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DANS CE NUMERO

Toute une série de premières! Ce numéro marque les débuts de notre nouvelle réactrice-associée, Anne Lederman. Plusieurs parmis nous la connaissons déjà dans son rôle de musicienne, faisant partie du goupe "Muddy York". Elle est de plus étudiante de la musique folklorique, et elle a publié des commentaires sur cette question. On se souviendra de son rôle de rédactrice-invitée pour le numéro spécial de septembre, 1985 ("Le violon folklorique au Canada"). Anne nous présente un aperçu du violon folklorique chez les métis du Manitoba.

Nous présentons aussi une entrevue que Wilf Carter a accordée à George Lyon. Voilà sans doute une entrevue exceptionelle: Wilf Carter n'accorde que très rarement des entrevues, et à ma connaissance il n'a jamais été cité dans une revue de musique folklorique.

A première vue plusieurs lecteurs classifieraient Wilf Carter plutôt sous le titre de la musique "western". Par contre ceux qui connaissent en profondeur son style et son repertoire l'accepteraient aussi facilement comme interprète de musique folklorique.

Probablement sans s'en rendre compte, Wilf Carter est sûrement devenu l'une des figures séminales de la musique folklorique canadienne. Sa contribution a deux aspects principaux. D'abord sa musique s'inspire largement des thèmes et des styles de la musique traditionnelle. De cette façon il a contribué a rendre ces thèmes et ces styles accessibles à un plus grand public – on remarque à ce titre son interprétation de "The Strawberry Roan", par exemple. Deuxièmement, plusieurs de ses compositions se sont incorporées au répertoire folklorique canadien, et forment ainsi une part de notre héritage culturel. (Je suis persuadé qu'un bon nombre d'albertains considèrent la chanson "The Blue Canadian Rockies" comme une oeuvre folklorique plutôt qu'une composition de Wilf Carter!)

Encore du nouveau dans ce numéro. Ici et là on retrouvera de courtes citations concernant les danses d'autrefois. Ces citations furent recueillies par Georges Lyon au cours de son projet de recherche concernant les collections d'histoire locale en Alberta. George a l'intention d'étendre cette étude à tout le pays et à tous les volets de la musique folklorique canadienne. A ce propos il lance un appel aux lecteurs de lui envoyer des anecdotes provenant de sources imprimées qui traitent de la musique folklorique canadienne, dans toutes ses formes. Prière d'envoyer ces citations à: George Lyon, 215 9th Ave. N.W., Calgary, Alta. T2M 0B2.

A vous de savourer ce numéro!

John Leeder
(traduction par
André Gareau)

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

A few firsts this time: This issue markes the début of our new Associate Editor for Instrumental Music, Anne Lederman. Many of us know Anne as a performer in the group "Muddy York"; she is also a scholar and writer concerning Canadian instrumental music, and guest-edited the September 1985 issue (19:3) on "Fiddling in Canada". Anne kicks off her tenure with some interesting writing on Métis fiddling in Manitoba.

As well, we finally make it into print with George Lyon's interview with Wilf Carter. This is an important feature, as Wilf is known for rarely granting interviews, and to my knowledge has never spoken for publication to someone with a folk music orientation.

Perhaps at first blush may readers would tuck Wilf Carter into the "country music" pigeonhole; yet anyone familiar with his style and repertoire will realize that he could just as easily be categorized as a folksinger. Wilf is, probably unbeknownst to him, a seminal figure in Canadian folk music. His contribution is twofold. His writing draws heavily on themes, phrases and styles from traditional music, thus passing them on to a wider audience and familiarizing people with the folk sound (and of course his repertoire includes traditional songs such as "The Strawberry Roan"). As well, many of his compositions have gone into the folk repertoire and become part of our unconscious cultural heritage. (I'm sure many of the Albertans who sing "The Blue Canadian Rockies" think of it as a traditional song, not a Wilf Carter song!)

Another innovation: at various places throughout this issue you will find short quotes concerning old-time dances. These were collected by George Lyon during a research project with local history books in Alberta. George is planning to expand this feature to include the whole of Canada and the entire spectrum of folk music, not just dance, and would like readers to send in any anecdotes which come to your attention from printed sources and deal with Canadian folk music in any form. Send them to: George Lyon, 215 9th Ave. NW, Calgary, Alta. T2M 0B2.

And I hope you enjoy this issue!

John Leeder

LE BON VIN

1. En passant par Paris,
   Caressant la bouteille,
   Un de mes amis
   Me dit a l'oreille.

   REFRAIN:
   Bon, bon, bon,
   Le bon vin m'endort,
   L'amour me reveille.
   Le bon vin m'endort,
   L'amour me reveille encore.

2. Un de mes amis
   Me dit a l'oreille:
   —Prends bien garde à toi,
   Allons poursui're la belle.

3. —Poursuit qui la veut,
   Moi je me mcque d'elle.
   J'ai couché trois ans
   La nuit avec elle.

4. J'ai couché trois ans
   La nuit avec elle.
   Sur un beau lit blanc
   Garni de dentelle.

5. Alle a ieu trois garcons,
   tous trois capitaines.
   Un est à Bordeaux
   Et l'autre à La Rochelle.

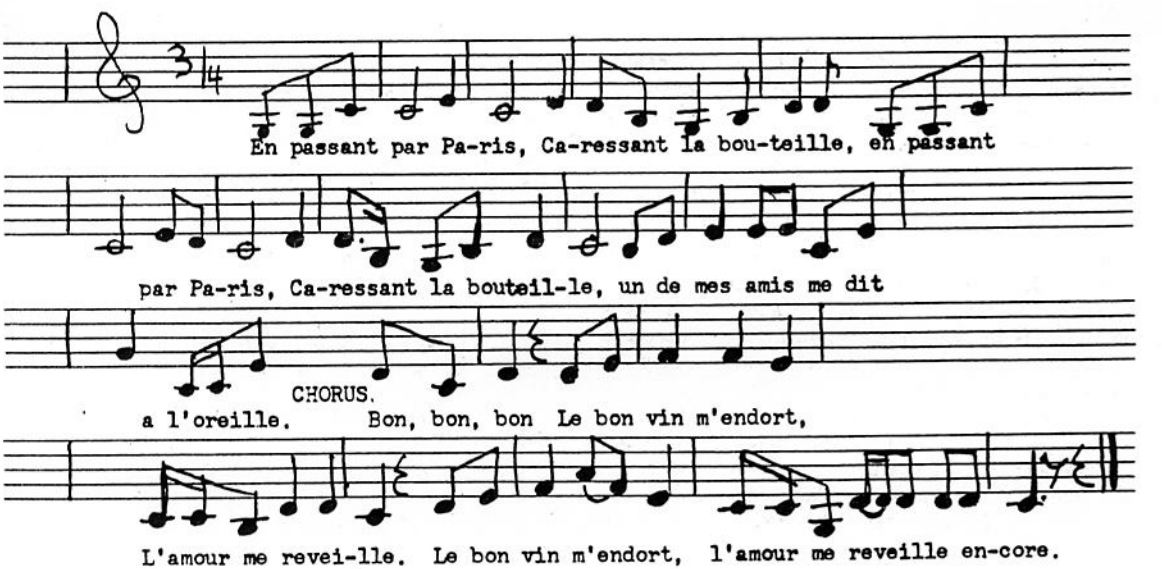
6. Un est à Bordeaux
   Et l'autre à La Rochelle,
   Et l'autre à Versailles
   A faire la canaille.

Cette chanson terre-neuvienne fait partie du disque "Songs of the Newfoundland Outports" que la Société a réalisé avec la maison Pigeon Inlet. La version est celle de Mme Joséphine Costard, de Loretto, T.-N. Les commentaires sur la chanson dans les notes qui accompagnent le disque se reproduisent ici.

This lively French drinking song represents a sizeable group of songs that Mr. Peacock recorded in Newfoundland's French communities: in the Codroy Valley on the southwest coast, settled over a hundred years ago by Acadians and Scots from Cape Breton, and on the Port au Port Peninsula where many of the people are descendants of deserters coming from France and the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon during the nineteenth century. For a detailed description of the history and culture of this French minority, see Gerald Thomas, *Les Deux Traditions: le conte populaire chez les Franco-terreneuviens* (Montréal: Bellarnim, 1983).

The theme of the song is indicated by the refrain which may be loosely translated: "The good wine puts me to sleep; love wakes me up. The good wine puts me to sleep; love wakes me up again." The somewhat confused verses are about the girl with whom the singer sleeps, and her other three lovers, all captains, who come from Bordeaux, La Rochelle, and Versailles.

References — Peacock, 249. For more complete versions of this song which is widely known in French tradition, see Conrad Laforte, *Le catalogue de la chanson folklorique francaise*, I, Chansons en laisse (Québec: Presses de la université Laval, 1977), 169-72. Laforte's title is "En passant par Paris, vidant des bouteilles," and he gives 119 versions from Belgium, Canada, the United States, and France.



WE SHOOK HANDS

Wilf Carter interviewed by George W. Lyon

Wilf Carter's 1961 autobiography, "The Yodelling Cowboy", was almost certainly ghosted. The diction of that book bears little resemblance to Carter's speech; the rhythm is even less similar. "Montana Slim" (of Nova Scotia, Alberta, and Florida) speaks with the grammatical infelicity of one who never finished school, but with the cadence and measure of the generations brought up under the influence of the King James Bible and with the love of the spoken word. Notice the poetic formalism of his refrain, "We shook hands," how he uses the parallel structure of two of his encounters with Pete Knight to point out the discrepancy in their respective fates. In the transcription of this interview, which was conducted in Carter's Calgary apartment during Stampede Week, 1983, I have attempted to retain as much of the subject's speech as necessary to convey his metre and language, since even an "um" or "and" in speech can carry meaning, without boring the reader or producing a page that looks like a concrete poem.

I have not attempted to make clarity where I could not find it. Many of Carter's contradictions will likely have to stand; we may never know who first called him "Montana Slim". In some cases, Carter may have his own reasons for obscuring his trail – including a faulty memory. But it may well be that he never expected anyone to be interested in the precise details of the life of a cowboy singer, one who "used 'ain't' and all those other words".

YOU'RE FROM NOVA SCOTIA. WHAT TOWN?

When they get it right, it's Port Hilford. They'll have all kinds of spelling for her. That's where I was born down there, 18th of December, 1904.[1]

AND YOU MOVED OUT HERE WHEN YOU WERE HOW OLD?

In my early 20s, I went to Boston first, 1920, and then back, and then caught a boxcar out for $25.00. That was from Amherst, Nova Scotia, to Calgary. The old CPR station is where they picked me up at.

I went out towards Drumheller, working in the harvest, and from there I went into working for the Andersons. In fact, I played Drum just a couple weeks ago. Merle Anderson is 96. He was in chuck-wagons for years and won that world championship.[2] And I worked at their place and tried to be a cowboy. [chuckles]

I worked as a cowboy, and I went across the country breaking' horses with a fella, a very dear friend, he's gone, Charlie Gwynn. He was an expert at it, and he and I went all over, breakin' broncs: saddle, team, anything. We broke anything.

I took part in the Calgary Stampede and worked with Dick Cosgrave,[3] who was the arena director. He and I used to buddy up. I did chuckwagon, and I did wild cow milin', wild horse racing. [chuckles] I used to ear 'em down. Somebody said, "Well, what's 'earing down' a horse?" Some of these reporters never do get it right. [chuckles] I say, "Go up to the Stampede and see the way they do it."[4] Dick and worked at that game. We were real buddies.

That was way back in the late Twenties and the early Thirties.

Pete Knight[5] and I was great buddies. He took me out of it by shakin' hands behind the chutes one day and promisin' that I would not do it any more 'cause I used to play the guitar and all kinds of stuff for the cowboys, Pete Knight and Herman Linder[6] and all the great boys. So I shook hands with him, and I quit. And he shook hands with me in Madison Square, back in the Thirties, just before he was killed, and said that he was on the last go-round. He was killed in California on a horse he'd ridden different times, Duster.

He told me in New York; he invited me to come. I was on the CBS networks. And he promised then that he was on his last go-round, and shook hands with me at Madison Square.

We were very good friends. I used to sing for 'em all the time, and I sang on the street corners and chuckwagons, you know. So Pete said to me one night in the Palliser, when they was having a big do, "Wilf, I want to see you. I think this is your last go-round." I said "Why? What's the matter?" He said, I'll talk to you behind the chutes tomorrow."[7]

So he did, and so I shook hands. That was it. And he shook hands with me in New York. Invited me to come down at Madison Square; he says, "I'm on my last go-round." They sent me a telegram that he was killed on a horse called Duster. He come over

the horse's head. His wife, Babe, said the horse went over and come down – PHHFFT – punctured his liver. And he got up and went to the ambulance, but maybe he would have been saved if he hadn't, 'cause the rib was through [gestures] and killed him.

That goes way back. I've ridden in parades here for a great many years, and I've enjoyed it very much. I always tell 'em that way back in the late Twenties they used to put me behind a sweeper, you know, the street sweepers? [chuckles] We never could get by 'em. But then they made me Parade Marshall, about three years ago, and that was the thrill of every cowboy.[8]

YOU WERE INSPIRED TO YODEL BY A SWISS YODELLER?

I worked as a kid, driving oxen in Nova Scotia. I was only 10, and I was making two bits a day, and I was hauling apples through the Annapolis Valley. It was the little town of Canning, that's where we lived. Daddy was a Baptist minister. Everybody had to work. He didn't make too much money, and everybody was working. They put me to work hauling apples to town with a team of oxen. I was on this one day, goin' to town; I saw a sign on a post, said, "The Yodelling Fool is coming to town." Here's a long-haired guy like that, said "The Yodelling Fool is coming to Chatauqua." Who ever heard tell of Chatauqua? I didn't. Couldn't pronounce it. When I got to town, I asked, when I unloaded the apples – or, when they unloaded the apples for me, I was too little – and they said, well, they didn't know what it was. There was going to be a show in town. I said, "Well, what is it?" "I don't know."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin". An old darkie, and he looked after these little girls, just yea big, and I can see it like it was just yesterday. I was only 10. They had it on the stage. Uncle Tom, you know, gray hair, and he was looking after this little child, and what was that to me?

So then they said, "We're gonna conclude the show with the Yodelling Fool singing 'Sleep, My Little One, Sleep' ". Well I jumped up on my chair, and somebody pulled me down.

I can remember as if it was yesterday. I had stole away from home, against Mommy and Daddy's wishes, because every two bits that we turned in helped keep the wolf away, from bitin' their heels, you know, when he went in. I wouldn't tell kids to do it, but I stole away on my bicycle, two miles. And the Yodelling Fool – I don't know what it is, there's no answer to it, I guess, it just kind of branded me.

And then he sang, "Sleep, little one, sleep. Close your pretty blue eyes, and I will sing to Heaven's own lullaby." And yodelled it. Well, I couldn't get over it. I know that I just clapped and hollered, and everyone else did. He came back and sang it over, the last verse. Then I jumped on my bicycle and had two miles to ride to home, and I was tryin' to yodel. I remembered a few words.

When I got home, Mother's waitin' at the door with her old slipper, when I walked in. I stood for a week to eat. But to be honest with you, to get the story very straight, that's what happened. And I yodelled in the apple trees, I yodelled hauling apples to town, I yodelled everywhere, and it was terrible. Mother'd be waiting when I'd come home at night, walking home from my work, in the fall. And she'd say, "Oh, what a terrible voice!" She said, "Oh, that's terrible, that's terrible."[9]

Well, they tried to break me up, but they couldn't. So finally Mother said, one night when I come home, she said, "You have the words all wrong. I know the song. It's an old lullaby that I know." So she taught me the lullaby, and finally the yodelling got a litttle better. I thought it did, a little better.

In the early Twenties, then, 1920, I went to Boston, and I went as a carpenter.[10] Carpenter work. Didn't like it. So then I went back and caught a train from Amherst, Nova Scotia, to Calgary. Harvest excursion. When I got out here and got with the Andersons, on the prairies, drivin' ten and twelve head in the fields, you know, standing on a disc and, some people say it'd be stupid, but I'd sing these old songs, you know, that I had learned at home, and yodellin' hymns. And then I started writing songs about things that happened on the prairies.[11]

And I yodelled and yodelled. And I remember that this Merle Anderson that's 96 now, and he was at my show in Drum a few weeks ago, and he was telling the paper, you know, he'd tie his outfit up and tear on a saddle horse three miles, and he thought I was caught in the machinery or something. And I was yodelling.

I used to come into Calgary and try to get work, 'bout 1930, and [there] wasn't much. Recession. And finally – Billy Adams – the old Renfrew Building down here, Seventh [Avenue], took an audition. He was down in the basement there.[12] I took an audition, and Billy said, "Sounds pretty good, but," he said, "you'd have to improve some." I played no instrument.

Then I went, took an audition at CFCN, Bill

Grant,[13] the guy that built CFCN, "The Voice of the Prairies". And I took my first broadcast at the York Hotel down here. They just had one room. And then I went on with the CFCN Old Timers, five bucks a week, Friday nights. 1930 I took my first audition, and from then it might have been a year later or something. But Eddie Thyne was there, and I played with Si Hopkins, Roy Watts, Ma Trainor – the Old Timers. Whatever the year it was, I couldn't tell you. It was early.

I didn't stay there long. I was trying to get started. During the week I'd go back and work on the ranches and the farms.

CRC came in, Canadian Radio Commission.[14] Then Horace Steven was the regional director here in Saskatoon, and Ernie Bushnell was the director in the East. They heard me, and they put me on CFAC – way up in Canary Heaven.[15] Jack Dennett was my announcer.

Then it went to the CBC, and they took me. And I was singing over here in the Palliser [Hotel]. Pat Brewster and Bill Brewster, they heard me singing at the Palliser, and after I got through I was singing to the cowboys. Pat came over, and he said, "How'd you like to come to the mountains?" So I said, "You tell me what I gotta do." "Well, ride a horse." "I can ride a horse." And "We like the way you play your guitar. Would you like to go with the Trail Riders to the Canadian Rockies?" So Murray Gibbons, head of the – publicity agent for – the CPR in Montreal, he listened to me, shook his head, and he took Powder River Jack and Kitty Lee from Montana instead.[16] And so the Brewsters said, "Well, regardless, we're gonna take Carter anyway." So Powder River Jack and Kitty Lee went, too. And the Brewsters took me. And I sang in the saddle. [chuckles] I sang at night on the campfires.[17] And I wrote songs. That's where "Swiss Moonlight" was written. In 1931. And then the CPR, they evidently liked my stuff. I don't know. Finally, the head of the Canadian Pacific down in Wall Street in New York, he wanted to know if I would go East, take an audition with RCA.[18] I said, "I've sent 'em little records, you know, and got no answer."[19] And they said, "Well, we want you to go on a cruise to the West Indies on the Empress of Britain", which was a brand new Canadian Pacific vessel. So I said, "Well, that's one time I won't have to ride the rods."

So they took me East, and I went into the RCA studios in '33 and took an audition, and unbeknownst to the A & R, Mr. Joseph, Mr. Delmotte, the French engineer, up in the – I call it – Canary Heaven. They just renovated an old church, and that's where they had all the recording equipment. He hollered down; I was standing, there was an old condenser mike, 'bout that big, hung from a long cord, and he said, "Carter, watch the wall ahead. When you see the red light, keep still. When I give you the green light, put a little run in and don't make your song over three minutes. Thank you."

So I did "My Swiss Moonlight Lullaby" and I looked up when I got through, and Delmotte went [gestures], you know, I didn't – [had] never recorded, and he went like that [gestures].

And Mr. Joseph, the A & R, said, "What else you got?" And I said, " 'The Mad Trapper', The Capture of Albert Johnson." He said, "What's that?" I said, "Well, I wrote it about the Mounties that tried to catch this – supposed to be a – madman, but I thought he was pretty smart. He eluded them for quite a while by backtracking and even put on snowshoes and walked backwards with the herds of caribou. They finally got him and shot him." He said, "Well, let's hear it." Mr. Delmotte, the engineer, did the same thing again. "Do what I tell you on the wall." And I did. So I did "The Capture of Albert Johnson". When I got through, he's up there again [gestures].

And I says to the A & R, "Make a record." "Ah, if we need you, we'll call you." "I'd like to make a record." "Ah, if we need you, we'll call you."

So I left. Went to the West Indies. CPR took me as an entertainer. Came back and on the way back stopped in New York. Took an audition through Mr. Mitchell. He made me an application for CBS, NBC, and, uh, WOR radio. So on the way back I went to CBS, took an audition, NBC, took an audition. It was all arranged. Columbia was just born, CBS. They said, "If we need you, what's your address?" I had no address. [chuckles]

You know where we – we had no money – we used to sleep underneath the Riverside Bridge, down there on Fourth Street. I don't know what they call it now; we called it Riverside then. And we used to get, have old boxcar doors, wheat car doors from the CPR across the tracks. They'd be drug down there some way, and we'd use those as little shelters. We washed our shirts and socks by sticking a stick in the gravel and letting the stream wash 'em. That's right down here. [gestures] And I had no address.[20]

Finally I met up with a Frenchman, Charlie – Henry – Lapointe, blind fella. And so we split a room down here across from the old police station. Dollar and a quarter a week. Apiece. And I sang a few songs and made a few dollars.

So, finally CBC got ahold of me and said that RCA was trying to get ahold of me. I never – I had no address to give. So I had to borrow the money, and I called.

When I [had] stopped in from New York, this Mr. A.H. Jospeh and Mr. Delmotte, they were sitting this way. [rubs hands] You know, just [rubs hands]. "[We] want to do something". I said, "What'd you do?" "We got something here." So they put on this record. "Swiss Moonlight." I said, "When'd you do that?" Mr. Delmotte, the engineer, said, "Well, we did it. Unbeknownst to Mr. Joseph. And I mastered it." That was voice to wax, then. I never could see him where I was, but he said he took brush, and he was brushing the wax as the needle was turning, you know, and tried to make a master. They wanted to release it. I wanted to know how much they'd give. I forget what they said they would give for the two sides, but I said, "Have you got a royalty statement?" Said, "Yeah, we pay royalties." So I took the royalty.[21]

And I come back in here [Calgary], and then they couldn't find me. They wanted to make some more. "Swiss Moonlight" was just goin' like crazy everywhere, and they're trying to find me, and they couldn't. Finally CBC got ahold of me. I didn't have any money, hadn't got any royalties. So I borrowed some money and called 'em back. They wanted me to come right back and make some more.

So that was the start, then.

CBC had me hired here, and then CBS got ahold of me. They wanted me to go down. I had no money to travel, and I went as far as Toronto. CPR gave me a pass as far as Toronto. And – was a contract – they signed it – but I didn't, because I'm Canadian. And I'd have to get – legally – to go in there. So I went to Mr. Gordon V. Thompson, that published my songs, and, "I've got to borrow some money." So I called this Max Wiley, who's on the commission down there, that voted for me, I called him and said I can't come until I get a visa. So I went, I took Mr. Thompson, went to the American consulate. And they looked at my contract that they'd sent and, "Can't let you go. How much money you got?" "Haven't got any." "Why didn't you sign the cntract?" "It'd be illegal, wouldn't it?" Mr. Harding was the head counsellor; he said, "Yes, it would." So he said, "Have you got anything original?" So I said, "Well, I just got one record out." Said, "Could I hear it?"

So Mr. Thompson, with me, goes right back to his office, the Heintzmann Building on Yonge Street in Toronto, picked up a little phonograph, took it over to the Consul, put it on the table, wound it up, put on "Swiss Moonlight." Mr. Harding came out and listened and says, "That you?" "Yeah." "You want to go to the States." I says, "Yeah." "And would you like to sign this contract?" "Not till I get there." He said, "How you gonna get there?" I said, "Borrow some money." So Mr. Thompson said, "Well, I'll lend you some money." RCA wouldn't. New artist. So he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll shake hands with you. I'll give you a visa. But if you ever – promise – if you ever run out of work down in the States, would you come back to Canada?" I said, "Put 'er there." And he did. And give me a visa. And he said, "Have you got your ticket?" I said, "No, I got to borrow some money." So Mr. Thompson, the music publisher, said, "I'll help Wilf out." So he give me enough money for my ticket.[22]

I landed in New York, went up to CBS, and signed the contract. That was on a Thursday, and on Monday morning I was broadcasting. CBS. And they listened to me for a couple months, and finally Bert Parks – used to sing, you know, "Miss America", he was 'bout 18, he was coming up from Atlanta, he was gonna broadcast as announcer on CBS – he was my announcer. He looked over at the window, he said, "Uh-oh." He walked over, and I was talking to people and getting ready to sing another song. He come back and pulled me off the mike a minute, and he said, "Go down to the Legal Department after your show."

I finished my broadcast and says to Bert, "What do you think that is?" He says, "That's a pink slip, I think." "What the heck is a pink slip?" He says, "I think maybe they don't want you any more." "I've only been here three months."

So I went down to the Legal Department and walked in. Sign on the door, Mr. Becker. I said "Mr. Becker?" He said, "Yeah. Who are you?" I said, "Wilf Carter, The Yodelling Cowboy." He said, "Oh, just listened to your show." "Yeah. Did you like it?" "Yeah, I did. Very much. Um, don't like your name." I said, "You don't?" "You ever been to Montana?" "Oh, yeah, lots of times." He said, "Well, you're tall and slim. Montana. Montana Slim." He said, "Do you like it?" I said, "I don't care, as long as you pay me." So they registered the name, and I went on with them from '34 to '40, with CBS.[23]

Then I smashed up my car in Montana, coming

back to the ranch, brining my wife back.[24] So it was '49 when I got back, and of course, television was in, and everything had changed so much in nine years that we come back here in the '40s and stayed out here at the ranch. I got better, the wife and I. I was bringing her back. And then, the time we was out here, a couple of kids appeared,[25] and, so, 1950, or '52, I think it was, we started our own – they give me a job back on CBS, and I went back, but was just shot, just laid up. Was nine years gettin' back. And everything had changed so much, and my nerves were – so I just said, "To heck with this."

So we went on the road, touring.[26] And come back up here, and went back there and bought a farm in New Jersey and lived there. And then we finally moved to Florida and built a motel. I should have gone fishin' that day. [chuckles] Twenty-four hour day – that's what it is. So we sold that and just bought a home down there.[27] Just fly back and forth.

A lot of artists they call "stars", but when they call me a star I say, and I mean it, "A star is hard to find. Way up there." [points] I played the rodeo in Montreal in '67, and when I got through, why, I looked out and noticed 20,000 people, everybody standing. I tore down to the office, and, "They're all standing! They're all standing!" I was real excited. The manager said, "Just a minute, Carter. It's been raining all day. The seats are wet. They've been standing all along." [chuckles]

Jimmie Rodgers, when they say that he's The Father of Country Music, it'd be hard for me to say that honestly, because we have Vernon Dalhart. "The Prisoner's Song" – a million. You know, a million records with "The Prisoner's Song". And then we have Maybelle Carter, we have Sara Carter, we have A.P. Carter, they sold millions, I suppose. Then we have Frank Crumit, Julia Sanderson, man and wife.[28] We have Carson Robinson [sic], sang all those songs, "Abdul Abubul Ameer",[29] and all those great old songs. Southern Music in Nashville, everybody called Jimmie Rodgers "The Father of Country Music". He may be, but that I've answered as best I can. There was a lot of great artists then. We don't hear of them today. You don't hear – let's put it very plainly. The group that's here now, you don't hear of Wilf Carter. That was long ago, in the old style country music.

And, as the reporter asked me in Yorkton, "Why didn't you change your style?" "To what?" "You hear Jim Reeves, you hear Ferlin Husky, you hear Hank Snow, you hear everybody else. Why didn't you change?" "I don't know how."

I wouldn't know how. But it's a funny thing that they did change, a great many of them, to more of a modern type of singing. They fill the arenas, but so do we, too. So – [chuckles]

WHEN YOU WERE A COWBOY, WERE THERE MANY OTHER SINGING COWBOYS?

I didn't know of any then, when I was.

DID YOU EVER HEAR "BLOOD ON THE SADDLE"? THEY SAY IT COMES FROM AROUND HERE.

Lot of the songs came from here. Like "The Calgary Roundup" I wrote.[30] And then Mr. Maurice Hartnett wanted me to go on the grandstand. In 1963 he called me. We were great friends. He was General Manager and a fine man, and his wife and my wife were very good friends. He called me and said, "I want to take you down; I want to put the nosebag on." He took me down to the Stampeder [Hotel], and we sat there, and Morris looked over, and he patted my shoulder, and he said "You're gonna be our man next year." I said, "What?" He said, "Instead of being out there and getting trampled in the infield, we're gonna put you on the grandstand."[31] I said, "No!" He said, "There hasn't been too many in the last years that wanted you. But," he said, "I'm retiring, and they're not gonna fire me, so I'm gonna put you on."

So, 1964, they put me on the grandstand and Morris said, "It's not compulsory, of course, but", Morris said, "I want you to write a song." And their theme was "Our Golden West," and I wrote, "The Heart of the Golden West": "Hey, hey, we're off to the rodeo."

So, many of these songs – and I wrote "Bouncing Bobby" – that was when Dick Cosgrave's son won the chuckwagon races, and I wrote the song called "Bouncing Bobby" because his boy's son, who's Richard now, when you'd watch him on the track in the chuckwagon, he'd start bouncing up and down in the old spring seat. Well, his father did the same thing, Bobby. So I called the song "Bouncing Bobby".[32]

And then I wrote the song for the Calgary Stampede, "Dynamite Trail".[33] When you rode a bronc and come out of there, you was on Dynamite Trail. Or you was on the chuckwagon, you was on Dynamite Trail. You couldn't wait to get there – "Cut, cut the barrel, and then you all hit for the rail."

So there's a great many of them songs come out of – and then, "Sway Back Pinto Pete", song I wrote of a dream one night I had when I was at the Andersons'!. I got up in the morning, and there's an old paper bag, and I wrote off "Sway Back Pinto

Pete", an old horse with a sway back, who'd buck 'em all off. Was a dream, but I wrote it.[34] And Merle Anderson – I was sleeping under a stairway on a couch, it was only – it was just a shack, just a rough upstairs – so I happened to hear him wrinkle this paper up. I said, "Hey-ey-ey!" He said, "Whatsa matter? I'm just gonna light the fire, the stove." "Oh, I got a song on there."

Last song I wrote, "Wasted Words, Wasted Time, Wasted Years". The tune was in my head for two years, but I couldn't come up with anything. I was walking in Florida one night – I walk every night, or maybe ride 50 miles on a bike in a day and then I walk at night a couple of miles – and I was just walking, this lonely moonlight night, and I said, "What's the use to say that I'm still lonely, What's the use to say that I'm still blue? Oh, what's the use to say that I still love you? Wasted words, wasted time, wasted tears." I went home and wrote it down, just like that! [snaps fingers]

Or "Have A Nice Day". Just got an idea and sat down and in about 15 minutes I wrote "Have A Nice Day". Now, this – cab's got it on the back of it; everybody 'cross the country; you go into the stores, "Have A Nice Day".[35]

But I make it very plain to everybody that I don't know a note of music.

BUT YOU KEEP THE LYRICS? YOU KEEP A NOTEBOOK?

Someplace. [chuckles] It's all published. The records, there's hundreds of 'em. They put one out here a while ago, and I thought I liked the song. I said to Bobby, "That's a pretty song." I went over and looked it up, picked up the record. "Yeah, W. Carter. Forgot about it."

A FEW OF YOUR SONGS – ONE OF THEM I'M THINKING ABOUT, "THE HOBO'S SONG TO THE MOUNTIES"[36] – THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF PROTEST IN THREE, YOU KNOW?

[Carter chuckles]

WAS RCA COMFORTABLE WITH THAT?

Oh, sure.

THEY DIDN'T MIND?

Oh, no. And "You Gotta Get Used To It": "There's gravy in the navy when you get used to it. You may be a married man, and you do the best you can..." And then, you know, "The fifty million Americans was sleeping in the street and we're sending all our money overseas when there's fifty million Americans sleeping in the street."[37] A protest song. I made it. Oh, they were happy with "You Gotta Get Used To It". That was a protest song. A big number.[38]

But "The Hobo's Song to the Mounties", to get back to that. They used to pull us off the freight trains. You couldn't ride. We'd get on at Robin Hood Mills down here [chuckles] and head for Vancouver. Then we'd have to – coming back – we'd have to hide. Hid in boxcars and everything else. And then we'd have to walk from Vancouver to Coquitlam before you'd get a train. I didn't think, when nobody had any money, and nobody had any money in the first half of the Thirties, and I wrote the song about "We can see them way down the track, with their coat and buttons glistening in the sunshine."[39] It didn't make any difference. We slid off while they still looked; we were gone. [chuckles]

DID YOU WRITE THAT LONG BEFORE YOU RECORDED IT?

Oh, sure. Sure, it was just when I was riding the rods. Bumming, you know. It wasn't written – we didn't know such a thing as a protest song. It wasn't written as a protest song. It was written more like a joke.[40]

DID RCA EVER MAKE SUGGESTIONS OR GUIDE YOU IN THE CHOICE OF MATERIAL WHICH YOU RECORDED?

I think the only song, to be honest with you, that I wanted to record, and they didn't want to do it – the man that was the A & R in New York – that was "Bluebird On Your Windowsill."[41] Terrific song. This nurse in Vancouver had written it for the crippled kids and paid a thousand dollars, she says, for to try and get a record made.[42] And Ian Arrol that was on CFCN, a disc jockey, and my little daughter Carol, she'd heard it first. They were playing it, and they told the story. And then we got to her, then she gave me permission to cut it. I took it with me to New York. I recorded one day and wanted to cut it. They wanted to hear it. "No, that wouldn't amount to anything." And I said, "Well, I'm gonna cut it anyway." And I told the story, that I wanted to cut it for the crippled children in this hospital. And we give the copyright royalties – I didn't want no part of it – I changed it some,[43] but – They said, "No." So, finally, I got up and left the studio and went back to where we lived in New York. So they called me. The band was coming back the next day. Would I come back? Well, I come back, and I cut

what they told me to, and we had one number left, which I had worked out. And they said, "What are you going to cut?" I said, "Bluebird." And they said, "As far as we're concerned, no." I said, "Well, I'm cutting it anyway." So, he said, "Would you like me to leave here?" And I said, "Yes." And he said, "I've never covered..." And I said, "Well, you cover a chair perfect." And he said, "You want me to leave," and he left. And I said to the band, "Let's cut it." So we did. Eighteen companies cut it. That was – not in Canada – that was New York. That was a very – still is – a very popular number.

Now I go into a studio, and I pay for the studio, pay for the band, pay for the tapes, and when it comes off it's my tape. Then RCA, they lease it, and they're, 'course, they're the people that say whether it's all right or it's all wrong. That's their say. I have nothin' – I, well, we've had no disagreement that way – put out something, they're sitting right there, the A & R. They listen to it, they say, "Would you mind cutting it over?" or "Just change it a little bit." "Sure. Why not?" But, it's their decision, and they put 'em out.

WHERE DO YOU DO MOST OF YOUR RECORDING NOW?

Toronto.

AND DO YOU HAVE FAVORITE MUSICIANS?

Well, I've used 'em the last two years, but they may bring in a band I've never seen. I went down and played Yorktown – never saw the band in my life. But they're all good musicians, that's the best part of it. They know music, and they know my stuff.

YOUR EARLIEST RECORDS WERE DONE WITH JUST THE GUITAR. THEN YOU WENT INTO A BAND...

Well, who was there, then? You go in with your guitar, I – what I pick, I taught, practically, myself – so, who was you to get? And you can go talk to people today. They want me with my guitar; they don't want a band.

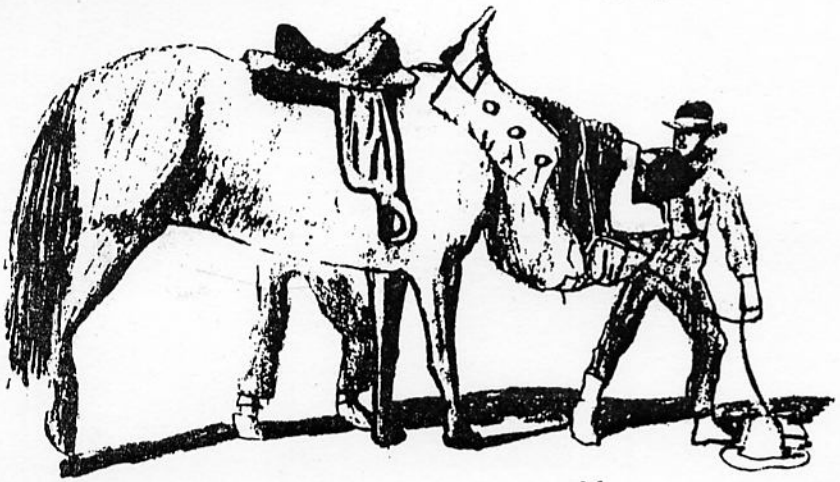
NOTES

1. Carter was the sixth of nine children.

2. Merle Anderson was sponsor of the winning chuckwagon team at the Calgary Stampede in 1958. Created by the original Stampede impresario, Guy Weadick, out of folkloric sources, according to some claims, the chuckwagon races are a particularly Canadian rodeo event, though they are also staged at a few rodeos in the northern United States. Among the more spectacular of Stampede events, they are regularly criticized as dangerous and excessively hard on horses.

3. Also a chuckwagon driver. See below; note 32.

4. One ears a wild horse down in order to saddle him. One cowboy throws his arms around the horse's neck and bites his ear while the other saddles him and mounts. A horse distracted in this way will stand still through the process. Though Carter and others have spoken of the disagreeable flavor of raw horse's ear, one informant told me that the procedure puts enough strain on one's arms and chest that the taste is not a significant concern (Brown, p. 15, Carter, p. 34; see also Carter's comments on horse training, pp. 25-29).



"Earing down"

5. Pete Knight, born in Philadelphia, but largely raised at Crossfield, Alberta, was Saddle Bronc champ at the Calgary Stampede in 1927 and 1932-33. He was one of the few cowboys to stay on the famous bronco Midnight, which he accomplished at the Montreal Stampede, 1926. Knight's career was occasionally turbulent offstage as well as on; in 1934 he offered the Stampede judges "eye-glasses usually worn by blind men." (Kennedy, p. 37.)

Knight's death occurred on May 24, 1937, at Hayward, California.

Carter:
"Pete Knight, The King of the Cowboys", March 19, 1935.
"Midnight, The Unconquered Outlaw", June 17, 1936.
"Pete Knight's Last Ride", June 10, 1937.

6. Herman Linder, from Cardston, Alberta, had a longer, more businesslike, but no less heroic or distinguished career than Pete Knight. He retired from competition in the Forties, having won All Around Cowboy at the Stampede in 1931-36 and 1938 and All Around North American in 1932, 1934-6, and 1938, and worked in the executive end of the field, eventually becoming President of the Canadian Stampede Managers' Association. (Kennedy, p. 49.)

7. Carter told the story slightly differently in "Yodelling Cowboy" (pp. 37-38), leaving out the do at the Palliser Hotel and setting it at the rodeo itself, where Knight sees that a horse Carter is to saddle and ride is too much for him, and says, "...promise me if you come out of this today, you'll never go in again." The horse pitches Carter into the mud, and so ends Carter's rodeo career. He says this is "about 1935". This account is puzzling, since he seems to be saying that he was trying to ride this horse, but he offers Knight the reassurance that he would ear down the horse, which does not affect the riding of the horse, merely the saddling. Perhaps he took his tumble before actually mounting the horse?

8. Carter was a Marshall in the Stampede Parade in 1979 and 1984.

9. Carter told Don Collins (p. G2) that his mother continued to dislike his work during his career: "Your recordings are terrible, son. You use 'ain't' and all those other words. I never taught you that." He also noted on this occasion that he was the only child in the family not given music lessons, since he was considered not very musical.

10. In "Yodelling", he says he went to Massachusetts in 1921, following a girl he was sweet on. He also speaks of working in the lumber industry in the U.S. at this period.

11. Describing the schoolhouse dance, a prairie institution, in "Yodelling", Carter says, "Along about 1925 I began to sing at these dances, writing my own songs and entertaining the crown hour after hour." The latter is probably an exaggerated or telescoped memory, since solo performances at dances occurred during intermission (the midnight lunch), which did not go on "hour after hour". Nevertheless it is likely that Carter would have gotten his first taste of performing in these circumstances. His first guitar ($8.00, Brown, p. 15; $16.00, Collins, p. G2) seems to have been preceded by an autoharp (Collins, p. G2), on which he strummed chords to accompany his singing.

12. Alberta Pacific Broadcasting Studio, Station CKLC.

13. William W. Grant, a member of the Royal Flying Corps in World War One, was an inventor and a major figure in western Canadian broadcasting.

14. CRBC, Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commis-

sion.

15. Carter's term for any high place. CFAC, connected in those days to The Daily Herald, had its studios on the tenth floor of the Southam Building.

16. There seems to have been some competition between Carter and the Lees for Calgary street singing revenues, for which the presence of Kitty gave the latter some edge. In "Yodelling", Carter could not bring himself to speak of them by name; they were "a cowboy singer and his wife." The Lees were also acquaintances of Pete Knight.

17. The Brewsters were an outfitting firm under contract with the CPR, which early used the concept of the vacation package to increase tourist business. Brewster Transportation and Tours has grown into a significant bus company in Alberta and B.C. The Brewsters hired Carter in 1932 (Watts and Barnett).

Carter sees the engagement with the Brewsters as the break which took him out of agricultural work (Carter, p. 39). As picturesque as he may have been for tourists, at least one of the more workaday trail riders was annoyed to find Carter constantly sitting at the corral, strumming his guitar (Harris.)

18. Exactly why a CPR executive would want Carter to seek a recording audition with RCA is not clear, but Carterr told the same story in "Yodelling" (pp. 41-42).

19. Perhaps he meant to say "letters", not "records".

20. Apparently, during this time Carter did live among hoboes; this is the background to his small, but not insignificant, group of bum songs (Carter, pp. 46-51).

21. Carter's first record was pressed and released in December 1933. When he returned to Montreal in January 1934, he recorded 14 more songs in two days. It seems unlikely that "Swiss Moonlight" would have been issued and be "selling all over" between December 20 and January 11!

22. Carter signed with CBS in 1934 (Watts and Barnett).

23. The implication, of course, is that there was some contractual difficulty, which seems quite possible. However, in "Yodelling" Carter said that, when an unidentified young lady was typing up "The Cowboy's High-Toned Dance" (which he recorded October 18, 1934, and claims as his own composition), she whimsically gave him the name because he was skinny (the only common theme, except that the name was not his own invention) and because he had mentioned Montana (to her? in the song?). He repeated that story to Brown, but her whimsy was suggested in this version by a slender fellow she knew from Montana. Carter has either intentionally or accidentally led others to believe that the name was created by Bert Parks (Shestack, p. 39; Kinkle, vol. 2, p. 688).

24. Although he did not linger over the event in this interview, the wreck, at Shelby, Montana, 1940, was a major one, in which Carter was nearly killed. Carter has had serious health problems since then, but he seems to have adopted an impressive regimen of diet and, especially, exercise: see Collins, p. G1.

25. Daughters Sheila and Carol.

26. With his daughters, Carter performed "The Family Show With The Folks You Know" in 1953 (Watts and Burnett), 1950 (Carter, p. 69), 1949 (Collins, p. G2), or the late Forties (Brown, p. 15).

27. Chapter 9 of "Yodelling" is devoted to the difficulties involved in running The Wilf Carter Motor Lodge.

28. Crumit and Sanderson were representatives of Tin Pan Alley and Broadway; Sanderson premiered Jerrome Kern's "They Didn't Believe Me" at the end of the First World War period. Nevertheless, Crumit's penchant for novelty songs like "A Gay Caballero", in which his own ukelele figured prominently, made him a significant artist in the history of country music in North America. Some of his songs have had some life in folk tradition, particularly as parodies.

29. Another of Crumit's compositions.

30. Recorded March 19, 1935.

31. When it became clear that the chuckwagon races were to be a major Stampede drawing card in the late Twenties, the races were shifted into an evening time slot, separate from the regular rodeo events. Around it have grown a cluster of middlebrow, usually irrelevant entertainments, featuring a song and dance troupe known as the Young Canadians, as well as various comedians and pop stars, often from the U.S., TV, other eras, or all three. Neither country music artists nor western Canadian performers occupy positions of respect at the Calgary Stampede. Sadly, Carter ended "Yodelling" with a mention of his dream of playing the Stampede Grandstand and leading the parade.

32. Three generations of Cosgraves have driven chuckwagons. Dick Cosgrave was the champion at the Calgary Stampede in 1926, 1930, 1933, 1935-38, 1940 and 1942-43. His son Bob won in 1969. Richard Cosgrave is currently a driver.

33. Recorded May 25, 1955.

34. Recorded October 16, 1934.

35. It should be a fairly easy matter for someone who follows popular culture to compare the dates of Carter's song and the trend of the phrase. It doesn't seem likely that Carter is the source of this custom, but it's possible.

36. Recorded October 18, 1934.

37. Can any reader give the title to this song?

38. Written by Victor Gordon and Freddy Grant, recorded by Carter June 30, 1944.

39. "The Hobo's Song To The Mounties".

40. An interesting choice of words. Note Carter's high praise for the Mounties, "Yodelling", p. 75.

A41. Recorded April 4, 1949.

42. The nurse (Elizabeth Clarke) had produced the record, hoping to use the proceeds to buy equipment for the hospital.

43. This has been questioned.

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ODE TO WILF CARTER

G C G
Wilf Carter, Wilf Carter, I can still hear you singing,
D7
I can hear your guitar's gentle playing;
G C G
'Cause the time's ripe for singing them old country songs,
D7 G
And recall what it's like to be playing.

Chorus:

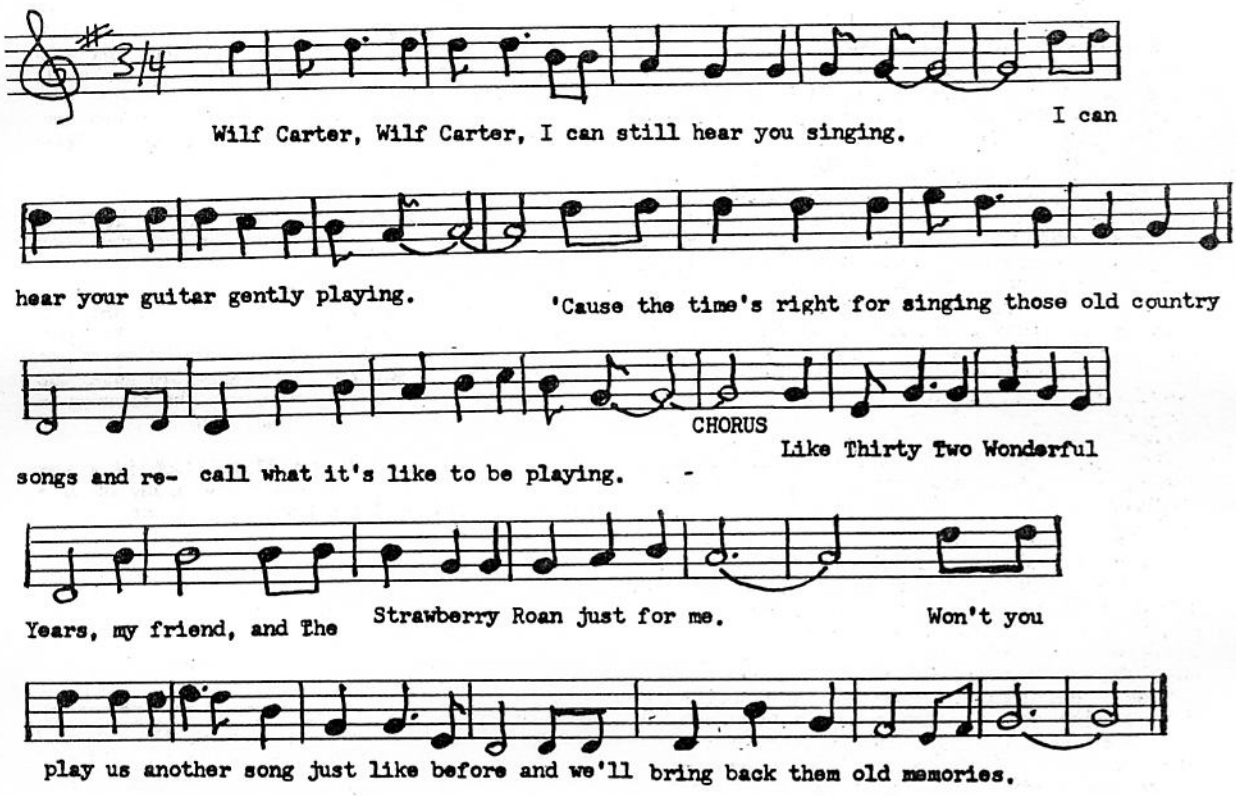
C G
Like them "Thirty-Two Wonderful Years", my friend,
A7 D7
And the "Strawberry Roan" just for me;
G C G
Won't you play us another song just like before,
D7 G
And bring back them old memories.

Wilf Carter, Wilf Carter, You came out to the West,
Singing songs about the prairie country;
'Bout old cowboy heroes, Pete Knight and the rest,
And yodelling in close harmony.

Wilf Carter, Wilf Carter Some called you "Montana Slim",
Singing wherever they'll hear;
Both sides of the border, you sang with the best,
But like all of us, your time's drawing near.

ODE TO WILF CARTER

Words and Music by Joe White,
Irving Music Canada (BMIC)



Written by Diamond Joe White and recorded by Valdy on his "Family Gathering" album (A&M SP 9013, CFMS Mail Order Service stock number SP9013), and a staple in the repertoire of Tim Rogers, former editor of this magazine, this song aptly celebrates Wilf Carter's life and influence. Happily, 15 years after the last line was written, Wilf is still going strong.

When a neighbor laid a new floor of unplaned lumber, neighbors would gather and have a dance. Our old organ was moved many times from house to house. There was always someone to chord with the music of the fiddle. Even though the floor was rough, by shaving wax, and sometimes soap placed liberally on the floor by morning, dancing feet had made the floor smooth.

--p433, ECHOES OF FORT ASSINIBOINE & DISTRICT (Fort Assiniboine, Alberta)

MOSES ASCH'S CANADIAN LEGACY

by Phil Thomas

Although Moses Asch died last fall (October 19, 1986) it remains timely, especially for us in Canada, to reflect on his great contribution in making available recordings of Canadian traditional folk music and folk song. Nearly 40 of Asch's Folkways L.P.s – a good representation of his Canadian material – are listed in the C.F.M.S. Mail Order Catalogue.

These recordings present broadly two aspects of Canadian folk music. The first group comprises ethnic music and song of the aboriginal peoples of Canada – the Inuit and the native Indian peoples from east to west – materials from French Canada, and survivals from the British Isles, including the Cape Breton Gaelic. Here are found field recordings from the internationally-prestigious collections of Laura Bolton, Marius Barbeau, Kenneth Peacock, MacEdward Leach, Gertrude Kurath, Ida Halpern, Helen Creighton, and Edith Fowke. The other lot contains performances germinal to the folk song revival in Canada, mainly by Alan Mills, to which were added discs by a few people who made songs rooted in folk traditions, such as Wade Hemsworth and Stanley G. Triggs.

Asch's Canadian recordings, totalling about 50 items at the time of his death, were but a small part of his overall accomplishment. His last record list contained over 2000 titles, representing many of the world's peoples. Thirty years ago his catalogue contained the assertion that his was "The World's Largest Collection of Authentic Folk Music on Longplay Records." This singular achievement, the more remarkable since Folkways was an independent label with no outside capital, could have been realized only by an extraordinary commitment to his vision of the value of shared experience of the folk music of the world's peoples. It is indeed fortunate that these recordings will continue to be available through a recently-made arrangement with the Smithsonian Institution.

To put Asch's work with recordings into perspective, he must be seen as an innovative and dedicated pioneer who took it as his mission to facilitate the dissemination of folk music from far and wide, from past and present, to show folk music as rich in content in its traditional forms, and as a creative force which was maintained and remade by people in their own lives. In this work he for years and years faced the job of producing and distributing the recordings without going bankrupt. His financial survival was the more remarkable considering the limited involvement by the major labels, who generally ignored the corpus of folk music because it "didn't sell", and the number of short-lived labels for which he blazed a trail.

In a few pages in SING OUT! over the years we have glimpses of the man. Ten years ago, in a long interview (vol. 26, nos. 1 & 2), Asch singled out a few people – all women – who unstintingly joined him in his work, and to whom he owed much of his success. He also spoke of how he himself grew in those early years with the recordings:

> "I became conscious of history and that folk music always gave you a sense of something that happened before that someone set down for us to remember, for they always felt that there is a moral, a universality, a truth to something that people pick up and sing and talk about and bring back from generation to generation."

A dozen years earlier (vol. 15, no. 4) he wrote with reference to contemporary singers and their repertoires:

> "It is the obligation of the singer to choose perhaps not the most representative nor the most popular song, but the one most needed by others, the one which will enable the singer to guide and teach through a singing experience the meaning of a moral, an injustice, or a happening."

And so we can see that Moses Asch in a way came to us as a teacher, and for so many of us a great moral teacher. He will not be forgotten.

Dances were held at Derry School. The school board charged $5.00 for the use of the school; organizers charged 50 cents for admission. Dad Baylor played fiddle; one of his sons played banjo, another played the organ that had been brought over from Alex Smith's place. Food for the dances consisted of . . . sandwiches, cake, and other goodies such as candy and nuts. My mother made the coffee at our house, a half a mile west of the school, in a wash boiler. They then poured it in cream cans and they came for it about 11:30 P.M., putting blankets over the five gallon cans to keep it as hot as possible. Of course they had to take down the stove in the school and put it in the corner because it got so warm with so many people in the room. After a few dances people got pretty warm and there were plenty of wilted collars, for that was when men wore those high stiff collars and nobody ever took off their coats no matter how hot they got.

–p144, WHEAT COUNTRY (Vulcan, Alberta)

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

Well, a new regular feature of the Bulletin is beginning – a section devoted to instrumental music in Canada. This section can, and hopefully will, be far-reaching, and I would welcome any and all contributions. We can present: transcriptions of tunes, hopefully with a few notes on the player they came from and the tradition they come out of; reports of traditional instrumental activity in various parts of the country, either at dances, at sessions or in listening situations; discussion and/or comparison of different traditions, different versions of tunes, or playing techniques on various instruments. I will try to provide regular news of upcoming publications, records, etc., that may be of interest, but will be very much dependant on information sent to me by members. Hopefully, the main feature will be written by a different person each month, so here is the official call. If you have come across an interesting tune or set of tunes, a story about a tune, a player of any tradition you would like to tell others about or an unusual instrument or technique, please let me know – also, any questions you may have regarding traditional instrumental music or techniques. I will appeal to people directly involved in various traditions to answer questions, provide news and other information, contribute tunes and share knowledge of publications and sources of material. I will also try to keep a running bibliography going in these pages of sources for various traditions, for which, again, I will need your help.

We are publishing transcriptions to encourage people to learn the tunes, but a few words are necessary here to clarify the situation. I am usually an outspoken opponent of learning traditional music from print. Far too much is lost on the page for it to be useful in communicating any particular style. As an example, a student of mine who had been learning Irish tunes from books found that she didn't even recognize the ones she thought she knew when she heard them played by a traditional player. Helen Creighton told a similar story in reverse about some of the songs she collected in Nova Scotia: one of her informants attended a concert by a trained singer, who had learned the songs from Ms. Creighton's transcriptions. He similarly did not recognize his own songs under the treatment given them by the performer.

There is, of course, nothing wrong with adapting a tune from one style to another: such is the kind of open exchange that keeps traditions healthy and alive. As a musician, however, you should realize that, without hearing the tune, there is virtually no chance that your version, learned from print, will have the same character or feel that the original does unless you have direct contact with the particular tradition it comes from and have already developed the style. You should be aware of what your own style is and recognize that you will interpret the notes on the page according to your already set approach, whether it be a particular folk style or one set by classical training (which is not particularly close to any traditional style in North America).

Because many musicians may want to learn more about the original style of the tune, I will try to limit the transcriptions to those tunes that are available on records or tapes. If there is no commercial recording available, I would like to include the address of the contributor so that anybody who's interested could send her/him a blank tape and have the tunes copied onto it. I would also ask that you send me a copy of the tape for comment and comparison with other traditions. We could start quite a network of tape exchange this way.

There are many possibilities, limited only by the imaginations of those thousands of people I know are out there (well, hundreds anyway) who have an abiding love for playing and hearing traditional music. The BULLETIN, as I understand it, is meant to be an informal forum of exchange between enthusiasts of Canadian folk music, as opposed to the JOURNAL, which is still the place for longer works reflecting more comprehensive research. These approaches can conflict at times, and in no way should the BULLETIN merely be an excuse for inaccurate transcriptions or messy thinking. But it should encourage the casual exchange of information, tidbits and small gems that ultimately contribute much to the general understanding of our traditions, as well as encouraging a sense of community amongst all those who care about the music.

So, don't feel you have to be a scholar to contribute. If you have a tune on tape you want to share, even if you are doubtful of your transcribing abilities, do the best you can and send it to me with

the tape so I can check it. Many of the best traditional musicians in Canada cannot read or write music. I want to encourage all those who are interested to become involved in this column in some way or another no matter what their musical abilities. Perhaps you can tell some stories about players you know, or write a letter about your concerns and interests. You could also ask a friend to transcribe a couple of tunes for you if you know people with this ability. But please do get involved. There is no set format, and I will gauge the tone and pace of the column largely by the response I receive from its readers.

The Three Sisters

To get the ball rolling, I present the following three C+ reels from the playing of Grandy Fagnan, a Métis fiddler from Camperville, Manitoba, who passed away in January 1986 at the age of 84. I met him the summer before, in June 1985, at which time we played for several hours. I taped the whole session, during which he played about 100 tunes: some were versions of old Scottish tunes, but most I had never heard before. It often took me a while to recognize even the ones I knew, as anyone familiar with the Scottish or American versions of these three tunes will understand by playing through these transcriptions.

By spending a lot of time in the area since then, I discovered that Mr. Fagnan's style and repertoire are somewhat typical of Native and Métis players in the communities along the west shore of Lake Manitoba. It is a complex style in which the phrases are all different lengths and there is a certain amount of variation each time through the tune. Thus, it accommodates itself even less than other fiddle styles to barlines and notation. I opted for indicating half-bars as an aid to reading only, trying to match them more or less to what I felt the phrase structure to be. The phrase structure I did perceive (a somewhat subjective process at best) I marked with commas above the staff.

These three reels were played as a set by Mr. Fagnan, who called them "Three Sisters". He said at one point, "I don't know whose sisters they were, but that's what they call them." In many Native traditions (especially Iroquois) "three sisters" is also a term loosely applied to corn, beans and squash, considered the three sustaining foods of life, although I never heard that reference made in connection with the tunes. Other groups of tunes were called "brothers", so it is likely just a way of indicating that there is a close connection in the players minds between these tunes. The tunes are well-known by most Native and Métis fiddlers in the area, not always played as a set, or, if they are, not always in the same order. They are also not always known by this name. Andy de Jarlis called the second one the "Trading Post Reel", while others call the third one "Roulette's Reel" after a local player from whom many of them learned the tune. Most players have no names for these tunes at all.

All three tunes seem to have Scottish roots. They may have come to Manitoba as a set from fur traders or Scottish settlers, or they may have been learned separately and combined by someone in Manitoba. Versions of the second tune are best-known in the U.S. as "Billy in the Lowground", while the third is a version of the well-known Scottish pipe tune "Caber Feigh". The first one I couldn't place at first, but later realized it was a version of the American "Wagoner" (or "Tennessee Wagoner"). However, Sam Bayard says, in Dance to the Fiddle, March to the Fife (Pennsylvania State University Press, 1982) that "Billy in the Lowground" (our No. 2) can be traced back to a 3/4 song tune from the early 1700s called "O Dear Mother (Minnie), What Shall I Do?", which subsequently gave rise to both the jig "Blue Bonnets Over the Border" and the Scottish reel known most commonly as "Blue Bonnets Over the Border" and the Scottish reel known most commonly as "The Braes of Auchtertyre" (also called "The Belles of Tipperary" or "The Beaux of Albany"). This Scottish reel was then "americanized" as "Billy in the Lowground". To make matters worse, however, Bayard considers the first tune, "Wagoner", to be a hybrid, the first part made out of "Billy in the Lowground" and the second descended from a Scottish song called "The Gaberlunzie Man". However, since the two tunes are quite distinct in this tradition and probably both came from Scottish (or possibly French-Canadian) players, I suspect that "Wagoner" may have an antecedent in Scotland that we haven't found yet. Whew! Now, on to the tunes.

Recorded Source: Although these transcriptions were made from a home tape, other versions of these three tunes played by Mr. Fagnan will be on the

forthcoming record set called Old Native and Métis Fiddling in Manitoba, Volume II: Camperville and Pine Creek (available from the CFMS Mail Order Catalogue or Festival Records when they are released – probably June 1987). The versions on the records were recorded on a different occasion and are slightly different than those transcribed above. However, used in conjunction with these transcriptions they would give an even better idea of the kind of variations players in this tradition make from one time through the tune to the next.

Bowing: The bowing in this style also changes each time through the tune. What I have indicated is what I think Mr. Fagnan's bowing to be on the version I transcribed. I can't accurately tell which are upbows and which down, and it is quite common for a player to play more than one note in the same direction even though there is a slight break in the sound. So try the bowing in different ways until you find something that's comfortable. In the original style, a combination of separate bows and short slurs is the norm.

Form: Again, the form I have given after each transcription is merely what Mr. Fagnan did on that occasion. I have indicated the lengths of the phrases as I perceive them, more for general interest than anything else, although anyone chording along to the tunes will find it extremely helpful to know how many beats are in each phrase, or at least in each section as a whole.

Ornaments and other Markings:

- These are simple triplets using the note above, executed at high speed and beginning on the beat. For example, near the end of the first line of the first tune, the grace notes are played more or less as:

- These are quick grace notes played before the beat.

- Small notes are chord notes, usually open strings played with the melody. Again, they tend to vary considerably from one time through the tune to the next.

- Notes in brackets are played on some repeats of the tune and not others.

Other variations are noted underneath the tune. Sometimes they are simple changes of melody notes. Other times, however, a short "motif" is played an extra time or one less time on repeats of the tune, as in Nos. 1 and 3. This is quite common in this tradition and makes the phrasing even more asymmetric.

So, good luck with the tunes. Again, comments, questions, contributions, ideas, etc., are welcomed. Please send all correspondence to:

Anne Lederman
783A Queen Street West
Toronto, Ontario
M6J 1G1

or phone: (416) 861 - 0814

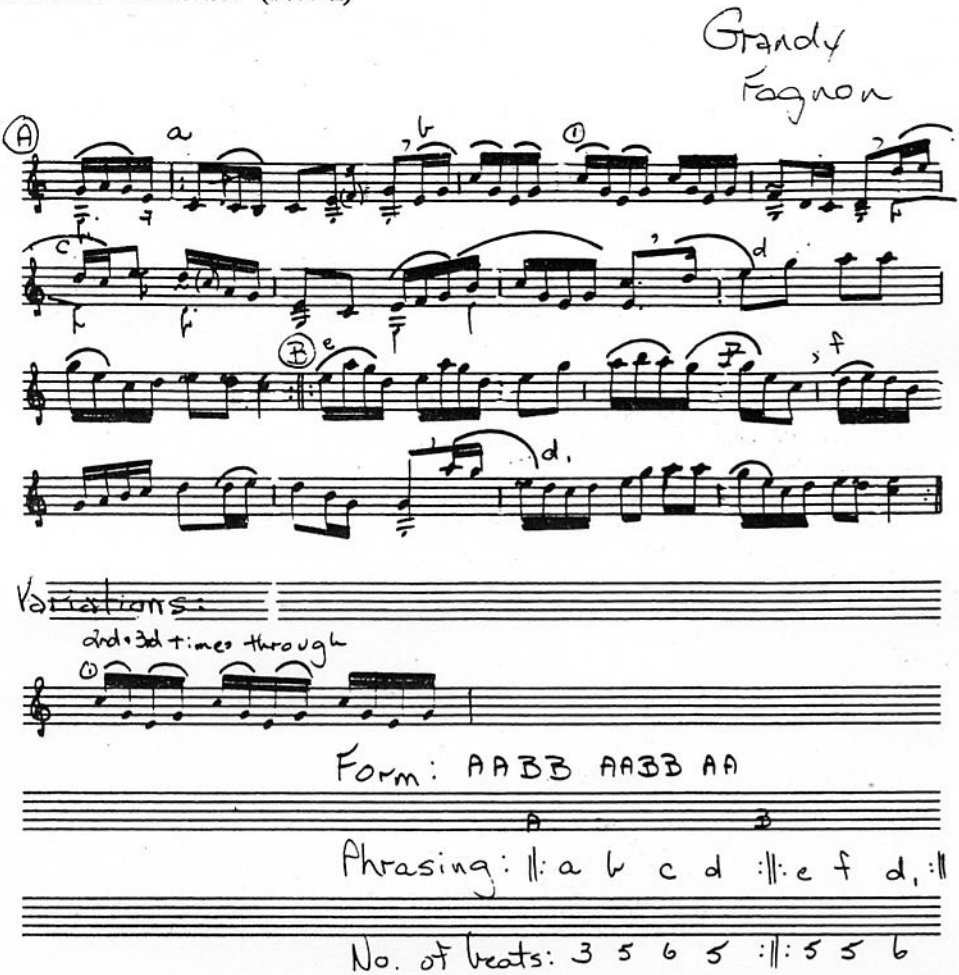
Till next time . . .

Anne Lederman

We were in our twenties but we still asked Dad if we could go to a dance or party. Of course we would get home in the wee hours of the morning and would maybe get the dickens the next morning. I used to think, boy for the day when I would be on my own and could come and go as I wished. But it wasn't half the fun when there was no one there to give you the dickens!

--p455, FREEWAY WEST (Falun, Alberta)

THREE SISTERS (No. 1)



THREE SISTERS (No. 2)

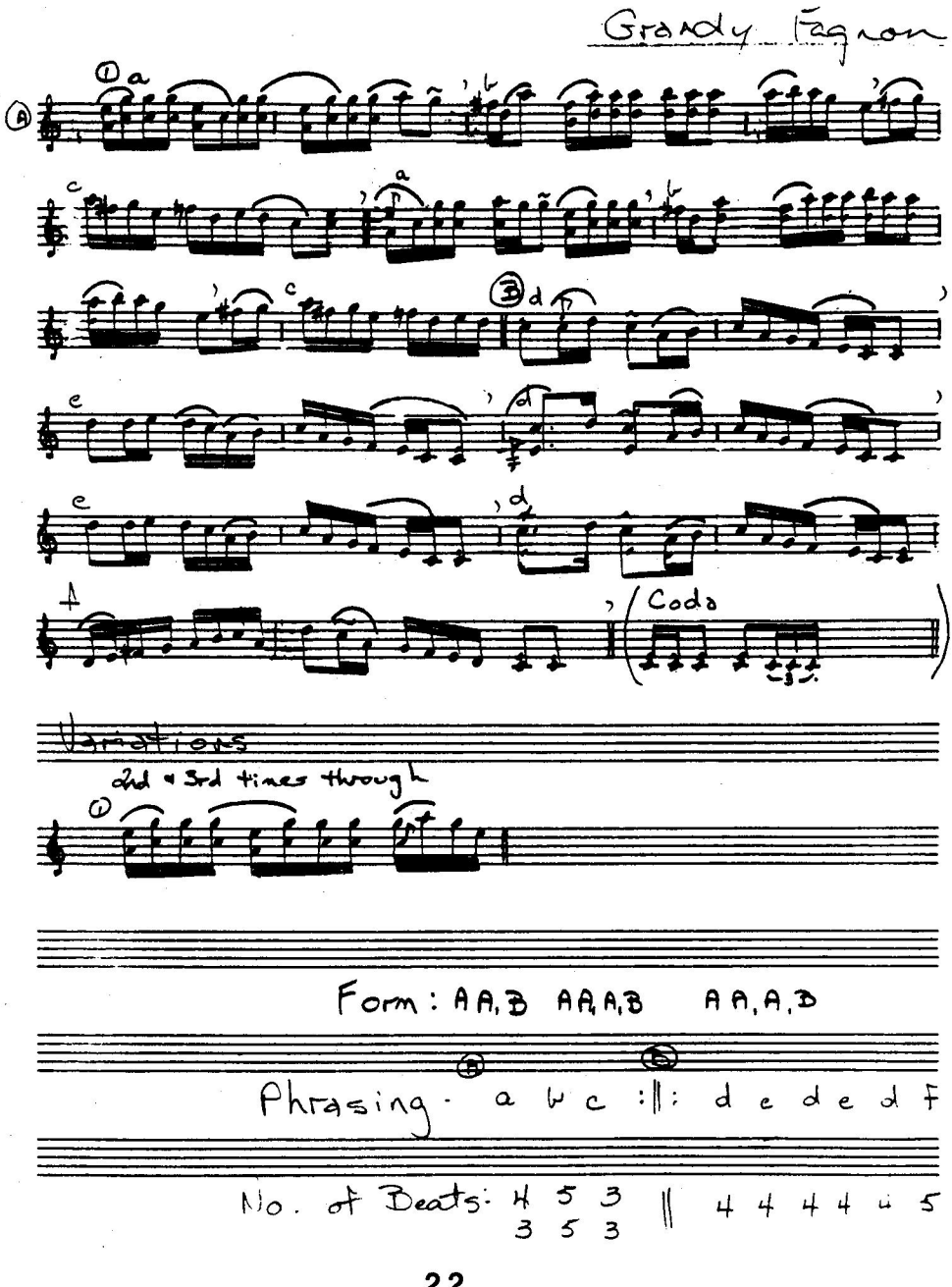
Variations

Form - ||:A A B B:|| A

Phrasing - ||: a b a c :||: d e f c :||

No. of beats. 4 3 4 5 || 5 3 2 5
3 3 4 5

THREE SISTERS (No. 3)
(Caber Feigh)



"I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR THE UNI"

FACULTY PROTEST SONGS FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

by

David C. Carpenter and
William A.S. Sarjeant

Usually we associate union protest songs with the industrial sectors – mines, factories, mills. Of such songs there is a rich tradition dating back to the late 18th century; and, after being suppressed for many years by authority on both sides of the Atlantic, these songs are now being widely published and sung.

Student protest songs, on national and international issues, have been a feature of protest action in the English-speaking world, Latin America and even Asia during the last few decades, and will be equally familiar to most readers.

However, protest songs by faculty are surely rare. Indeed, we wonder whether the songs reported here haven't initiated a new genre!

In the Province of Saskatchewan, it is permissible for faculty associations to register as trade unions, under s. 5(*a*) to (*c*) of the Trade Unions Act (1972). The Faculty Association of the University of Saskatchewan so registered in 1977, following its severance from the Canadian Association of University Teachers. A collective agreement was hammered out during prolonged, and often acrimonious, discussions with the University administration; it is subject to annual rescrutiny, but has not undergone much change. This agreement governs bargaining procedures, gives the Faculty Association its rights and limits the topics that can be negotiated.

In a climate of worsening relations between the administration and faculty, negotiations concerning salary and other matters came to an impasse during 1986. Though the specific issue in dispute was salary, underlying causes were academic freedom, an overlarge enrollment, necessitating classes of disproportionate size, and a mounting distrust by faculty of administrative priorities.

A hastily-arranged march with posters outside the administration building on campus, where the Board of Governors were holding a December meeting, was the first signification of faculty unrest. The first formal action in a planned campaign by the Faculty Association took place on Tuesday, January 6th 1987, when an all-day study session – effectively a one-day strike – was staged at the Centennial Auditorium in Saskatoon. Over 400 members were present, and another 100, prevented from participation by clinical or research commitments, sent letters of support.

For this occasion, David Carpenter was asked by Bob Carlson, the Session Co-ordinator, to compose some songs of protest and assemble a group to perform them after the study session. David chose tunes for three of these from the Folkways record "Talking Union" (Library of Congress R59-139) and wrote new words. Bill Sarjeant contributed another song. The group's other members were a student, Sara Williams, and a union activist and former student, Terry Pugh. All four sang; David played banjo, Terry guitar and Bill harmonica.

The performance began with Terry's singing of the old union song "The Preacher and the Slave". After that, Sara sang the conventional version of "The Union Maid", but then added two verses of her own:

You women who want to be free
Join with the faculty;
Cast off that mould that we've been sold
Our academic freedom's on hold.
Two hundred students are fine
But in one room at one time,
Tainted tuna is grim, but sardines in a tin
Is wearing our patience thin.

And here at the U. of S.
Things really are a mess;
It would you behoove
To try and move
From class to class with all that mass.
We cannot concentrate
When numbers are so great.
Increase the staff! This is no laugh
We're in a sorry state.

The third song was sung to the tune of "I've Been Working on the Railroad", but with words that were entirely new. David titled his song "I've Been Working for the Uni":

I've been working for the Uni
All the live-long day;
I've been working for the Uni
In spite of lousy pay.
When has higher education
Fallen down so low?
When will our administration
Learn how to spend their dough?

CHOR. When ya gonna start, when ya gonna start,
When ya gonna start to bar-ar-gain?
When ya gonna start, when ya gonna start,
We'd really like to know.
When ya gonna start to bargain?
When ya gonna start the show?
When ya gonna come to the table?
The students want to know.

I've been working for the Uni-
Versity of Sask-
Atchewan where the admini-
Stration wears a mask:
"Well, we'd really like to help you.
Ignorance is our foe.
But because of priorities
We salute the status quo.
Ho!"

CHOR.

I've been working for the Uni
All the live-long day.
I've been working for the Uni
In spite of lousy pay.
We are waiting for a contract,
Waiting oh! so long!
When ya comin' to the table
To sing a different song?

CHOR.

Fourth came a drastically-altered version of the familiar "Casey Jones", again written by David and now wryly titled "Casey Jones, B.A., 198-?". Sara sang it:

CHOR. Casey Jones wants an education,
Casey Jones wants to learn someday,
Casey Jones needs a question answered,
Whether this university is still okay.

He hears that every settlement is always delayed.
Our faculty is overworked and underpaid,
He hears of underfunding now in every way;
He thinks he might not graduate till Judgment Day.

The quality of teaching at the U. of S.
Is suffering a little bit, I must confess.
The marking load is driving us out of our wits,
The office space is lousy and the pay's the pits.

CHOR.

The faculty is waiting for a better deal.
Administration's turning like a rusty wheel.
The faculty is waiting to go back to class,
But first, administration must get off its ass!

CHOR.

The fifth was based on a Fats Waller organ version of a song from the Depression years, "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum". This was written and sung by Bill, its new title "Hallelujah, I'm a Prof":

Why don't you research
Like other Profs do?
How can I when I've so much
Grading to do?

CHOR. Hallelujah, I'm a Prof
Hallelujah, teach again;
Hallelujah, grab some papers
And mark them again.

Oh, I love my students
And my students love me
But the Admin's watching
For immorality.

CHOR.

Well, they say costs must be cut
There's no money for more pay
Yet the tide of Xeroxed paper
Keeps rising day by day.

CHOR.

And when a Prof retires
If they'll replace, no-one knows
But our dear Administration
Just grows and grows and grows.

CHOR.

They create lots of committees
To fill our hours each day
Yet in policy decisions
We never have our say.

CHOR.

Oh, January's come
Second semester's begun
And all these confront-
Ations are such fun!

CHOR.

As a final rouser, we used a modified version of the classic "We Shall Not be Moved", most verses being new and by David, though the irreverent last verse was added by Bill. The audience really joined in on this one:

CHOR. We shall not, we shall not, we shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

We're for academic freedom, we shall not be moved,
We're for academic freedom, we shall not be moved,
Just like a tree that's standing by the water,
We shall not be moved

CHOR.

We're not for budget surplus . . . . .
We're not for budget surplus . . . . .

CHOR.

Let's create some new positions . . . . .
Let's create some new positions . . . . .

CHOR.

We're tired of crowded classrooms . . . . .
We're tired of crowded classrooms . . . . .

CHOR.

Profs and students stand together . . . . .
Profs and students stand together . . . . .

CHOR.

Oh, the times they are a-changing . . . . .
And we are changing with them . . . . .

CHOR.

We will stand and fight together . . . . .
We will stand and fight together . . . . .

CHOR.

We've taken kaopectate . . . . .
We've taken kaopectate . . . . .

CHOR.

The strength and vehemence of the protest startled university administration and provincial government alike. Within days a negotiator, G.L. Gerrard, Q.C., had been appointed, whose decision on the salary issue – the specific point of dissent – was to be binding on both sides of the dispute. His judgment, presented on March 18th, endorsed the Faculty Association's position and thus provided the salary increase that had been desired. A less evident, but perhaps more lastingly important, consequence was a welcome reduction of tension between administration and faculty. The protest was thus a complete success.

Then the floor would be swept and a couple of gents would get out their knives and start whittling some candles to put wax on the floor – sometimes we used corn meal.

--p337, ECHOES OF FORT ASSINIBOINE & DISTRICT (Ft. Assiniboine, Alberta)

IDA HALPERN – AN EXCELLENT ALBUM TO COMPLETE A CAREER

by Phil Thomas

On p. 43 of the C.F.M.S. Mail Order Catalogue are listed three two-record albums of songs by native Indian people from B.C.'s coastal islands. The songs were recorded by Ida Halpern, a well-known ethnomusicologist, who not only saved many songs from oblivion but inspired the native singers themselves to use the tape recorder to preserve their repertoires. In the fall of 1986 her fourth album of West Coast Indian music was released on Folkways ["Haida: Indian Music of the Pacific Northwest"] (which, incidentally, is said to be the last album produced by Moses Asch before his death). Sadly, Ida Halpern, after a prolonged illness, died this past February. For over half of her 76 years she had concerned herself with the preservation and understanding of the music of the indigenous peoples of the West Coast.

Dr. Halpern received her Ph.D. degree in her native Vienna in 1938, a year before emigrating to Vancouver. Here she participated widely in the musical life, from chamber music and symphony societies to talent auditions and the Academy of Music. Her most remarkable contribution in music, however, was as a musicologist. She gained the confidence and respect of such elderly singers as Mungo Martin and Chief Billy Assu, from whom she recorded many hours of songs. She documented the social contexts of the music, and then produced musicological analysis of the collected material, work which has received global recognition.

Her first three albums concentrated on songs from the Kwakiutl and Nootka language groups. This fourth album, also with two 12-inch L.P.s, contains songs from the Haida language people, who are native to the Queen Charlotte Islands and neighboring Alaskan territory. The songs are mainly by two elderly Haida women and are accompanied by dialogues between the singers and the collector. A further number of Haida songs are recorded from Mungo Martin, a Kwakiutl whose repertoire reached beyond his mother tongue and is prominent on the earlier albums. With the new album is a 14-page booklet containing background material, detailed analysis with musical transcriptions and graphs, and verbatim transcriptions of the dialogues with the two women. In all, this album is a fine culmination to a remarkable career. On the British Columbia coast Ida Halpern has been popularly acknowledged "the champion of native music". These four albums, for which the world owes her a debt of gratitude, will stand as a monument to her spirit and her life in music.

IN BROOKLYN CITY

trad.

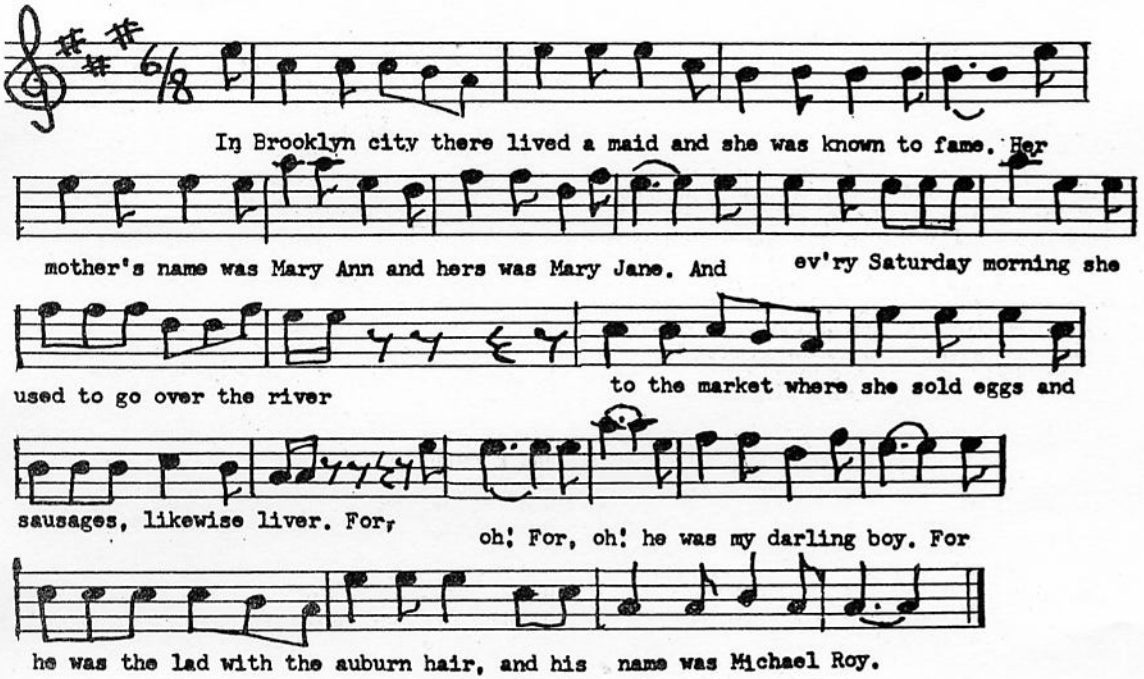
I have this slightly silly but cheerful song from my mother, who had it from her mother; farther back I can't go. My grandmother's family (whose name was Scriver) were of New York Dutch extraction, but it's unlikely that the song came to Canada with them, as the family (being Loyalists) arrived about 1781, and the song seems considerably more recent.

SING OUT! magazine, in an article by June Lazare entitled "Folk Songs of New York City" (vol. 17, no. 2, April/May 1967, p. 23) printed a version under the title "Michael Roy". Lazare tells us that this is a composite of two songs, "The Charcoal Man" and "My Boy With the Auburn Hair" ("...and his name was MacIlroy"), and was first printed in a songster in 1856. An 1888 version (in a leaflet of songs to be sung at a Harvard Club dinner) adds a final verse which does not appear in my version:

Now ladies all take warning by the fate of Mary Jane
And never get into a charcoal cart unless you step out again
The latest news from over the plain comes straight from Salt Lake City
McClosky he has forty-five wives and is truly an object of pity.

My mother's opinion is that "policy" in verses 2 and 3 is a humorous mispronunciation of "police"; however, further reading convinces me that it in fact refers to the august institution now known as "the numbers racket". If so, a reference to the history of "policy", as well as the growth of Salt Lake City and attitudes towards it in the public consciousness of New York City at various eras, may provide further indications of the age of the song. Anyone on for a spot of research?

John Leeder



IN BROOKLYN CITY

In Brooklyn City there lived a maid and she was known to fame,
Her mother's name was Mary Ann, and hers was Mary Jane,
And every Saturday morning she used to go over the river,
To the market where she sold eggs, and sausages, likewise liver.

Chorus: For oh! for oh! he was my darlin' boy,
For he was the lad with the auburn hair
and his name was Michael Roy.

She fell in love with a charcoal man, McClosky was his name,
His fighting weight was seven stone ten, and he loved sweet Mary Jane;
He took her out in his charcoal cart one fine Saint Pat-er-ick's day,
The donkey took fright at a policy man and started to run away.

McClosky hollered with all his might, but the donkey would not stop,
So he threw Mary Jane right over his head right into a policy shop,
And when he saw this terrible sight, his heart was filled with pity,
So he stabbed the donkey with a piece of charcoal and started for Salt Lake City.

The old fashioned dances are danced in [Fort Vermilion]. Until three years ago the only dance known was the square dance. Then a new teacher at the Fort taught them to waltz and fox-trot, but the square dance is the favorite and danced about three times to one of the others.

--p159-161, Rose, Hilda. THE STUMP FARM, A CHRONICLE OF PIONEERING. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co., 1928.

MIKE O'REILLY AT THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN FOLK CLUB

by Barry Luft

One of the featured performers at the Rocky Mountain Folk Club on April 10, 1987, was Mike O'Reilly. With a fairly powerful voice, and playing various instruments (guitar, banjo, and mandolin), he presented two sets of music ranging from bluegrass and country-folk to '50s pop songs. The man can pick and he can sing.

Mike began with a medley of gospel-type songs, including "Will the Circle Be Unbroken", "You Go To Your Church", and "I'll Fly Away". He invited the audience to sing with him, and that of course was all the encouragement needed. Those in attendance joined right in and O'Reilly was launched with smooth sailing right up to the end of the night.

O'Reilly's expertise on the instruments was evident. He played fast and clean on instrumentals, but could manoeuvre slowly and tastefully when accompanying his vocals.

Most of his songs leaned toward a bluegrass or country sound and style, but with lots of variation, and it should be noted that Mike was performing solo, and not in a group context, where he is also well known. Exceptions to this country or bluegrass flavour were in his imitations of '50s pop groups such as the Inkspots, the Platters, or others. Throughout the course of each of these songs, O'Reilly would take on the various parts, from bass to high tenor or falsetto, which became a great display of his own vocal range and power.

His humour was also in evidence throughout the night and, although quite delightful for the most part, it and the '50s renditions might have gone over better with the audience had there been a little less of each. More of the serious traditional themes which he began to develop in "Tom Dooley" would have probably been welcomed. Mike also presented some unaccompanied material as well as a few original songs, each being well received by the club audience.

Mike O'Reilly can play in a solo context with lots of power and solidity. His versatility both vocally and instrumentally makes him a leading folk artist in Canada.

TWO CASSETTES FROM REGIONAL SINGER-SONGWRITERS

by Judy Dyki

> In the back of the hall, there were two rooms, one used for the sleeping place for tiny ones, the other, as I recall mostly, when the men, not dancing much, played their poker games.
>
> --p298, ECHOES OF FORT ASSINIBOINE & DISTRICT (Ft. Assiniboine, Alberta)

Beginning writers are often told to write about what they know; that applies to beginning songwriters as well, and it is advice well taken by the following two performers whose songs reflect the interests and lifeblood of their respective regions.

Jim MacMillan. Northern Waters. Jim MacMillan, P.O. Box 274, Perkinsfield, Ontario, L0L 2J0.

Having grown up in a shipping family on Georgian Bay, MacMillan's tendencies in songwriting lean naturally toward the nautical. Beginning with the title song, which leads off the tape, many of MacMillan's compositions make reference to the sea and shipping, either as direct narratives or in a metaphorical fashion, and these tend to be his strongest efforts.

"Northern Waters" is written from the perspective of someone who is well versed in all the moods of the changing waters. A bit of history is embodied in "H.M. Schooner Bee"; with its catchy chorus, the song chronicles the course of a ship in service in various capacities from 1817-1831. MacMillan performs an effective a cappella version of "No Order, No Call", recounting the shipwreck of the schooner "Scourge" (marred, unfortunately, by a bad microphone placement which causes distortion of his vocals). One of the most successful songs on the tape, surprisingly, takes on an entirely different theme – "Little Left to Belong" is a poignant look into the thoughts of an 84-year-old woman as she contemplates her life, laments the passing of friends, and pleads not to be left alone. The simple yet interesting guitar accompaniments (along with Mike Milner on bass) provide good settings for MacMillan's pleasant vocals.

When MacMillan leaves familiar territory in his songwriting, however, he begins to run into trouble. Song themes border on the artificial, and lyrics tend to become contrived and awkward. "Orion-O", the story of a colt and young girl growing up together, is an inspired idea but is impaired by phrases which appear to have no other purpose than to complete a rhyme scheme. Relating the slaughter of the caribou to the nuclear arms race in "Moving Forever Moving" rather stretches the point and is difficult to swallow. Other songs such as "The Finest year", "Anyone Like You", and "If Only", while pleasing in sound, are a bit saccharine. MacMillan seems to be back on firm ground again with "Child's Lullaby", a beautifully-crafted song of love and hope.

MacMillan certainly has his strong moments as a songwriter but needs to further develop an identity and direction by focussing on his own background and experiences, themes which have already proven their worth with him.

Katie Kidwell. Katie, The Cariboo Song Rider. Katie Kidwell, R.R. 1, Lone Butte, B.C., VOK 1X0.

Hailing from British Columbia and serving as unofficial spokesperson and cheerleader for the Cariboo region, Katie Kidwell's cassette of 12 peppy songs presents a first-hand portrait of the people and places that she loves. Most of Katie's songs have an affinity to country music, and her sweet voice is backed by a band which includes piano, guitar, bass, drums, and yes, even saxophone (unfortunately, neither the cassette nor the lyric sheet identifies the musicians). Two of the songs were penned by Jean Ann Robitaille, whose relation to Katie also remains a mystery.

"The Great Cariboo Ride", which Katie designates as her theme song, begins the tape and describes the annual nine-day trail ride and all of the delights of the region. "Go for the Gold", "The Cariboo is My Home", and "The Cariboo's Calling" are all related in their unabashed praise of the area. Sketches of individual towns, sprinkled with mention of local townsfolk and historic events, are seen in "The Lone Butte Song" and "Dear Old Barkerville", and a vivid reminder of British Columbia's main industry is captured in "On the Road – Look Out – Logging Truck". "Oletimer's Song", in waltz time, is a loving tribute to the local pioneers, written for the Lion's Club. Two rather eccentric songs add a bizarre touch to the tape: "The Ole John Deere", a reputedly true story of a tractor being shot during deer hunting season, and "Pink Canoe", which sort of defies description!

While none of the songs contain great poetry and profound themes or are able to transcend regional interest, the music is upbeat, the arrangements work well, and Katie does an excellent job of imparting the joy and pride she feels of living in the Cariboo.