departure from Ohio. At noon of the third day, the Captain, Nicholas Roosevelt, directed the crew to move "New World" which, although levelled to the ground, was still visible. But during the course of the day, the town completely collapsed, situations, on the banks of the river, break away and dissolve into the water, Roosevelt put out from shore, only in time to see a huge section of the Mississippi bed rise from the waters and seemingly turn over catapulting all that was before it, Men contemporary at an unheard-of rate of speed, while all that lay before it was forced upstream as the river flowed backwards during a period estimated from fifteen minutes to three hours in various accounts. Shortly after the river resumed its normal course, a low cloud of fine silt, dust, and was covered by the river's muddy waters. Sand, water and, in some cases, layers of bituminous coal, or coal, was once black had been washed in the air as escaping sulfured gases burned darkness the heavens with such intensity that no sunbeam could find its way through. The air was corroded by a grove of young trees.

The Mississippi Valley underwent a remarkable geographical transformation. Buried sands and muds of change spreading along the riverfront from the mouth of the Ohio to the St. From the banks of the Mississippi to the St. John the Baptists, there was a distance of more than a hundred miles or more. Islands in the river itself sank and new ones were formed, navigable channels altered and changed, formerly exposed sandbars and boulders by river shifted levee sandbars and building new ones. Eighteen mile long Reelfoot Lake was formed in the northern Tennessee. Sir Charles Lyell, visiting the lake in 1829, remarked that in places the water reached a depth of one hundred feet, and when passing over the surface in a boat one could see the tops of submerged trees, and when returned to the lake at Reelfoot Lake, eighteen years after its disappearance, it was covered by a grove of young trees.
been ambiguous from the first were now hopelessly confused. Some had become a part of the Mississippi river bed, others were filled seemingly bottomless crevices and so on. It has been estimated that settlement and development of the area was not complete even at least fifty years due to the tragedy. Of those who survived, many were discouraged by the wasteland which they found and farms and these moved on to other areas or returned to the East; and needless to say, settlers were not overjoyed to find the land which seemed to bear the curse of God.

As might be expected, these events provided welcome material for preachers of all sects who, seeking to gain proximity to their causes, transferred God’s way of showing man the horrors of Hell; others insisted that the devil had turned the land upside down, and so the descriptive theories came thick and fast enough to justify the publication of an article “The Earthquake of 1811 and Its Influence on Evangelistic Methods in the Churches of the Old South” (Pusey).

Stella Gilbert sang this ballad from the same book that contained “The Haunted Woods”, this version having been taken down from the singing of Enoch Ashley, her grandfather. Prior to the fact that the tune was preserved by oral methods, and it is of interest to note that during this period of a century the tune was so little used, and so the descriptive theories came thick and fast enough to justify the publication of an article “The Earthquake of 1811 and Its Influence on Evangelistic Methods in the Churches of the Old South” (Pusey).

In the year following the quake, the Louisiana Territory was officially reassumed the Missouri Territory; on this basis, one might be tempted to envision a misplacement of the microphone, one of these two recordings would have been used in lieu of the present example. In discussing my original intention with various folk music enthusiasts, it proved interesting to note the partial spectrum of reactions ranging from absolute rejection of the possibility that this might be of interest in any way whatsoever, to quasi acceptance of the performance for the sake of curiosity. It may be further noted that Holman Muhammad, his abilities as both a singer and instrumentalist, is readily observable by listening to a few of the recordings of him, also plays the piano by ear in his own particular style - as well as that, and, more remote, the observation that on certain records of the North Carolina Ramblers, the banjo player (Wendell Hines) is sometimes recorded as he would play the piano, which he played by ear.

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

Between verses the melody was played to an improvised bass accompaniment in a fashion that can best be described as strongly rhythmic and wholly musical. Were it not for the fact that the piano drown out the singing due to misplacement of the microphone, one of these two recordings would have been used in lieu of the present example. In discussing my original intention with various folk music enthusiasts, it proved interesting to note the partial spectrum of reactions ranging from absolute rejection of the possibility that this might be of interest in any way whatsoever, to quasi acceptance of the performance for the sake of curiosity. It may be further noted that Holman Muhammad, his abilities as both a singer and instrumentalist, is readily observable by listening to a few of the recordings of him, also plays the piano by ear in his own particular style - as well as that, and, more remote, the observation that on certain records of the North Carolina Ramblers, the banjo player (Wendell Hines) is sometimes recorded as he would play the piano, which he played by ear.

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

Both supplies a play party text under the title "My Pretty Little Pink" (p. 296) mixing a courting verse, the above quatrains referring to Mexico and another common verse found in play parties, hoedowns and as a fragment in a completely separate play party with a different tune, "Coffee Grows on White Oak Trees" (Lomax, "Folksong J."

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

(Also in the Grandpa Jones version)

The play party terminates with:

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

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

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**Diasogrophy**

Clarence Ashley

Columbia 15495-A The Coo Coo Bird (W14955)

Dark Hollow Blues (W14956)

Columbia 15520-D Hamil Wise (W14953)

Little Sadie (W14952)

Columbia 15694-D The House Carpenter (W14952)

Old John Hardy (W14953)

Byrd Moore and his Hot Shots (Byrd Moore, C.T. Ashley, Clarence Greene)

Columbia 15495-B Careless Love (W14952)

Three Men Went a Hunting (W14953)

Columbia 15935-D Frankie Silvers (W14950)

The Hills of Tennessee (W14951)

Carolina Tar Heels (C.T. Ashley, Doc Walsh, Owen or Garley Foster)

Victor 20264 There Ain't No Use Working So Hard (W14979; 2/5/27)

I'm Going To Georgia (W14979; 2/5/27)

Victor 20265 Bring Me A Leaf From The Sea (W14976; 2/19/27)

Her Name Was Hula Lou (W14976; 2/19/27)

Victor 20261 When the Good Lord Sets You Free (W14971; 8/15/27)

I Love My Mountain Home (W13961; 8/15/27)

Ashley And Foster (C.T. Ashley and Owen Foster)

Vocalion 02756 Tain't No Use They Liked To Be (11040)

Orke 02756 Greenback Dollar (11042)

Vocalion 02757 Ray Man Blues (11047)

Sideliner Blues (11559)

Vocalion 02758 The Old Armchair (11069)

Frankie Silvers (11059)

Vocalion 02759 Let Him Go, God Bless Him (11070)

Pedem Roses (11056)

Vocalion 02750 One Dark And Stormy Night (11067)

(Owen Foster) Down At The Old Man's House (11070)

Vocalion 02750 Baby, All Night Long (11040)

My Sweet Farm Girl (11040)

Vocalion 02759 Ain't No Use To High Hat Me (11070)

Go 'way And Let Me Sleep (11056)

Vocalion 02700 My North Carolina Home (11072)

Sadie Ray (11061)
SIDES I, Band 1: SALLY ANN

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

Did they ever see a meekrat, Sally Ann (repeat)
Ragging its sickle through the sand?
Great big wedding up, Sally Ann.

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

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

REFRAIN:
Oh, me... oh, my
He run it to the Lord knows where.
You oughta been up town
Heard his train go down
You could hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

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

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

(REPEAT First verse)

SIDES I, Band 2: OLD RUBEN

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

Note:
Some of the Columbia records were recorded approximately October, 1929.

SIDES I, Band 3: HAUNTED WOODS

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

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

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

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

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

Then she seized and kissed her children,
Bade them never speak nor cry
Lidded them in the secret closet
Then prepared herself to die.

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

REFRAIN

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

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

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

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

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

(Repeat First verse)

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

REFRAIN:
He finally took his life
And I've been to the East
I'm going where these chilly winds don't blow.

(REPEAT First verse)

REFRAIN:
So long
I'm going where these chilly winds don't blow.

(REPEAT First verse)

SIDES I, Band 8: THE HAUNTED WOODS

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

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

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

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

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

Then she seized and kissed her children,
Bade them never speak nor cry
Locked them in the secret closet
Then prepared herself to die.

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

REFRAIN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SIDE I, Band 1: I'M GO ING BACK. TO JERICHO  
I'm a-going back to Jericho, sugar babe (repeat)  
I'm a-going back to Jericho  
And I'm a-getting married before I go, sugar babe.  

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

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

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

SIDE I, Band 2: THE MAGGIE WALKER BLUES  
My parents raised me tenderly, they had no child but me  
My mind being placed on rambling, with them I couldn't agree  
Just to leave my aged parents and them no more to see.  

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

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

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

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

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

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

SIDE II, Band 2: HANDSOME MOLLY  
I wish I were in London  
Or some other seaport town  
I'd set my foot in a steamboat  
And sail the whole world round.

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

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

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

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

Her hair is black as a raven  
Her eyes are black as a crow.
He reel, he raved, like a man destructed
Saying, "I'm lost, I'm ruined, I'm left alone."

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

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

SIDE II, Band 8: PRETTY LITTLE PINK

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

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

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

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

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

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