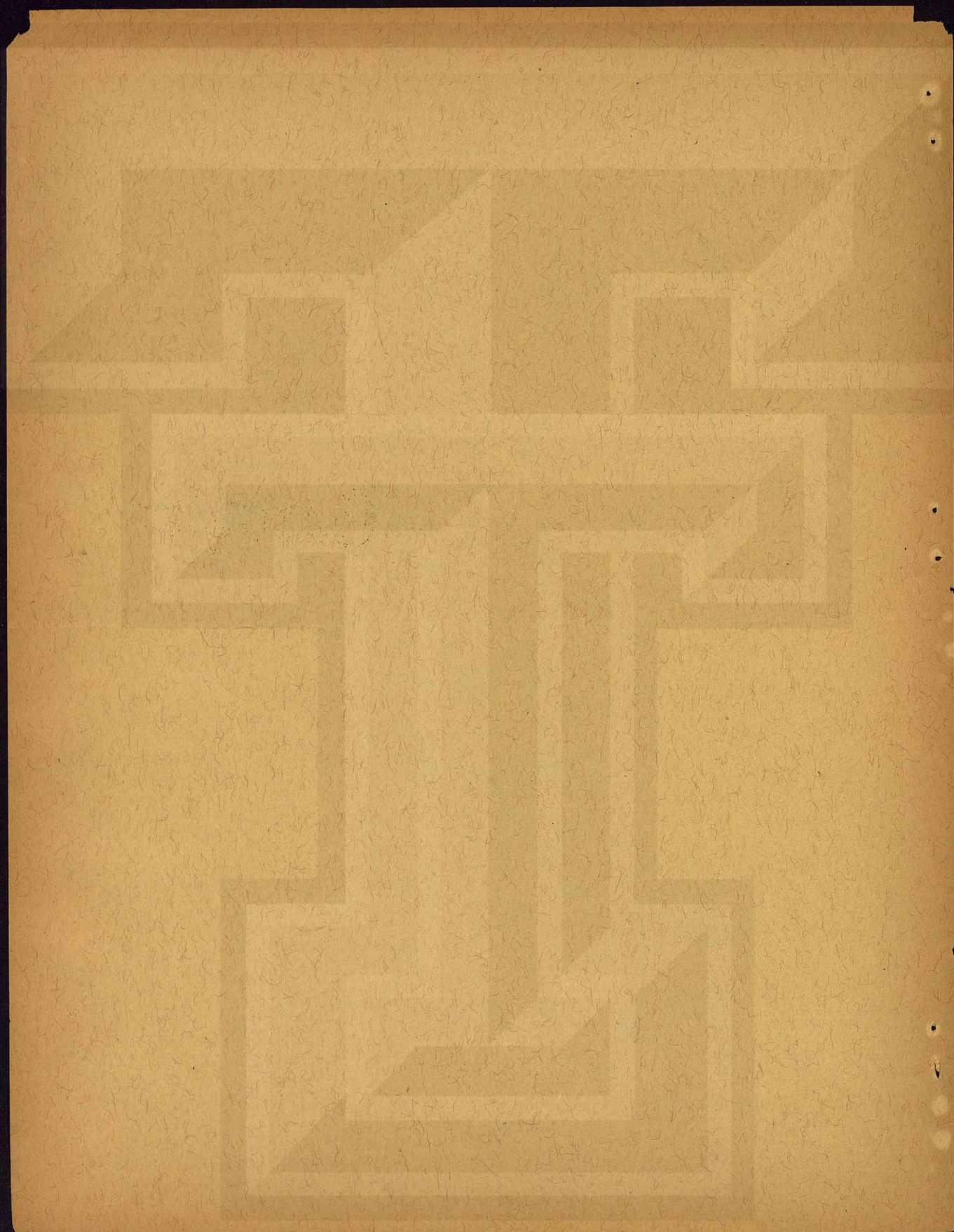


Gardylon







# gardylloo

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The Magazine of Quiet Scholarly Discussion

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Our cover this issue commemorates Dick Ellington's Decision to move to California.



Dave Beadle

## FIRE, FLOOD and EARLY MORNING HOORICANES

Camera Three's Sept, 13th essay into folksong\* was 25 minutes of sheer disaster -- but good. Its relaxed and informal presentation made it very much Folksong Festival with pictures and no records: Oscar was Oscar; Jean was Jean; Dave was Pete.

The show's gimmick -- a CBS newsmen introducing the songs via "news items" -- was effective enough; it might have been moreso had the items been verbatim quotes from contemporary newspapers (my training as a historian convinces me they were not; I may be wrong.) The subjects ran the gamut from the Chicago fire (Jim Fisk - Oscar) to the Dust Bowl (So Long - the assembled company), with a goodly supply of floods, assorted windstorms, and other lethal acts of God -- a grim repertoire that caused this reviewer to be exiled with the TV set to the living room ("Can't they sing about something besides people being killed?")

High point of the program was Jean's and Ellen's unaccompanied duet -- simply and beautifully sung -- on the Santa Barbara earthquake. Jean's Payday at Coal Creek ran a close second; staged with utter simplicity (only a rocking chair as a set), the song was presented as the moving and poignant human document it is -- something missed by every other singer I have ever heard.

The Ramblers' contributions were utterly authentic - a disadvantage in this case, since the quality of the material was far from the best, and did not show the group's talents in especially good light.

All in all, and despite the enumerated faults, a top-flight program, in Camera Three's accustomed simple and sincere manner. More of the same, please.

--DWB

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\*Camera Three, "Ballads are News", Sun. Sept 13, 11:30-11:55 EDT, CBS. Oscar Brand, Jean Ritchie, Dave Sear, Ellen Stekert, The New Lost City Ramblers. Oscar Brand, musical director; James McAndrew, host; Harry Reasoner, newscaster.



## ART AND THE FIVE-STRING BANJO

For some time now, the urban folk scene has been decorated by a number of unsightly growths -- prominent among which have been the Ethniks (see G'oo #5), the Leading Authorities (of which I shall probably feel compelled to write at some future date) and, (and this, children, shall be my sermon for today), the Art Types. This species of excrement is a fairly recent arrival, but for the past five or so years has compensated for its tardy appearance by assiduously striving to convince the innocent that it alone has divined the True Word.

The term Art Type, as used here, is derived from the world of lithography. Its original definition is kept unchanged, due to its unusual aptness. Thus:

Art Type - a thin, transparent film with ornaments, patterns or designs, which may be caused to adhere to almost any surface.

In the present case, the surface happens to be folk music.

The Art Types, in their approach to folk music, are diametrically opposed to the lost souls who have "gone commercial", and also to the Ethniks (who are also diametrically opposed to everyone else. This type of geometric insanity could only happen in an N-dimensional continuum like folk music). They (the Art Types) simultaneously reject the idea of slavishly imitating the sounds of 1920 Hillbilly records, and the idea of making folk music palatable to the debased masses. Their approach is simple:

1. Folk music is good
2. I am wonderful
3. I am an artist
4. I will make wonderful art out of folk music.

So far, so good. This approach has doubtless produced worthwhile results from such improvers on folk themes as L. Beethoven, J. Bach, B. Bartok, et al.

Then what differentiates the artist from the Art Type? The answer lies in two places: Their (the A T's) self-chosen position



## Need (2)

on the musical map, and the musical pallette they utilize to exercise their creativity. I shall consider these points in order.

The Art Type has been clinging to the ragged edges of the Folk Scene ever since the inception of the breed. While they deny being "authentic", they steadfastly refuse to expose their creativity to any listeners more musically sophisticated than the folk audience (a notoriously uncritical lot). They seem to wish to be serious artists to the damp-eared folkniks and to be folksingers in the eyes of the lovers of serious music. The net result of this type of fence-straddling seems to be a meteoric rise to obscurity. So be it.

As far as choice of instruments is concerned, the Art Types give themselves away every time. Their almost-universal pick is the five-string banjo, an instrument somewhat better suited to serious composition than the conga drum and somewhat worse than the ukelele. The banjo (5-stringed, of course) is a fine, old (about 125 years) instrument which has shown itself to have many virtues (including an exciting, somewhat crude sound, a strong percussive rhythm and an undeniable quality of being simple to play) and a few vices (such as almost no dynamic range, no harmonic range, no tonal range, an exasperating disinclination to permit modulations and a total inability to sustain a tone). As a result, attempts at serious composition arrive at one of two results: either overdecorated tinkling noises faintly reminiscent of a gelded harpsichord or else a glorious sort of hash composed of bits of technique loosely lifted from ill-assorted bits of the music of real "folk".

These two approaches, oddly enough, reach the listener as quite similar effects: a theme and variation wherein the theme is vaguely discernable the first time through, and gets progressively lost as the output of quasi-related notes is increased. Eventually, the sheer density of note production is sufficient to guarantee, statistically, that the melody is there, but by this time any inclination to listen is gone.

Are folk music and art incompatible, then? The answer to this should be obvious to anyone who has lifted his esthetic viewpoint past Washington Square. Composers have drawn, and are drawing, and will continue to borrow from a rich folk heritage. The folk themselves, have produced minor masterpieces within their own various traditions. But - and I repeat: But - one cannot study to be a folk. The Art Type, with his abysmal ignorance of either a folk tradition or musical worth is neither a creative artist nor a continuation of an existing musical culture. He draws on folk material in precisely the same manner that a small boy draws on a bathroom wall.

A mature art form may yet evolve from the rich stores of folk music available to us. It will not come from a small crew of musical megalomaniacs composing folk suites or lute songs for the five-stringed banjo.

--L.F. Need  
Oct 1959



# A DILLER, A DOLLAR, A JUVENILE SCHOLAR

or

TRIPLEWRITERS AT ARMS' LENGTH, MR. LAUFFER!

-----  
A Diatribe

in

THREE ACTS

and

INNUMERABLE TABLEAUX

-----

by

D. WINSTON BEADLE, Esq.

Who Knows an Old Oliver

From an Olivetti

(And a Hawk from a Handsaw)

## PROLOGUE

Fully appreciating that nothing starts a lecture off on a worse footing than "Now, I am quite a bit older than you, and...", I must nonetheless adopt somewhat of that approach to this subject. Having been introduced to folk music when such was still being recorded on virgin fudge (see my "Moe Asch: an Appreciation" in the Journal of Discographical Detritus, Fall, 1951), I feel impelled (and somewhat qualified) to refute certain dubious observations recently (G'oo #5) made by the other party in the following dialogue.

I am limiting myself to opinions in these explanatory notes; facts (should any obtain) will be labelled as such.

## ACT I

### Scene 1

Mr Lauffer: Beyond the early hillbilly field there has been little or no tradition of purely instrumental music in the folk field.

Mr Beadle: Sir, you display an unseemly degree of chauvinism in your unwarranted assumption that the folk field ends at the three-mile limit. Even were this presumptuous assumption to be granted (as I have no intention of doing), such a statement is absurd on the face of it. I call to your attention a fair percentage of American, white, Anglo-



Saxon, Protestant folk music which is instrumental (to cite but one example, the cowboy's guitaristic piece de resistance, the Spanish Fandango -- neither Spanish nor Fandango, but unquestionably folk.) Additionally, consider (if you will grant them the honor of Americanism) the instrumental music of the Louisiana Acadians, the quadrilles and waltzes of Creole New Orleans, and an extensive body of Irish-American and Mexican-American instrumental music, among other hyphenate traditions.

Scene 2

Mr. L.: The general class that this music (early hillbilly, presumably?--dwb) was found in was as accompaniment for various dances as the Negro jigs, sukey jumps, (etc.)

Mr. B.: Whaaat?

Scene 3

L.: The white breakdowns, reels, and square dances fostered their own style of music now classified as "Bluegrass".

B.: Please consult: (a) the Library of Congress, (b) the Folkraft series of 78 rpm square dance records, especially Peter Street and/or The Crooked Stovepipe, (c) Margot Mayo, (d) Fiddler Beers, or (e) damn near anybody else.

ACT II  
Scene 1

L.: There is also a trend toward attempting to go beyond direct copying of style and "improving" it to make more of a show-piece for the performer's instrumental virtuosity, or more Palatable for mass distribution.

B.: Also, one might add (and primarily so, in the case of some of us), to enhance the inherent musical value of the material as music, whether folk or no, and/or to adapt the material to the performer's own vocal style, cultural context, and personal attitude. Art, Mr. L.; art!

Scene 2

L.: The voices of today's folksingers are not what they used to be...

B.: They never took a prize for vocal perfection: Jean Ritchie, Huddie Ledbetter, Wm. Broonzy, Frank Warner, John and/or Lucy Allison, Pete Who, etc. It may be that the reason some of the younger set's voices are not as good as they could be is that they never took the time to do anything about it between helpings of Scruggs and Travis. Vocal art needs to be worked on.



ACT III  
Scene 1

L.: It is highly possible that members of this circle may...(etc., etc.,)...possibly even reach the top of the heap...(etc.)

B.: So? The Kingston Trio has had the token acclaim of being recorded, presented in concerts, and having its name resoundingly dropped in mass media. Largely because of the mass of material presented for it to exploit. (Good word, "exploit", in this context.)

Scene 2

L.: ...It's because for the most part we have exploited all the material at our disposal as best we can...

B.: Chutzbah, indeed! If you have indeed mastered to the best of your ability all the material available to you in what I presume to be the few years most of you have been at it, then either your best is none too good, or you should commence immediately on such subjects as transfinite calculus, the origin of life, and the composition of cosmic energy: such potential should not be wasted on folk music.

Scene 3  
(A Soliloquy)

B.: Mr. L., you seem to harbor a rather distasteful notion (though by no means an uncommon one, unfortunately) of what folk music is, what it means, and why. In the first place, it is not the private preserve (the Seegerettes to the contrary) of an elect coterie. It belongs to everyone -- Republicans, adults, businessmen, etc., included -- who chooses to belong to it. There is no "right" way to listen to it, perform it, or think about it. It has (again, certain self-centered interests to the contrary) no party line.

Secondly, while it has, to some rather tenuous degree, its own distinguishing characteristics, it is music and/or literature, and as such is not a thing apart but part and parcel of the mainstream of both. It must, therefore, be subject to such general rules as apply to all music and literature (or, to simplify, all art of whatever kind.) Virtuosity is not only, of itself, not essential to art; it is frequently inimicable to it. In spite of a common Latin derivation, virtuosity is not by a long shot the same as virtue. To creep over the indefinable line into "academic" music, a Bach chorale is every bit as much art as the Well Tempered Clavier.

In folk music, a simple guitar or dulcimer accompaniment, or even the absence of any accompaniment, can be, and often is, productive of infinitely more art than the most dazzling display of ten-finger picking with hammered-on, cross-thumbed double flamadiiddles. It is not for nothing that the recitatives in a Bach oratorio are often accompanied by no more than root chords on the harpsichord. This is not the place to discuss the rules of figured bass, but



that is substantially what all folk-musicians, urban or otherwise, use and it would pay you to investigate it.

Thirdly, and most importantly, I am intrigued and distressed by your repeated use of the word "exploit", both directly and by inference. Folk music is not, whatever else it may be, something to be "exploited", any more than is any art of any kind. All art can be exploited, but any such exploitation can hardly be called art in itself. Folk music has been, and will continue to be, exploited by many people for many reasons: by Mitch Miller and a good many others for money; by an unpleasantly large number of folkniks for prestige, status, self-inflation, or what you will. If the exploitation of something for either of these reasons is the goal, let me recommend pornography (for money) or beatnikism (for notoriety).

If art is the goal, whether in "folk" music or any other medium, then love it, study it, work at it, create it -- but dispense with any notion of exploiting it.

#### EPILOGUE

Mr. Lauffer: It's so hard to be at the bottom of the heap.

Mr. Beadle: Yes -- if your sole and burning ambition is to get to the top of it.

HEREWITH THE COMPLAINANT RESTH.

-- D.W. Beadle

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#### LETTER FROM A READER

Dear Lee ---

Congratulations on making Gardyloo the most irregularly published magazine in the United States.

-- Julie Brody  
Brooklyn, N Y



# BILLY FAIER WRITES...

Dear Dan Lauffer,

I would be interested to know just where you got the quote about "mad rush for repertoire" which you ascribe to me in GARDYLOO # 5. You don't make yourself very clear but from the context of the rest of your article, I assume you are referring to the "repertoire" of instrumental techniques. I would not give your mis-quotation a second thought except that you go on to use it, along with an illustration of one of my recordings, to make a point with which I heartily disagree.

You state as a fact that there is a trend toward improving styles of playing in order to make them more palatable for a mass audience. The word "improve" is the kicker here. The old instrumental tradition must here be grouped with sophisticated art forms in describing the changes (which you call "improvements") that are made in them to make them palatable to mass audience. This grouping is justified because the old tradition, like sophisticated art forms, is an esoteric form to the mass audience. Without exception all esoteric art forms (folk-singing and playing included) lose their vitality and meaning when changed to suit mass audience. Number painting is an excellent example. And you call it an improvement. The only possible good that these "improvements" do is to perhaps introduce new people to the field, be it art or folksinging. But most of the new people lose interest and drop out because THAT WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED TO IS NOT THE REAL THING, BUT THE "IMPROVED" WATERED-DOWN VERSION. Only the most sensitive will go on and explore the real thing and become participants and they are the ones who would have taken to the real thing, had they come across it in its real form, without having to go through the "improved" version first. There is, of course, another small group which sort of hangs around indulging in the watered down form of the art for one of many possible neurotic reasons, never taking the trouble to find out what they are doing (and usually stoutly resisting efforts to inform them).

In your OPINION you state that "If this is bad, Mr. Faier is a prime offender." Yes, Dan, this is bad. And if it your opinion that I have indulged in such "improvements" in the songs that I sing, so be it. Allow me to explain, in some detail, what went into my version of the HELL BOUND TRAIN and let the reader form his own opinions.

||



As I stated in the liner notes to the HELL BOUND TRAIN, the melody given in the book Frontier Ballads from which I learned the words to the song was very monotonous. Since I do not yet have enough command of the folk idiom to inject said idiom into my singing of songs that I have learned from the printed page, I make no attempt to do so. (Furthermore, Mr Charles J. Finger, who wrote Frontier Ballads, did not hear the song sung either. It was recited to him by the Armless Wonder, one of his more colorful informants. He says that he "since learned that it has a tune" and used this tune in his book.) My treatment of the song, musically speaking, was completely original with me (at least, I have never heard it used before). I use abrupt key changes based upon the sub-dominant of the previous key. (C to F to B flat to E flat. In E flat I used C as the sub-dominant. Then I went to the key of G (through a D7 modulation) back to C.)

How can you possibly direct readers to "See such recordings as The Hell Bound Train " when there never has been a recording like it? It's unique, man. So you see I have done the opposite of what you say I did with the song. I have not watered it down or "Improved" it to suit mass audiences. In other words, the musical part of the song is original with me. I did not improve upon anything else.

...Which, as far as I'm concerned, puts you in somewhat the same class with D. Shapiro. Opinions can be debated from here to forever but the facts (so-called) should be checked. Had you taken the trouble to check the source of the above quotation, you would have found that either (1) someone else had made it, or (2) it originated in your imagination -- no sin, but a mistake to be avoided.

Furthermore, had your remarks about the HELL BOUND TRAIN been based upon real knowledge of the song and the field of folk song and music from which it is derived you would have known, upon hearing the record in question, that, musically speaking, it represented no known folk idiom, and therefore, could not be used as an example of a change, watering down (or up) or improvement of any kind of a folk idiom.

Which leads us right back to the old argument of Mr. D. Shapiro's article which seems to have started all this fuss. No one is urging anybody to become a scholar. Sing all you want to -- have a ball. Knowledge of the history and theory of a song or songs does not increase the enjoyment of it one whit...but for heaven's sakes, if you are going to write about it, remember you have an obligation to the uninitiated who will read your writings. They may be potential scholars, singers, etc. The first things a person reads or finds out about a subject are the things that impress him the most and are the hardest ideas to get rid of if they are wrong.

If you must write for publication go back to school with Shapiro.

--Billy Faier

\* \* \*



## BRING THE "MUSIC" BACK TO "FOLK MUSIC"

Before I answer a point of Lori Holland's, I would like to say a few words to some of the people whose articles grace the fifth issue of Gardyloo. I would like to thank the people like Miss Holland, Winnie Winston, the editor of said magazine, and of course, Dan Lauffer, who took my first article seriously, which was more than it deserved. Also, I would like to say that if anyone took the Summa Apologetica as a buck passing, it certainly was not meant as such. To Messrs Need and Faier I can only say, "I concede, Gentlemen."

Perhaps Miss Holland needs no answer from me to the point I am about to discuss, for there is an excellent answer on the next page. Miss Holland says:

"It is the writer's opinion (and I'm sure by 'the writer' she does not mean me -- D.S.) that folk music should be sung by anyone who enjoys doing it." and that she would rather listen to a poor singer who is enjoying himself than "one who doesn't care what he's singing about as long as people are looking at him."

I'm sure that Miss Holland doesn't realize the true implications of this statement, or at least that she made the statement in the heat of controversy and without due consideration. If she wants to hear someone enjoying himself all she has to do is gravitate toward the loud st noise at the Square any Sunday, and there will be a gang of Seegerites having one hell of a good time.

However, I am sure that anyone serious enough about folk music to submit an article to Gardyloo is interested in hearing more than a gang of Seegerites.

To a Seegerite, folk music is defined by the quality of being spontaneous. By this definition any group or individual can make "folk music". They may be out of tune, banging on lousy instruments, or anything else, but if they are enjoying themselves, it is "folk music".

The idea of approaching their material (which usually isn't authentic anyway) as music, of taking it seriously, and putting any real effort into developing technique (vocal or instrumental) is alien to the Seegerite approach.



Shapiro (2)

To adopt this approach and to try to pass it off as folk music is a slap in the face both to the serious urban folksingers who are trying hard to develop an understanding of their material and technique in their presentations of it and to the old folksingers who (as Mr Faier obliquely points out) did work at developing technique and to whom their music was a hell of a lot more than a means of recreation.

Therefore, although "folk music should be sung by anyone who enjoys doing it" looks good on paper, the result is, to quote Winnie: "A million Seegerites all taking up the call -- all stamping their feet and with their heads thrown back, pounding on their long necked Vega banjos -- all without a basic understanding of folk music -- ECH!"

--D. Shapiro  
10 Sept 59

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## EDITOR'S NOTE

I would have used this space to tell you the long, sad story of why there has been such a noticable interval between the last issue of G'oo and this one, but the story would bring you to tears and this paper falls apart when it gets wet.

Please note: a large part of the preparation of G'oo is the typing of stencils. This is simply the copuing onto stencil of the manuscript at hand. But when reading the mss at hand involves threading through a maze of cramped type, strike-overs and corrections, this can be difficult. It is frequently twice as time-consuming as copying from a reasonably legible typescript. Even hand-written copy is sometimes easier to read than some of the typescripts that we've received. Therefore we must ask that all typescripts submitted to G'oo be double-spaced. If you're short of paper, type on the backs of the pages. If you haven't got a typer, write by hand. We welcome any and all manuscripts, except sloppy single-spaced typescripts. (This, however, is not why it has taken so long to prepare this issue.)

## INDICIA

GARDYLOO, the disgustingly infrequent fanzine, is edited and published at irregular intervals by Lee Hoffman, assisted occasionally by Winnie Winston, and with encouragement from Aaron Rennert, Ray Sullivan and the mysterious Joel Katz. Copies are 15¢ each, subscriptions \$1.00 for 7 issues. Opinions expressed herein are certainly not necessarily those of the editor or staff, and quite possibly not even those of the author involved. All letters received will be considered for publication unless clearly marked otherwise. BR -- I still miss my Dobson.



# Relic

## found in a

# Crypt

John Cohen works as a free lance photographer, but his chief pleasure is belittling other people's artistic sensibilities. He received his Master of Fine Arts degree at Yale University with a major in sneering. His sensibility is unbearably keen, but he is, none the less, a royal (censored). Unfortunately, John sings and plays pretty well, and a third man was needed for the NLC Ramblers, so Tom and Mike foolishly included John in the group. They promised solemnly to squelch him if he should get out of line at the concert.

Tom Paley thyss be hys booke

2 sheets  
3 towels  
1 wash cloth  
4 pr underpants  
1 t shirt  
3 handkerchiefs

Dole pineapple

pineapple chunks

Dole is good

-----

(ed note: Some time ago two noted young folklorists discovered a rare volume of American Folklore...a notebook belonging to the fabled Thomas Paley. Among the bits of true Americana within its pages was the above collection of notes for an introduction to the group, The New Lost City Ramblers, along with the fleeting glimpse into the person, Paley, which is illustrated by the notations at the bottom of the page. We reproduce a transcript of the entire page here, as a notable example of Paleyana. Those of you who have read the finished introduction to the NLCR will see that in polishing his manuscript, Mr Paley lost much of the spirit and spontaniaty that was evident in these few hurried notes. We thank the gentlemen who provided us with this manuscript for their unparaileled contribution to the annals of American Folklore.)



## THE BANJO CHASE

monologue with banjo accompaniment

Well, you know how John Cohen is, he gets up in the morning feeling pretty bad. Says to Mike Seeger, "If we had a rehearsal this morning I think I'd feel better."

Mike says to John, "I like you and anything I can do for you, I will."

"Go down to the pawnshop and get me a banjo."

(He's) sitting down beside and his ears pick up like a Kentucky mule. Mike hadn't seen a banjo in forty years. John hadn't seen one in fifty. So Mike rounds up and calls ol' Tom Paley -- "Gonna have a little fun," he says.

"Here, here, here, here,"  
Yonder he goes  
Can't you see...

(three times)

Ol' Tom is a-lyin' on Third Avenue the way Tom will in the summertime. He heard Mike calling and he raised up and listened. Hear's ol' Mike -- giving him something like this, he says:

"Tune, tune, tune, tune,"  
Yonder he tunes  
Can't you hear...

(three times)

Mike puts a string on the banjo -- Tom tunes so fast he hates to call him back. He ought to give him a G chord to see how fast he could tune in his old days -- and he says:

"Tune, tune, tune, tune,"  
Yonder he tunes  
Can't you hear...

(three times)

Old Tom put on the capo and give him something like this. Says:

"G, G, G, G,"  
Yonder he tunes  
Can't you hear...

(three times)



The Banjo Chase - 2

You know how the Ramblers are, being mad in the morning...you don't know what's the matter with them. John been sitting around, hasn't said nothing all morning. All at once, he says, "Mike!"

Mike says, "What, John?"

"Tom's gonna tune a banjo, Mike."

(three times)

Yonder he tunes

Can't you hear...

- - - - -

## IN NEW YORK TOWN

(var: In Tarrytown)

In New York town there did dwell  
A lovely youth who frailed quite well.  
He bought himself a Mastertone  
And now he's up and left me all alone.

Cho: Wide and deep my grave shall be  
With the wild Bluegrassers picking over me.

Oh, once he wore his banjo low  
And sang those songs we all do know.  
Now he wears his banjo high  
He'll pick a tune by Scruggs and pass me by.

Oh, once he was a Seegerite  
He'd play for me both day and night.  
Now that he just picks Scruggs so loud  
He spends his time with that Bluegrassing crowd.

There is a Square in New York Town,  
Where my love goes and stands around.  
He takes his banjo every day  
And Hit Parade of Love is all he'll play.

Cho: Wide and deep my grave shall be  
With the wild Bluegrassers picking over me.





GARDYLOO  
Lee Hoffman  
basement  
54 E 7th St  
New York 3, N Y



## How Come You Got A Clean Banjo Head For A Change?

Well, it's like this. It was payola. About four or five years ago the Vega banjo company of Boston called me to say they'r received several requests to make banjoes with especially long necks (an idea I got in 1942, when trying to play 'Viva La Quince Brigada' in the C Minor motition, which was a bit too high to sing.)

Vega asked, "Could we officially call it 'the Pete Seeger Model'?"

"It would be an honor," says I.

"Would you like us to pay you a royalty on each one sold?"

"No, I'd rather not get involved." (After all, how many such requests could there be, at \$295.00 apiece?)

However, in 1959 Vega called again. "We thought you'd be interested to know that we've sold over 300 of the Pete Seeger models"

Holy Mackerel. I did some rapid arithmetic and began to wonder if I shouldn't have asked for a royalty.

"By the way, which model of our banjoes do you yourself play," asked Vega.

"Oh, I have an old rim with a homemade neck."

"Good heavens, that will never do. Could we present you with a Pete Seeger model?"

"I'd be delighted."

Thus, so easily, is the human race corrupted. The banjo arrived last week, and is a beaut, quite the nicest I ever had.

--Pete Seeger



## SOCIAL NOTES

from assorted sources

collected and contributed by our roving correspondant

DAN DRASIN has acquired two beautiful 7-string guitars...does LESTER FLATT read PLAYBOY?...STEVE MANDELL seen shucking corn...BARRY KORN-FELD reported taking WINNIE WINSTON'S place at Buck's Rock this summer...LEE HARING seen in the Brighton Beach area...ERIK DARLING, upon being told about the nightclub "Golden Vanity": "You know, that would be a good name for a ship"...rumor has it that WINNIE WINSTON was inverted by LEE HOFFMAN...ROB HUNTER, a banjo picker from Milwaukee, is in town...DAN LAUFFER is reported to have caused a resounding thud when he fell off a couch...JOSH RIFKIN is now in possession of DAVE COHEN's mandolin and banjo...who pays through the nose?...ROY BERKLEY has a private eye...reports that UNCLE JOSH has bought out Dobro patents...PERRY LEDERMAN seen at AYH...WINNIE WINSTON has a fretless banjo...JAN DORFMAN has a really beautiful 12-string guitar...What ever became of the "pure white lillies"?...PAUL PRESTOPINO claims to have invented a six string banjo...why does BEN RIFKIN want to buy a hearse?...Ben and Winnie teaming up along with Rob Hunter and Harry West...E.G. looks like Dennis the Menace...ERIC NAGLER seen picking BOB YELLIN's banjo at a party...HARRY WEST has an absolutely gorgeous Gibson Mastertone...WINNIE WINSTON is going to build his own Dobro...just about everybody was at the NLCR concert (many, many recommendations for their latest record)...ROGER SPRUNG has a new guitar...can George really fly?...The editor of G'oo has no idea what the social notes in this issue are all about, so don't ask...vile rumor has it that Billy Faier is trying to find out who L.F. Need is...L.F. Need claims to be trying to find out who Billy Faier is...several people reportedly are trying to find out what folkmusic is...

