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FALL AND REDEMPTION: THE ESSENCE OF COUNTRY MUSIC

By

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presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of

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Fall and Redemption: The Essence of Country Music

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My initial focus as a final project in the Creative Pulse was to begin to sing again. Singing fulfilled the three requirements of choice in a project: risk, rigor, and the requirement of ‘having to do it’. I had sung as a young man, and stopped as the result of listening to an adult tell me that I could not sing. During the following 23 years, I used percussion and became a dancer in order to express myself. The art forms of percussion and dance I was drawn to like a man is drawn to a woman that he must have. What about being drawn to an art form in order to continue existing? An artistic pursuit whose means of expression are a salvation? One can read about many artists who came into an art form out of necessity. Their life outside of expressing themselves was bleak and the art form became their cry. I by no means wish to place myself at the level of expertise of such artists that came to their art to survive, or to imply that I “paid my dues” to the extent that certain artists have (artists such as Hank Williams, or the Blues artist Robert Johnson, for example). I do mean to express through this paper my experience of the catharsis in singing country music and the Blues. My beginning singing came at a time when I really needed it; the music helped me through a difficult time. The title of the paper is *Fall and Redemption: the Essence of Country Music* for this reason. It is in Narrative form, foot printing my process and discovery of the music. I attempted to combine life’s experiences with the discovery of the music. The experiences were the inspiration behind playing the music. The essence of country music and the Blues is its’ sincerity, and I hope that I have combined my life’s narrative with the artistic process effectively, as the time period (December 2005 to June 2007) was a time in which art was defined by life, and life was defined by art.

Contents

	Page
Title	i
Abstract	ii
Contents	iii
 Chapter	
I. Why I Had To Do It: The Music Was A Refuge.....	1
II. Risk And Rigor	4
III. Coming Home-Uncovering the Myths.....	15
a. From the Old Country.....	24
b. The Marriage of Mountain Music and the Blues.....	27
c. Honky-Tonk Music.....	30
d. It All Goes Back To The Church.....	39
Summary and Conclusion.....	42
 Appendix	
A. Being A Classic Country/Honky-Tonk Drummer	45
B. Interview 1-Elaine Campbell	48
C. Interview 2-Colin Campbell	52
D. A Little History of Honky-Tonk Music in Texas	59
E. The Songbooks	62
 References	
Works Consulted.....	72

I

WHY I HAD TO DO IT-THE MUSIC WAS A REFUGE

It can be explained in just one word: sincerity. When a hillbilly sings a crazy song, he feels crazy. When he sings, 'I Laid My Mother Away,' he sees her a-laying right there in the coffin. He sings more sincere than most entertainers because the hillbilly was raised rougher than most entertainers. You got to know a lot about hard work. You got to have smelt a lot of mule manure before you can sing like a hillbilly. -Hank Williams (Malone, 1968, 236)

The criteria necessary in choosing a project for the Creative Pulse Program must have the following characteristics: the project must have risk, be rigorous in its pursuit, and have a necessity of pursuit. I was considering taking voice lessons late in 2005, and using the pursuit of singing as the required Creative Pulse project due in June of 2006. Singing involved risk, rigor, and a need of pursuit. I sang until the age of 17 and stopped because an older musician told me that I could not sing, and I believed him. Being an expressive person, I felt restricted in my voice since then; not only in song, but also in the world. I was a drummer previous to this time, and later pursued dance as a means of expression. In December of 2005 life led me to begin singing. It would become a necessity for me. Throughout this paper, life's occurrences are included that had an influence on why I was singing. In doing research on the history of country music, I noticed in the autobiographies and biographies of Waylon Jennings and Johnny Cash that a personal narrative was provided alongside the artists' commentary on playing the music. There was a connection between the artists' lives and their musical process. The 'sincerity' in which Hank Williams speaks of was present in both of the artists' lives, similar to the music they played. This paper is an attempt to write in this style. The circumstances of my life, as in these two artists' lives, are meant to show a connection

between life and the expression of country music. The personal experiences are included to add color and character to the storyline; to create a setting for the reader. There is also an attempt to include the history of country music that is similar to my family's history of playing country music. The time period of this paper covers from December 2005 to June 2007. During this time life imitated art, and art imitated life.

The process of discovering country music became a refuge for me during this period. The experience of discovering an art form may be pleasant or it may be one that is grasped out of self preservation. I pursued this art form during a time of fierce and forced self-introspection. Circumstances in life made it mandatory to look in the mirror at myself. One of the cold hard truths made evident was that I had a problem with addiction. I needed to deal with it. I realized that the party was over in December of 2005, while I was living in Enterprise, Oregon. Below is an excerpt from my personal journal that paints a picture of the condition of my life:

I was involved in a tumultuous relationship with a beautiful honky-tonk angel and her baby. She was my former best friend's wife, and I was drinking half a fifth of Cuervo before noon, smoking up a storm and still walking. Last month my favorite cousin that I used to get high with blew his head off with a shotgun. I had been using alcohol, any drug I could find, and smoking weed prodigiously for about 6years, and all the symptoms were present-I had a problem. (1)

During this time, my mother back in Montana gave me a way out. I could come back home. A condition of coming home was that I had to get into recovery. I had to attend Twelve Step meeting, and 'work' a program. 'Working' a program included going to meetings, reading the literature, and learning to live the precepts of Alcoholics Anonymous. I was at rock bottom. At this time it was easy for me to honestly tell my mother that I was ready to let go of my self destructive ways. In less than a month I was

back in Chinook, going through detox, and taking to my father's old Silvertone electric guitar like a thirsty man in the desert, singing out "Folsom Prison Blues", "The Grand Tour", "Your Cheating Heart", and other songs to help heal my heart and to dump the junk I had acquired over years of using; facing the fact that I had used and abused myself and others for a long time. Recovery has many aspects; one of them is facing the demons you have been running from. And they come out in full force; on the attack when you stop their source. Drug use is strange. I know for myself, that I used drugs to deal with life. All that time when I thought I was helping myself, I was actually burning many, many bridges. Discovering the music kept my sanity and freed me. The more I played the better I felt. I was pursuing an art form that allowed and encouraged one to redeem himself through being accountable for his life. Through song, I could admit that I had fallen. In turn, I could ask for redemption. I began to see that music could be a means to heal. Living a shady and seasoned past is a really blessing in playing country music. It is an art form in which sincerity of expressing one's life experiences is of utmost importance; you had to have walked the walk to talk the talk. Scholars of country music speak of the honesty in the music:

Country music expresses not only the hopes and longings of average people but also their frailties and failed dreams . . . the music is consumed with the fragility of relationships and the evanescence of life. Above all, the music breathes with the contradictions implicit in our lives. Indeed, the tension that gives country music its power and that defines the stylistic essence of such great singers of Hank Williams, Sr., George Jones, and Merle Haggard, arises from the struggle to voice the contending irresolvable impulses of the human heart. (Malone, 2002, 13)

The music helped my through a difficult time. I was climbing the walls from January through March. Playing country music was part of my treatment plan of the "90 Days." "90 Days" is a term used in recovery for the time needed for becoming sober. I

am thankful for discovering the music in this unstable and needy state. It gave me a foundation of authentic expression and a gratitude for the music.

The second part and third parts of the paper are titled: 2) Risk and Rigor and 3) “Coming Home-Uncovering the Myths.” “Risk and Rigor” describes the regimen of practice and collecting material. The period began in January of 2006, concluding in June 2006. The third part of the paper, “Coming Home-Uncovering the Myths” describes finding my roots and a personal inquiry into the history of country music. This included scholastic research and conducting interviews with family members.

II

RISK AND RIGOR

I began to play guitar as soon as I moved back home in January of 2006. January was spent dealing with health issues and climbing the walls getting myself clean. I do not remember the day specifically. I do remember the feeling of needing to play, or lose my mind. I dug out my dad’s old 1954 Silvertone, one of the first electric guitars to be mass produced. I named the guitar Baby Amber Rae. I had named my instruments before after women I have known. An excerpt from a personal journal entry gives an explanation:

I named the black Silvertone Baby Amber Rae, after the lady and child I was with while I was in Oregon. The guitar is a lot like her and her child: beautiful, retro, stylish, and endearingly quirky. Amber and baby Rae brought me to the music and to freedom from addiction; the least I could do was name my guitar after them. I had named my drum set Donna years before. Donna is this sexy Jewish goddess from New York. We were together three years; Donna and I. We learned to fight very well; we taught each other how to love. The drum set is a bit beat up like our relationship, and like Donna; she’s quite stunning when she’s cleaned up, and she sounds great. It makes sense to name your instruments. I

understand why B.B. King named his guitar Lucille. Like a partner, you stroke your instrument, neglect it, ignore it, wonder why you can't connect with it after being away for a while and blame it when you can't get it right. Instruments, like lovers, make you feel good and make you feel bad. (3)

Some of the first songs I chose to learn were "Your Cheatin' Heart", "Folsom Prison Blues", and "He Stopped Loving Her Today." I began learning the guitar chords necessary to accompany myself singing. The material I chose had to have lyrics that I could relate to personally. That is still the case. I remember have an interest in listening to Shelby Lynne, a country-blues artist. I added "Lookin' Up" to the repertoire-

Lookin' Up

*Walkin' and Cryin'
Stumble into a church
Starin' at the rafters
Wonderin' how much more I can hurt
Hey old man, what are your plans for me
Where am I bound?
I'm lookin' up for the next thing that brings me down
I'm lookin' up for the next thing that brings me down (Lynne, Shelby. Lookin' Up)*

-the scenes described in this song are very similar to occurrences in my life back in New York. You would think that singing sad songs who only make one more sad. Actually, the opposite is the result.

Folsom Prison Blues

*G
I hear the train coming it's rolling round the bend*

*G7
and I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when*

C *G*
I'm stuck at Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on

D7 *G*
But that train keeps rollin' on down to San Antone(Cash, Johnny. Folsom Prison Blues)

If there is a song that demonstrates the crash-landing in my home town and getting myself clean, it's "Folsom Prison Blues" ("Folsom" is my strongest number, I can pull it out whenever I want to). I was finding release in the music. For some reason, you feel better after singing about a woman that tore your heart into pieces, or singing about losing a woman from doing something stupid. Go figure. The result still puzzles me. From the state of mind I was in circa January/February, starting to play country with a little blues thrown in made sense. For material, I was listening to my mother's country music, listening to my parent's recordings, and exploring satellite radio for more selections to learn. I discovered George Jones from studying "He Stopped Loving Her Today." George Jones has the reputation among respected country music artists as being the greatest country singer of all time. Waylon Jennings speaks about George Jones in his autobiography, Waylon: An Autobiography:

Singing is George. He tries to live, breathe, and eat the song while he is singing it, and he's told me that, especially, when he's in the studio, his mind goes completely blank but for the focus of the story and the melody in his throat. He imagines the man, or woman, he's singing about and how they might be reacting to every word. (354)

Some of George Jones songs that I chose to study were "She Still Thinks I Care", "The Door", "He Stopped Loving Her Today", and "The Grand Tour". His material is not often covered by players. I asked my mother about this, and she stated that his music was too honest, and often made people uncomfortable. If the average country song is about

heartache, a George Jones number is about having your heart torn to pieces. His songs display the pain of love and life that most of us keep buried. George Jones has the courage to open them up to us. An example of this is shown in an excerpt of “The Door”-

*I've [G]heard the sound of my dear old mama [C]crying
And the [D]sound of the train that took me off to [G]war
The [G]awful sound of a thousand bombs ex[C]ploding
And I [Am]wondered if I could take it any[C]more[D]*

*There were [G]times when they almost drove me [C]crazy
But I [D]did my best and took it like a [G]man
And [G]who would think in my lonely room I could [C]hear it
The [D]one sound in the world my heart can't [G]stand*

*[N.C.]To hear that sound and to [G]know its really [C]over
Through tear stained eyes I watched her walk a[D]way
And of [G]earthquakes storms and guns and war
Lord [C]nothing has ever hurt me more than that [G]lonely sound
The [D]closing of the [G]door (Jones, George. The Door)*

The above lyrics were obtained from the website <http://www.roughstock.com/cowpie>.

From February of 2006 to February of 2007 I collected over 150 songs. .

Roughstock.com is a website that is a collection of country music that is open to the public to download country music lyrics chords. Because the material is submitted from amateur musicians, the musical interpretation is based on the individual. The submission may be different from the original. Most of the music I compiled came from this website.

It was a good thing to be so driven to play, as it helped me to accept not being proficient for a while. I had to accept the fact that I would not sound good. Having pursued an art from to a point of proficiency before helped. I knew that it was a matter of time and perseverance. I also learned why people often stay with an art form for a

lifetime; in doing so you become more skilled. In starting over as a novice you learn humility. Learning humility is good. It was interesting how at this time I was not only learning about humility artistically; I was learning about being humble personally.

I had been home about a week when my mother asked me to sit in on drums with her band, *The Hi-Line Cowboy Symphony*. During the gig (January 9, 2006), my mother asked me if I wanted to sing a song. I chose “Help Me Make it through the Night” by Kris Kristofferson. The delivery was as rough as a wood rasp. Yet it felt good to take the first step.

The symphony at one time numbered eight plus, hence the name. There were four band members at the time I joined. The average age of the band including myself is 60. The average years of playing music is 45 years. The repertoire consists largely of classic country (songs covering the time period from 1920’s to 1970’s). Most of the members are seasoned bar musicians, farmers, and ranchers who are tired of the bar scene. The symphony plays out in the community usually without charge. We play at the Senior Citizen Center in Havre twice a month. Because of my mother and father being members of the symphony it was fairly easy for me to slip into the line-up. My first experience as a performer was as a drummer with my parents’ country dance band beginning at the age of 12. So shuffling away with brushes and rim shots was very familiar. In coming back to the music after 20 plus years, I found a depth in playing country drums. For a detailed explanation of the artistry of classic country drumming, look to Appendix A- Being a Classic Country/Honky-Tonk Drummer.

Most of the audience members of *The Hi-Line Cowboy Symphony* are older, the mean age being 70. The music the symphony performs for them is the music of their

youth. The band specializes in “standards” of classic country. Songs often become “standards” when they stand the test of time. I began to go through the “standards” of classic country, finding the songs that I could relate to and adding them to my songbook. Some of the “standards” that I added to the songbook were “Faded Love,” “Green, Green Grass of Home,” and “Honky-Tonk Man.” Because of having a limited range from being a beginning singer with a baritone range, Johnny Cash’s material was easier than most. His music is timeless, and has had resurgence from the film “Walk the Line.” Besides “Folsom Prison”, I added “I Guess some Things Happen that Way” and “Sunday Morning Coming Down” to my repertoire. I began to understand at this point why it was important to have numbers that you could always depend on.

During the early months of 2006 my mother and I would attend local jam sessions at the Pastime Lounge, a home town dive. I decided to stop going after about a month. The experience proved to me that I really was not missing anything by being sober. The other players became meaner, louder, sloppier with their timing, and more out of tune with every drink, as is described in a journal entry:

At forty, I realized that drinking and drugging didn’t add to my creativity or to my life in general. I am clean for the first time in twenty three years, and I am enjoying being myself. I actually thought that I sounded and played better when I was high. What a bunch of bullshit that is. Playing music with a bunch of drunks is a drag. You think country music is twangy? It’s intolerable with a bunch of drunken cowboys. Sounds like a pack of tone-deaf wolves howling at the moon. Horrible. (2)

In February I read two books about the life of Johnny Cash-*Cash*, an autobiography, and *Johnny Cash-He Walked the Line 1932- 2003* by Garth Campbell. I have always thought that educating yourself on your art of interest was important. I did not realize in reading about Johnny Cash that I would be reading about a man in recovery

from addiction. He fought with addiction his entire life. In Johnny Cash-He Walked the Line 1932-2003 he named drug use “the demon deception” (94). An addict who is honest with himself can relate to that. His story also revealed that courage and sincerity were the foundations of his artistic expression. We as fans of famous artists often view them as more gifted than those not recognized by the public. Johnny reveals that he often did not know what he was doing with his music. He was unprepared and unschooled in the formal sense, and delivered out of sheer faith. My father and mother would at times do that with their music also. My father called it “shooting from the hip.” Johnny Cash was not a master in the technical sense. He was a master in the sense of having more courage than the average musician. Lastly, reading about Johnny Cash revealed what a genuine and sensitive man he was.

The rigor involved with this time (February 2006 through June 10, 2006) involved practicing guitar and singing simultaneously. I was driven at this time with playing. The average time I spent daily playing was three to four hours daily. I obtained a guitar chord book, and began learning about key signatures. Most classic country is based on a three chord structure, similar to that of classic blues. Classic country stays more often than not in the major keys (G, C, D, A), whereas the classic blues vernacular is often in minors (Gm, Am, Cm, etc.), and sevenths (G7, A7, etc.). My mother was instrumental at this time in teaching me basic 3 chord country. She said that eventually I would be able to hear the change coming and know what to play. During this early period I would play until my fingers would get tired and sensitive. My practice would become sloppy at this point at which time I would stop for at least a couple of hours. I was given an opportunity twice a month with *The Hi-Line Cowboy Symphony* to test out new material.

Most of the material that I gathered in my songbook had to do with being drawn to the song without regards to whether it was a “standard” or not. Much of the material is too sad and honest even for honky-tonk, it’s more for listening, and should not be listened to when one is sad, mentally unstable, has access to a fifth of Bourbon and a firearm. I realized early on that if I wanted to play my material in public it would be a solo act. I began to notice that most of the music chosen had similar characteristics. Some of these characteristics are listed below with examples of the songs. The songs often contained:

- 1) beautiful and mournful melody lines, especially in ballads
- 2) lyrics that were unrestrained in content

Two songs with these characteristics are “If You Could Touch Her at All,” and “Lonesome, On’ry and Mean”:

If you Could Touch Her At All-(slow waltz m=90 BPM)

Verse 1:

C/G *F*

Funny a woman can come home so wild and free

G *C/G*

And insist I don't watch her undress or watch her watch me

F

And stand by the bed and shiver as if she were cold

G *C/G*

Just to lie down beside me and touch me as if I were gold

Chorus:

C/G *F*

One night of love don't make up for six nights alone

G *C/G*

But I'd rather have one than none Lord, 'cause I'm flesh and bone

F

Sometimes it seems that she ain't worth the trouble at all

G *C/G*

But she could be worth the world if somehow you can touch her at all

Verse 2 (a tone higher):

D *G*
Right or wrong a woman can own any man
A *D*
She can take him inside her and hold his soul in her hand
G
And leave him as weary and weak as a newborn child
A *D*
Fighting to catch his first breath and open his eyes (Jennings, Waylon. If You
Could Touch Her At All)

If they were up-tempo, lyrics that portrayed a rambling man living on the edge, and tired of living that way:

Lonesome, Onry and Mean (up-tempo 4/4 BPM 120)

Verse 1:

D *G* *D*
On a greyhound bus, Lord I'm traveling this morning
G *D*
I'm going to Shreveport and on down to New Orleans
G *D*
Been driving these highways, been doing things my way
C/G *G* *D*
It's been making me lonesome, on'ry and mean

Verse 4:

D *G* *D*
Now I'm down in this valley, where the wheels turn so low
G *D*
At dawn I pray, to the Lord of my soul
G *D*
I say do Lord, do right by me
C/G *G* *D*
I'm tired of being lonesome, on'ry and mean (Jennings, Waylon. Lonesome, On'ry and Mean)

During the months of March through May the songbook began to develop into two areas—"standards" and individual collections of artists. The artists collected included

Johnny Cash, George Jones, Hank Williams, Sr., Vern Gosdin, Willie Nelson, and Waylon Jennings. Because of the personal disclosure of country lyrics, a listener and performer of the music develops a kinship with the artists, calling them informally by their first names-Willie, Waylon, George, etc. I would and continue to run through the George Jones material for a workout. Because of the range, dynamics and intensity of his music, it is necessary to keep consistent with his works.

The artist I grew most comfortable with was Waylon. I have known him a long time. My mother used to clean house listening to 8 Track tapes of Waylon when I was a child. He was the rock star that was permitted around the house, a long-haired outlaw who could really care less. My parents not only liked his music, but his attitude. My father thought that he was the best country singer of all time. He has been a friend for a long time. Country music fans develop a kinship with their favorite singers. Because of the personal nature of the lyrics, the listener is able to relate the story told in the song to their own lives, as writers of the music have previously stated:

These listeners also accept the singers as friends-friends who demonstrate their closeness by the self-disclosing statements in the message and the way the message is presented . . . This bond allows a singer to be successful with less than a technically perfect voice. The sincerity and emotion in George Jones's voice mean more than his ability to hit or hold a note. The outsider (someone who is not a fan of country music) sometimes has difficulty understanding how a singer communicates so effectively with the listener because of what they perceive as offensive nonverbal qualities, just as they have trouble relating to the verbal content...country listeners are more forgiving of a voice, for they accept the source as friend. This special relationship is encouraged by the singers and approved by the audience through the sincerity contract. (Rogers 157-158)

Waylon wrote and performed a song called "I've Always Been Crazy". I see a lot of myself in the song. While I was living in New York City, I would go to the original

“Coyote Ugly” bar when I was missing Montana, drink some beers, and play this song on the jukebox:

I've Always Been Crazy (Capo on the 2nd fret)

Verse 2:

G

I've always been different with one foot over the line

C/G

Winding up somewhere one step ahead or behind

D

It ain't been so easy but I guess I shouldn't complain

G

I've always been crazy but it's kept me from going insane (Jennings, Waylon. I've Always Been Crazy)

The original “Coyote Ugly” bar is a dive, about twenty feet wide and fifty feet deep; located on 1st or 2nd Avenue and 3rd Street; somewhere around there. It’s a rough joint-dark and dingy. The barmaids weren’t the Bay Watch Beauties one sees on television, they were tough, tattooed New Jersey chicks who appeared to possess personalities that might enjoy a slugfest with their men as a form of foreplay. And yes, they do pour tequila down your throat, and dance on the bar.

By the beginning of July 2006, the songbook had grown to over 70 songs. Of the 70 songs; over 30 were from Waylon. I had practiced, and was ready to perform country music for my classmates in the Pulse. Circumstances occurred during my stay in Missoula that pulled my focus into becoming a teacher. I decided to earn my teaching credentials. During the summer sessions Kate, one of my classmates in the Creative Pulse turned me on to Hank Williams the III. He is not well known. His lack of exposure may be due to his caustic opinion of modern country music. In my opinion he

is the best young country artists out there. I may not have learned of him had it not been for Kate.

Coming back to Chinook after the summer session ended the first period of discovering country music. It was the end of a stormy time. The third part of this paper is named “Coming Home-Uncovering the Myths.” The period covered is from late July of 2006 to the present. It involves the research into the history of the music and my family’s history of playing. During this period I continued to develop material. The research gave me an ownership of the music. During this time I became more comfortable living in Chinook. I began to see the beauty of small town life. Small town values are the happy themes of country music. Not all of country and the blues are about suffering. Some of it is about falling in love, slowing down the car as an old dog gimps across the road in front of you, going to church, and talking to a friend outside of the post office for thirty minutes.

III

COMING HOME-UNCOVERING THE MYTHS

Around the time of August 2006, Chinook was becoming less of a detox unit and a place of temporary residence. Chinook was becoming a home. In Havre I found a college that excelled in producing teachers and counselors. I enrolled in both programs. I began to teach ballet at a local studio, and became involved with the high school CCD class, writing and directing a passion play. I also found an amazing group of people in Alcohol Anonymous. It took awhile to get up the courage to attend the AA meetings.

Al-Anon is one thing, talking about your attraction to drunks, but admitting to being one yourself; in your hometown? I quickly got over it when my mother told me a quote from My uncle Collin who has been in recovery for over thirty years: “Why should it bother me if people know that I am in recovery? They already know me as a drunk.”

In the small town of Chinook, Montana (population of approximately 1,400), there seems to be two social groups-the bar crowd, and the church crowd. And of course, because your business is everyone’s business in small towns; everyone knows which group you belong to. At this point in my life it was easy to find the group I fit in with. I got involved with my church, school, recovery, and teaching dance. The restlessness; the ramblin’ man in me was calming for the first time, began to see in my future settling down with a wife and having a family. I am seen by others in Chinook as a church-going, sober, and polite gentleman who is going to school to become a teacher, and counselor-wow. Life is definitely interesting.

The material for the songbook was changing. The song themes overall were less sad and more hopeful as my life was calming down. Although 90% of the material in the songbooks is sad, I was beginning to learn songs about falling in love and peace of mind. Thank God. This is an example of a page from the songbook (Jackson, Alan. [A Song For Life](#)):

Intro: (Capo at 2nd Fret) C Em Am C7 F G7 C G **A SONG FOR LIFE**

~~Well I don't drink as much as I used to, lately it just ain't my style,~~
at all like

And the hard times don't hurt like they ought to, they pass quickly like when I was a child,

And some how I've learned how to listen, for a sound like the sun goin down,

In the magic the mornin is bringin, there's a song for the life I have found,

It keeps my feet on the ground,

And a mid-summer days sits so heavy, but don't they flow like the breeze through your mind,

When nothin appears in a hurry, to make up for someone's lost time,

And some how I've learned how to listen, for a sound like the sun goin down,

In the magic the mornin is bringin, there's a song for the life I have found,

It keeps my feet on the ground,

(add-lib Lead)

And some how I've learned how to listen, for a sound like the breeze dyin down,

In the magic the mornin is bringin, there's a song for the friend I have found,

She keeps my feet on the ground, she keeps my feet on the ground.

ALLEN Jackson

This song is not only an example of my changing of heart; it is also an example of the work invested in the songbooks. Country music because of its personal and informal

nature; there is allowance for changing the words of a song to fit you. My father changed the words to “May the Circle Be Unbroken” because he found the words too sad. As of June 2007, I have worked on the songbooks in combination with practicing the music over 2000 hours. My mother often talks about the value of a country musician’s songbook; it’s true. As rough and beat up as my songbooks become from the work I have done in them, if I were paid for the time spent on creating the songbooks at a rate of \$10.00 an hour the songbook would be worth at least \$5,000.00.

I began to learn some love songs. The singer that comes to mind that really sings a love song country style is Don Williams. He is considered a crooner in country; women really like his music. “Til the Rivers All Run Dry” is one of his most popular ballads:

‘Til the Rivers All Run Dry

*(G) ‘Til the rivers (C) all run (G) dry,
‘Til the sun falls (C) from the (G) sky,
‘Til life on (C) earth is (G) through,
I’ll be (D) needing (G) you,*

*I know some-(C)-times you may (G) wonder,
From little (C) things I say and (G) do
But there’s no need for you to (C) wonder,
If I (G) need you, ‘cause I’ll (D) need you,*

*(G) ‘Til the rivers (C) all run (G) dry,
‘Til the sun falls (C) from the (G) sky,
‘Til life on (C) earth is (G) through,
I’ll be (D) needing (G) you,*

*Too many (C) times I don’t (G) tell you,
Too many (C) things get in the (G) way;
And even though sometimes I (C) hurt you,
Still you (G) show me in (D) every way,*

(G) 'Til the rivers (C) all run (G) dry,
'Til the sun falls (C) from the (G) sky,
'Til life on (C) earth is (G) through,
I'll be (D) needing (G) you (Williams, Don. 'Til the Rivers All Run Dry)

Some of the love songs that found their way into the songbook are about finding love.

“Drift off to Dream in My Arms” is an example:

This [COWPIE](#) song brought to you by [Roughstock](#) and sponsored by:

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#-----PLEASE NOTE-----  
-----#  
#This file is the author's own work and represents their  
interpretation of the #  
#song. You may only use this file for private study,  
scholarship, or research. #  
#-----  
-----#  
#
```

From: HKREDI@ccmail.monsanto.com
Subject: Drift Off To Dream by Travis Tritt
Date: Thu, 21 Nov 1996 10:53:17 -0600

Drift Off To Dream
Written by: Travis Tritt and Stewart Harris
Performed by: Travis Tritt
Submitted by: Keith Reding, hkredi@monsanto.com

Drift Off To Dream

Played in 3/4 time. Each measure gets 3 beats. Has anyone noticed that almost all I sumbit are waltz?

Intro:

G | C | D | C
G | C | D | C

Verse 1

G

F

As I sit here surrounded by people and lights
 C G C
 Alone with my drink at the bar
 G F
 You've been here forever so clear in my mind
 C G
 I just don't know where you are
 D Bm Em
 But I know I'll find you but girl 'til I do
 C D D2
 This is my love song for you

Chorus

G D
 Let's hold hands on the porch swing under the moon
 C G D
 While the wind through the willows plays us a tune
 G D
 We can lie on a blanket out back in the yard
 C G D
 And wish for our future on a far away star
 Em Em/add D#
 And you'll feel the passion as time after time
 Em7 A7
 I press your sweet lips to mine
 G D
 We can dance to the radio right up 'til dawn
 C D G C G
 'Til you drift off to dream in my arms (Tritt, Travis.
Drift Off to Dream)

The song above is an original untouched copy off of the website www.roughstock.com.

There are a lot of typographical errors. There are also often personal additions to communicate with the reader. That is common in submissions. It adds to the flavor of the website. The submissions are from fellow players who love the music. The song submissions are like the music: down-home, real, and a little rough.

Raised on Classic Country and Discovering New Country

In late July of 2006 my mother and I attended country music concerts at the Montana State Fair. Some of these acts included Carrie Underwood, *Little Big Town*,

Montgomery Gentry, Trace Atkins, Billy Currington, and Lee Ann Womack. My general reaction to all of the concerts was: What happened to country music? I had been away from the music for over twenty years. During this time my parents complained to me about where country music was going. I did not know what they were talking about. I now understand what they meant. I would not call the music that I heard at the Montana State Fair country. I call it redneck rock music. The instruments delivered at a rock music intensity and volume. The stage productions were 'ala' the Band KISS, complete with flash pots. I could not hear the lyrics because of the volume of the instrumentation. When I was able to hear the lyrics, the sincerity of the singer was absent. The rhythms were often so straight and so much like 80's rock music that Duran Duran would call it cool. The music did not take you on a journey of the human experience. It took you on a rough ride 'Muddin'' ('Muddin'' is an popular redneck activity in which the participant/driver finds an area of land that is large enough and wet enough to allow the driver/participant to continually spin around and around in circles. It adds to the excitement to do this activity in a farmer's field unbeknownst to him, making the activity illegal and destructive. This action performed in an environment of wet, soft earth produces an effect of mud flying in all directions-hence the term 'muddin''').It is important to be muddin' while intoxicated in your new plastic 4 by 4 that you paid for on your umpteenth card credit drinking Pabst Blue Ribbon. Redneck 80's rock music. Give me some *Motley Crue* with a little fiddle. Is it country? My opinion is that it is not legitimate country music. Then again, one cannot blame individuals who do not know better, as authorities on country have written:

But today, even when the young country entertainers sing their occasional songs about blue-collar life, they sound like what they are-suburban men and women interpreting those experiences through middle-class lenses and sensibilities. When asked about influences, they speak more often of Led Zeppelin, Bruce Springsteen, Billy Joel, and the Eagles than they do of Hank, George, Loretta, or Merle. After all, given the nature of Top 40 radio, young people grow up with little opportunity to hear the sounds of country music's pioneers, or even who recorded as recently as 1975. (Malone, 2002, 256)

As top 40 country abandons the music of such veteran performers as Merle Haggard and George Jones, it also eliminates or smooths out the rough "edges" that made country music believable and appealing. And one hears few songs that reflect experiences lived close to the margins of economic insecurity or social unrespectability. Where are the drinking and cheating songs? Or the songs that speak of religious retribution? One does not have to condone the morality of the former, or even make a spiritual identification with the latter, to regret the disappearance of songs that actually mirrored and voiced visceral responses to life. It was a decided understatement when Merle Haggard called the homogenized and predictable sound the modern country music "a little short on soul and substance sometimes. (Malone, 2002, 257-258)

But even in a musical form where lyrics are said to be central-the great jazz musician Charlie Parker, who had an affinity for country music, advised skeptics to "listen to the stories"-and in which the vocalist is supreme, it is the dance beat that has energized and propelled the song. (Malone, 2002, 163-164)

My Uncle Collin also spoke about the sad state of country in an interview:

Patrick: What is the difference between new country and classic country?

Collin: Real country stayed with the story, whatever the story was- a happy story, a sad story, whatever it was they stayed with the story. A lot of the modern guys, with very few exceptions are just hippies with hats on. Rock and Roll. I think they all start out as Rock Musicians. If you listen to country music, they don't jam it down your throat. They haven't had the experiences (the new country singers). (The classic country players), the boys that came up in the depression, times were tough, they lived the stuff (in the songs). (Campbell. interview with Collin Campbell)

You can hope that if they knew better they would do better.

The month of September brought a change of focus into my life and the music. I began taking counseling and education classes at MSU-Northern and teaching ballet at North Star Studios in Havre. The music was becoming more of a friend than a life preserver that kept me afloat from day to day. My practice time was limited to an average of 30 minutes a day, with school work taking priority. I became curious about my family's history with the music. There was a lot of myth concerning my mother's and father's coming to the music. In myth, my father had been singing and playing harmonica since he was a child. But somewhere around 1954 he bought himself an acoustic, an electric guitar with an amplifier, and a home study guitar course. He dove into playing and learning, and supposedly was playing in honky-tonks less than a year later. What was my father's drive behind playing the music? Less than a year previous to his spark igniting for the music, he did have a bout with the blues as did his son fifty years later as I described in a personal journal entry:

As a young man, somewhere around the year 1954, legend has it that a circumstance occurred in my father's life that began his journey as a honky-tonk musician. He passed away about two years ago, so factual information from the source is not possible. It is through hearsay from my uncle and mother that I piece together the story. The story of my father's first marriage was right out of a blues or country song, the story of a no-good woman that done him wrong. She was untrue in many ways. One day she came into the bathroom and pointed a pistol at my father's head. My father said, "Go ahead." She walked out of the room. My father went to work, and when he came home, mama was gone with the baby. She wouldn't let him see the kid. He wouldn't pay child support. He ended up in the can. These were rough times for my father. But somewhere through the mire his soul's wisdom told him to get a guitar. He ordered a mail order guitar course, a Silvertone electric guitar and a tube amplifier. About a year later, he was playing in a honky-tonk band called *The Squaw Mountain Boys*, playing material by Hank Williams, Hank Thompson, Ernest Tubb, Hank Snow, and other honky-tonk heroes of the period. My uncle Collin Campbell states that the band played around East Glacier, Montana, where my father was stationed with the railroad. My uncle says his stage wear included a cowboy hat with Indian braids sewed into the

sides. Clearly here was a man who did not give a shit and was driven to play the music for his very life. My uncle says that my father was always playing that guitar. (3)

In October I began to compile research on the history of country music. This research included family interviews and books found through the state university library system. Through an inner-library loan I read eleven books on the topic of country music. Of the eleven books read, seven of them had material that was conducive to my research. The family members I chose to interview were my mother Elaine and my Uncle Collin. The interview conducted with my Uncle Collin included my uncle playing guitar and singing the songs in the transcription. The two interviews took place in February of 2007 (for the complete interviews look into Appendixes B and C). The scholastic research and family history of the music grounded my ownership of playing the music. I realized that it was my heritage. The following four areas of focus developed from material in the readings and the interviews are named: 1) From the Old Country, 2) The Marriage of Mountain Music and the Blues, 3) Honky-Tonk Music, and 4) It All Goes Back To the Church.

From the Old Country

My parents playing the music gave me an advantage in playing the music. My mother was always singing around the house, or listening to the music. Whenever Dad came home from work he had his guitar in his hand, belting out “Cheatin’ Heart,” “That’s Alright Momma,” or one of my and my sibling’s favorites such as “Honky-Tonk Man.” We as babies, toddlers, and children would all bounce against the back of the couch in rhythm to his driving guitar. This was a normal ritual in our home from the time Kevin my older brother could sit up on a couch and bounce back as a baby. When I showed up,

Kevin showed me the ropes. I in turn showed my younger siblings when they came along. My mother said they (my mother and father) replaced the padding in the couch 3 to 4 times in the course of us children learning rhythm. Looking at these experiences in hindsight, I realize what a rich and educational upbringing I received. Because the rhythms of country music are similar to those of jazz, blues, and gospel; it has probably been easier for me to absorb and grasp these genres as a drummer and dancer. From my reading on the history of country music, I began to see how my ethnic background (Scotch-Irish) may have also swayed me towards the music. The Scotch-Irish roots of country have been recorded by scholars:

Artistically speaking, the word "country" most appropriately encompasses the music's folk or traditional origins. Present-day country music is a marvelously eclectic mixture of the old Elizabethan madrigal, the Scottish and Irish folksong . . . hillbilly music (a once universally accepted designation for country music) developed out of the reservoir of folksongs and ballads brought to north American by the Anglo-Celtic immigrants. (Malone, 1968, 3)

Rural isolation, religious conservatism, ethnic homogeneity produced a people who made up a relatively distinct social unit and performed a common type of music. . . The rural southerners did not depend solely upon their inherited store of song. They created songs based on their own experiences, and acquired songs from other sources. With the passage of time the country people built up a body of songs of native-American origin which sang, not of knights and fair English damsels, but of scenes and events in their own American experience. And, in the mountains and rural areas of the South, the ancient British ballads underwent, in terms of subject matter, a degree of Americanization. American names and place often replace those of British origin, and American expressions superseded the quaint language common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. (Malone, 1968, 8-9)

My uncle Collin spoke of having Scottish neighbors from the South who played the music:

Collin: We got associated with the musicians. Moved in south of us while we were still on the homestead. The McCollum's. The cattle would be turned out. Whitewater creek; they would be down there someplace. And ending up riding after them. There would be two of us on the saddle horse. I was on the back. The McCollum's; they lived about two miles south of us. Came from Tennessee. In the evening, they would be out there pickin' on guitars, and mandolins, and singin'. So we'd stop down there and listen for awhile. He had a Martin guitar. Probably one of the oldest Martin guitars in the state-1938. They played "There's An Empty Cot in the Bunkhouse" (Wilf Carter). A lot of the settlers in Tennessee were from Scotland, England and a lot of the music is based in Scotch tunes. (Campbell. interview with Collin Campbell)

My Uncle Collin also gave me a little history on an old country song that goes back to Scotland:

Collin: A little history, do you know why the Mexican's call us Gringos?

Patrick: No, I don't.

Collin: Okay, the Spanish American war, the Americans down in the border towns down there, drinkin'. All you have are a bunch of Yankees, with half a skin full, and the latest homesick songs. And they would harmonize on it, with harmonicas playing over, and over, and the Mexicans would hear it (Collin begins singing and playing guitar):

*Green grow the lilacs sparkling in the dew,
I'm lonesome my darlin' since parting with you,
By our next meeting I hope to prove through,
That will change the green lilacs to the red, white and blue (2x)*

*I wrote my love letter,
She answered my letter all twisted in twine,
Say keep your love letters. . . .*

-a Scottish tune that came over in the 1780's and the words were made into a love song. So the Mexicans heard "Green Grows" and thought "Gringos". A lot of Scotchmen settled in the mountains of Tennessee. (Campbell interview with Collin Campbell)

The Scotch Irish immigrants who settled in isolated communities in the south during the 1700s through the 1800s are a large component of the culture that are

responsible for the development of early country music. Culturally, in America country music (hillbilly and/or mountain music as it was called earlier) developed in areas of rural isolation, religious conservatism, and ethnic homogeneity. This produced a people who made up a relatively distinct social unit and performed a common type of music. I began to see a similarity between the Hi-line of Montana and the South. Both areas had these characteristics of culture. The Hi- Line is basically made up of white Christians who are born and raised in the area. Both areas had these characteristics of culture. The area in which I live has a population base of roughly 20,000 people. In this area, it is safe to say there are probably about 100 players of country music, one musician per 200 people. On an average weekend there are 5 bands playing live country music. Roughly 90% of the musicians around here are country players in some way.

The Marriage of Mountain Music and the Blues

On the other hand, the music was also born out of collaboration with the blues. From my readings I found evidence for what I already knew to be true: the connection between the blues and country music. The authors of the books researched defended this fact:

In the American South there have been basically two important musical traditions or styles: the Afro-American and the rural white. Both styles have had dynamic effects in American society, and both have borrowed from and influenced each other for many decades. The white style has borrowed many of its rhythms, songs, and instrumental styles from the Negro. And the debt of the Negro to white has been equally as heavy. (Malone, 1968, 12)

Poor Anglo Americans and African Americans viewed each other with suspicion across the racial divide, but they exchanged songs and styles virtually from the time of their first encounters in the early colonial South. Out of this common crucible of poverty and pain, blacks and whites created a mélange of musical forms that eventually evolved into the nation's major popular styles.¹ From this fused musical legacy, country

music emerged as the most vital voice of the southern working class and a barometer of the revolutionary changes that have marked the transition from rural to urban-industrial life. Country musicians inherited a love for frolic and dance from their British forebears, but the sustained contact with African Americans also inspired them to experiment with new rhythms and dances and to sing with full-throated intensity and bodily release. On the other hand, they inherited a British Calvinist tradition that left them with guilt-ridden consciences, constantly reminding them of the brevity of life and of a world of limitations. Veering between these poles of behavior and preference, the music has evolved with a sense of tension that makes it both appealing and commercially viable. (Malone, 2002, 13)

A country singer that made the connection between the blues and country music apparent in his music was the late great country artist Hank Williams. Hank Williams is disputably the greatest country singer of all time, and was steeped in the blues from an early age. Country music scholars have written of Hank's early training and vocal style:

Another musical influence on Williams was an old Negro streetsinger named "Teetot," who first taught him the guitar. This influence is a further example of the musical acculturation that existed among southern Negroes and whites. Williams gained fame as a "country blues" singer, and much of his style could have been derived from Negro sources. (Malone, 1968, 233)

An interesting resemblance to the Williams style, and one that might suggest his debt to Negro blues, is John Dudley's rendition of "Cool Water Blues." Dudley was a sixty-year-old Negro prisoner in the Mississippi Penitentiary at Parchman, Mississippi. Dudley used a semi-yodeling style similar to that used by Williams on such songs as "Long Gone Lonesome Blues," "Moaning the Blues," and "Lovesick Blues." Both singers came out of the same deep south environment. (Malone, 1968, 233)

Hank Williams approached every song with complete seriousness, as if the lyrics expressed his individual, personal experience. He sang with the quality that has characterized every great hillbilly singer: utter sincerity. He "lived" the songs he sang- he could communicate his feelings to the listener and make each person feel as if the song were being sung directly to him. (Malone, 1968, 236)

Hank sang “hard,” pushing his light, expressive vice to its limits. When he did, he brought the listener into his confidence and communicated his feelings in a more direct, personal way than any country singer before him. Hank’s style led directly to people like George Jones and Ray Price who sang with similar emotional intensity. (Malone, 2002, 133)

My father Walter Campbell loved Hank. He covered many of his songs, and he would do Hank proud on “Your Cheatin’ Heart.” My father sang with a delivery that was sincere and powerful, and unrepressed in expression; similar to Hank. Because my father’s style was influenced by Hank Williams, it may not be much of a stretch to conclude that my father was influenced by the many “Leadbelly’s” who sang the many varieties of “In the Pines”. The research made it clearer that there was a fine line between country and the blues. In fact, for some players of country there is no difference. Waylon spoke of this in Waylon: An Autobiography:

“Waymore’s Blues” was a little earthier, born in the back seat of a limousine in Memphis. Curtis Buck was with me, and we got to trading blues lines, Jimmie Rodgers-style: “Woke up this morning it was drizzling rain / Around the curve come a passenger train / Heard somebody yodel....” It was probably a complete steal, but so such of that early blues is part of the common musical vernacular of the South, it’s hard to tell who’s borrowing from whom. Country is blues. It still is. It’s the same song anyway you hear it/black or white, rich or poor. We’ve all been that man, singing about the woman we got, the woman we got rid of, the woman we want to get. (206-207)

Both country music and the blues originated in rural, i.e. “country” settings. Therefore, both forms of music are “country” in their origin. I have been gathering blues selections for the songbook from early on. Some of these numbers include “Georgia” by Hoagy Carmichael, “Lovesick Blues” as performed and arranged by Hank Williams, “Long Gone Lonesome Blues” by Hank Williams, “The Thrill Is Gone” and “Never Make a Move Too Soon” by B. B. King , “Your Love is Like A Cancer” by Son Seals,

“Am I Wrong” by Keb’ Mo, and “T for Texas” by Jimmie Rodgers. They are definitely a work in progress. It may take years for me to feel that I am somewhat proficient with the material. My brother Kevin gave me Guitar for Dummies, and Blues Guitar for Dummies to begin my in home study of the blues. I obtained a glass slide to begin experimenting with slide guitar. From September of 2006 to June of 2007, the blues were studied more often. Of all the styles of blues I’m biased towards country blues. Keb’ Mo is a personal favorite.

Honky-Tonk Music

Honky-Tonk Man

D |D G| D |G| D D7/
'Cause I'm a Honky-Tonk Man ---- and I can't seem to stop,
D7 G |D A7|D A7 D
I love to give the girls a whirl to the music of the old juke box
D A7
But when my money's all gone I'm on the telephone, callin':
D |G A7|
'Hey, hey, mama, can your daddy come home?'
D |G D|
Repeat, ending: 'Hey, hey, mama, can your daddy come home?' (Horton Johnny. Honky-Tonk Man)

This song was a favorite of mine and my siblings growing up in a house filled with country music. The jukebox did not stop playing at the home of my childhood; 836 Utah Street. The style of country music played by both of my parents was essentially honky-tonk, that seedy, bluesy roadhouse music that was born in Texas during the 1930's. Most of my research was focused on this particular style of country music, as it is my roots.

Although the term has applied to a place of ill repute since the late 1890's:

The phrase honky-tonk was first encountered in the east Texas-Louisiana-Oklahoma area. In the February 24, 1894, issue of The Daily Ardmoreite, published in Ardmore, Oklahoma, is the report that "the honk-a-tonk last night was well attended by ball-heads, bachelors and leading citizens." (Wait, let me check that. Yes, it's right here: "ball-heads.") New Orleans

bars were sometimes referred to as tonks by blacks of the period. (Tosches 24)

The Dictionary of American Slang defines honky-tonk as “a cheap saloon featuring gambling games and dancing by or with women of questionable repute.” (236)

A honky-tonk eventually became known as being a roadhouse of questionable character that developed originally in Texas. Honky-tonk music is the form of music that was formed in these Texan roadhouses where the population consisted mainly of transient men during the time after World War Two. Because of the advancement of electronics, amplified instrumentation took the place of the acoustic instruments. The combination of an unsettled clientele, having migrated from a rural setting to a urban setting; and the musicians using the instrumentation of electric guitars, bass, fiddle, steel and drums gave birth to an energetic form of music that sang with the honesty and desperation of a people looking for a home (for a more detailed history of honky-tonk music look at Appendix D- A Little History of Honky-Tonk Music in Texas). Although the honky-tonk has an urban setting, the patrons of such establishments were rural in origin. Although much of the lyrics of honky-tonk has little to do with the country, it is still considered country, as scholars have stated: “That music which thrives in a honky-tonk atmosphere or depicts the problems inherent in an urban existence can be termed “country” music since it sprung from a rural origin” (Malone, 1968, 10).

Honky-tonk music spread throughout the West during the 1940’s and 1950’s. Establishments in Montana had honky-tonk music on the jukebox and hire bands that played the music. The isolation and lack of outward influences during this time made it possible for the music to survive despite the influence of rock music occurring in more populated areas of the country. Country music scholars write of this:

The eruption of rock-and-roll in the mid-fifties temporarily drove the older country styles off . . . But the honky-tonk country dance beat never disappeared. It flourished especially in the dance halls of Texas and California where working folk continued to let off steam on weekends as they danced the two-step to insistent commands of the fiddle, electric guitar, and steel guitar, and the throbbing beat of drums and electric bass. (Malone, 2002, 163-164)

Through interviews with my uncle Collin Campbell and my mother Elaine Campbell; the myths of my father were made clearer, and I found out that my mother was out singing in roadhouses at the age of fourteen. I found that to be pretty wild. My mother said that was not considered that unusual during that time:

Patrick: When did you start singing in public?

Elaine: When I was about fourteen (1950). There were jukeboxes in all the restaurants. We would play a song over and over to learn the songs, and write down the words. Country Music Roundup was the magazine one would buy to get the words. We had just moved to town (Malta, MT). We would go out to a town way out in the mountains, near the reservation (Zortman, MT). It was my cousin Arlyn who played the guitar. The bar would turn out the outside speaker and people would come down and come down from the hills to hear us sing and dance. The only pay was free beer for us and our friends. At that time, dancing was not allowed in the taverns. But they had attached dance halls, where teenagers could go, and families could go. We'd pile our cars full of kids and go to these dances on every Saturday night. They would end at 2 AM. And everyone would go back to town and eat breakfast before going home. There were all night cafés in every town. We sang a lot in cars driving around; everyone did.

Patrick: What was the music you sang at fourteen?

Elaine: Whatever was popular back then, sang the blues driving around in the cars, the boys would ask me to sing Billie Holiday, Eartha Kitt. (Campbell. interview with Elaine Campbell)

I finally found out about my father's band *The Squaw Mountain Boys* from uncle Collin:

Patrick: When did dad get his first guitar? Rumors have it that he bought a guitar after his marriage fell apart.

Collin: Yes, that's it. 1955. The black Silvertone, and a book on how to play the guitar. I got interested in it. He was living up at East Glacier. There were quite a few guys up there that played guitar. They would be all over at his place. They called it the grasshopper (A piece that included playing harmonics, dad called it a Spanish fandango.) Gayland Sinclair used to play with him in Essex, when your dad was the maintainer in East Glacier there. The guys that practiced there, they organized kind of a band.

Patrick: The Squaw Mountain Boys?

Collin: Yes.

Patrick: Instruments?

Collin: Mostly guitars. Hank Williams, Hank Thompson; early honky-tonk Music. Your dad wore a hat with Indian braids sewn into it.

Patrick: How long were they together?

Collin: A couple of years or so. He really worked at it. (Campbell. interview with Collin Campbell)

My mother and father eventually met, fell in love and got married. My father taught my mother how to play guitar. Dad would play his guitar and both he and mom would sing to their children; exposing their children to the art of playing music (more of this is in Appendix D). By the time that I was 12 I was playing in their country band, *Campbell Country*. My parents played in honky-tonks from the mid 70's through the early 90's. During the 70's my parents seemed to always be working. In this area of North Central Montana, honky-tonk has reigned and still reigns supreme. Writers described the survival of the music:

The strong revival of honky-tonk music at the onset of the sixties was produced by men . . . who remained firmly attached to older styles and were able to resist most of the modernizing pressures of the times. Their success revealed that a large portion of the country audience also preferred the older rhythms... Honky-tonk music was, after all, a "western"-born and based style. (Malone, 1968, 280)

The band line-up of *Campbell Country* consisted of my father Walter on vocals, guitar and harmonica, my mother Elaine on vocals and bass guitar, and myself on drums. A son has a way of making his father a hero. As an adult I can hear in recordings and from inquiring from players in the area who spoke of my father's abilities. From what I've heard he was a player who had a four octave vocal range, and could sing harmony. He played rhythm, lead guitar, and a mouth harp at the same time. I can say unbiasedly that my father was an accomplished country musician. He would joke about his being a one man band by saying, "Yeah, if I stuck a broom up my ass I could sweep the floor at the same time." Playing country music drums was my beginning as a performer. This period of playing music lasted for four years. Some of the places we played were questionable in character. I remember playing with my parents in a bar in Shelby, Montana when I was around 13 years old. There was chicken wire around the front of the stage. I asked Dad what the wire was for. His reply was, "you'll find out soon enough, son." By the end of the night we had blown half the sound system out. The patrons were largely made up of unhappy, rude drunks; one of which my mother had to talk my father out of from cleaning his clock. This was just one instant of dealing with the unpredictable and sometimes unpleasant environment of the honky-tonk. Writers of the music have written of the roughness of environment being part of the job:

The honky-tonk was a hard, but instructive, school. . . (the musicians) had to contend with competing noise, fights, and low income. . . The average country-music hopeful worked at some outside occupation during the day and then performed at honky-tonks until midnight, or on weekends when attendance would be best. . . Honky-tonk gave him his first training. It taught him how to conduct himself in front of a noisy crowd that was not necessarily easy to please. In the environs of a tavern, the hillbilly singer quite often had to be just as tough and brawling as the customers. Fights between hillbilly singer and customer were not unfrequent. (Malone, 1968, 163)

This passage and that night in Shelby Montana reminds me of something Hank Jr. sings about-

If I'm down in a honky tonk, and some ole slick's tryin' to gimme some friction

I says "Leave me alone, I'm stayin' all night long 'cause it's a family tradition."(Williams Jr., Hank. Family Tradition)

The environment is not only hostile to the musician at times; honky-tonks are often places where the patrons are immersed in desperation and sadness. This has been taken into account by others:

That place is often called a honky-tonk, a place where the abject male literally and figuratively hits the bottom, a degraded place where hard country plays . . . a Texas law of the '30s and '40s that defined it as a place where "conduct . . . [is authorized that is] lewd, immoral or offensive to public decency." . . . The name of this place bears a reminder of hard country's archetypal character. . . While mainstream country songs often portray the honky-tonk as a countrified party spot, whatever pleasure the hard country honky-tonk offers is fleeting if not outright illusory. This is where men break their homes (with some help from honky-tonk angels), waste their paychecks, fall off barstools, and burst into tears. Dwight Yoakam's "It Won't Hurt" (1985) wrings low comedy from drunken bragging by asserting that neither falling off barstools nor stumbling through the street can cause pain. It is crucial to note that the hard country honky-tonk is not even in the country; instead, it is a space of urban desolation. (Ching 35)

Taking into account the atmosphere in which a Honky-Tonk musician plays in, why would players subject themselves to such circumstances? What does the player of the music gain? The answer is that the player of the music provides the patrons in the bar an opportunity for emotional release; the same emotional release that the singer experiences in singing the music. Jimmie Rogers speaks of the connection between the singer and the audience, all because of the lyrics of the human condition:

It would seem, then, that the hurtin' love songs serve an important function by reinforcing and explain a universal condition for men and women. Men and women who actively seek reinforcement find the songs an articulation of their trials and tribulations in love relationships. Along

with this reinforcement, the songs also serve as expression of their thoughts and feeling. The expression lets the listeners know they are not alone in their suffering . . .Hearing their feeling described in language that is easily understood, the listeners can apply the situation to their own lives. (157-158)

My mother spoke about this:

Patrick: But so much of country music is sad songs. Why is it that way?

Elaine: That is true of the traditional music from England, Ireland. It was a way people could sing those songs with all that emotions. Even if it wasn't their experience; they could let out some of that feeling.

Patrick: So the sad themes are therapeutic?

Elaine: Expressing any strong emotions get rid of any emotion that you have not been able to; that you have kept buried not able to express.
(Campbell. interview with Elaine Campbell)

The singer goes to those painful experiences of the heart for the listeners of the music.

There is a catharsis for the listener as well as the singer.

Around the month of March of 2007 I was feeling ready to begin playing out by myself. I was given the opportunity to open for a friend's band at The Shanty, a dive in Havre. The patrons consisted largely of the down-and-out of Havre. A sad place. Some tough looking individuals. And yet, honky-tonk music can be a shining light in a place like this, because the music is able to touch people. I sang "He Stopped Loving Her Today", and those tough looking rednecks in front of me quit talking and watched me sing (I screwed up my guitar playing a lot during the evening. My guitar playing and singing was at this point, and still is very rough). Afterwards, they nodded and clapped. Nothing had to be said. That is your job as a honky-tonk player. Give them the chance and the opportunity to live and feel the story that you are telling. Honky-tonk listeners are forgiving in regards to technical execution of vocals and instrumentation. Waylon

spoke about using pure courage to perform instead of a scholastic preparation in playing the music in Waylon: An Autobiography:

I just did what felt good to me. It was like Grady Martin said when they asked him if he read music. "Not enough to hurt my playing," he replied. The truth is I never knew that much about the mechanics of music. I'd come in wrong, and I'd turn the beat sideways. I was the only guy in the world who could hum out of meter. My guitar playing came from inspiration only. I did it out of self-preservation. I could never stand to practice. Everything I know I learned in front of an audience. Whenever I'd pick up a guitar, I'd start to play a song. (155)

You may not be a brilliant singer or guitar player, but you had better be real. Believe what you sing, and sing what you believe. If it's a sad song; sing sad. If it's a happy song; sing happy. If you are unwilling to do that, you have let yourself and the listeners down. You and the listeners know whether you are authentic. Country music and the blues are two forms of music that you cannot fake.

Ray Price and Don Williams were touring through Montana during the months of March and April. The shows were very good. Both artists, although older still have their voices. The musicians of both groups were outstanding ensemble players. The music was about the music first, as opposed to the country acts I saw last July. It was refreshing.

After this gig, around the last weekend in April I began to play music with my brother, Kevin. He plays a mean slide guitar. He turned me on to James Taylor when I asked him about finger picking. I collected some of his material, and I dig it out from time to time. After playing for a year I realized how much there was to studying guitar, as if that wasn't obvious.

One of the best things about being home is playing music with my brother Kevin again. We played in garage bands together as teenagers. Now we are playing covers of music like “Voodoo Chile,” some Doobie Brothers and Eagles covers, and some blues. We call our duo *The Brothers Campbell*. As of May, I had three musical venues to perform in-1) Drumming and singing with *The Hi-Line Cowboy Symphony* 2) Singing in the church choir, and 3) *The Brothers Campbell*. During this time Conway Twitty and Travis Tritt landed in the songbook. Eventually, I plan on being a proficient solo act. I would like to be able to do this by early 2008.

Around April I was beginning to want to have an acoustic guitar. I wanted what guitarists call a “beater”—a guitar that is expendable. If it is wrecked or stolen you may be heart broken but not financially damaged. Something to tote around. I found the guitar in a shop in Great falls. Actually, she found me:

I ran into Jasmine at a music store in Great Falls. She called out to me as I was looking around. She is very beautiful. She’s from Brazil and is Earthy sounding. Great name for a honky-tonk guitar; Jasmine. She has her name tattooed on top. Jasmine, sounds like a stripper. Or one of those bartenders from Coyote Ugly in NYC. (Campbell, personal journal, 6)

In the middle of May my brother thought it was a good idea to have a pick up put in. The pick up broke down in a day. On the positive side, I had bluegrass strings put on. Bluegrass strings are heavier gauged in the bass strings (The top four strings). This gives more sound to the bass range in a guitar.

In early May my sister Colleen came home to visit from New York City. She has become a New Yorker. My mother, Kevin and I miss her. We all know that she probably will not come back to Montana. I can’t blame her for wanted to stay in NYC; it’s a magical place. The entire family played a concert in Havre the first weekend in

May. Colleen wowed the audience with her pipes. She has the gift of being able to yodel. We ended the concert with Mom joining us on “Will the Circle Be Unbroken.” Afterwards, I had the chance to listen to myself sing from recordings of the show. I knew that I had a rough voice. I didn’t realize how rough it actually was. My voice is rough; but not in a bad way. Rough as in the person singing sounds like he has been to hell and back. Good for country.

In the middle of May, I was given the opportunity to begin playing drums with *Barley*, a local honky-tonk band that is starting out. The band members are regular joes who have their day jobs. Weekend warriors are common in country music, as others have pointed out:

Although international in its sales, marketing, and devoted legions of fans, country music is thriving today because it remains a grassroots cultural phenomenon. For every Garth Brooks, there are a thousand country musicians who perform in local bars, taverns, and American Legion halls and who have never been able to “give up their day jobs.” These are musicians whose middle-class dreams are tempered by working-class realities. (Malone, 2002, 52)

The band’s material consists of newer country artist’s such as Dirks Bentley in addition to the tried and true classics. As of June 10th we have played two gigs. Both have been successful. We gave our redneck, pabst drinkin’ listeners some good timeless hell-raisin’ honky-tonk. I think the music will survive in areas like this and in areas similar to rural north central Montana.

It All Goes Back to the Church

“I’m the same person whether I am playing in a bar or in a church,” was my father’s response to someone criticizing him for playing gospel music in church with guitars. The accuser finished his opinion by stating that guitars belonged in bars. My

parents and I would get home after 3 AM often after playing gigs and still manage to get themselves and the children together enough to get to church(often late, but we got there). My family's faith was a big deal as I was growing up. The Lord's music was played along side the cheatin' and drinkin' songs at the Campbell residence. My parents did not see any conflict of interest in playing both styles of music. Prominent performers in country music were often brought up on gospel music before they sang honky-tonk. This has been pointed out by others:

(Hank) Williams had a serious, sensitive nature and very early displayed a strong love for music. His earliest musical influence was derived from attendance at fundamentalist Baptist churches, where he learned to love the spirited hymns and gospel tunes (233)

Williams . . . earliest recordings were of a tragic or gospel nature. When Billboard reviewed "Wealth Won't Save Your Soul" and "When God Comes and Gathers His Jewels," it made the following revealing comments: "It's the backwoods gospel sing-way back in the woods-that Hank Williams sings. (Malone, 1968, 233-234)

The same man that wrote "Honky-Tonkin" wrote "I Saw the Light." Hank Williams is one of many country musicians that performed both styles (honky-tonk and gospel) and had their beginnings in the church. This truth exists also among many prominent rhythm and blues singers, one of them being Aretha Franklin. She began singing in a church choir. So why is there this common connection between sin and salvation?

Fall-1. to come down, to descend....4. to take a downward direction....7. to do wrong; sin..(Webster's New World Dictionary 1987 221)

Redeem-1. recover.....5. to deliver from sin....7. a) to make amends or atone for b) to restore (oneself to favor).(Webster's New World Dictionary 1987 500-501)

I remember a fellow recovering alcoholic tell me that people in recovery were blessed with being "saved" twice-the first time in this life, and hopefully, the second time

in the next. There is something to be said about falling and being redeemed. Fall and redemption are constant themes in country and gospel music and in the human condition. Sometimes they are one theme or the other, and sometimes both themes are present. It is the story of the human drama; going back to the sincerity of the music. Similar to singing honky-tonk, you have to believe it to sing it. Take the first verse of “Amazing Grace” for example:

*Amazing Grace,
How sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost,
But now I'm found.
Was blind, but now I see.*(Newton, John. A Collection of Sacred Ballads, 1790)

or Kris Kristofferson's “**Why Me Lord**”-

/A
/Lord help me Jesus, I've wasted it so
| B7 E E7
/Help me Jesus I know what I am
/A E
/Now that I know that I've needed you so
| B7 E
/Help me Jesus, my soul's in your hands.(Kristofferson, Kris. Why Me Lord)

Both are songs about fall and redemption.

On June 10th I played guitar at an outdoor mass. Some of the music included “Amazing Grace” and “Peace Is Flowing like a River.” In August I will be playing gospel at my church, singing and playing on Jasmine. As a singer of both honky-tonk and gospel there is a deliverance that occurs in singing; a lifting of your soul. In one's sincerity of delivery there is the opportunity to connect to the listener, irregardless to whether he is drinking Pabst Blue Ribbon or kneeling in a church.

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION

In conclusion to this paper, I have enjoyed the process, despite the aggravation. I have learned much, and see the wisdom in having to do a research paper. I wanted to learn how to do extensive research. I made research a focus of rigor throughout the process; the extensive process was a self-assignment. I felt that through the process I would learn much. I wanted to include risk and rigor in the writing of the paper. I am going to complete an M.S. in counseling, and being able to do proper research is a valued skill as a practitioner. I saw an opportunity to learn a skill that may have some bearing in the future. Through the process of research I learned about patience, commitment, and grammar. I am also completing my teaching credentials in secondary English. I believe that an English teacher should be a skilled writer, at least in the technical sense.

Embarking on this project has shown me that I have much to learn about the mechanics of English. It is imperative that I have a sound knowledge of writing mechanics if I am going to be an English teacher. The style of research I have attempted in this paper is in narrative form. In research articles that I have read I have found this format to be the most interesting and the least dry. I enjoyed the opportunity to attempt to interlace three storylines-the history of country music, my family's history of playing the music, and my own discovery of the music. I enjoyed adding experiences of my life, my parents' lives, and the lives of the honky-tonk heroes Hank, Johnny, and Waylon.

I used the methods of creativity I learned from Dr. Kriley's class Creative/Critical Thinking (a core class in the Creative Pulse curriculum). The methodologies he shared have become a foundation whenever I need to create, whether it is writing and directing a passion play, choreographing a ballet, or writing this paper. Two core concepts I took

from the class are: 1) Thinking about the process is more important than the doing. Thinking about the work allows you to use the power of imagination before you create in the physical reality, and 2) Allowing the outcome to unfold.

As far as playing music, I am now in the process of learning the material that's been gathered. The songbook turned into songbooks, with approximately 250 songs (see Appendix E-The Songbooks for the material accumulated). At this time, I am able to play around 130 of them with the assistance of the songbooks in front of me. I know I will prune the material. I am finding that you are not able to do some songs justice, regardless of how much you like them. As I stated previously, I plan on being accomplished enough to play solo by the turn of the year. I expect to continue playing as long as I am able. Like a fine wine, may I grow better with time.

The paper's emphasis allowed the opportunity to discover more about my father and mother; to "come home" on many levels. This "coming home" was more than a physical relocation back to my home town. It is more visceral than that. When I started the Creative Pulse in the summer of 2005, my father was very ill, and crossed over two days after classes ended. My father has been a presence throughout my work in the Creative Pulse Program, and has been the major theme in the projects. The paper's involvement of research and personal development of playing the music has given me the opportunity to learn about my father and his passion for the music. And to learn about my mother, a charming fourteen year-old who was singing the blues at a local roadhouse. Both of my parents are there in me whenever I pick up a guitar and play music. Hopefully, this paper gives justice in painting a picture of my father, a man who was a

fierce, colorful individual; like my mother, an “outlaw” who truly lived and loved the music.

Lastly, similar to my father’s experience, country music brought me back to myself. The fall and redemption of country music graced this prodigal son with a second chance at living. My mother said she placed a curse upon her children that someday we would come back to the music. I have come back to it. It has been a blessing.

Appendix A-Being a Classic Country/Honky-Tonk Drummer

The drumming style of classic country/honky-tonk music is distinctive. It is an understated way of playing in which the drummer plays the role of sideman instead of being a soloist. The classic country/honky-tonk drummer provides a pulse, a consistent rhythm that is conducive to dancing. The shuffle is the most common rhythm played in classic country music. The shuffle is a syncopated rhythm whose roots go back to Africa and Ireland. It was the prevalent rhythm in American popular music (jazz, the blues, gospel, country, bluegrass, rhythm and blues, and rockabilly). In the 1960's a 'straighter' (rhythm without syncopation) rhythm took precedence that was less conducive to dancing. Although the rhythm of country music before 1940 was the syncopated rhythm used in the blues and jazz, drums were not brought into the instrumentation until the 1940's. During this time, the country music styles becoming popular were honky-tonk and Texas swing. Both of these styles enforced a driving energetic shuffle rhythm that was very danceable. Larger ensembles and amplified instrumentation were becoming popular; the music was becoming louder.

By the 1950's the presence of the drum set in country music instrumentation was becoming more and more common. Yet, keeping in the tradition of country music, the lyrics were the primary expression of the music. The story being told by the vocalist was the most important part of the music. Therefore, the drummer was a provider of the danceable beat, and not a solo instrument. He was 'felt' and not heard. Similar to the role of the drummer in the swing orchestras of the 1920's through the 1940's. All drummers from the birth of the drum set (early 1900's) through the early 1960's had a

base in the swing and shuffle rhythms. The role of the country drummer was the same as all dance band drummers- to provide a steady dance beat that is easy to dance to.

The classic country drumming style is becoming less common, and understandably so. The drumming style of country music in 2007 is largely influenced by rock music, whose characteristics are playing in straight time, playing more of a solo role, and hitting the drums harder. The drumsticks are thicker to produce increased volume. The story being told by the rock and modern country singer are secondary to the expression of amplified instrumentation. Because of this, the drummer is permitted to fill in on top of the lyrics. The country drumming style of 2007 is completely unrelated to the classic country drummer of 1960, whose influences would have been jazz and swing dance band drummers (playing with a lighter stick and brushes) who played in the role of sideman. The drummer as a sideman would not cover up the lyrics. Although, he was allowed to 'introduce' the band through a fill at the end of every four bars-a common part of the blues/jazz/country drummer's role in playing a song.

To be a good classic country drummer, you must enjoy the difficult simplicity of keeping time; being subtle and understated with your transitions. It is not about how much you do, it's about how well you do it, and silence can be as effective as sound. You want to add variety to a shuffle, or 'swing' a straight four? Just leave a note out once and awhile, or straighten a shuffle into a triplet for a break. It is about the sincerity of your playing. It's about feeling the slow dirge on the snare with brushes during "Green, Green Grass of Home" as the main character is led down the prison hallway to his execution, and the soft, spare playing on "Amanda", as the singer sings gratitude for his woman in slow waltz time. Or the aggressive shuffle of retribution on "Your Cheatin'

Heart.” It’s about feeling the story, and letting it out through your hands, fingers, and dancing below with your feet. As a classic country/honky-tonk drummer, you must dance on the set. If you are dancing on the set, so will the crowd.

Appendix B-Interview 1: Elaine Campbell

The interview took place on February 10, 2007.

Patrick: How old were you when you started singing?

Elaine: Age 5. At home. We had a phonograph. Evening. Jimmy Rodgers was one singer that I remember. My dad liked to sing. We had a school teacher that played a honky-tonk piano. She taught me how to sing "Frankie and Johnny." My father said to my mother "what kind of a daughter are you raising?" There was a piano in the ranchhouse. The whole community befriended the schoolteacher. She was a hot little number. She really had all the farmhands and bachelors in the area standing on their ears. When I was seven my cousin Arlyn would sing these old cowboy songs, "Old Shep" and "Blood in the Saddle." We would cry when we got to the part when the dog died. The community where I was raised would have dances in a nearby school house. Once a month. They would play all night long, they would dance all night long until the sun came up, then they would go back home and do their chores. Sometimes they would come back Sunday afternoon and play some baseball and play some more music. The women always served a big lunch at midnight. The music was all instrumental (1940).

Patrick: What was some of the music played?

Elaine: All the families in the area were from a different country in Europe. Homesteaders, they were, and they all loved to dance. They were waltzes, two steps and polkas, schottisches, and square dances.

Patrick: The whole family went to these dances?

Elaine: Yes. The parents taught their kids to dance. My mother was our school teacher later in the forties, and there were only four of us in the school. In the winter when it was too cold to play outside at recess time, she cut some thing strips from cotton bed sheets, and tacked them from the ceiling. The strips of bed sheets were our partners, and she would play square dance music, she would teach us the steps. Went they got tired (the kids) they all slept on a pile of coats and blankets in the corner. They would hang gasoline lanterns from the ceilings for light. The musicians were just different guys from the community who would take turns playing.

Radio was a big deal. Everyone had their favorite programs, much like TV is now. We heard a lot of country music from Canadian stations, Regina, Moosejaw. On Saturday nights we could hear the Grand Old Opry. And the WSM barn dance in Chicago. Late at night, there were powerful stations down in Texas, Del Rio Texas, and Mexico that broadcast all country music. They were 50,000 watt stations so you could hear them at night. The nearby small towns had halls where they had dances.

Patrick: When did you start singing in public?

Elaine: When I was about fourteen. There were jukeboxes in all the restaurants. We would play a song over and over to learn the songs, and write down the words. "Country Music Roundup" was the magazine one would buy to get the words. We had just moved to town (Malta, MT). We would go out to a town way out in the mountains, near the reservation (Zortman, MT). It was my cousin Arlyn he played the guitar. The bar would turn out the outside speaker and people would come down and come down from the hills to hear us sing and dance. The only pay was free beer for us and our friends. At that time, dancing was not allowed in the taverns. But they had attached dance halls, where teenagers could go, and families could go. We'd pile our cars full of kids and go to these dances on every Saturday night. They would end at 2 AM. And everyone would go back to town and eat breakfast before going home. There were all night cafés in every town. We sang a lot in cars driving around, everyone did.

Patrick: What was the music you sang at fourteen?

Elaine: Whatever was popular back then, Bob Wills, etc. Sang the blues driving around in the cars, the boys would ask me to sing Billie Holiday, Eartha Kitt. Started playing guitar at twenty one when I got out of college. My boyfriend, later to be my husband taught me to play. Walt's family was musical. Walt's mother's parents used to sing at community events back in the late 1800's. Grandma Clara taught her boys, Walt, Jack, Collin) how to sing harmony. Their heroes were the Sons of the Pioneers and Gene Autry. Walt learned to play the harmonica at the age of six. It was when he got out of the army the second time that he started to play the guitar. He played at campfires and local bars in the area of Glacier Park. He taught a lot of people how to play, including his brothers. He and his brothers, played guitar and sang together. Almost every Saturday night they would get together and play music. In the living room, it was fun. I would have rather have been dancing, but it was fun.

Patrick: Tell me about the honky-tonks in Malta, Montana.

Elaine: After WWII, Malta was a hard drinking town. There were 10 bars in town, and most had dance music every Saturday, Friday night. Some places had music every night.

Patrick: Tell me about the music.

Elaine: Some of it was pop/swing stuff, Tommy Dorsey, drums, saxophone, some fiddle, guitar, and banjo.

Patrick: When did you first see drums with a country band?

Elaine: 1950. Five year old kid playing in a roadhouse near Malta. His parents owned the place. He would play with whoever was playing there. Kid Curry's nightclub outside of Malta.

Patrick: When did you start playing out again?

Elaine: After we moved to Chinook, we would still get together with the family and play music every couple of weeks or so. Every day when dad would get home from work, he would play guitar for a while, this happened almost every day after getting married(1963). We would line you kids up on the couch and you would bounce to the music. Your dad and I would sing in the car while you kids were fighting (riot control).

Patrick: Did the singing stop us from fighting?

Elaine: You would stop fighting, and start singing. Every time the family got together we played music. Your father and I started playing gospel music in church. We started playing with Jim Azure in the bars, 1975.

Patrick: Tell me about Uncle Lee.

Elaine: Lee Grant. He was a champion fiddler. Started playing in his family band. He was about six or seven. First played the drums, then the fiddle. Think he had a band in the army.

Patrick: How did you get with Jim?

Elaine: There was a real bad winter. People were pretty much snowed in. CB radios were popular; people would help each other out. Our home station was the Bandstand, your dad was Twelve String. I was Songbird. Jim heard us on the CB. He called us up and asked us if we played guitar. We got together. He thought we could work together. We played a New Years Eve at Cleveland. We continued to play in order to have nice equipment for you kids.

Patrick: So the emphasis with playing the music out was to buy equipment for yourself and for your kids. So both you and dad thought we would play music?

Elaine: We thought that you needed to have good equipment. We bought you your first drum set at ten.

Patrick: When did you start playing bass, and why did you start playing bass?

Elaine: Our bass players were not consistent, and we needed a bass player.

Patrick: And you and dad in one shape or form continued to play?

Elaine: After Jim moved away, we would piece together a band. We continued to play.

Patrick: Why do you play the music?

Elaine: I love it.

Patrick: What makes a good country musician?

Elaine: You have to make the whole band sound good. They play to make people happy. I like to see people dance and have fun. When everything is working, it's really a high. It's a great feeling.

Patrick: But so much of country music is sad songs. Why is it that way?

Elaine: That is true of the traditional music from England, Ireland. It was a way people could sing those songs with all that emotions. Even if it wasn't their experience, they could let out some of that feeling.

Patrick: So the sad themes are therapeutic?

Elaine: Expressing any strong emotions get rid of any emotion that you have not been able to; that you have kept buried not able to express.

Appendix C-Interview 2: Collin Campbell

The interview took place on February 20, 2007

Collin: (just finished a song, singing and playing guitar, "Blue Yodel" by Jimmy Rodgers) That's as much as I remember of that. When we were just kids, on the homestead up there (Whitewater, Montana) we listened to Jimmie Rodgers, Montana Slim from a radio station out of Wolf Point. From 1932 to 1938. Mother liked him (Jimmie Rodgers). We moved down to the valley down there (Malta, MT). Things were kind of tight, this was '38,'39,'40, along in there and a piano salesman tried to sell us a piano, and he wanted to trade it for a workhorse that weighed about a ton. Dad didn't want to make the trade, but he left it there (the piano) at the house there for a week or better, and mother would sit down there and play she knew a bunch of songs, she was a good singer; your grandma was. The piano went back in 1949. In the fall of 1937 Dad took a cargo of cattle to Chicago, and came back with a '29 Studebaker, straight up and down windshield, things like that. It had humungous tires on it. Spotlight on it. There were some culverts down from the house that we could fit into. We would sing in there and pretend it was radio, singing in the culverts, we were pretty small, young boys. Something to do up there to pass the time.

Patrick: Grandma taught you boys to sing harmony?

Collin: Yeah, your dad and Jack learned, I could never get it. I've traveled a couple hundred thousand miles trying to harmonize to the radio.

Patrick: Harmonicas?

Collin: We had them all the time when we were kids. Carried them in their pockets. Jack and Walt learned to play them, I never did.

Patrick: Tell me about Wilf Carter.

Collin: Wilf Carter (Western singer), he was Canadian; he worked both sides of the border. This side he called himself Montana Slim. He was all over the radio around here. Cowboy music.

We got associated with the musicians. Moved in south of us while we were still on the homestead; the McCollum's. The cattle would be turned out, Whitewater creek. They would be down there someplace, and ending up riding after them. There would be two of us on the saddle horse. I was on the back. The McCollum's, they lived about two miles south of us. Came from Tennessee. In the evening, they would be out there pickin' on guitars, and mandolins, and singin'. So we'd stop down there and listen for awhile. He had a Martin guitar. Probably one of the oldest Martin guitars in the state. 1938. They played "There's An Empty Cot in the Bunkhouse" (Wilf Carter). A lot of the settlers in Tennessee were from Scotland, England and a lot of the music is based in Scotch tunes.

Patrick: When did dad get his first guitar? Rumors have it that he bought a guitar after his marriage fell apart.

Collin: Yes, that's it. 1955. The black Silvertone, and a book on how to play the guitar. I got interested in it. He was living up at East Glacier. There were quite a few guys up there that played guitar. They would be all over at his place. They called it the grasshopper (A piece that included playing harmonics, dad called it a Spanish fandango). Gayland Sinclair used to play with him in Essex. When your dad was the maintainer in East Glacier there. The guys that practiced there they organized kind of a band.

Patrick: *The Squaw Mountain Boys?*

Collin: Yes.

Patrick: Instruments?

Collin: Mostly guitars. Hank Williams, Hank Thompson, early Honky Tonk Music. Your dad wore a hat with Indian braids sewn into it.

Patrick: How long were they together?

Collin: A couple of years or so. He really worked at it. How I got my guitar. I went huntin' geese and ducks with Harold Miller who ran the Vets Club where I tended bar for down in Malta. And Doc, who went hunting with us said that "Huntin' ducks you have to pick a day not fit for man or beast." Wet snow fallin' in the morning, we went hunting. Took his boat and motor out to Bowdoin Lake. By the time we got there, moss had wrapped around the propeller, just about to the shore. I just got a new pair of hunting boots. Pretty well water proof, in this shallow water. Got out of the boat and pulled the boat through the shallow water. So we hunted ducks for a while and got a few of them, and turned the boat upside down and left it. So in February, about this time of year. We went out and got the boat with snow on the ground. When we got back to town I was paid off with a guitar that somebody had hawked for \$5.00. He said "here's your pay" and handed me a guitar. I couldn't play a note. A hollow body, flattop. A small one. I ran into Walt again, travellin' on the weekends, and he showed me the chords to a song that had only two changes in it. He wrote the thing out, with the chord changes ahead of the words. I did that song quite a few times before I could hear when I was supposed to change. The song was "Is It Wrong for Lovin' You."

Patrick: Tell me about the episode with the policemen and playing music all night long in Malta.

Collin: At the bar there, Milo Frazier; he played a triple neck steel, and aaah, Walt was there and I, and cousin Arlyn Simms. The bar closed, and we couldn't have a session there, so we said, "let's go down to the park", they had a racetrack set up there, this was about 2:30 in the morning.

Patrick: Were you all drinking?

Collin: Yeah, everybody had a half a skin full, I suppose. So, we took his triple neck (a steel guitar) down, and the amplifier, and down to the park we went. Around the racetrack, there was the judge's stand, next to the grandstand, and it had power, we found. So we plugged in. We plugged the amplifiers in, and just cranked it wide open. We were right down, alongside the Milk River down there, the rodeo arena, and that's all that's down there. There were people living across the river, we didn't think of that, I suppose. We got to singing that, O yeah (Collin sings)-

*A star fell from heaven,
Right into my arms.
A brighter star I know I've never seen.
Then I found out that it was only you,
With all your charms,
Came into my life to share a dream.*

*A falling star, that's what you are.
A twinkle in your eye came from the sky.
You must have strayed from the Milky Way.
A fallen star, that's what you are.*

Arlyn was the one that knew the song. That's the first time I heard any one sing it. This went on for quite a few hours until the sun was comin' out, the mosquitoes started comin' out getting' real bad, and here comes the sheriff, the city cop, and said, "I've been looking all over for you guys. No matter where I went in town I could hear music. And I didn't know where in the hell it's was coming from."

Patrick: Did you get in trouble?

Collin: No, he was a good friend of ours. The mosquitoes were getting bad, so it was time to quit anyways.

Patrick: Tell me about Lee Grant (My uncle).

Collin: He showed up, playing in a band while I was working at the Vets. Him and Junior Blunt and Clarence Blunt, and Curly on the stand up bass.

Patrick: Lee played drums?

Collin: Yes, he played drums. But he played the fiddle we I saw him. Played every Saturday Night at the Vets Club. No drummer, if it was it was Dick Simonton. He was a good drummer.

Patrick: Tell me about Malta on a Saturday night.

Collin: That was the entertainment on a Saturday night. Some people would park their cars in the afternoon so they would have a good spot to watch from. They were 12, 13 bars. You got to watch all the fights. It used to get pretty western.

On the weekends, they would come home (the brothers Walt, and Jack), and we would have a jam session just about every weekend. We set that white amplifier outside of the door, turned it up, in the evening in the summertime there. We were singing, and the phone rang. I was sitting next to the phone and I said, "Oh, a request." It was a request. Sometimes, we would go to Lee's and play. Your uncle Lee he was a state champion fiddler. Old Time Fiddlers Association. At home there, they would have a fiddler's contest every year. It got so that he wouldn't play because he was winning it every year. He would judge it, but he wouldn't play. Always worried about hurtin' someone's feelings.

Patrick: He played a hell of an "Orange Blossom Special," tore it wide open.

Collin: Yes.

Patrick: Tell me about the Vet's Club.

Collin: We had a house band, called *Barb and the Countrymen*. 3 piece. Clint, Barb, and Bob. They would go off to Las Vegas, and come back to Malta. Bob Allen-he played electric guitar and he was fantastic at that. Then you get the musicians coming to listen to the musicians.

Patrick: Charlie Pride; how was he received?

Collin: Wall to wall people. Yes. You could hardly wiggle in that joint. We had him twice. We got him right after "Snakes Crawl."

Patrick: Nice guy?

Collin: Yes, real down to earth.

Patrick: Who else came to Malta?

Collin: Johnny Cash, Slim Whitman, T Texas Tyler, Johnny Paycheck, we had to bail him out of jail.

Patrick: Why do you like country music?

Collin: Because it tells a story. That's what makes country-western different. And I like the message in it. Most of the country songs are very sad songs, because they are things that really happen. Like "Wreck of The 97," and the railroad songs; the McCollum's knew all those, like "The Letter Edged In Black" (Collin begins to sing it):

*I was standin' at my window yesterday mornin',
Without a worry or a care,
When I saw the postman comin' up the pathway,
With such a happy step and jolly aire.*

*He rang the bell, and whistled while he waited.
And then he said good mornin'
To you chap,
Little knew the sorrow that he brought me,
When he handed me that letter edged in black.*

*With trembling hands I took the letter from him,
I opened it and this is what it read:
Come home my boy your dear old father wants you.
Come home my boy your dear old mother's dead.*

*The last words that your mother ever uttered,
Was tell my boy I want him to come back.
Little knew the sorrow that he brought me,
When he handed me that letter edged in black.*

Those were death messages in the old days. A letter edged in black, people knew that, hold that, and (they) would wait to pass it until, kept going until it got to the person that needed it.

Patrick: What makes a good country singer?

Collin: Has had experiences, and can kind of feel what's going on. Can identify with some of the things that happened in the songs. Why there were so many drinking songs? Well, on Saturday night you went to town. And if you were old enough you drank, and even if you weren't old enough you drank. It was a rite of passage.

Patrick: What is the difference between new country and classic country?

Collin: Real country stayed with the story, whatever the story was—a happy story, a sad story, whatever it was they stayed with the story. A lot of the modern guys, with very few exceptions are just hippies with hats on. Rock and roll. I think they all start out as rock musicians. If you listen to country music, they don't jam it down your throat. They haven't had the experiences (the new country singers). The boys that came up in the depression (the classic country players); times were tough, they lived the stuff in the songs.

Patrick: Who is your favorite country singer?

Collin: George Jones, because he sings about things he done, and been through. And Jim Reeves, that was the easiest listening. And Marty Robbins, Hank Williams, Faron Young. And Alan Jackson, he's good. A little history, do you know why the Mexican's call us Gringos?

Patrick: No, I don't.

Collin: Okay the Spanish American war, the Americans down in the border towns down there, drinkin'. All you have are a bunch of Yankees, with half a skin full, and the latest homesick songs. And they would harmonize on it, with harmonicas playing over, and over, and the Mexicans would hear it (Collin sings):

*Green grow the lilacs sparkling in the dew,
I'm lonesome my darlin' since parting with you,
By our next meeting I hope to prove through,
That will change the green lilacs to the red, white and blue (2x)*

*I wrote my love letter,
She answered my letter all twisted in twine,
Say keep your love letters,
And I'll keep mine,
You keep your love letters,
And I'll keep mine*

*Green grow the lilacs sparkling in the dew,
I'm lonesome my darlin' since parting with you,
By our next meeting I hope to prove through,
That will change the green lilacs to the red, white and blue (2x)*

-a Scottish tune that came over in the 1780's. And the words were made into a love song. So the Mexicans heard "Green Grows" and thought Gringos. A lot of Scotchmen settled in the mountains of Tennessee. "Wreck on the Highway" (Collin sings)-

*Who did you say it was brother?
Who was it fallen by the way?
When whiskey and blood ran together
I didn't hear nobody pray*

*I didn't hear nobody pray
Dear brother
I didn't hear nobody pray
I heard the crash on the highway, but I didn't hear nobody pray*

That's an old, old song. Roy Acuff used to do it.

Appendix D-A Little History of Honky-tonk Music in Texas

The history of honky-tonk music is colorful. Below are two excerpts from scholars of the music that paint a picture of the development and the reality of the honky-tonk:

The factors which produced new forms and styles within country music were in evidence all over the South. It was in Texas, however, that conditions proved to be most fertile for new developments. Since the thirties Texas has contributed many of the most spectacular stars to country music, and most of them received their basic musical training in a common school. This was a social institution, springing up in the chaotic ferment of the depression, designed for the needs of rural dwellers: the honky-tonk. Saloons and taverns, of course, were not new to the American scene, but they assumed a new significance in the thirties. The Texas oil boom created a number of frontier-like areas where wide-open taverns, selling illegal liquor, catered to the desires of oil workers. With the repeal of prohibition in 1933 the taverns were given a confirmed status. These taverns usually were situated on the outskirts of town for a variety of reasons. In this location tax rates were lower, police supervision was apt to be more lax, and it was relatively easy for both city and rural dwellers to reach the place. In Texas, with some counties "dry" and others "wet," the county-line tavern developed. This convenient location could attract customers from both wet and dry areas. These wayside taverns were sometimes only small, dingy bars, but quite often contained a dance floor. Here, farmers, laborers, truck drivers, and displaced rural dwellers gathered to relax and drink beer or to work off their frustrations (or add to them) by an occasional round of merriment or "hell-raising." ...In the honky-tonk atmosphere, with its lower-class air of unrespectability, musical entertainment normally would not be provided by the "popular" music bands. The dance music, therefore, was provided by local string bands or occasionally by a touring country organization. Then, by the late thirties, much of the musical accompaniment came to be dispensed by the automatic phonograph or jukebox.

When country music entered the honky-tonk, it had to change, both in lyrics and style. Songs about "Poor Old Mother at Home" and "The Old Country Church" seemed somewhat out of place in the honky-tonk environment. Instead, songs reflecting the problems and changing social status of the erstwhile rural dweller became paramount. Songs took on a franker and more socially realistic quality. The following titles are indicative of country music's changing nature: "Driving Nails in My Coffin" ("every time I drink a bottle of booze"), "Stompin' at the Honky Tonk," "Honky Tonk Blues," "I Ain't Goin' Honky Tonkin' Anymore," and "Headin' Down the Wrong Highway." The listener, if not interested in

dancing, wanted to hear lyrics that reflected his own interests and problems.

The music, too, had to change in its style of performance. Possibly in this respect—the modification of certain rhythms and instrumental styles—honky-tonk music had its greatest impact. In the honky-tonk, with its laughter and merriment, clinking of glasses, and shuffling of dancing feet, the instrumentation changed to accommodate the environment. Amidst the din and revelry there had to be, for both the dancer and passive listener, a steady and insistent beat which could be felt even if the lyrics could not be heard. The music became louder: "Sock rhythm"—the playing of closed chords, or the striking of all six strings in unison in order to achieve a percussive effect. (Malone, 1968, 162-163)

For all the frivolity written about honky-tonkin', there is a back cloud of whiskey

drenched sadness above most honky-tonks as Michael Bertrand states:

Electrically amplified to be heard over the din of crowded venues, honky-tonk addressed the painful predicaments and problems of everyday life in a way that resonated with its alienated listeners. The music reflected themes that centered on the difficulties of social readjustment: isolation, frustration, loneliness, unfamiliarity, domestic tension, marital infidelity, drinking, and the honky-tonk itself. Countless numbers of displaced men, suddenly made insecure in their status and identity, gathered together in barrooms to reassert their manhood. They shared a sense of fellowship that converged around their recollections of the past, tribulations of the present, and visions of the future. Their feelings were confirmed and given voice as they listened to jukeboxes blaring songs that stressed within their lyrics and imagery both the past and the present. In creating a bridge between tradition and modernity, honky-tonk helped acclimate untold numbers of former inhabitants of the countryside to the rhythms and demands of urban life. For many, however, it also revealed that backward-looking fathers, uncles, and older brothers were not necessarily the best role models for dealing with a new and exciting urban cultural landscape. Like their parents and older siblings, the younger sons, daughters, brothers, and sisters who migrated to the city also struggled with transition. Not as deeply rooted in a rural past, they generally came of age in a modern setting that forced them to develop a different world outlook. (McCusker 80)

The myth of honky-tonks is that they were and are jovial places. For some of the patrons that may have been and is the truth. For the majority of the patrons, especially those who

support the establishment during daylight hours, the honky-tonk is a place where one drinks to forget.

Appendix E-The Songbooks

All entries include the artist's name, the title of the song, and the time of entering into the songbooks.

Country Songbook

A

Acuff, Roy. Wabash Cannonball. January 2007.
Acuff, Roy. Wreck on the Highway. January 2007.

Alabama. Dixieland Delight. August 2006.
Alabama. Old Flame. August 2006.

Arnold, Eddy. I Really Don't Want to Know. January 2007.
Arnold, Eddy. You Don't Know Me. January 2007.

Autry, Gene. Have I Told You Lately that I Love You. August 2006.

Axton, Hoyt. Lion in the Winter. March 2006.

B

Bates, Jeff. One More Second Chance. January 2006.

Black, Clint. A Better Man. September 2006.
Black, Clint. I'll Be Gone. September 2006.
Black, Clint. Nobody's Home. September 2006.
Black, Clint. Untanglin' My Mind. September 2006.
Black, Clint. Walkin' Away. September 2006.
Black, Clint. Wherever You Go. September 2006.
Black, Clint. Winding Down. September 2006.

Brumley, Albert E. I'll Fly Away, July 2006

Burnett, Dick. Man of Constant Sorrow. October 2006.

C

Campbell, Glen. Gentle on My Mind. August 2006.

Cash, Johnny. A Boy Named Sue. February 2006.
Cash, Johnny. Big River. September 2006.
Cash, Johnny. Cry, Cry, Cry. September 2006.
Cash, Johnny. Don't Take Your Guns to Town. September 2006.
Cash, Johnny. Folsom Prison Blues. January 2006.
Cash, Johnny. Get Rhythm. April 2006.
Cash, Johnny. Ghost Riders in the Sky. April 2006.
Cash, Johnny. Green, Green Grass of Home. March 2006
Cash, Johnny. Guess Some Things Happen that Way April 2006.
Cash, Johnny. Hey Porter. August 2006.
Cash, Johnny. Home of the Blues. August 2006.
Cash, Johnny. I Walk the Line. August 2006.
Cash, Johnny. One Piece at a Time. August 2006.
Cash, Johnny. Ring of Fire. April 2006.
Cash, Johnny. Sunday Morning Comin' Down. August 2006.

D

Denver, John. Annie's Song April 2007.
Denver, John. Country Roads. October 2006.
Denver, John. Some Days are Diamonds, Some Days are Stone. April 2007.

E

Earle, Steve. Copperhead Road. April 2007.

G

Gosdin, Vern. Chiseled in Stone. March 2006.
Gosdin, Vern. Do You Believe Me Now. March 2007.

H

Haggard, Merle. If We Make it through December. March 2006.
Haggard, Merle. Ramblin' Fever. January 2006.
Haggard, Merle. Today I Started Loving You Again. June 2006.
Haggard, Merle. What Have You got Planned Tonight Diana. January 2007.
Haggard, Merle. Workin' Man Blues. January 2007.

Hall, Tom T. Country Is. June 2007.

Harris, Emmylou. One of these Days. October 2006.

Harris, Emmylou. The Last Cheater's Waltz. October 2006.
Harris, Emmylou. Two More Bottles of Wine. October 2006.

Horton, Johnny. Honky-Tonk Man. April 2006.

J

Jackson, Alan. A Song for Life. August 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Amanda. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Are You Ready for the Country. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Are You Sure Hank Done it this Way. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Can't You See. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Don't You Think this Outlaw Bit has done Got Out of Hand. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Dreaming My Dreams. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Good Hearted Woman. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. He went to Paris. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Honky-Tonk Heroes. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. I ain't Living Long like This. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. I May be Used (But Baby I ain't Used Up). June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. If You could Touch her at All. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. If You see Her. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. I'm a Ramblin' Man. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. I've always been Crazy. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Ivory Tower. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Lonesome, On'ry and Mean. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Luckenbach Texas. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Mamas don't let Your Babies Grow Up to be Cowboys. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Music Man. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. My Heroes have Always been Cowboys. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Never could Tow the Mark. May 2007.

Jennings, Waylon. Nowhere Road. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Only Daddy That'll Walk the Line. January 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Out Among the Stars. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Rainy Day Woman. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Rose in Paradise. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Slow Movin' Outlaw. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Stop the World (And ILt Me Off). August 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Storms Never Last. February 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Sweet Dream Woman. October 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. The Taker. February 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. There ain't No Good Chain Gang. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. This Time. June 2006.

Jennings, Waylon. Turn the Page. June 2006.

Jones, George. A Picture of Me Without You. June 2006.
Jones, George. Bartender's Blues. March 2007.
Jones, George. Choices. September 2006.
Jones, George. Golden Ring. September 2006.
Jones, George. He Stopped Loving Her Today. January 2006.
Jones, George. If Drinking Don't Kill Me. September 2006.
Jones, George. She Thinks I Still Care. March 2006
Jones, George. Still Doing Time. September 2006.
Jones, George. The Cold, Hard Truth. April 2007.
Jones, George. The Door. March 2006.
Jones, George. The Grand Tour. June 2006.
Jones, George. These Days (I Barely Get By). September 2006.

K

Keith, Toby. A Little Too Late. August 2006.

Krause, Allison. Crazy Faith. May 2007.
Krause, Allison. Whiskey Lullaby. May 2007.

Kristofferson, Kris. Help Me Make it through the Night. January 2006.
Kristofferson, Kris. Loving Her Was Easier (Than Anything I'll Ever Do Again). August 2006.
Kristofferson, Kris. Me and Bobby McGee. August 2006.
Kristofferson, Kris. One Day at a Time. August 2006.
Kristofferson, Kris. Why Me Lord. August 2006.

M

Milsap, Ronnie. It was Almost Like a Song. October 2006.

Mission Mountain Wood Band. Fire On the Mountain. December 2006.

N

Nelson, Willie. Always On My Mind. August 2006.
Nelson, Willie. Angel Flying Too Close to the Ground. August 2006.
Nelson, Willie. Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain. August 2006.
Nelson, Willie. Crazy. August 2006.
Nelson, Willie. Funny How Time Slips Away. August 2006.
Nelson, Willie. Healing Hands of Time. September 2006.
Nelson, Willie. On the Road Again. September 2006.
Nelson, Willie. Pancho and Lefty. September 2006.

Nelson, Willie. Stardust. September 2006.
Nelson, Willie. The Unclouded Day. August 2006.
Nelson, Willie. Whiskey River. August 2006.
Nelson, Willie. Yesterday's Wine. August 2006.
Nelson, Willie. You Left Me A Long, Long Time Ago. August 2006.

O

Owens, Buck. Together Again. August 2006.

P

Presley, Elvis. Little Sister. September 2006.
Presley, Elvis. Blue Moon of Kentucky. September 2006.
Presley, Elvis. Mystery Train. September 2006.
Presley, Elvis. That's Alright Mama. September 2006.

Price, Ray. Crazy Arms. August 2006.
Price, Ray. I Won't Mention it Again. January 2007.

R

Rogers, Kenny. Lady. September 2006.
Rogers, Kenny. Lucille. March 2006.
Rogers, Kenny. The Gambler. March 2006.

Robbins, Marty. Big Iron. March 2007.
Robbins, Marty. El Paso. March 2007.

Rodgers, Jimmie. T for Texas. August 2006.

S

Snow, Hank. Movin' On. February 2006.

T

Thomas, B.J. Hey Wont You Play Another Somebody Done Somebody Wrong Song.
November 2006.
Thompson, Hank, Wild Side of Life. August 2006.

Travis, Randy. Forever and Ever Amen. February 2006.
Travis, Randy. I Told You So February 2006.

Traditional. Barbara Allen. January 2007.

Tritt, Travis. Anymore. August 2006.
Tritt, Travis. Can I Trust You with My Heart. August 2006.
Tritt, Travis. Drift Off to Dream. August 2006.
Tritt, Travis. Foolish Pride. August 2006.
Tritt, Travis. Here's A Quarter (Call Someone Who Cares). August 2006.
Tritt, Travis. Nothing Short of Dying. August 2006.
Tritt, Travis. Put Some Drive in Your Country. August 2006.
Tritt, Travis. Sometimes She Forgets. August 2006.
Tritt, Travis. T-R-O-U-B-L-E. August 2006.
Tritt, Travis. The Whiskey Ain't Workin. August 2006.

Tubb, Ernest, Walkin' the Floor over You. June 2007.

Turner, Josh. Long Black Train. March 2006.

Twitty, Conway. A Bridge that Just Won't Burn. December 2006.
Twitty, Conway. Fifteen Years Ago. July 2006.
Twitty, Conway. Hello Darlin'. July 2006.
Twitty, Conway. Play, Guitar Play. July 2006.

W

Whitley, Keith. Between an Old Memory and Me. August 2006.
Whitley, Keith. Brotherly Love. September 2006.
Whitley, Keith. I'm No Stranger to the Rain. August 2006.
Whitley, Keith. Tell Lorrie I Love Her. August 2006.
Whitley, Keith. Would These Arms Be in Your Way. August 2006.

Williams, Don. Best Friend. April 2006.
Williams, Don. Good Ole Boys Like Me August 2006.
Williams, Don. I Believe in You. April 2006.
Williams, Don. Lay Down Beside Me. August 2006
Williams, Don. Lord, I Hope this Day is Good. April 2006.
Williams, Don. 'Til the Rivers All Run Dry. August 2006.
Williams, Don. Tulsa Time. August 2006.
Williams, Hank. Cold, Cold Heart. September 2006.
Williams, Hank. Hey, Good Lookin'. September 2006.
Williams, Hank. Honky-Tonkin'. September 2006.
Williams, Hank. Honky-Tonk Blues. July 2006.
Williams, Hank. I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry. August 2006.

Williams, Hank. I Can't Help It if I'm Still in Love with You. February 2006
Williams, Hank. I Saw the Light. August 2006.
Williams, Hank. I'll Never Get Out of This World Alive. August 2006.
Williams, Hank. Jambalaya. February 2006.
Williams, Hank. Long Gone Lonesome Blues. August 2006.
Williams, Hank. Lost Highway. August 2006.
Williams, Hank. Lovesick Blues. August 2006.
Williams, Hank. Move It On Over. August 2006.
Williams, Hank. My Son Calls Another Man Daddy. August 2006.
Williams, Hank. Ramblin' Man. August 2006.
Williams, Hank. Take These Chains from My Heart January 2007.
Williams, Hank. The Old Log Train. August 2006.
Williams, Hank. Wedding Bells August 2006.
Williams, Hank. Why Don't You Love Me. August 2006.
Williams, Hank. You Win Again February 2006.
Williams, Hank. Your Cheatin' Heart January 2006.

Williams, Jr., Hank. Country Boy Can Survive. August 2006.
Williams, Jr., Hank. Family Tradition. August 2006.

Williams III, Hank. Low Down. August 2006.

Wills, Bob. Faded Love. March 2006.

Blues/R n' B Songbook

A

Allman Brothers, The Whippin' Post. April 2006.

C

Charles, Ray. Georgia (On My Mind). August 2006.

Charles, Ray. Got A Woman. August 2006.

Charles, Ray. I Believe to My Soul. August 2006.

D

Doors, The. Roadhouse Blues. April 2007.

H

Hathaway, Bobby, A Song for You. April 2007.

Hathaway, Bobby, Where Is The Love? April 2007.

Hendrix, Jimi. Red House Blues. December 2006
Hendrix, Jimi. Voodoo Chile (Slight Return). December 2006.

J

Jackson 5, The. Never Can Say Goodbye. April 2006.

James, Etta. Damn Your Eyes. March 2006.
James, Etta. The One (Orig. Man) I Love. July 2006.

K

King, B.B. Don't Answer the Door. April 2007.
King, B.B. How Blue Can You Get? April 2007.
King, B.B. The Thrill is Gone. April 2006.
King, B.B. Never Make Your Move Too Soon. April 2007.

L

Lynne, Shelby. Lookin' Up. March 2006.

M

Mo', Keb. Am I Wrong. April 2007.
Mo', Keb. Anybody Seen My Girl. April 2007.

S

Seals, Son. Your Love Is Like A Cancer. April 2006.

T

Temptations, The. Papa Was A Rolling Stone. April 2007.

W

Waters, Muddy. Rock Me. April 2007.
Withers, Bill. Ain't No Sunshine. April 2007.

Y

York, Pauline. Leavin' Trunk. April 2006.

The Brothers Campbell/Folk Songbook

D

Derek and the Dominoes. Layla. April 2006.

Doobie Brothers, The. Listen To The Music. April 2007.

Doobie Brothers, The. Long Train Running. April 2007.

E

Eagles, The. Already Gone. April 2007.

Eagles. The Desperado. April 2007.

Eagles, The. The Best of My Love. April 2007.

Eagles, The. Hotel California. April 2007.

Eagles, The. Lyin' Eyes. April 2007.

Eagles, The. One of These Nights. April 2007.

Eagles, The. Peaceful Easy Feeling. April 2007.

Eagles, The. Take It Easy. April 2007.

Eagles, The. Take It To the Limit. April 2007.

Eagles, The. Tequila Sunrise. April 2007.

Eagles, The. Witchy Woman. April 2007.

M

Mason, Dave. We Just Disagree. August 2006.

P

Pure Prairie League, The. Amie. December 2006.

R

Righteous Brothers, The. Unchained Melody. April 2007.

T

Taylor, James. Carolina In My Mind. December 2006.

Taylor, James. Country Road. December 2006.

Taylor, James. Fire and Rain. December 2006.

Taylor, James. Secret O' Life. December 2006.

Taylor, James. Shower the People. December 2006.

Taylor, James. Something in the Way She Moves. December 2006.
Taylor, James. Sweet Baby James. December 2006.

Gospel Songbook

C

Cash, Johnny. Amazing Grace. April 2007.
Cash, Johnny. How Great Thou Art. April 2007.
Cash, Johnny. Will the Circle be Unbroken. April 2007.

L

Landry, Carey. Only A Shadow. April 2007.
Landry, Carey. Peace ss Flowing Like a River. April 2007.

M

Moody, Dave. They Will Know We Are Christians. April 2007.

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