

SILVER SPECTACULAR ISSUE

COUNTRY MUSIC STAR LIFE

50c No. 2

A JIMMY DEAN PHOTO ALBUM!

WHY ANITA BRYANT GAVE HER TWINS TO GOD!

"I WANTED TO BE LOVED" Eddy Arnold's touching story of his country childhood

LORETTA LYNN'S SAGEBRUSH FASHIONS!



CHET ATKINS: Nashville's "Godfather"

THE DAY CARL PERKINS KICKED THE HABIT!

HALF BREED! What Johnny Cash Taught His Kids About Hatred

TAMMY WYNETTE'S HEARTBREAK:

"I just want to cry all the time!" Will her baby end the heartache?

In COLOR! George & Tammy, Roy Clark, Charlie Pride, Porter Wagoner, Chet Atkins, Skeeter Davis, Connie Smith

Plus **TEST YOUR C/W SMARTS—ENTER OUR KOUNTRY KWIK-KWIZ CONTEST**

And features on: **EARL SCRUGGS, MERLE HAGGARD, BUCK OWENS, BOBBIE GENTRY, FARON YOUNG, NAT STUCKEY, GLEN CAMPBELL, JOHNNY PAYCHECK, SONNY JAMES, ROGER MILLER, TENNESSEE ERNIE, DAVE DUDLEY, IKE EVERLY, RITA KERSHAW** and that famous gal singer turned sex experimenter!

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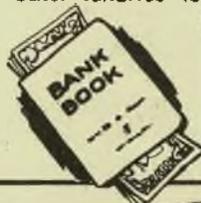
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 Art Editor EVRA TWOING

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STAR LIFE

NUMBER 2

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Dear Cuzz,

I have just bought my first copy of **Country Music Star Life**. And I like it most of all because it had Merle Haggard and Bonnie Owens in it . . . I would like to know if anyone can find some new news on our favorite stars??? Don't you think that the mags have just about run this prison-and-cocktail waitress thing into the ground. And you didn't have to mention Cash in there at all . . . **BIG DEAL!**

My husband and I have been Haggard fans ever since **Skid Row** and we're tired of him being a **Branded Man** . . . This is the biggest little guy that you'll find anywhere!

Ever listening,
M. E. Green
Rising Star, Texas

Thanks for the constructive criticism. Watch our next issue for an in-depth picture story on Merle and Bonnie. We like 'em, too, but their record company, Capitol Records, for some reason doesn't like to part with pictures and info. We're working on it, however.

Cousin Cornelius

I am a country music fan and have just finished reading your first issue . . . and I did enjoy it very much. First, because of the pictures. And also, the length of the write-ups suited me as I am a housewife and they were short enough to pick up and finish in a few minutes. I also enjoyed the "Family Round-Up" section. I was amazed at the amount of information given in such a small space under each picture. I would like to see a "Canadian" section in your publication.

Sincerely,
Helen Miller
Mountain, Ontario

Thanks for the suggestion, Helen. We will try to have a Canadian Facts 'n Fotos File in our next issue. We're well aware of the impact of stars like Hank Snow, Gary Buck, Wilf Carter, Blake Emmons, and Bob and Lucille Regan and won't forget 'em.

Cousin Cornelius

Was Loretta Lynn married to Doyle Wilburn? Was Hank Williams married to Audrey first or Billie?

Thank you,
Mrs. John Wilkinson
Westport, Md.

Letters to Cousin Cornelius

Each month, Cornelius McCombs, our crafty country cousin, will answer mail sent to our editorial staff. Send all questions, gripes, plugs, hallelujahs, and hosannas to: Cousin Cornelius, Country Music Star Life, Captain Publications, 95 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Hank was married to Audrey first. As far as we know, Loretta and Doyle are, and always have been, just good friends.

Cousin Cornelius

I think your first issue is great. It is the biggest magazine of C/W stars that I have seen. So many magazines today which claim to be country & wesetrn are only half of this. The rest is rock 'n roll or "pop" artists. Your magazine had almost all of the C/W stars I could think of. The only ones I can think of that I have not noticed are Leon McAuliffe, Bobby Garret, and Billy Gray. In almost every C/W magazine, you can read of Johnny Cash, Glen Campbell, and Buck Owens each issue. I like and want to learn more about the other stars as well and the older entertainers who made C/W music what it is today. Cash is a great entertainer and deserves a pat on the back. As for Glen, he is not country enough. There was a time I thought Buck was a good C/W entertainer (never the best) but when he turned to rock 'n roll he lost me, altogether. Danny Davis' Nashville Brass is pleasant to listen to but it is no more country style than Sammy Kaye, Billy Vaughn, or Guy Lombardo.

Anonymous

The author of this letter asked us not to print it—but we agree with so many things they say, we thought we'd let them say it for us.

We will try as hard as possible to "keep CMSL country"—by printing pictures and information on pure country artists that you can't get anywhere else (except the excellent Music City News newspaper)—but we will also publish material on "marginal" pop-rock personalities that C/W fans are interested in. They deserve some publicity, too, don't you agree? For years, the magazine industry has neglected the whole C/W field—and we're here to set matters straight. If there is anybody you don't find in Country Music Star Life it is because we don't have pictures or information on them. If you have some, send it to us. Keep Us Country!

Cousin Cornelius

I bought a copy of your **Country Music Star Life** and while looking through it, I saw an article that to me was very distasteful and that was about Jim Reeves. You implied that his wife was pushing his discs. Well, I can tell you his recordings need no **pushing**—as his fans can very well tell you. They sold themselves. No doubt she is pushing them, but her motives are obvious. I had the honor of knowing Jim and I worshipped the ground he walked on and where he is resting to me is Hallowed and Sacred Ground. He was a man who had no equal.

Yours sincerely,
Mary Murphy
Central Valley, Calif.

Thanks for the scolding. We're sorry that the article you mention was unclear. Record sales and our own unlimited admiration for the Blue Boy's work prove that his music doesn't need high-pressure sales to keep alive. What our writer wrote (CMSL, #1, page 26) was "Mary Reeves' dedication to her late husband's career will long stand as an example of love and loyalty in marriage . . . Since his death, she's kept his discs alive." He did not mean to imply that she's running around reminding people of Jim's greatness. People don't need reminding as he will always be one of the Super-Stars of this business. But it is true that her excellent management of his estate and unreleased records is in a small way partially responsible for his continued post-humous success.

Cousin Cornelius

Continued on page 8



Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

Shamed by your English?

You can soon speak and write like a college graduate if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

LET'S BE FRANK

If you've ever been shamed by a mistake in English, maybe I can save you from years of disappointment.

You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have met countless numbers of intelligent men and women who are being held back in their jobs and social lives—often without knowing it—because they couldn't express themselves fully and easily.

What About You?

Could you get ahead faster with a command of good English? Just ask yourself these questions:

Even with all your ability and ambition, how long has it been since you had a promotion?

Even with all you have to offer, when people get together at work or at parties, are you the one they listen to?

Be Honest with Yourself

If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—and, if you're honest enough with yourself to admit it—you have already taken the first big step to success.

The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good English *without going back to school*. Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, and become interesting conversationalists—*right in their own homes*.

Here's What to Do

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English, and do something about getting ahead.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected way.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can master good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card or letter today to Career Institute, Dept. 9903 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060. No salesman will call.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept 9903 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.

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LETTERS

Continued from page 6

Couldn't resist writing! Your magazine is great! More inside information than others. I want to say that Tulsa has some great talents: Don White, Johnny Stills, Jan Wilson, etc. Why not a story on a small recording company?

Harold Wilson
Tulsa, Oklahoma

See our Facts 'n Fotos section this month for a story on Tulsa's own Kathy Carter. More to come in the future. Your "small recording company" idea sounds interesting—and we'll look into it. As you well know, a lot of big stars got their starts on so-called "minor" labels.

Cousin Cornelius

I got your book at the store the other day and really like it. There's several out now which I'm very pleased about—but yours had several stars I haven't seen in ages. I hope you continue this trend. I think an article like "What have you been doing these past five years?" would be interesting for some of the lesser known stars today who have been big stars in the past. Keep up the good work and please feature Justin Tubb soon.

Patsy Lee

Thanks for the note and the good ideas. Watch next issue for an article on Justin and his Big Daddy. As for old-time stars, we'll try to keep you abreast of their activities whenever we get the information or new pictures. We've got about 20 people working on the project right now!

Cousin Cornelius

I get tired of seeing Johnny Cash, Glen Campbell, and Buck Owens on the front cover of all the music magazines. I did like Loretta Lynn on your cover. She is the #1 Country female singer and my favorite female artist. What was Elvis Presley's picture doing on the cover? He is about as Country as Tiny Tim. I don't go for middle-of-the-road singing as they call it. I love pure country music. Long hair (The Hagers) and mod dress (Skeeter Davis) do not belong in country music. Eddy Arnold never did know what a good Country Song is.

Robert D. Smith
Beaver Falls, Pa.

We appreciate your opinion. We like Johnny, Glen and Buck, too, and we're a bit weary of them, too. On the other hand, when was the last time you read about Stonewall Jackson, Porter Wagoner, Carl Butler, Warner Mack, Roy Acuff or any of the other several hundred artists we feature. Some people like the big "names," others like lesser-known stars. We cover them all—and there's no other C/W magazine that can say the same thing! As for Elvis, he's still a country boy and his music is heavily influenced by C/W. We think he has a place (although a small one) in this magazine. As for long hair and mod dress, it's every one to his own taste. George Jones' singing hasn't suffered any since he lost his crew-cut—and anyone who thinks that Skeeter D. doesn't belong in a C/W book is barking about the wrong tree. And don't forget that it was Eddy Arnold who sang Cattle Call, Tennessee Stud, and dozens of other authentic country classics—no matter what he's doing today.

Cousin Cornelius

Why don't you write the addresses of country western stars so we can write to them?

The Lake Valley "4"
c/o Harold Curtis
Jackson, Mich.

Good idea, Hal. We've got some people now working on a comprehensive listing of C/W stars. Hope to have it for you in a couple of months.

Cousin Cornelius

First of all, I want to say thanks for CMSL. It's one of the best C/W books to come out. I'm so tickled over the article, C/W's Kissing and Singing Kin (issue #1). You'll never know how many arguments I've had trying to make people believe that Loretta Lynn isn't married to Doyle Wilburn, that Tammy Wynette is married to George Jones and I could go on and on, but you would never believe some of the things the people here believe. Believe me it would, as Granny says, tickle your innards. Thanks to CSML I have the proof now to back me up.

Lois Williams
Blackville, S.C.

Aw shucks, ma'am, twadn't nuthin'.

So long fer now,
Cousin Connie

COUNTRY MUSIC STAR-LIFE
CAPTAIN PUBLICATIONS
95 Madison Avenue, Suite 809
New York, N.Y. 10016

This is CMSL's second poll and we're dying to know what you think about us. We want to keep printing the kind of stories you want about the C/W stars you love. You can give us a big hand by filling out the form below and indicating your preferences. Return it to us by mail as soon as possible.

Dear CMSL:

My five favorite Country Music artists are:

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

I'd like to read a full-length story on:

1.
2.
3.

The thing I liked most about this magazine was that it

You could improve COUNTRY MUSIC STAR LIFE if you would only

I prefer to read stories about—

1. Old-time stars and Opry favorites, like
2. New Country/Rock singers and groups, like
3. The chart-busting superstars like Glen, Johnny, and Buck.
4. The stars at home and play.
5. How to be a Nashville music star.
6. The history of Country Music.
7. Star whom you never read about like

My name is

I am approximately years old.

I live in in the state of



An Important Message To Every Man And Woman In America Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dry-

ness of your hair, the itchy scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

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The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

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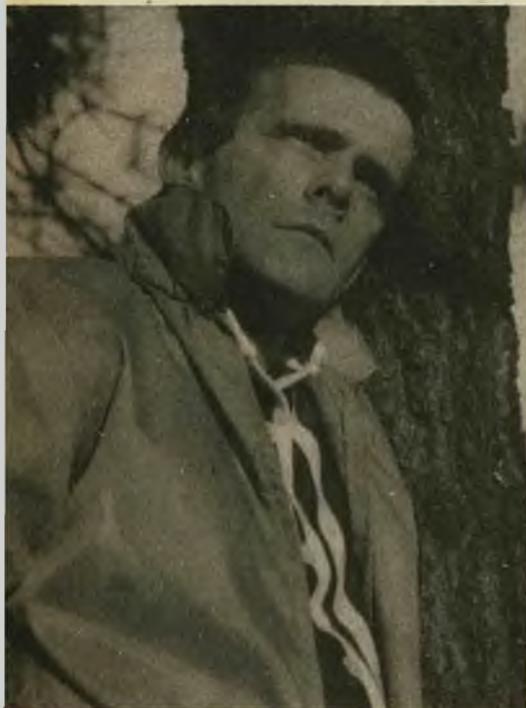
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COUNTRY CRACKERBARREL.

with Windy Wolverine



JOHNNY'S BACK

Off-again-on-again superstar Johnny Paycheck has returned to the charts. Only a few months ago, fans found "JP" playing hide-and-seek in Vegas—using his real name, Donnie Young.



GUY'S HOT

One of the hottest shots in Music City is the old-timer Guy Drake, author and recorder of *Welfare Cadillac*. Unfortunately, Guy was taken to court for buying his car with a bum check.



MARTY'S FIT

Marty Robbins, who's shocked and delighted the medical world with his rapid, complete recovery from rare heart surgery, is back on the boards again with frequent TV & in-person shows.



LAURELS FOR ERNIE

We want to compliment our old favorite Tennessee Ernie Ford, for the great job he did as host of the Country Music Awards. We believe there's a Hall of Fame spot waiting on ole Ern.

A toast and a cheer for some of Tune City's new grooms: **Ray Price** (who wed Dallasite Janie Mayes), Whisperin' **Billy Anderson** and little Becky Davis, **Darrell McCall** and his new bride Mona, and **Eddie & Deana Noack** . . . **Harlan Howard** and purty missus, Gail, just added Harlan, Jr. to the family choir. . . Our best wishes to **Johnny Dollar**, recovering from overwork.

And condolences to **Ernest Tubb**, whose sister, Jewell Carroll, died recently in Texas and to **Billy Grammer**, whose infant grandson also passed away. The tad had been seriously ill since birth. May the Good Lord carry their souls to gloryland.

On the brighter side, we're glad to report that America's only singing beachball—the "1 & Only" **Kenny Price** will be heading up TV's popular **Hayride** show this year. May the Round Mound of Pounds make a **Profound Sound** on his Home Ground . . . Didja know that Hizzoner **Hankins Locklin**, ex-mayor of McLellan, Fla., has just opened up a new cowpie-kickin' club in nearby Pensacola? . . . **Faron Young** and **Charlie Pride** gave their buddy, Astronaut **Pete Conrad**, a special C/W shoulder patch in ceremonies at Houston recently.

Monte Montgomery, Melba's kid brother, is off and plinking on a recording career of his own. **Reba Got The Preacher** is his very first single . . . Smokey Mountain Boy **Jimmy Riddle** is one of America's finest mouth-harp virtuosos but ever since he's been "eephin' " and "awwin' " on **Hee-Haw**, he's become just as famed as a **body** player. Result: his new Decca single—**Yackety Eeph** and **Wildwood Eeph**—is climbing the charts everywhere.

Billy Edd Wheeler is all set to star in a nationally telecast Educational TV special, **Dark As A Dungeon**. The pride of Whitesville, W. Va. is filming the show in the locale he knows



NEWSMAKERS: JIMMIE TIES ONE ON; HANK HITCHES; BILL ENSHRINED

Jimmie Rodgers who's had his troubles ("Fortunately, I was young and healthy and didn't particularly want to die") apparently has found happiness at last with ex-stewardess Trudy Buck. Jimmie and Trudy tied the knot last August 1—while his kids by ex-wife Colleen (Michele and Michael) watched. Another recent Country hitching involved old pro Hank Thompson, who married Ann Williams on Sept. 17 in Silo Springs, Ark. The best of everything from us to the Brazos balladeer and his new bride. Meanwhile, a well-deserved honor was presented to Bill Monroe, Music City's beloved Father of Bluegrass. In mid-October, Bill was elected to Country Music's elite Hall Of Fame, thus capping one of the greatest careers in C/W. Still very active, Bill is a frequent guest at Bluegrass Festivals (including his own Bean Blossom Special) and has a new album out, *Kentucky Blue Grass*. His son, James, accompanies him—as did his brother Charles many, many years ago.



and loves best — Appalachia . . . **Freddie Hart, Billy, and Doug Kershaw** are all coming out with new books. Freddie's is a novel, Billy's is poetry, and Doug's doing his life story.

Paul Hemphill's candid new book **The Nashville Sound** says that one country star got his start working in a motel where many of the recording company bigwigs went for "nooners" with their secretaries. The book doesn't name the artist and we sure do wonder who he be . . . Hemphill also reveals that both **Porter Wagoner** and **Bill Anderson** have had nervous collapses in recent years.

More on **Faron Young**. The Singing Sheriff's recent car crash hit him where it hurt — right in the tongue. Faron was in the hospital earlier this year for surgery to remove scar tissue from his lacerated licker. It was successful but don't you be sending the old boy any lollipops for a while!

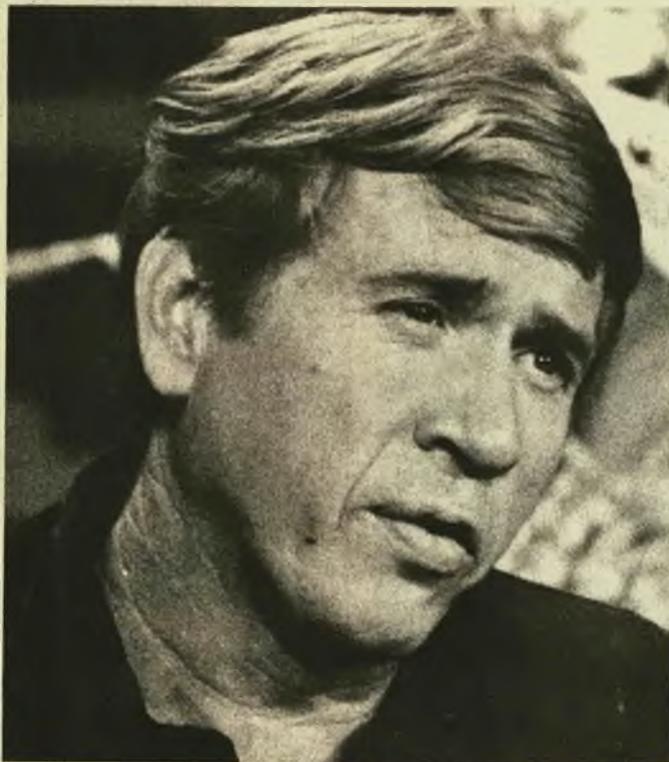
Billy Jo Spears has had more than her share of woes during the short time she's been a top C/W attraction. After graduating high school, Billy and her pal Jack Rhodes went on a six-month song-writing orgy which ended up with a nervous crack-up for both of 'em. "I lost 36 pounds and saw all kinds of bug-gers," she recalls. More recently, Billy Jo got racked up when a speeding car headlonged into her camper. All she got, mercifully, was a broken foot. "I've had some disappointments," says the gritty Missy Spears, "and I'm looking forward to some more."

Redd Stewart, that old Kentucky boy who hit it big when he gave Tennesseans a million-seller to waltz to, is living a "nice and quiet" music-filled life in his four-room palace near Louisville. Redd's an amateur cook and folks around those parts rave about his spaghetti sauce and roquefort salad dressing. "I like to have a few people over for dinner and cook for them myself. It takes at least six hours to prepare my spaghetti sauce. You just can't hurry some things," says Redd.

AN OPEN LETTER TO BUCK OWENS FROM ONE OF HIS BIGGEST FANS



Dear Buck: In January of 1966, you wrote the following Pledge to Country Music: "I shall sing no song that is not a country song; I shall make no record that is not a country record; I refuse to be known as anything but a country singer; I am proud to be associated with country music; Country music and country music fans have made me what I am today; And I shall not forget it." Today, ole Buckaroo, you are one of the biggest stars on coast-to-coast TV, a man seen and loved by the millions of folks who watch *Hee-Haw*. We of *Country Music Star Life* believe that so-called "sophisticated" TV big-shots ruined the Johnny Cash show by stuffing it with a lot of slick pop types. We hope that you won't let this happen to your show. Rock 'n roll does not belong on *Hee-Haw*—as many of our readers say—and we agree with them. Stick to your guns, Big Buck. Keep it country!!!!



Mel Tillis, as we all well know, has been stuttering since he contracted malaria at the age of 3. You can't tell it when he's singing—but he often has trouble getting his words out when speaking. Yet, after many years of speech therapy, he's able to say, "I sure am glad they weren't able to help me. But, still, I wish people would stop making such a big deal over it." Now, Mel has a new problem. He raises goats in back of his Brentwood, Tenn. home and lately, he says, "they've been going 'b-b-b-b . . . aaaaaa."

Roy and Bobbie Drusky and the kids were on their way to a **Tex Ritter** rally recently when the dashboard of their new car went up in flames. So they got a replacement auto and took off again. Three miles later, the fan belt broke. A new car was sent and wouldn't you know, it soon ran out of gas and lost its luggage rack. Needless to say, Tex, they never made it out there to see ya.

The **Jack Greene** brood includes four boys and a girl—a turnabout for "The Jolly Giant" (who was the only boy among seven girls in his own family). The ex-Troubadour dotes on his kids and took the time recently to write them a poem that goes like this:

These are my greatest treasure
And on their love I thrive
There is no greater pleasure
Than I find in these five.
I thank them for a brighter life
Though they may think this odd.
I thank their mother—
Who's my wife
And both of us thank God.

Swedish-born **Gunilla Hutton**, the blonde bombshell on *Hee-Haw* has fallen in love with Music City. "It's an island of sanity," she says. "I'm not talking about the landscape or the buildings. I mean the people. You forget how friendly and open Americans can be—away from the bright lights of show business cities. I love the people of Nashville. They don't know the meaning of pretension."

Georgia's prettiest l'il peach, **La-Wanda Lindsay**, has been dating a



**MERLE & BONNIE:
C/W'S MAN & WIFE
OF THE YEAR 1970**

For a man who just recently walked off with a den-ful of awards at the recent CMA awards, rugged Merle Haggard retains a surprising amount of humility and kindness. Viewers of the nationally telecast TV show clearly saw the "You-Gotta-Be-Kiddin'" look on Merle's face every time he went up to win a new honor. For Merle—who whiled away most of his early life behind bars—and his lovely wife Bonnie—who stuttered so badly as a child that she could hardly talk, much less sing—the road to the top has been a long and tough one. But no two people ever deserved it more.



By far the "grooviest" thing on Hee-Haw (for the youngsters, especially) are the moddybopper duets of Chicago's Hager Twins (shown here with Susan Raye). Jim and John get mounds of mail every week. (Below) Kiddie clown Soupy Sales delivers an impromptu meal to everybody's favorite, Johnny Cash, whilst June Carter looks on in horror (?). The pie may have been made of chocolate and good whipped cream but Johnny says it tasted like pure corn.



"The World's Biggest Liar"—Junior Samples—looks like he just et the canary and you can bet there's a heap of starch heading for the sump when he sets down to a feed of eggs, country sausage, and biskits. Junior brung wife Grace and his best bibbed Sunday-go-to-meetin' coveralls and a snazzy striped bowling shirt to this affair. (Below) Sherri Spillane, a new talent, is the wife of mystery witer Mickey Spillane (right).



GENTLE ON GLEN'S MIND & GENTLY IN THE CUP



Glen Campbell, as you Glen Campbell fanatics well know, is what's commonly called a "golf nut"—but he attacks the links with as much seriousness as a hyena. This sequence of photos was shot at Pebble Beach, California, during the open-

ing round of the Bing Crosby tournament. Resolutely, Glen approached the green on the 14th hole for a 12-foot putt. Resolutely, he bipped the ball into the cup and then, seconds later went into a wild Galveston Go-Go Joy Jump.

NAT'S PRIDE AND CHARLEY'S STUCKEY



Ann Stuckey writes that her and "Dudge's" trip to Hawaii was a real gas. It seems that one day, while waiting at Honolulu Airport for Ann's mama to come in, they ran into Charley Pride and his lovey Rozene. The chance meeting led to one of the funniest hoaxes of the year—and doubled the pleasure of the Stuckeys' island jaunt. "Later that evening," Ann writes, "Charley called Nat to see what we had planned . . . but Nat had to work. Charley was anxious to see Nat's show but the boys came to the conclusion that it would be hard to get Charley and Rozene into the club without being recognized. After much discussion, Nat came up with the idea that Charley sneak in the back while the show was in progress." Well, everything worked perfectly. "Then," continues Ann, "Nat told the audience that for his last number, he would do a Charley Pride song, Is Anybody Going To San Antonio? When Nat started the song, he only mouthed the words and Charley did the singing from backstage, out of sight. The audience broke into applause. They were dumfounded. And then Nat broke up and introduced Charley. The folks in the Club loved it. We pulled the coolest surprise of the year. The next day it was the talk of the islands."

singer with a rock-band, but, while she digs her mod-cap man, she doesn't cotton much to his music. "I also dislike the boys with long hair," says LaWanda. "I just don't like to be too far out."

Talking about "far-out," there's been some word going around that **George Hamilton IV** is a revolutionary of sorts. George bristles when folks put him down for his fraternity-boy type clothes. "I admire **Ernest Tubb** very much," he says, "but I couldn't dress like him and I doubt he would be happy performing in an Ivy League three-button suit. I'm not mad at anybody," George is quick to add. "There's enormous variety in life and I just like to innovate a bit. If you consider change or new ideas or experimentation 'revolutionary' . . . then maybe the label fits me."

Webb Pierce says that his fledgling-star daughter **Debbie** has "got a heck of a lot more talent than I've got." Proud Pappa Pierce brags that his high-school senior offspring can play way-out pieces like **Intermezzo** without batting an eyelash—and she's tops with country tunes, too!

Echoing **Gunilla Hutton's** sentiments, Australian-born **Diana Trask**



THE PEACE OF ROGER'S MIND



Perhaps no one man is as responsible for the change of tone in Nashville music than the colorful ex-bellhop, Roger Miller. Rodge, who struggled for years before achieving fame, brought lyrics that were "different" (not phoney intellectual, just different) and "sensitive" to the C/W music scene. He also brought a personality quite unlike that of most stars who had gone before. A country boy for sure, Roger's open-mindedness was something special. He developed friendships with black stars like Eartha Kitt (above) and gave one of the great performances of all time as pasifist Johnny Appleseed on TV's **Daniel Boone**, does anyone recall his meaningful, **Private John Q.?** Today, as an actor (**Love—American Style**) or co-host of the **Mike Douglas Show**, Rodge still hews to the C/W line. He's one star who they'll never be able to take the "country" out of.

admits that she didn't know "Waylon Jennings from Ernest Tubb" when she first came to Music City. But she's beginning to feel right at home among Nashville's friendly home folks. "I'm happiest that people seem to be slowly accepting me for real," she says.

Who says you don't meet the nicest people in the world through country music? Certainly not **LeRoy Van Dyke**. Once upon a time there was a University of Illinois coed named Sue Greathouse whose job it was (as chairman of a school entertainment committee) to line up talent for a collegiate affair. One of the stars she called was Le Roy. It was a brief conversation which ended when Roy announced his fee. Too much, said Sue. Bye-bye . . . almost. It seems that Roy was so enchanted by her voice that he called her back and asked her for a date—to a cattle sale, of all places! The sale was on Sunday; on Monday, he proposed. Today, 13 years later, they're still Mr. & Mrs. and have two little Van Dykes to show for it!

As one of 11 kids from a dirt-poor North Carolina farm, **Del Reeves** knows poverty first-hand and he has tremendous feelings for po' folk. For instance, he recently gave a 40-minute show in a spacious, air-conditioned auditorium. The very next night, pooped from traveling, he gave an 80-minute show in a hot, cramped high school gym. Why? "These people are from a poorer part of the country than the ones we played to last night," he said, with no trace of goody-goody-ism. "And though they paid out the same amount of money, it means twice as much to them to part with it. So I felt I owed them twice as much performance."

Hank Thompson, everybody's favorite barroom balladeer, is recovering from a broken arm suffered in a car accident. Hank assures his fans that, once back on his feet, he won't try to adapt his famous honky-tonky sound to "mod" rhythms. "The Brazos Valley Boys and myself try to keep the same sound we've

BOBBIE, COME ON HOME

We read the other day where Bobbie Gentry went and unhitched herself from that gambling tycoon and, whilst we're all for people gettin' together, we don't see much wrong in that. Time and again talented country folk have gone to the Big Time and got mixed up with some Swinging Smartie who turns their head and throws a couple of compliments their way. Well, we liked Bobbie plenty good when she was just a poor gal singer warbling about the life back home—and we don't see where all the fancy duds and super-duper dancing and orchestral arrangements have helped her music none. We sorta wished she'd have stayed that way. Bobbie says that "a lot of my recent recordings were recorded with a certain locale in mind, like England or Ireland so that's the reason they probably will never be heard here. We've found that all songs don't have universal appeal, so that's why we make special recordings." Well, we don't know what a daughter of Dixie is doin' singing about the Limey Isles, anyway, and, number two, what's so bad about songs that don't have "universal appeal"—so long as the home folks like 'em. Bobbie dear, you'd best come home afore it's too late.—Windy



RCA's Harry Jenkins is a lucky duck (or is it drake?) Whenever he comes to town, he gets to snuggle up to Connie Smith.



The gent with the bangs is Roy Orbison and the lady with the lovelies is Mrs. Roy—they're Johnny Cash's next-door nabes.



John Hartford, the young Missouri minstrel, showed up at one cocktail party dressed in blue jeans and blondes.

A good friend of the singin' cowboy set, Ken Curtis (he's "Festus" on Gunsmoke) and his little lady love C/W gatherings.

West Coast Country thrush Cathy Taylor and her hubby are regulars on the Hollywood Hillbilly party scene.

Mr. (right) and Mrs. (left) Danny "Nashville Brass" Davis flank a friend at a record industry jaw-and-feed fest recently.





This old-time face-feed featured some of C/W's all-time greats. That's Hank Williams on empty paper cup, Audrey Williams on cocked fork, Rod Brasfield on drumstick, Red Foley on milk pitcher, and Grinders Switch's own Minnie Pearl on piece of cake.

had over the years. After all, 30 million record sales can't be wrong." We're with you, Hank ole boy!

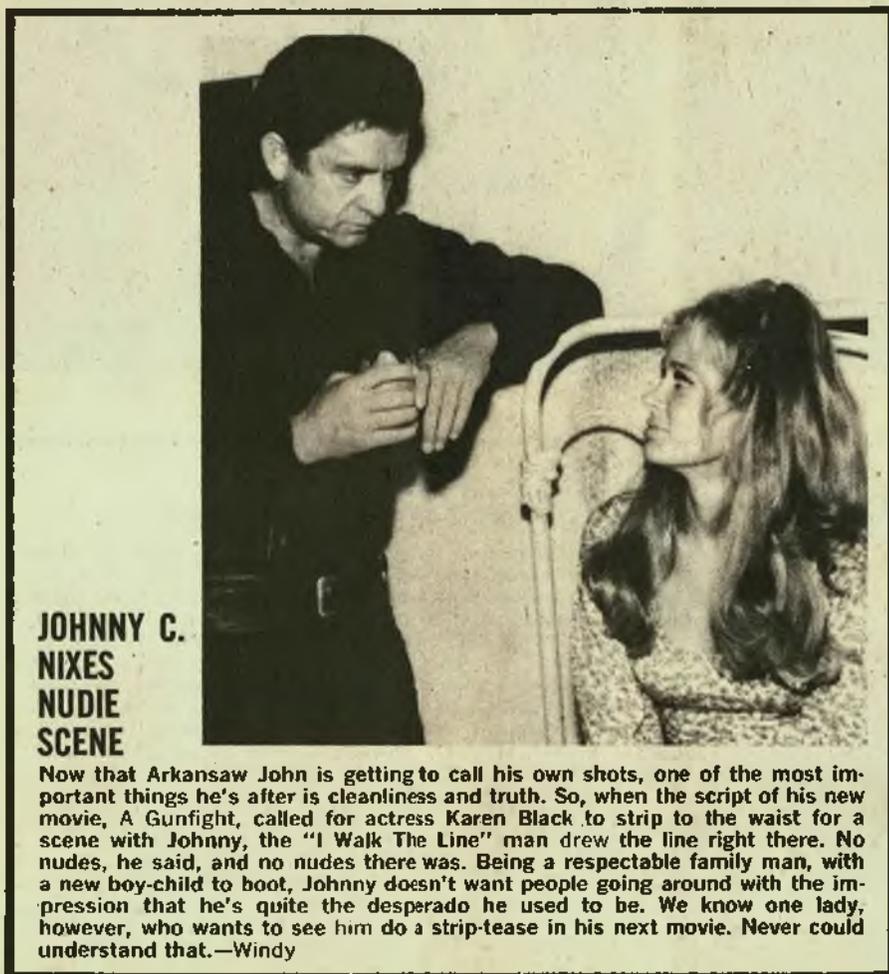
The Morris branch of the Hank Williams family recently added another superstar when Audrey Williams' daughter had a baby girl named Lycrecia Michelle. The daddy is Lamar Morris, Hank Jr.'s good buddy and front man.

Didja know that Nat "Dodge" Stuckey was laid low by a heart attack while in his teens. The doctors advised him to take a long rest, stay away from the guitar, and take it easy in general. As a result, Nat went into radio announcing instead of singing. But when the attack didn't recur, he returned to the performing arts.

Many years ago, a young man named Roy Orbison drove through Tennessee trying to peddle a song he'd written. His first stop was Elvis Presley's house in Memphis. "I sent a note in from the gate but Elvis had guests and everybody was sleeping and the note-carrier didn't want to disturb them," Roy recalls. "So I drove on to Nashville and showed the song to the Everly Brothers—but they were too busy to take note of it." As a last resort, Roy decided to record it himself. The song was **Only The Lonely**—and it made him one of the biggest hits in show biz.

Tom T. Hall, a whiz at writing songs, always had other ambitions. "I always wanted to be a carpenter," he says, "but I'm not very good at it and I always wanted to be a cattleman and I wasn't any good at that either. But actually, those are hobbies." Songwriting and singing, he's good at. They're work!

What is success? Rex Allen knows. "I have had all the wonderful things that can happen to a guy," he says, "the glory; the million sellers, the movie fame, the cheers when I make personal appearances . . . but when some little boy or girl comes up to me and says, 'Rex Allen, I like you,' it is so sincere, so real, it becomes all the glory, all the success



JOHNNY C. NIXES NUDIE SCENE

Now that Arkansaw John is getting to call his own shots, one of the most important things he's after is cleanliness and truth. So, when the script of his new movie, *A Gunfight*, called for actress Karen Black to strip to the waist for a scene with Johnny, the "I Walk The Line" man drew the line right there. No nudes, he said, and no nudes there was. Being a respectable family man, with a new boy-child to boot, Johnny doesn't want people going around with the impression that he's quite the desperado he used to be. We know one lady, however, who wants to see him do a strip-tease in his next movie. Never could understand that.—Windy

Dolly Parton and Porter Wagoner are set for another hale, hardy, and happy year on TV. The Wagonmaster, who's already had two nervous collapses, tells pals he's healthy as a horse.



Handclapping is passthrower Don Meredith, the big pro quarter-back. Gitplaying is, of course, Country Charlie Pride, himself a former topnotch athlete. Pro baseball was his bag.



Believe it or not! THIS GAL C/W SINGER BECAME A SEX EXPERT!

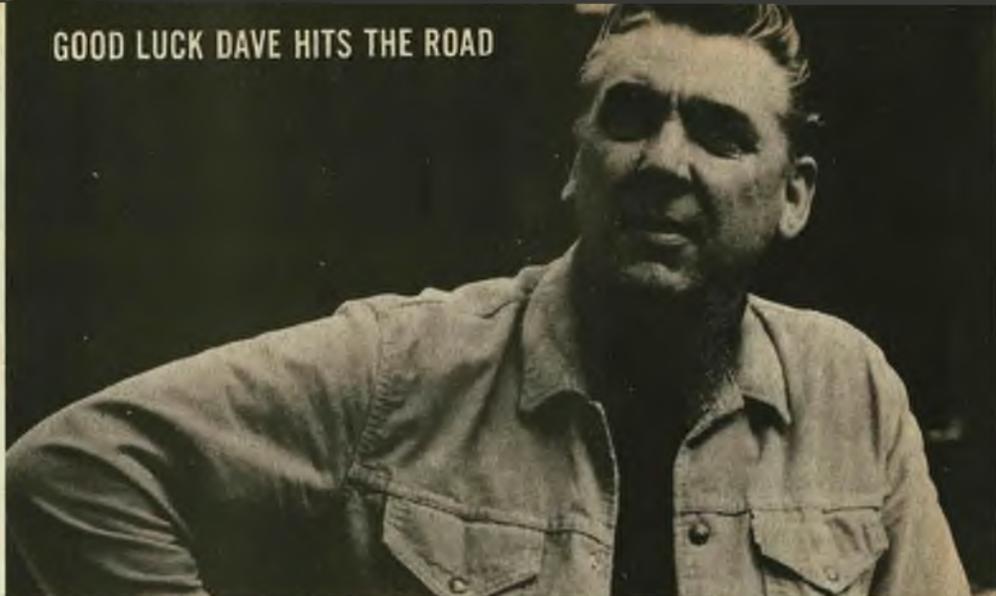
You've heard of those sex scientists who hook up wires to foks and then set around watching 'em have sex? Well, believe it or not, the gal half of that famous team of Masters and Johnson was once a hillbilly songbird over famed KWTO-radio in Springfield, Mo. "I lived on a farm," 45-year-old Ginny Johnson recalls, "and it seemed everyone could sing." As a struggling teenage music-maker, she met and befriended such legends as Red Foley and Hank Williams. At 17, using the name "Virginia Gibson," she sang with an all-girl quartet sponsored by the Gibson Coffee people. Anyone out there remember them? She says she was considered quite a prodigy in those days. "Country prodigies were anybody who had a piano and could sing," she chuckles. Divorced from band-leader George V. Johnson, Ginny and her aging teacher-workmate William Masters have written two smash bestsellers, *The Human Sexual Response* and *Human Sexual Inadequacy*. "It has been 14 years since I quit music. Now I'm caught up with the kids (Lisa and Scott) and the work. There is almost no time for a social life." P.S.: She's pretty as ever.

GOOD LUCK DAVE HITS THE ROAD

in a few little words. That is what makes everything in show business worthwile. Success just took the wrinkle out of my belly. I appreciate all the success I have had, but I always remember Rex Allen is a name on a marquee. In my heart I appreciate what Rex Allen has been able to do for the ones I love. What is most important, however, is my obligation as a father and a husband—to guide my sons and to keep them from heartaches. When I am home, I am home 24 hours a day . . . and I am with my boys all day, fishing, boating, and trying to climb every hill in California."

As a charter member of the **Johnny Darrell** fanatics club, we don't like the sound of his recent threat to quit the business. Johnny is a wonderful talent and his musical "taste" is second to none in the business. Unfortunately, other artists are usually making the money off of songs he introduced (like **Green Green Grass Of Home**, **Ruby Don't Take Your Love To Town**, **Son Of Hickory Hollers Tramp**, **With Pen In Hand**). Recently, a long-haired "rock music" critic lauded Johnny's new **California Stopover** album but Johnny's still not convinced. "If it doesn't go over," he says, "then I'd rather not make records than feel that I'm not progressing." We beg ya not to, John.

For her role as a hatcheck girl in the new movie, **The Bar**, crackerbarrel comedienne **Fanny Flagg** has been walking around the set in a bright print dress, red wig, and loads of corsages. As a result, she is forced to eat lunch on the set. "If I went out to lunch," Fanny quips, "I'm afraid I'd make \$5 before I got halfway down the street."



Bad fortune has dogged Dave Dudley like an unwelcome guest at a church picnic. The Wisconsin warbler was once headed for big time baseball—'til an arm injury ended his career. So he decided to be a C/W singer, but on Dec. 3, 1960, Dave was bopped by a speeding car and put out of commission for close to a year. Today, however, the tide has turned and big D's prospering like crazy. Fame and fortune have given him the time and wherewithall to do the things he likes best—like traveling and relaxing on his Minnesota farm where his wife Jean breeds basset hounds (18 of 'em at last count). Jean got the dawgs many years ago to keep her company while Dave was 6 days out of 7 on the road. Why? "They had sad eyes—just like Dave." One thing for sure, though, what with all his money, Dave ain't got basset-hound eyes no more.



DAM YANKEE

What Glen Campbell Taught His Wife About Tolerance!

Whatever the history of the South may show in terms of racial difficulties, there's one area in which there has never been any friction or misunderstanding. And that's music.

In fact, for a long time it's been hard to draw a line between the white man's music and that of the black man. Right from the start, there's been mutual respect, appreciation—and a lot of borrowing back and forth. Black churches resound with spiritual hymns borrowed from the white Baptists and Methodists. Jimmie Rodgers and a host of other white songwriters came under the spell of the black

man's blues and incorporated it into the songs they wrote for the predominantly white market.

Strange as it seems, a lot of white country music fans have been humming along to music that owes much to the black people of the south—and haven't even realized it.

Among musicians, too, there is a kind of fraternal feeling that ignores the color line. Musicians with deeply differing views on non-musical topics have no trouble sitting down together to record; and sometimes, people who felt they had little in common have been brought together by music—and a firm friendship has been the result.

The relationship between Glen Campbell and the Supremes is one such friendship—one that could have been the cause of a serious misunderstanding between Glen and his wife, Billie.

For, after all, what common interests could a farm boy from the Ozarks of Arkansas have with three glamorous Negro girls from Motown? Glen is as simple and open-hearted as a man could be—he holds no grudges against anybody. The Supremes, on the other hand, all grew up in the urban ghetto, learning to be scrappy and tough, acquiring a bitter knowledge about the underside of American society. It's a long way from Delight to Detroit.

So you'd almost expect Billie Campbell to have a few questions for her husband when she learned that he had three lovely friends who wore sequined evening gowns and whose name has become synonymous with the new breed of black woman. Billie isn't the jealous type, but she has a sensible female instinct for potential trouble.

Thus, at the next opportunity, she asked Glen about it. Just what was it that he and the Supremes had going?

Glen could, of course, respond with a short course in the history of American music with some footnotes about racial relations. He pointed out

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When Glen appeared with Cindy Birdsong (left) and Mary Wilson (right) at the Copacabana, many of his fans were taken aback. Cindy and Mary are members of the highly successful Supremes trio and, like Glen, chart-toppers in their field.

Glen and Billie are a close, highly communicative couple—who enjoy talking to each other about the issues of the day. They share many of the same views.





Johnny meets with two of his blood brothers at an Indian reservation. As has been repeated time and again, he is an ardent fighter for the red man's cause—as well as any others.

Johnny's lovely daughters lived through some terrifying hours with their embattled father. They have learned not to be ashamed of their Indian blood—nor daddy's courageous nonconformity.



Johnny Cash has had his ups and downs—in his career and in his personal life. But in spite of the pain, the hard luck, and the mistakes that have sometimes outweighed the glamour and success, he's not a bitter man. He's taken it all in his stride—except for one thing

Those who have to deal with him have learned not to mention the Ku Klux Klan in John's presence. For, coiled within his being there's an anger that's kept alive by a bone-deep memory—an anger ready to strike out when roused.

One night, some years ago, anonymous hooded nightriders planted a fiery cross on John's front

lawn. It's a brutal, terrifying sight—this Cross, the symbol of love and sacrifice, perverted and disgraced through pure, mindless hatred. John's daughters huddled near him, terrorized and not knowing why.

"What does it mean, Daddy?" they asked. How can a father answer a question like that?

For one thing, Johnny knew that his own blood did not run as lily-white as that of some who call themselves "real Americans." Johnny's family proudly carries a strain of Cherokee Indian genes; it's complicated, but Johnny is approximately one-eighth or one-sixteenth Cherokee. Not enough to

Continued on page 70

HALF-BREED

What Johnny Cash Taught His Daughters About Hatred!

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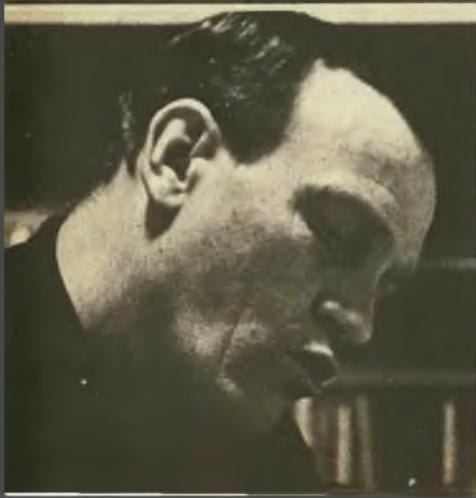
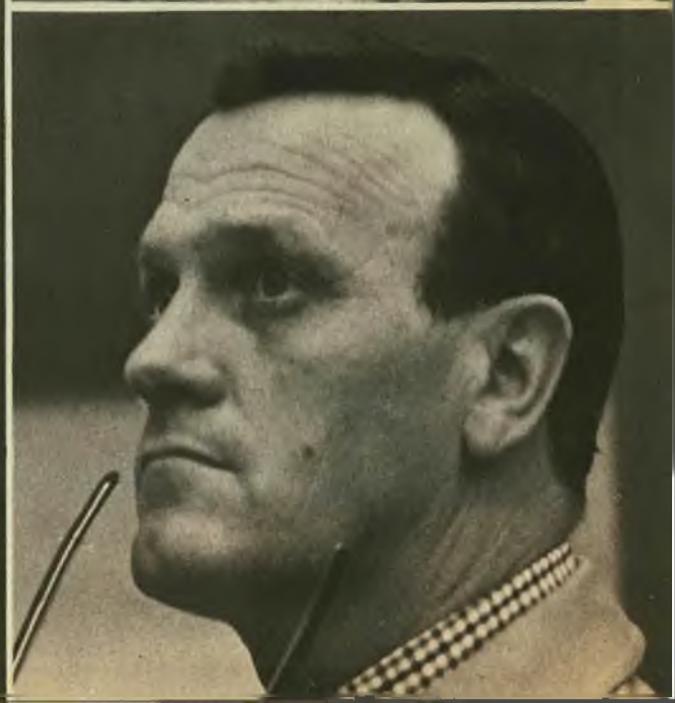
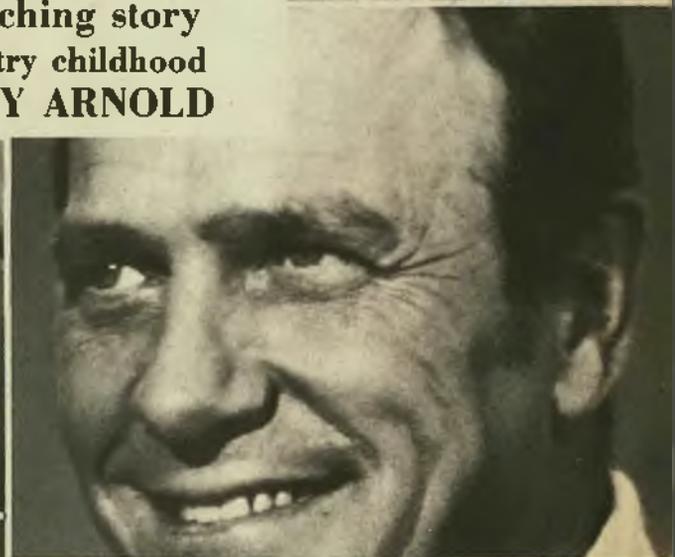
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Special CMSL
Book Excerpt:

“I WANTED TO BE LOVED!”

The touching story
of a country childhood
By EDDY ARNOLD



EDDY ARNOLD

The following is excerpted from It's A Long Way From Chester County—the autobiography of Eddy Arnold—published by Hewitt House, Old Tappan, N.J. Copyright 1969 by Hewitt House. It's A Long Way From Chester County sells for \$4.95 and should be available at your local bookstore. If not, write the publisher.



■ When people say to me, "Oh, you never really lived on a farm," it hurts, and you'd be surprised how many times that happens. It hurts 'cause I not only lived on a farm, I was born on one, a real honest-to-God farm near Henderson in Chester County, Tennessee. With my brothers, I worked it for more years than I care to remember.

Henderson is only a hundred and forty miles away from the farm I live on today, in Brentwood, Tennessee; but it is more than a matter of miles, it is a matter of time. Henderson is light-years away from today. The days on the Chester County farm are so long and so different from the life I lead today, that they almost seem like a dream. Even my memories of them are disjointed: just a drib here and a drab there, with large holes in between.

I grew up, went to school and studied by kerosene lamps; now they have electricity. They have gravel roads; I grew up on a dirt road. TVA brought that. I don't say it brought the gravel road, but at least it gave the people power. They even have electric pumps for their wells now, and it sure improves the farming! When I was a kid we tilled the land with a plow and a man behind it. Some farmers had tractors, not many. They were a little better off than we were. We just *wished* for a tractor.

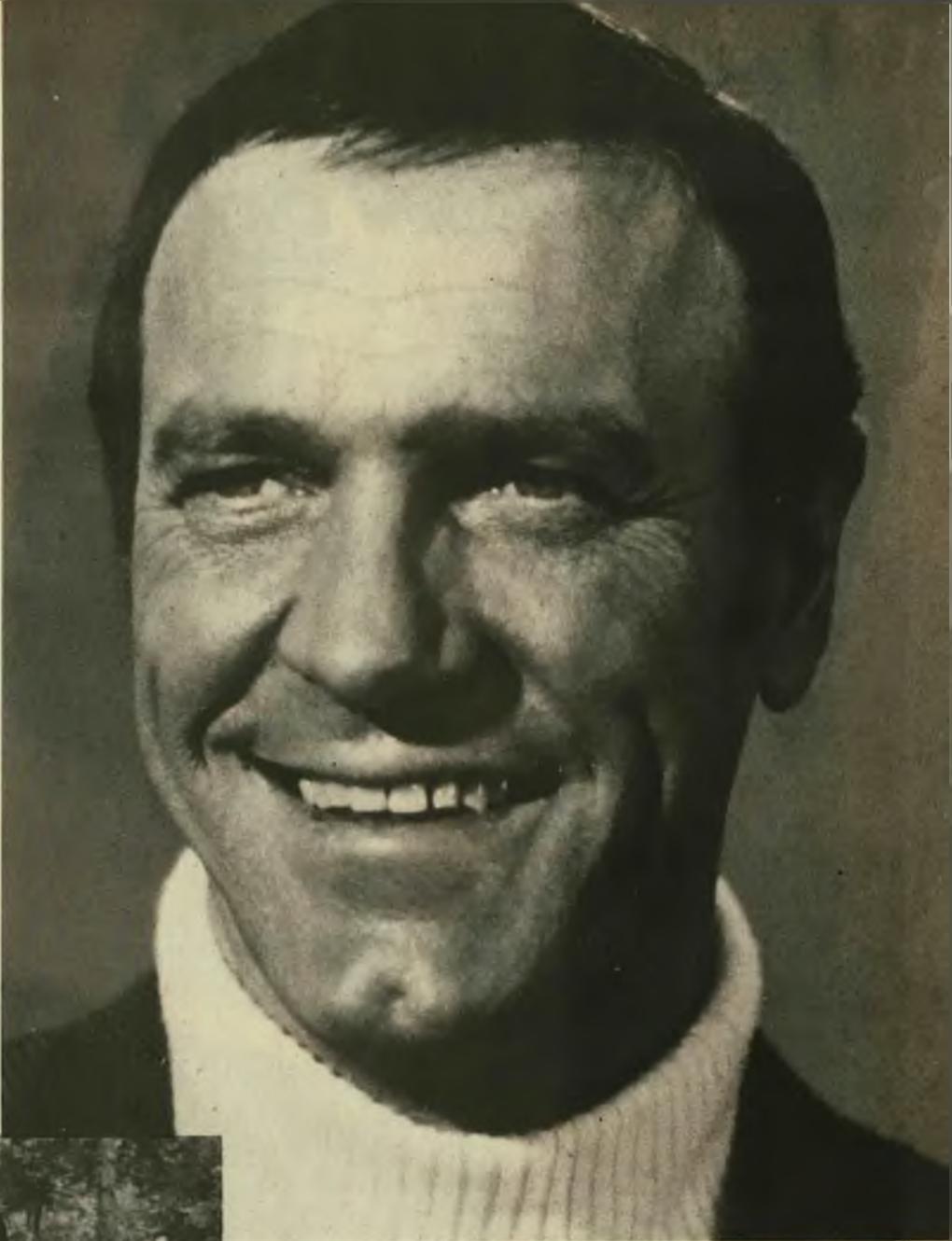
My family was a kind of
Continued on page 40



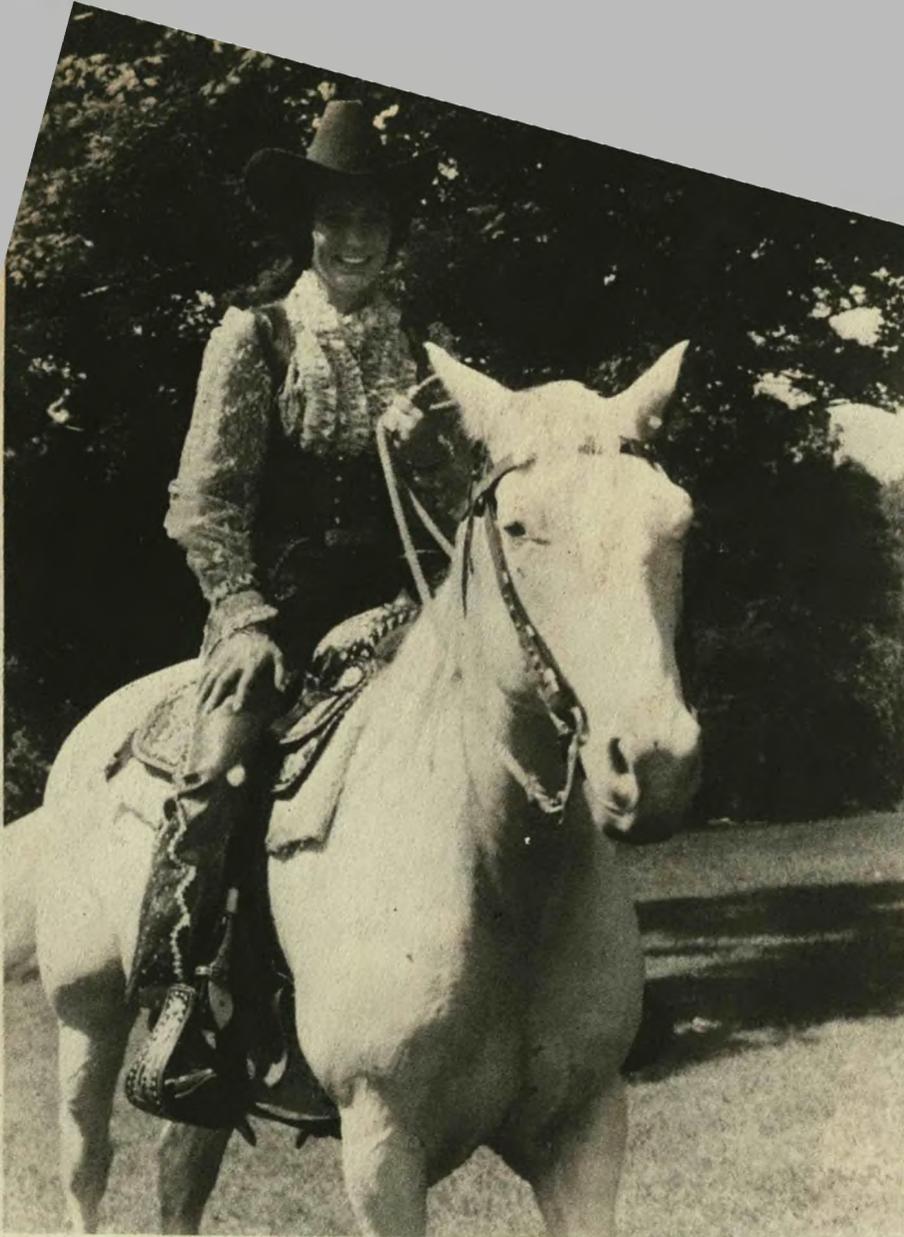
Here's an early shot of Eddy and his folks on their farm in Chester County.

The poor plowboy from Tennessee later became one of his state's richest men.

A great dog lover, Eddy keeps several fine sheepdogs and bulls on his spread.



Wife Sally has been ole Ed's greatest joy. This shot was taken at a nightclub.



(Right) Loretta wears some, of the clothes sold in her Western Stores. On the rack beside her are dozens of the varieties of country and western clothes that these franchised shops sell. The stores have a "trading post" flavor in both decor and spirit. It's the best of the west—bar none!



(Left) This is the way Loretta dresses when she's at home on her own range—thousands of acres of good earth country right smack dab in the middle of Tennessee. Note the frilly shirt and spangled pants and handsome black Tom Mix hat. No matter what she wears, she's always a living doll.

Not content merely to be Nashville's "best dressed," Loretta's tasteful use of cosmetics and healthy grooming habits have made her natural beauty the talk of the recording industry ever since the day she cut her first song hit. She was first discovered singing in a Washington nightclub by an executive of Zero Records. Soon after, she recorded *I'm A Honky Tonk Girl*, her first chart-buster.





(Left) Performing or in private, Loretta always dresses smartly and fans always rave about her handsome wardrobe. She can make a simple country frock look like a million dollar cocktail dress. This dress—with flower print and spangles—was her costume for a C/W movie several years ago.

special *cowgirl fashion section* *featuring LORETTA LYNN*

By DORIS DENTON, fashion editor

How many times have you gone to a Loretta Lynn personal appearance and said to yourself, "My, isn't she beautiful tonight . . . and what a lovely costume she's wearing!" I know I have! And now, lovely Loretta's letting us in on some of her fashion secrets—thanks to a string of "Western Wear" shops she's opening throughout the country.

Besides having a magical name (she sells millions of records every year), Loretta has beautiful taste in clothes. As you know, she's a Kentucky backwoods bonnie, born in Butcher's Hollow, but somehow, somewhere, she managed to pick up the Spirit of Sagebrush. Around Nashville town, we call her "The Girl Of The Golden West."

She likes horses and she likes boots and som-breros and ten-gallon hats. It's "her"—she says. In fact, it's the same kind of outfitting she wears while touring with her highly successful *Loretta Lynn Rodeo*—an exhibition that's been sanctioned for world championship "points" by the International Rodeo Association.



Loretta's smile is as bright and radiant as the pale blue lace sleeveless sheath with modified turtle neck and silver chain belt that she often wears. Her stores offer the same ideas in "Western chic" and Loretta's delighted with the number of franchises that are springing up all over the nation.

LORETTA LYNN



When Loretta appeared on TV's *Hee-Haw* show, she wore a simple lace blouse and a light pleated crepe skirt. Her beautiful raven-black hair was permitted to fall naturally on her back and shoulders (we suspect that she's wearing a fall, however). Critics raved about her appearance.

Loretta's duds run from the simple dresses she used to wear in Appalachian country to frilly TexMex costumes for her TV specials.

It was in a homemade country frock that Loretta Webb met Mooney "Moo" Lynn at a "pie social" and he went on to thrill the heck out of her by bringing her home in his horseless buggy. Loretta'd never been in a car before!

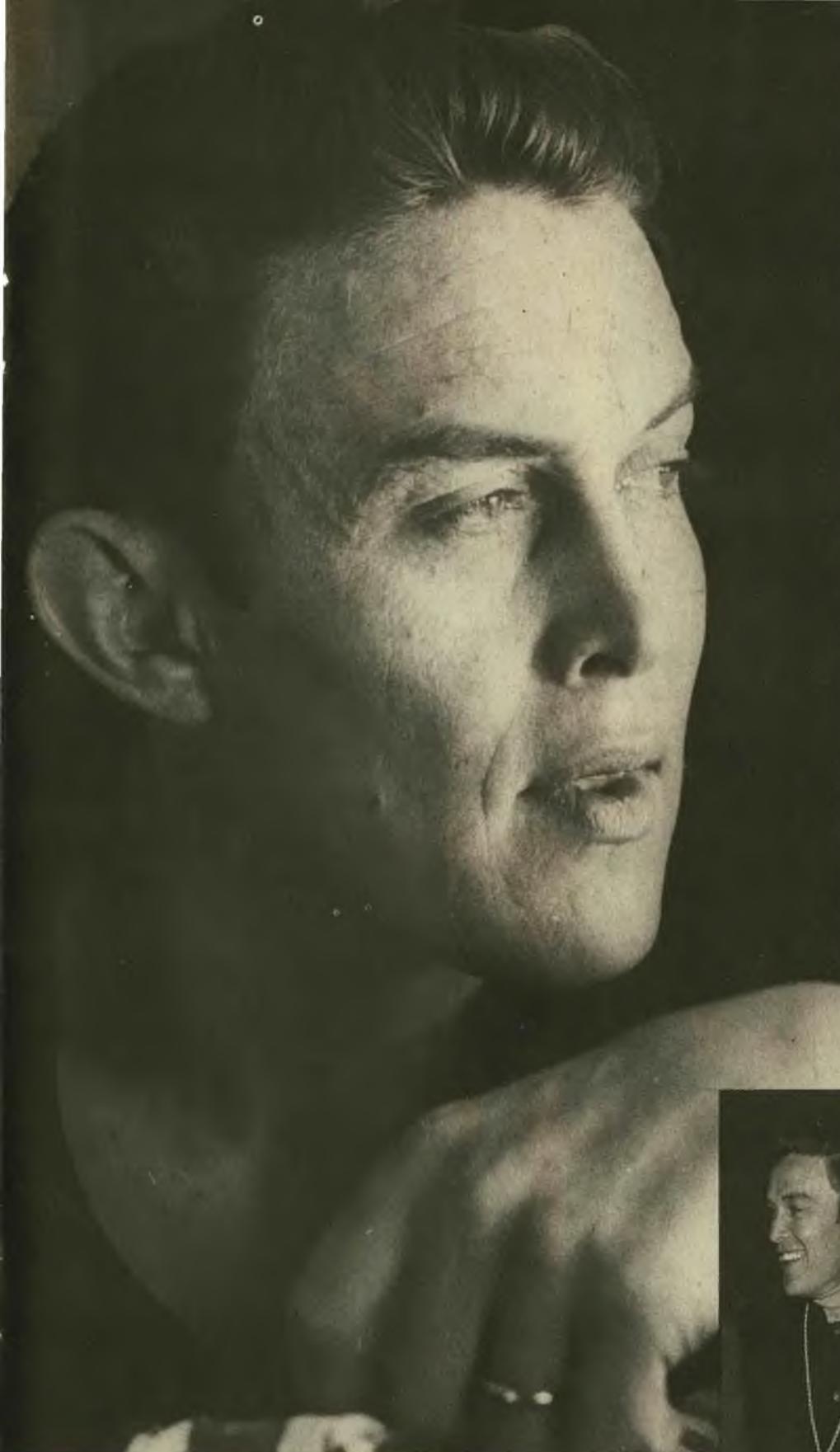
Well, as you know, Moo and Loretta got hitched shortly after and then, one day, whilst they were living in Custer, Washington, he heard her warbling a lullaby in an ole rockin' chair and got her a job on local radio.

The rest is history. Today, the Lynns live on a monster 14,000-acre farm in Hurricane Mills, Tenn.—when Loretta puts her Western garb to good use as an avid horseback rider.



Many fans erroneously believe that Loretta's married to Dayle Wilburn. This is, of course, not true—although she's been very closely associated with the Wilburn boys for years. As Mrs. Mooney Lynn, she's mother of six young'ns.





**THIS OLE
STUD'S
DONE
REAL GOOD
FOR HISSELF
LOOKING A-HEAD
'N A-HIND
WITH
SETH WARD'S
OWN,
JIMMY RAY
DEAN**

Big Bad Jim left a broken home and a tumble-down shack in Seth Ward, Texas, to seek his fortune on the ratty road to C/W stardom. More than any other country star, Jimmy's fame was created by television. The boob tube took to him immediately and Jim, in turn, fancied it. Now, Nehru-jacketed (with wife Sue), he cuts a sophisticated figure.





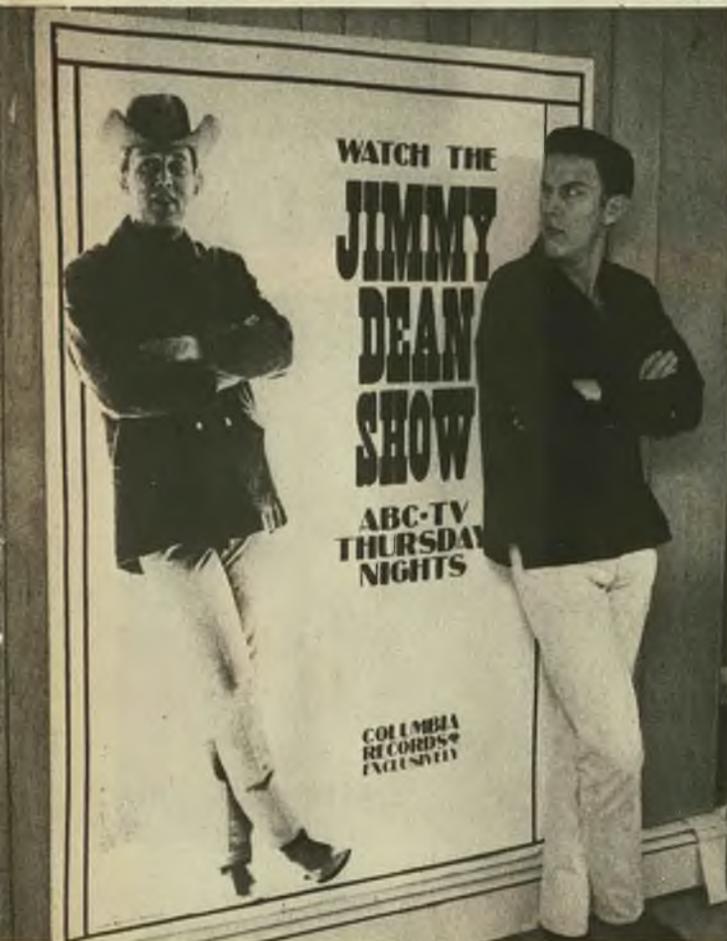
JD's a devoted family man (with three kids) and his darlin' tax deductions are securely roofed in pretty swell digs away up nawf in Tenafly, N.J. He's one of show biz's funniest story-tellers as well as a superb mugger, yokker, and hee-hawer. Jim's got it all.



One of the sharpest dressers in C/Wville, Jim's TV displays of citified cowboy garb helped bridge the gap between pop and hillbilly. He's still a well-suited dude.



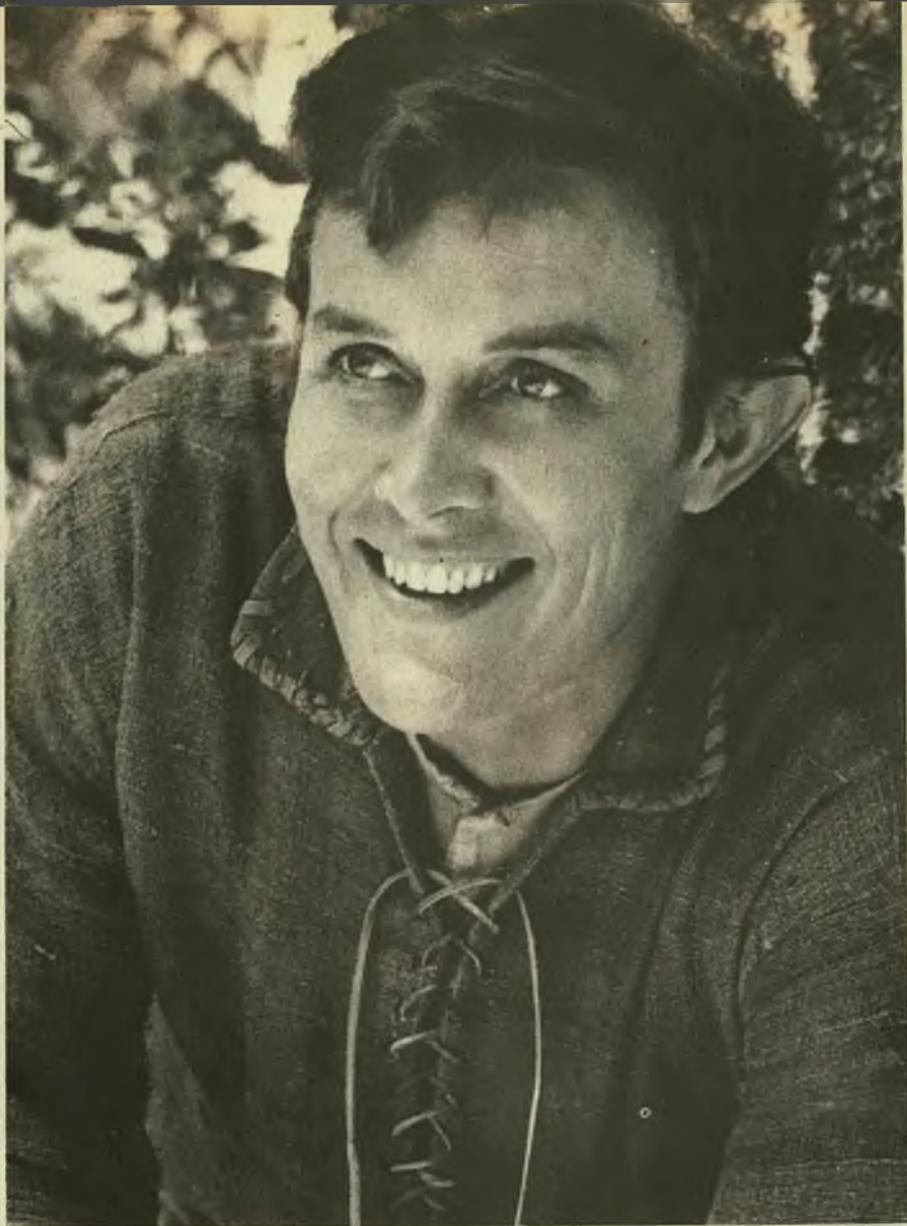
(Above) Jim and that ole hown-dawg hand-puppet, Rowlf, were a popular duo during Dean's T-bone days on TV. As host of his own variety show (top right), he would harmonize with such delightful artists as lovely Louise O'Brien and I'll Eddie Hodges. (Middle right) JD's fame transcended political animosities and he was a great favorite of country-lovin' Tennessee governor Frank Clement. (Below and right bottom) The Jimmy Dean TV show brought our boy into the homes and hearts of America—where his earthy, down-homey approach allowed all Americans to share in his life and style. When he interviewed stars like Rory Calhoun, it was as if we were talking to them, too.



JIMMY RAY DEAN



Jimmy and Sue Dean still enjoy whippin' up a batch of home-cooking—but he's equally at home at dress-up recording industry supper parties where his endless store of hillbilly jokes are guaranteed to liven up any table. Now, more and more, Jimmy's turning his energies toward serious acting—and anyone who caught his performance in the made-for-TV movie, *The Ballad of Andy Crocker* (with Lee Majors), knows exactly how good he can be. Last season he was a stick-out performer on the grade-A frontier series, *Daniel Boone*—playing the hero's no-account friend with heart of gold and pioneer courage to match.



From the World of
Lovers
To the World of
Beauty

MAGNIFICENT IMPORTED

BISQUE FINISH MUSIC BOX

Plays

THE AWARD WINNING

"Raindrops Falling On My Head"

From

"BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID"

Charming Statuettes
Capture the Beauty of
World Famous Figurines

From the rollicking and often heart warming movie that's become a classic in our time, comes one of the most popular tunes ever written. If you thrilled to the adventures of the two delightful heroes, you'll remember with fond nostalgia this melody as it comes tinkling out of this charming music box. You can almost hear the echoes of the Old West captured by a host of now silent player pianos as the crystal clear notes recreate this happy theme.

Created with an heirloom tone, delicate bisque-finish, here is a collector's treasure that becomes a classic decorating piece wherever it is displayed. Of course it is literally impossible to even remotely capture the soft bisque colorations and workmanship from the small black and white illustration here. Only when you yourself daydream to the delightful melody and see the consummate beauty of the work will you fully appreciate the charm and appeal it will bring to your home.

OFFER WILL NOT BE REPEATED THIS SEASON

We firmly believe that these exquisite music boxes with their old world charm will soon become hard-to-get collectors' items you will treasure forever. Therefore, we urge you to order now while our specially imported supply lasts. Each full color, bisque finish finely glazed ceramic music box is 7" high x 4" wide, and is yours for only \$4.98 on full money back guarantee if you are not absolutely delighted with the joy and beauty it brings into your home and the pleasure it will give as a gift. But hurry, order now, this offer will not be repeated this season in this magazine.



COLONIAL STUDIOS, DEPT. RD-58
20 Bank Street, White Plains, New York 10606

Please send me the ceramic music box that plays, "Raindrops Falling on My Head" for only \$4.98 on full money back guarantee if I am not absolutely delighted. Add 25¢ for postage and handling.

Enclosed is \$..... (Print Clearly)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

SAVE! SPECIAL OFFER: Order two music boxes for only \$8.95. Extra music box makes a perfect gift.

Triumph and Tragedy For Country's #1 Couple: **WHY TAMMY SAYS:**



“I JUST WANT TO CRY

ALL THE TIME!”

Will her new child end the heartbreak?

There's a haunted look about Tammy Wynette's eyes these days, and her friends know that it's not merely the anxiety which so often plagues women just before and after the birth of a child. Tammy, one of the hardest-working of the ladies of country music and, paradoxically one of the most frail and delicate, followed an exhausting schedule of personal appearances long after she learned that she and George Jones were to become parents. Despite the warnings of doctors and relatives, Tammy drove herself on—at a cost to her mental and physical health that no one really cared to estimate.

“The road is killing me,” she told friends, and one look at her was enough to prove that it was true. The little country gal from Mississippi had lost the soft, girlish quality that once seemed so very appealing. There was a brittle edge, an unheard-of touchiness a nervous desperation that hadn't been there before. One writer said forthrightly that Tammy's nerves were shot. There were few who knew and loved Tammy who didn't agree.

Back when Tammy's marriage to Don Chapel broke up, in September, 1968, Tammy's friends grieved with her. It hadn't worked out, but they knew Tammy was doing what she felt she had to do. Tammy is no hypocrite. She wasn't the kind of wife who'd pretend things were going well when they weren't, just for the sake of appearances. Don filed for divorce, and the ensuing weeks were the kind of ordeal no woman likes to go through or look back on.



TAMMY & GEORGE



Don Chapel, once wed to Tammy, today teams with their daughter, Donna.

George Jones and Tammy Wynette were married in 1968 and slaved two years doing shows on the road before they decided to have their first child. Now, friends say, they are finally ready to settle down and enjoy the fruits of their labor.

But when Tammy married George Jones, on October 12, 1968, it looked as if this enormously talented girl had at last found the right kind of man and the right kind of marriage. There wasn't a fan in the country who didn't wish the couple well. And when the two of them stepped out on a stage together for a duet, there was the kind of warmth in their way of looking at each other, touching each other, and singing together that brought a lump to a lot of throats in the audience. Those two obviously had a *marriage* going for them.

But Tammy's not a little girl any more. She hasn't got the stamina that the younger singers have, and she isn't up to the endless travel and make-do life that even the top performers have to endure on the road. "I just want to cry all the time," she said, and it wasn't too hard to see why. She wanted to be with George, to live a normal married life with (Continued on page 00)



This is how George and Tammy looked at the dinner honoring WSM's 44th anniversary. Friends noticed a fatigue about Tammy in these days that she seems to have lost.

CHET ATKINS— “THE GODFATHER” OF COUNTRY MUSIC

Chet and three of his own: Nat Stuckey,
Connie Smith, and Skeeter Davis.

Big Daddy offers a word of advice
and a pat on the head to baby Jimmy Dean.



Patron saint of Nashville, mother hen to dozens of the country's greatest artists, this remarkable man is both the sound and spirit of Nashville.

At forty-six, Chester Burton Atkins is still somewhat of a young 'un in country music. Tex Ritter's career, for example, is almost as old as Chet himself. But in spite of his lack of real seniority, Chet Atkins is, quite possibly, the most powerful man in Nashville. And there is no question that he's one of the most respected. In fact, those-in-the-know credit with being the real father of that elusive, hard-to-define commodity known as "The Nashville Sound." Chet, of course, is the world's best-known country guitar-player. With something over thirty active LP's in the RCA catalogue, Atkins the soloist, is probably the world's most popular instrumentalist. This alone would be enough to insure a special place for him in Music City, where kids hanging around Ryman Auditorium know music the way kids hanging around speed shops know cars. But, as a vice-president of RCA in charge of their whole Nashville operation, Chet is an able administrator, a sharp decision-maker, and a most valuable executive. He auditions new talent, schedules the use of the RCA studios, puts the right artist together with the right material and the right backup musicians, and as much as any one man is responsible, keeps those hits coming out of RCA at a steady pace. A quiet, introspective man, Chet continually soft-pedals his own role. "Look at me," he says, "All I really am is a hunched-over guitar player." That hunched-over guitar player was playing at an after-hours club called "The Carousel" a few years back, with Floyd Cramer on piano, Bob Moore on upright bass, Buddy Harman on drums, and two additional guitarists, Grady Martin and Hank Garland. Some say that this configuration of talent was the beginning of the Nashville sound we know today—at any rate, these are the musicians who keep turning up again and again at recording sessions.



THE ATKINS GANG

CHARLEY PRIDE would have been a good baseball player—if he had kept after it. But “good” is never good enough. Charley grew up to be a great C/W artist. The lad from Sledge, Mississippi was a highly promising diamondeer long before he ever warbled a hillbilly song in public. In fact, his first public appearance was during a ‘tween-inning stretch at a baseball game in Helena, Mont. Charley’s landlady was in the stands, and she was so impressed that she landed him a job singing in a downtown nitespot. Then, one day, the great Red Sovine heard Mr. Pride and pleaded with him to give up his baseball dreams and turn to a life of song. But still Charley stuck with sports—until in 1964, the New York Mets turned him down. That was hint enough. Shortly after, the “Pride of Sledge” headed for Nashville. Once RCA heard him, they knew they had a giant on their hands and signed him immediately. Since then, under Chester Atkins’ superb handling, he’s become one of the very best modern Country & Western singers.

CONNIE SMITH might still be a highly competent midwestern housewife—if Lady Luck hadn’t scooped her away from home and the range. A C/W fan since her childhood in Elkhart, Ind., Connie’d been a star-struck idolizer and record-collector for years—until the day she stepped up to a bandstand at an amateur talent show in Columbus, Ohio. It just happened that one of the members of the audience was a feller named Whisperin’ Bill Anderson, himself a top RCA recording artist. Bill got completely bawled over by this alluring blonde and her big down-homey voice and—just like that—asked her to become part of his act. She did—with smashing results. Within months, she was hotter’n a pistol and everybody was after her. RCA got her, though, and, under Chet Atkins, she soon blossomed into one of Nashville’s leading ladies.

PORTER WAGONER was a pretty fair country grocery clerk back home in West Plains, Mo. but people who stopped by for vittles were usually more impressed by his guitar-pickin’ abilities than his salesmanship. So was his boss, who soon put him on the radio for 15 minutes of singing and plucking that was sponsored by the market he worked in. Business perked up considerable. And pretty soon word reached Springfield that there was a young country-singing fool turning them on by the droves back in West Plains. The rest is history. After signing on with the then-now Ozark Jubilee, Porter signed with RCA’s Nashville branch. Although not one of Chet Atkins’ prodigies, Porter is a close friend of The Master and frequently benefits from the Informal Atkins School Of Musical Know-How.



CHET'S GAL SKEETER

In many ways, it can truly be said that Chet Atkins saved Skeeter D.'s life. One of four boys and three girls, Mary Frances Penick learned how to sing back home in Dry Ridge, Ky. The neighbors liked her style passing well, so it wasn't long before she hooked up with Betty Jack Davis of nearby Corbin and they set out for Lexington, Ky.—calling themselves "The Davis Sisters." In the early Fifties, the legendary Steve Sholes signed them for RCA and within a short time, they were earning money hand over fist—thanks of a smashereroo called *I Forgot More Than You'll Ever Know*. Then, returning together from an appearing on WWVA, the girls' car was hit by an out-of-control car. The date was August 2, 1953. Betty Jack was killed. Skeeter survived—but she was deeply hurt and stunned by the death of her adopted "sister." She went into months of deep mourning. About a year later, she joined up with Betty's sister, Georgia, but the act just didn't have it. In 1955, with Chet Atkins guiding and consoling her, Skeeter returned to the ranks of the living with her own solo act. Within four years, she became one of the leading female country artists. It is quite possible, say insiders, that without Chet Atkins' understanding and dedicaton, Skeeter mght have never fulfilled the promise that seemed so evident in her recordings with Betty Jack. Today a mod-dressed homebody—with a fancy for pets and plants, the ex-Mrs. Ralph Emery is one of Music City's sunniest citizens.



EDDY ARNOLD

Continued from page 24

mixed-up family: my father had a family before he married my mother, and she had a family before she married him. After they married, they had us, my two brothers, my sister and me. I'm the youngest; one sister, just older than I, died. My other sister, Patty Bruns, lives in Saint Louis. I lost one brother, John, in the war; the other, W.D. (those initials are all the name he's got), runs a little barber shop in Jackson, Tennessee. I don't see him much—just from time to time. He was awfully good to me. He was nine years older than I, and he really looked out for me after our father died.

My daddy was a very strong, big guy, with a big voice and a hearty laugh; but he got sick, and for the last three or four years of his life he was a near-invalid, so I didn't have a lot of contact with him then, but I did, before that.

He and I used to take long quiet walks. He'd talk to me some—just talk, not about anything specific. Sometimes, when my brothers were away for the weekend, dating or going to something or other, he'd bring out our most roguish old mule, give him a drink of water and then let me ride him. Believe me, that mule was really something! Every time we put him out to pasture with the other animals, he'd jump the fence and be off. I was only a little kid and riding that mule was a real big deal to me.

When my father was up and about, I did a lot more around the place, too. My older brothers did most of the work, but my daddy did some, and he saw that I did some. He was a real *father* kind of father (the boss man) and he kept his eye on what was going on.

He was kind, but pretty strict, too. I've never forgotten, and never will, I guess, the time he whipped me. He only whipped me the one time, but he whipped me three times that one time. He never had to do it again! By George, what *he* said was right, as far as I was concerned!

It was a rainy, fall day and he was sitting about eight or ten feet away from the window in what we called our sittin' room. Actually it was a bedroom where we had a stove. He was drawin' some kind of lines or plans, and he told me to hand him a window stick. Our house was pretty roughly built. My father built it with his own hands, even sawed and cut the lumber himself, so naturally we didn't have any weights in our windows like people do today, and some did even *then*. So we scotched them up with sticks about three feet long, maybe an inch wide and about a quarter to half an inch thick.

"Son, hand me a stick," he said.

"Uh-uh," I said.

"Son, hand me that stick," he said again, and as I mentioned before, he had a very strong voice.

"Uh-uh."

My daddy got up, walked over, picked up the stick, turned me across his knee and whipped me. Then he put the stick back and said, "Hand me the stick, Son."

He whipped me again; and then again after I still refused. But the next time he asked me for the stick, I handed it to him. I was only six or seven then, but he never had to whip me again: I knew he meant what he said. I didn't have to be whipped every week; I didn't have to be yelled at. I had to be made to mind, and it didn't hurt me all that much.

I have a sort of philosophy about that, despite all the current philosophy about

not punishing children: I believe that children lean on authority. I know I did. You can try to reason with a child, but you'll find out quick enough that he doesn't think like an adult. If he's to live in this world, he's got to learn to mind, young, just as I did; and he's got to learn to respect his mama's and daddy's authority.

Sometimes my daddy whipped my brothers, too, big as they were. He never would stand for brother fighting brother, and they did sometimes, as all boys do. I'm talking about rural boys, now, you understand, not gentlemen-farmer boys. When crops were laid by, they both worked, and hard; but when the crop of corn, or cotton, or peas, or beans, or whatever was cultivated, you just left it, more or less, until harvest time. Then you did odd jobs, cuttin' timber, or diggin' ditches, or cuttin' firewood for the comin' winter. Workin' that close together, naturally they'd get into an argument and the next thing you knew fists were flyin'. Then my daddy'd step in—and man!

Now that I'm older, I sit back and think about my father every once in a while, and I wish he could have lived longer. He was a very intelligent man; he knew a lot about history. I remember all the farmers used to come and sit and talk to him about history, 'cause he read history all the time. He would quote history to 'em.

My mother was a Methodist, a quiet little woman. I realize now she must have worked awfully hard, 'cause we were a good-sized family, but she never complained. Actually she and my father were pretty proud people, too proud to complain. I guess maybe that's why I was never a real hillbilly singer of the nasal kind: I never had a twang in my voice. That's what always puzzled me about other country singers, 'cause nobody ever came from farther back in the country than I did. I guess it's just kind of the way you think. I don't know, but I think my family had something to do with it. My family was a very proud family—poor but proud—and they considered themselves good people; so I guess they watched how we talked.

All the time my mother was workin' about the house, she used to sing "Sweet Bunch of Daisies." She knew only a few little songs and that was her favorite. When I first got my guitar, it was one of the first songs I strummed. Some day, just for the heck of it, I'm gonna' record that song.

I don't know when I first started playing the guitar. My Aunt and Uncle John Seaton lived three or four miles away, and their daughter, my cousin Susie, lent me a Sears Roebuck Silvertone Guitar. They had bought it through the catalog, and that Sears book was like a Christmas tree to most of us; it still is to a lot of people. My hero was Gene Autry then. I must have sent twenty dollars to Sears for his records. And Bing Crosby! Those two people were *it* for me. We had an old windup victrola on the farm. We really thought it was something, 'cause it would trip itself and turn itself off, which a lot of them didn't do in those days. I mentioned the catalog to the Sears people some years later, when I was doing autographs in Chicago, and I kidded them about not having an Eddy Arnold Guitar in their catalog.

My grandfather was a lot healthier and more active than my father in those days, and he encouraged me: "Now Eddy," he'd say, "that sounds real fine. Yes sir, that's just fine."

I loved that guitar, but I couldn't play it around my father; he was too sick. Maybe it replaced the feelings that rightfully belonged to him, I really don't know; I just

know I loved that guitar. When I felt lonely, plucking a note here and there into a chord, then into a song and finally into music made up for a lot.

The songs in those days were simple and honest, like the people and the times. I am glad I grew up with music in my heart and my head, as did most of the people in that area. When you were troubled, you sang; when you were glad, you sang.

Of course, I had my chores to do. We had about 240 acres planted in cotton, peas, corn, hay, potatoes and most of the other necessities for our family, and there was always more work to be done than *could* be done. But I did find time to play the guitar, generally at the end of the day.

When the mist hung over the valley and there was a quietness and a relaxing over the land, I'd steal off by myself and start struntin' and singin'. Likely as not, I'd wreck the evening for anybody within ear-shot; but I gradually improved and began to feel that without the guitar and its music and a song to go with it, I wouldn't really be myself anymore. I was beginning to discover something that mattered deeply to me: I *liked* to sing. I *needed* to sing.

Of course, since my father was so sick, I never played or sang around the house; matter of fact, I spent a lot of time away from there.

The day my father died, my eleventh birthday, I was over at the Latham farm playing with some friends. When I heard our dinner bell ringing—well, I just ran for home. I never stopped for breath the whole mile and a half. I guess my mother knew my daddy was goin' to die, but I never really thought about it much. I knew he was sick, sure, but . . .

When our dinner bell rang, I *knew*. That bell rang only for midday dinner or when someone died. In that part of the country, when someone died, church bells were rung, or a family dinner bell (if it was loud enough, and ours was). The minute I heard that bell ring in the late afternoon, I took off. I knew by the direction it was our bell.

I knew what had happened—my mother didn't have to tell me—my daddy was gone.

PART TWO

On a bleak day the following fall, I stood with my mother, grandfather, sister and brothers and watched my father's creditors auction off our farm along with most of the livestock (some of them family pets) and farm implements. Like so many farmers in that depression era, my father was deeply in debt when he died on May 15, 1929. We didn't blame the creditors; things were tough for everyone then.

I don't remember much about the auction itself—the weather, or the crowd—but I remember how I felt. No one could ever forget watching familiar, loved things going to others. I've sung that feeling in hundreds of songs, in hundreds of places; every plaintive ballad brings back that saddest day of my life.

We became sharecroppers on our own farm, with the two mules, two cows, and a few simple impleemnts we were allowed to keep. I believe those farm implements were pretty crude. I remember, a few years or so after the auction, hiring out to a nearby farmer in my spare time from our own farm, and working out the price of a two-horse cultivator. I helped him, Mr. Stovall, cut timber by the day. I forget what the pay was—about a dollar and a half a day, I think—and he'd credit me for each day's work. Golly Bill, I'll *never* forget the day that little old cultivator was paid for!

Sharecropping a farm just isn't the same as working your own, no matter how hard

(Continued on page 44)



meet Roy Clark, the musical magician, **"ROY?**
about whom they once said,

HE'LL NEVER AMOUNT T' NUTHIN'!"

He was a round-faced kid who always seemed to be laughing at something, and he had a kind of gift for getting the other kids to laugh too. He made fun of the teachers and he made fun of school work, and if Roy Linwood Clark took anything seriously, the teachers in the schools of Meherrin, Va., didn't know about it.

To them he was a pesky kid with a way of livening things up. Bright enough, but not interested in putting

those brains of his to work on anything important, like algebra or history. Roy Clark, it was agreed, would never amount to anything. He didn't take anything seriously.

Which goes to show how much schoolteachers know. Because Roy Clark did take something seriously, and that was music. His instrument was the banjo, and anybody who has ever attempted to master



Roy Clark



On Hee-Haw, Roy gets a great chance to "do his thing"—funnin' around . . . with some of his favor-right peeps (like cousin Buckaroo Owens, above) and comic superstars like Stringbean, Junior Samples, and Grandpa Jones.

The serious side of Roy comes out when he plays classical and semi-classical pieces like Malaguena. His recordings of *Tips Of My Fingers*, *Yesterday When I Was Young*, and *The Wind Always Blows In Chicago* are marvelous C/W ballads.

it knows how hard Roy had to work at it to get good enough to enter the Country Music National Banjo Championship. Roy was not only good enough to enter it, he was good enough to win. He was 14 years old at the time.

Roy decided about then that he wanted to be a professional musician, but he was wise enough to know that the banjo alone wouldn't be enough to build a career around. So he started singing, practicing just as diligently as he did with the banjo. He started working with the guitar, too. And while still in his teens, he became a regular vocalist and instrumentalist on the Hayloft Conservatory of Music Interpretation, a regional television show in Virginia.

From there, he went on to membership in Wanda Jackson's band, and he befriended Hank Thomson. Both Wanda and Hank were highly impressed with Roy and his talents; they gave him solo spots and encouraged him to develop his talent. Soon Roy was performing as a single act on a number of shows such as **Town & Country Jamboree**, **The Jimmy Dean Show**, **The George Hamilton TV Show**, **The Johnny Lyndon Show**, and numerous local television shows.

In his spare time, if you can believe he had any, Roy extended his musical abilities. He mastered three kinds of guitar—steel, classical, and 12-string—and learned to play the violin, piano, trumpet, trombone, accordion, and drums.

But first, last, and always, Roy considered himself a comedian. "I've always been a clown," he recalls. "Just ask my teachers. They used to say I'd never amount to anything because I didn't take anything seriously. Making people laugh is the greatest feeling in the world."

But it was as a musician that Roy first made his mark. With his first record company, Capitol, he recorded **The Tips of My Fingers**, a ballad which became a major hit.

The producers of **Hee Haw** see fit to dress up Roy's eloquent solos with animated dancing pigs and other fripperies, but the purity and beauty of his music rises above such devices. He is a musician's musician. Maybe it's because he still doesn't take his music as seriously as he might. To himself, Roy Clark remains a clown, and the music is secondary.



On *The Beverly Hillbillies*, Roy had TV fans in fits with his portrayal of the elderly Big Mama Halsey.



EDDY ARNOLD

Continued from page 40

you try to pretend it is: the spirit just isn't the same. When my grandfather passed on that same year, even though I was only eleven I began to realize that it would be only a matter of time before I would leave, too. I figured there must be an easier way to earn a livelihood than working someone else's farm; and even then I made up my mind no one would ever take my home away from me again.

Singing was a natural way out for me, 'cause I was already singing at school and in chapel. I liked it; I suppose mostly I liked the compliments people paid me: "You sing real great, Eddy." "That was really good." "Attaboy, Eddy."

I discovered I could speak to people through songs in a way I never could by just talking. I could get close to them. Before long, I branched out a little and started singing at little functions here and there, like candy pulls, ice cream suppers, square dances, and barbecues. In those depression days, people had a common bond in hard work and little money. They also had a love and concern for each other, at least they did in my Tennessee valley. We weren't in real mountain country; it was just hillbilly. We had a lot of neighborly gatherings for any event or no event, just to get together and forget our worries.

The people were lovely! I didn't make much money, maybe a buck an evening, but the praise was more than money. "That sounded pretty good, Ed." "Keep it up." "Come back for the next dance." That was pretty heady stuff. The dollar went quite a way on the farm in those days, too, but it was mostly the people. Everybody wants to be loved; I know I wanted to be loved, and singing got me the attention I'd never have gotten any other way.

Some of the people at the square dances told me that my father had played fiddle in their day. I don't remember ever hearing him play, but I guess we played the same songs. I didn't know there was such a thing as country music; it was just music—the only kind I heard, the only kind I knew. It was happy music, sad music, foot-stomping music for a dossey-do; and spirituals that could, I thought, stop the birds from flying south, as they heard it drift across the valley.

I used to ride to a lot of those dates on our old mule, a lot of the time bareback, if my two older brothers had already gone off with our only two saddles. It was no big deal. In those days, takin' the leavin' was natural for the youngest in the family, and nobody's feelings got hurt. It was six miles or so to town, and sometimes I went farther than that, but when you're a kid and you like to sing, it's no hardship.

Seventeen I was, when I finally decided I'd better take off and see if I couldn't make that better livelihood I'd thought of earlier. I was too young, I guess, but my situation had reached the point where I was just existing, not living. The only way I knew how to change it was through singin'. There was nothin' on the farm to look forward to, and not much in Henderson; so one day, I just lit out. ●

TAMMY & GEORGE

Continued from page 36

him in their Florida home, and start making up for some of those years spent on the road.

Their eagerly-awaited baby will make a profound difference for the better in their life-style. With the vast upsurge of

IS YOUR HAIR GROWING OR GOING?

Stand in front of a mirror. Take a long hard look at the top of your head. Do you have as much hair as one year ago? Do you see any new hair growth?

If your answer is no, it is important that you take steps today to save the hair you now have. If you act now, you may be able to reverse the trend on your head. You may be able to grow new hair faster than it is falling out. Doesn't that make sense to you? Wouldn't you like to look in the mirror a year from now and see more hair on your head than you see now? Why lose your hair if you don't have to?

CAN YOU SAVE YOUR HAIR?

Every year thousands of men and women go bald—needlessly—because of a scalp infection. This scalp infection is called seborrhea. Doctors say that three germ organisms cause seborrhea: *staphylococcus albus*, *pitryosporum ovale*, and *microbacillus*. These germs attack the sebaceous glands and the hair follicles themselves. If not checked, permanent damage is done. The hair follicles atrophy, lose their ability to produce new hairs. The result: premature baldness.

You can easily tell if you are a victim of seborrhea. If you have itchy scalp, dandruff, hair loss, very dry or oily scalp, the chances are that you have seborrhea. Neglect these symptoms and you invite baldness.

Treat your scalp to Ward's Formula. This amazing scalp medicine quickly controls seborrhea and stops the hair loss it causes.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss, for which neither the Ward treatment nor any other treatment is effective.



DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

In seconds, Ward's Formula kills these three parasitic germ organisms retarding normal growth. This has been proven in scientific tests by a world-famous testing laboratory (copy of laboratory report sent on request). Ward's removes infectious dandruff, stops scalp itch, brings hair-nourishing blood to the scalp, tends to normalize very dry or oily scalp. Ward's Formula corrects the ugly symptoms of seborrhea, stops the hair loss it causes. Ward's Formula has been tried by more than 550,000 men and women on our famous Double-Your-Money-Back-Guarantee. Only 1.9% of these men and women were not helped by Ward's and asked for their double refund. This is truly an amazing performance. Treat your scalp with Ward's Formula. Try it at our risk. In only 10 days you must see and feel the marked improvement in your scalp and hair.

Your dandruff must be gone. Your scalp must stop. Your hair must look more attractive and alive. Your hair loss due to seborrhea must stop. If your hair loss is the predominant male pattern baldness type, which neither our product nor anything else will help, accept Double Your Money Back for your trouble. If your hair loss is due to seborrhea, you must be delighted with the results. You must be completely satisfied, or simply return the unused portion for your double refund. We take all the risk. So why delay? Delay may cost your hair.

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Rush Ward's Formula to me at once. I must be completely satisfied in only 10 days or you GUARANTEE refund of DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

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Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$7 plus postal charges.

Send triple size for \$5. You save \$1!

DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

country music in the mainstream market, George and Tammy have become first-magnitude stars, and the road is no longer a necessity in their lives. A new Florida-based film company has signed the couple to make low-budget color films, based on country music, which will enable them to reach larger audiences with much less investment of time and effort.

Tammy's life is undergoing some profound changes now. Having a newborn infant to care for and a devoted husband to attend to her is bound to make a difference in Tammy's outlook. The life of bus trips and one-nighters is behind her now. Tammy is finally able to enjoy her family and the fruits of her long years of giving her fans the kind of music they want.

And not a moment too soon, in the view of those who are close to her. They remember hearing Tammy say, "I just want to cry all the time," and they remember the sight of those gorgeous blue eyes, rimmed with tears that seemed to have no reason. They remember the long silences and the unexpected outbursts. They remember the worried look of Tammy's friends, relatives, and associates—a look that kept recurring too often in recent years.

And they're grateful that Tammy, George, and the new baby will be leading a new, calmer, and more fulfilling life from now on. The fans on the road will miss Tammy's sunshiney presence, for she won't get out to see them as often as before. But on the other hand, Tammy will be enjoying a kind of peace and joy which has been all too rare in her life up till now.





**SUPERSTAR
WIVES
TALK
ABOUT
DIVORCE:
HOW
MRS.
ROY
ROGERS
AND
MRS.
JOHNNY
CASH**



FACED REMARRIAGE

**Why Dale Defied Her Family To Find Forbidden Love!
Inside the June Carter-Carl Smith Love Affair!**

■ Country music people tend to marry young—and like a lot of young marriages, many of them just don't work out. A broken home is always a tragedy, especially when innocent children are involved. But it isn't always a permanent tragedy. Older and wiser, the partners sometimes have the good luck and common sense to make a better match the second time around.

Sometimes it isn't generally known that some of the apparently made-in-heaven marriages of the stars are, in fact, the second or third try for one or both of the parties involved. Johnny Cash and June Carter, perhaps the most famous husband-and-wife team today, have been married for nearly two years. But both were married before. Johnny to a girl he met in San Antonio before he became a professional

singer, and June to the near-legendary Carl Smith, who was a star even before Johnny was.

And among the older generation of country stars, the duo of Roy Rogers and Dale Evans—which was more familiar to a whole generation of kids than George and Martha Washington—began on the movie screen as a matter of smart casting, but didn't develop in real life until some years later, when Roy's first wife, Arlene, died after giving birth to Roy's second child, Roy, Jr. At that time, Dale had an almost-grown son of her own, from her youthful, ill-advised first marriage.

Statistics tell us that if the first marriage fails, for one reason or another, it is more likely that the second will also fail. A "one-time loser" will, on the average, become a two-time loser.

SUPERSTAR WIVES



Johnny, June and John Carter Cash are about as happy as any threesome imaginable. But June's first marriage (to Carl Smith—whose fame at the time was comparable to Johnny's now) ended in failure and the two were divorced soon after.

Yet both June and Dale seem to have overcome the odds. Theirs, in fact, are two of the greatest love stories of our time—stories in which the heroic love of a woman has overcome not only the odds, but tragic circumstances as well, to transform the tormented life of a good man into something rare and wonderful. Their examples are inspiring.

In June's case, events have shown that it was neither her fault, nor Carl's, that her marriage fell apart. June loved the tall man from Maynardsville, Tenn., bore his children, tried to make their life together happy. But June had a career of her own, and what Carl wanted was a full-time wife. After their divorce, Carl married singer Goldie Hill, who





This, believe it or not, is the Roy Rogers clan. Included in this mob are six children, several spouses, and thirteen grandchildren. The group is a living testament to the love and attention Roy and Dale have lavished on their loved ones. Yet, Dale's first marriage, at 14, ended with very bad feelings.



promptly retired from active performing and devoted herself to being the kind of single-minded wife that Carl wanted and needed. It was the kind of sacrifice that June was never able to make.

June's long friendship with Johnny Cash took years to ripen into love. For one thing, June was concentrating hard on her professional career. For another thing, Johnny, at the time, was beset by bad habits and personal troubles, and was not a good emotional risk by any stretch of the imagination.

June had loved Carl Smith whole-heartedly, and had been deeply wounded when their life together didn't work out. Twice shy of another commitment until she was certain it wouldn't end the same way, June restrained her feelings for Johnny. But at the same time she encouraged him, gave him the unselfish emotional support

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Sonny James and his Southern Gentleman have inherited the great country crooner tradition from Jim Reeves and Eddy Arnold. They are frequent guests on TV's *Hee-Haw* spectacular.

He came out of the boonies (Hackleburg, Alabamee to be exact) but Jimmie Loden sang the kind of song that people in every hamlet and city in the U.S.A. could understand. So, practically overnight (thanks to a record called *Young Love*), young "Sonny James" became a major "Country" star. The smooth crooner, hardly the worse for 15 years of wear in the music business, is now one of the most universally loved names in Nashville—as well as almost every big show biz center.



SONNY'S FABULOUS FRIENDS

*The Southern Gentleman
has made many good friends among
The Rich-and-Famous Set.*

Sonny and his friend Ed Sullivan posed for this shot during one of "The Southern Gentleman's" many appearances on Sullivan's TV show. Ed knows that Sonny's sound cuts across all types of music and is appreciated by thousands of viewers—North and South of the Mason-Dixon line. That's why he keeps asking him back again and again.

Red Buttons is popular with Big City comedy fans—but he, like so many others, "digs" Sonny's easy-going, relaxed manner and the universal meanings of Sonny's songs. Sonny is one of the top five all-time best-selling country artists and as "hot" today as he was as a teen idol in the 50's.

Sonny met pretty Peggy Lennon and her melodious sisters during an appearance on their popular TV variety show. He is often requested as a guest artist on these shows because he is "super" at interpreting country music classics for audiences that are often unfamiliar with "The Nashville Sound." His band is made up of top back-up men.





1) When diverse types like Sonny, Jimmy Durante, and George Burns get together, the talk is often about C/W music and inside tales of Nashville. His show business friends share Hollywood gossip with Sonny. 2) Mike Douglas loves him and has told Sonny that his audiences can't get enough of Sonny's music. Wherever the Alabama country-blues minstrel goes, fans clamor for his swift return. 3) Sonny met long-beaked, long-tressed, and long-tall Tiny Tim and his Miss Vickie on the Ed Sullivan show and, while the two have little in common when it comes to life-style, they found that they shared a common love for simple, back-home lyrics and old-time music. 4) And, though Sonny is at home with the rich and famous, he is never too busy to go riding with his band-buddies nor to mingle with the loyal fans who have made him what he is today.



NASHVILLE BUCKS THE GENERATION GAP



Ike Everly: he still puts don and phil to shame

With the exception of those born into active country music families (like the Carters and the Stonemans, for instance) it almost goes without saying that most of today's stars have made it in spite of—or maybe because of—a hardscrabble childhood and a run of bad luck. You think of Johnny Cash and Glen Campbell, raised on marginal farms in Arkansas during the Depression; Merle Haggard, whose Okie father died when Merle was only a boy; Hank Williams, growing up in Alabama where a kid could get a lifelong taste for alcohol before learning to read.

But surely one of the all-time hard-time families were the Kershaws of Tiel Ridge, Louisiana—a Cajun family which produced two of the hottest musical talents in Nashville today. The father of the family, Jack Kershaw, was a fisherman, making a meager living with his boat, dreaming of better things for his kids. It got to be too much for him, and one day his despair drove him

Ike Everly is one of the great old-timers of C/W music. As midwestern radio stars, Ike and his wife, Margaret, were legendary. His "choke"-style git-picking has influenced many.

Don and Phil Everly walked in Acuff-Rose for a song—Bye-Bye Love—and walked out as pioneers of a whole new musical sound: soft/core rock 'n roll and jumpin', jivin' folk-rock.





mama rita kershaw: rusty and doug's guiding angel

to kill himself. His wife, Rita, was left to raise their four sons. The youngest, Rusty, was only five. His brother Doug was only a couple of years older.

There was no money. What was worse, the boys couldn't speak English—only the Cajun French dialect that Rita spoke at home. The family moved to Lake Arthur, where the boys were plunged into an English-speaking school where their language problems were ridiculed. Mama Rita washed and ironed clothes for 50c a day, and little Doug tried to earn some money by shining shoes. He had an old fiddle which he'd taught himself to play, and he soon found that there was no more money in playing it than in shining shoes. Later, with Rita accompanying him on guitar, Doug—only 8—began playing in tough cafes and clubs. There wasn't much time for sleep, but the family managed to eat . . . at last.

When Doug was 11, his brother Pee Wee, also a self-taught musician, decided he wanted to form a band with his brothers. Rusty was given a guitar and told to play it. He did, and the group was called the Continental Playboys. Mama Rita was proud of her sons.

When he was 15, a local recording company signed Doug to record a song he had written and Rusty happened by

Mama Rita Kershaw brought four boys into the world and single-handedly raised them—after her husband killed himself fishing the swamps. Rusty & Doug needed her strength.

and started harmonizing. It sounded good enough for the local man to take a chance, bringing the boys to Nashville to record, and signing them with the mammoth Acuff-Rose organization. Rusty and Doug were on their way.

After a stretch in the army, however, (they joined together), they got out and

found they had to begin their career all over again. So Doug wrote what has become a country classic—a song called "Louisiana Man," which was really a tribute to the father he'd never really known, and to Mama Rita, who had kept the family together.

Rusty had some trouble with the bot-

Doug Kershaw, the wild Cajun fiddler, is repaying his debt to Rita by surrounding her with comforts and making her a familiar figure on TV screens—as his talented accompanist.



NASHVILLE GENERATION GAP



earl scruggs: garry and randy carry on

tle, and Doug's career went into a decline that lasted several years. But when Johnny Cash was getting his new show together, he asked Doug to join him, and the nationwide exposure helped Doug to regain his stature. Rusty got himself in hand and, also as a solo act, re-established himself. The crowning achievement so far was when Doug produced his brother's solo album for Atlantic—not really a sales success, but an LP which their fellow musicians admired greatly.

Rusty and Doug have their own families now, but they continue to feel a deep responsibility to Mama Rita, the woman who single-handedly raised them and taught them to be strong. She doesn't have to take in other people's washing and ironing any more, thanks to her sons, who intend to spend the rest of their lives making up to her for all the sacrifices she made for them while they were young.

Here's Earl clowning around backstage with his drummer, Leon Silby. Leon is Earl's only contemporary in the great banjoist's new up-dated act.



Everly. A name to reckon with in country music. A name that has come to mean a vastly influential style, whose echoes are instantly recognizable in the most popular country styles today.

Nobody's going to quarrel with that statement—the only question is, do you mean Everly—the father, or Everly—the sons?

To millions who grew up in the 1950's, the Everly name means the Everly Brothers, Don and Phil, two skinny guys in slicked-back ducktail haircuts, who sang sweet, close harmony and who made the definitive recordings of hits like *Wake Up, Little Susie*, *Dream, Dream, Dream*, and *Cathy's Clown*. To a lot of people, the sound of the Fabulous Fifties was not the sexy shouting of Elvis, but the soft interweaving melodies of the Everlys.

To say that the Everly Brothers have made a comeback is sort of like saying the same thing about President Nixon. It's an understatement. This summer, as replacements for the hugely successful Johnny Cash TV show, the Everly Brothers quickly rounded up all their old fans and staked out a claim on the new generation of kids now turning on to the great sounds of the Fifties. The stars of yesteryear have become the latest superstars of today.

This gentle lyric style had a profound influence on many pioneering groups of the Sixties. The sound is easily recognizable in early recordings by the Beatles, and in those of all their imitators, heirs, and musical cousins, from the Loving Spoonful to the Hagers.

But if Don and Phil have influenced a score of vocalists, they're only repeating the history made by their father, Ike Everly, of Illinois. Ike Everly, one of the grand old men of the guitar, learned the basics of the "choke" style from a Negro coal miner, Jim Mason, of Kentucky. This style, as refined and developed by Everly, had the advantage of making the guitar a melodic instrument, capable of carrying the tune and introducing runs and phrases of its own, instead of acting simply as a rhythm instrument. The mighty Merle Travis picked up on this style of guitar-picking, and brought it to a perfection which, in turn, had a profound effect on such guitar giants as Chet Atkins and Doc Watson.

Which makes you kind of wonder what sort of country music movers and shakers the children of Don and Phil Everly are going to be, doesn't it?

Country music is family music, unlike rock. The heavy sounds of super-amplified rock and experimental pop music have a polarizing effect on the generations—the kids retire to the sanctity of their rooms to freak out to the latest noises on the stereo, while their parents



Earl's sons are very talented musicians in their own right and they've interested their father in some of the newer, "hipper" sounds of today.

Gary and Randy Scruggs (far left) and Jody Maphis represent the new blood in Earl's performances. Educational TV is devoting a show to them in January.



bite their lips and feel their patience dwindle. Sooner or alter, harsh words are said, and the generation gap widens another notch or two.

But to country music families, there's no division between the music of the parents and that of the kids. It's all just music. Mom and Dad are as interested in the new artists and the innovations from New York and Bakersfield as the kids are, and the Hank Williams songs that the parents listened to in high school are guaranteed to send the same shivers down the spines of the new generation.

Among country performers, too, the kids tend to follow in the steps of their parents, carrying the family traditions a step further along the same direction. Take the Scruggs boys, Gary and Randy. Like just about every other teenager of his age, Gary got turned onto music with his first guitar—but instead of a Fender or Gretsch with a hot little amp, his was a twelve-string acoustic that belonged to Mother Maybelle Carter. Now a philosophy student at Vanderbilt University, in Nashville,

he also plays harmonica, trumpet, and electric bass. He sings, too—and has recorded with his father and brother for the past three years.

Randy, a high school junior, is already considered one of the best guitarists in Nashville, both flat-picking and finger-picking. He began his musical education with the autoharp at the age of six, appeared with his father on television shows and concerts while he was still in the bubble-gum stage, and began on the guitar when he was twelve. He has also been playing the banjo for the past two years—in the three-finger "Scruggs style" that his father developed, of course.

It shouldn't come a sany surprise, then, that the two Scruggs' boys are getting their first LP together now, with Charlie Daniels as producer, for Vanguard. In Nashville, of course.

As for Earl, his wife reports that he and the boys will be featured on a super-duper National Educational TV special to be shown across the nation in January. Everybody's looking forward to it.



THE DAY CARL PERKINS KICKED HIS HABIT

*He grabbed ol' John Barleycorn
and threwed him out to sea.
And he's been a gladder and
a wiser man ever since.*

Carl Perkins was one of the original Memphis Mafia—those early giants that Sam Phillips unearthed when he was getting Sun Records under way back in the fifties. There was a truckdriver named Elvis Presley and a rawboned sharecropper from Arkansas named Johnny Cash, and a piano-playing hill-billy named Jerry Lee Lewis, and the boy behind the shades was Roy Orbison. And they all made a lot of great hit records and went on to magnificent careers . . .

And there was Carl Perkins, from Jackson, Tenn., who wrote songs on notebook paper. One night, when they were both still minor-leaguers, playing at a dismal high school hop for the ducktailed, ponytailed kids in a small town, Johnny Cash observed that the blue suede shoes the boys were wearing seemed to be quite a fad. Maybe Carl could write a song about it.

"I didn't think much about it right then, but a little later I noticed a boy telling his girlfriend to stay off his blue suede shoes. It hit me pretty hard," says Carl today, "because the girl was goodlooking and all. I mean, why would a fellow want to worry about his shoes?"

So Carl wrote a song and recorded it, and Elvis Presley recorded it, too, and in 1955 "Blue Suede Shoes" marked the beginning of the Rock Revolution, which is still going on today, long after the kids wore out the



blue suede shoes and married their cheerleader sweethearts.

And Carl Perkins was one of the founding fathers, along with Elvis and Jerry Lee. Only Carl never quite made it as a superstar in his own right. Maybe that was one of his problems.

Being a star in itself was a problem, Carl found. He did a lot of traveling in those early years, playing to a different crowd every night, never quite getting caught up with himself. He began to fight the loneliness and the pressures of the road by leaning on the bottle. He wasn't the first man to do it and, sadly, he wouldn't be the last.

And in 1964, Carl was in an accident which cut his all-important left hand almost to ribbons. The doctors managed to patch the muscles and tendons back together in three hours of delicate surgery, but there was doubt that Carl would regain the full use of his hand again—let alone resume his career as a guitarist. So while his hand was mending, Carl

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Faced with the death of her twins,
did Anita Bryant
fail God—or find Him?

"I COULDN'T SAY, 'LORD TAKE MY BABIES, THEY ARE YOURS!'"

Ever since her earliest childhood in Oklahoma, Anita Bryant's life has been shaped by her abiding faith in God and in His plan. When confronted by a crisis, Anita prays, "Lord, put Anita Bryant aside, I'm here to glorify You." When she sings, she asks, "Put Your words into my mouth, and let Your Trust show forth."

But although she has sought divine guidance in this way for everything (from her first child, Gloria Lynn, was born only after the Greens had despaired of having Show at Christmastime), Anita's great spiritual strength almost failed her two years ago, when her twins, Barbara and Billy, were born.

With a history of medical problems, Anita had difficulty in conceiving. In fact, her first child, Gloria Lynn, was born only after the Greens had despaired of having any children of their own, at all. They'd adopted

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Though she always fancied herself a Good Christian, Anita's faith was sorely tested when her twins (above right) almost died. Today, however, she is vastly enriched by her experiences and has dedicated her life to good works (like visits to servicemen and testifying on behalf of evangelists like Billy Graham) and private prayer. The photo on the left, above, was taken at Billy's mammoth New York rally. The one in the center was shot aboard the USS Ticonderoga.



TEX GETS A VOTE OF CONFIDENCE



When he ran against Bill Brock for election as the Republican candidate for governor of Tennessee, Tex Ritter's friends, Chet Atkins and Archie Campbell served as co-chairmen of the Celebrities for Ritter-Robertson Committee. Sadly, Tex lost.

It'll be Congressman Bill Brock on the Republican side, facing venerable Democratic incumbent Senator Albert Gore in this fall's election in Tennessee, but the real winner has already been decided. It's Tex Ritter.

Ole Tex, one of the grand old men of Nashville, sought the Republican nomination in last summer's primary. And while the slickly professional political skills of Brock won out at the polls, there isn't any doubt that long after Brock, Gore, and all the other current politicians have been forgotten, the name of Tex Ritter will continue to stir warm feelings in the hearts of country music fans. And, what's more, in the hearts of a lot of people who still look down on "hill-billy music." Not only has Tex built up an enviable following of Opry-goers, he has also served as Nashville's unofficial goodwill ambassador to the rest of the world. And this summer's campaign was enough to prove to anyone who still could have doubted it, that Tex is perhaps the most respected of country music's elder statesmen.

As Tex made his way back and forth across his adopted state, the crowds turned out in force. Many of those who had never seen him in person remember him vividly from the 80-odd western movies he turned out during the Thirties and Forties, when Tex was a mainstay in Hollywood.



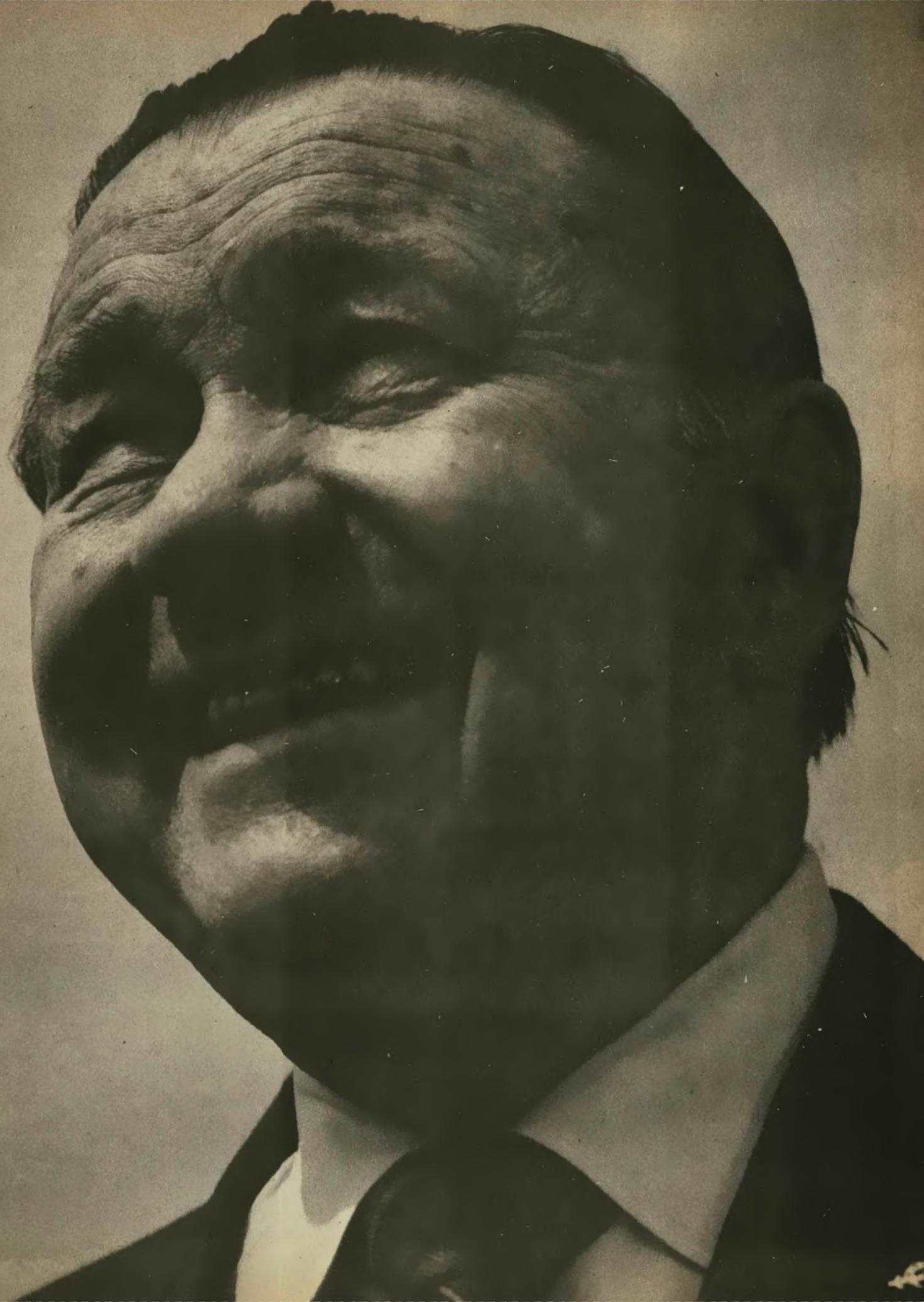
This is what the old cowpoke looked like during his days as a leading man in mesquite-and-mesa epics. Tex filmed scores of horse operas in those days—but he's since found newer and greater fame as a cowboy balladeer and recording industry VIP.

"I remember when you used to make silents," one supporter told Tex at a rally.

"I didn't make any silents," Tex corrected him politely. But he was so much a part of everybody's memories that it somehow seemed as if he **should** have made silent films.

Woodward Maurice Ritter was born in Murvaul, Panola County, Texas, in 1905, and spent a childhood much like that of most country stars—singing in the church choir, forbidden to touch liquor, cigarettes, or cards, learning to play the guitar early, even though square-dancing, too, was frowned on. But unlike a lot of his colleagues, Tex went on to college—the University of Texas, and to law school at Northwestern U. He worked his way almost all the way, but the money ran out. Still, he'd kept up with his music, and he headed for New York in hopes of some kind of career as a cowboy singer.

"The years I was in New York I became quite well acquainted with Communists," he recalls. "I knew them. They would listen to my songs, about the only ones, for a while . . . At one time I called myself a folk singer. It got to the point where it was very difficult to tell where folk music ended and Communism began. So that's when I quit calling myself a folk singer. It was the sting of death if you were trying to





Tex and his good friend Roy Acuff are in much the same boat. Roy ran for governor of Tennessee back in the Forties and was defeated. Still, he served as one of Tex's key counselors.

A singing scholar, Tex has a rich background in education which few people know about. He studied law at the University of Texas and Northwestern, is considered a top folklore expert.



Tommy and Dorothy (Mrs. Tex Ritter and a former Hollywood leading lady herself) were great sources of inspiration and comfort to Tex during the gruelling stretch run of the campaign.



make a living."

He went to Hollywood to make Westerns in 1937, and made his last in 1950. There were seven or eight a year, all ground out according to the tried-and-true formula in which the good guy in the white hat always won. "I always thought the Westerns we made were more or less morality plays," Tex says today. "Right always won. In modern movies, you get naked for a while, you drink for a while, and you get naked again and the time's about over."

Nashvilleans respect Tex as much for his intelligence and culture as they do for his accomplishments as a singer and songwriter. He's an unusually well-informed man, articulate and serious when he's discussing public affairs. Said an article in **The New York Times Magazine**: "There is the distinct impression that he, the old cowboy, is somehow a more urbane man, more cosmopolitan, than most of the smart young businessmen of the Tennessee G.O.P., for whom he seems to have no great affinity."

As such, he's taken the trouble to inform himself about points of view that he disagrees with. For instance, though he says Eldridge Cleaver is "not exactly my cup of tea," Tex did read **Soul On Ice**, and, giving credit where it's due, he admits that the Black radical "has kind of a rough flair for writing."

Similarly, he has more sympathy for student protestors than you might at first expect from a man who feels that much of the New Left is out to destroy the country and its values. "But the great bulk of the students—even the one that march, a lot of them, I think we should lend an ear to them a little more than we have. I think President Johnson lost them entirely. President Nixon was on the road to losing them. These are the children we've got to listen to. We've got to wean them away from the radical left."

It was as much his thoughtful and humane principles as his solid popularity among the men and women of Music City that brought more than 60 of the top performers in the country music field out to give their all for Tex. It is the first time anyone has drawn such a show of support from his peers in the industry, although there have been country artists who've turned to politics in the past. (Most notable was Gov.

This was the scene when Tex and Dorothy joined forces with Mr. and Mrs. Claude Robertson in the struggle. Robertson ran on Ritter's ticket as the candidate for Tennessee governor.



Jimmie Davis, of Louisiana, who wrote "You Are My Sunshine." In 1948, the great Roy Acuff ran for Governor of Tennessee, learning that it was hard at that time, anyway, for a Republican to win anything in Tennessee.)

Times have changed somewhat since then, but not enough for Tex to win the Republican nomination, even with all the heavy artillery of Nashville out pickin' and singin' for him. For one thing, Tex lacks a certain ruthlessness which is essential in a politician.

"They had two \$100 a plate dinners set up for me, one on the West Coast and one in New York," he says. "I thought at first it was being done by the industry, but then I found out they were going to invite my friends. I called it off. I don't know. I just don't like that."

Such simplicity and honesty are rare among politicians, and perhaps Washington might have done well to have a man like Tex around to bring the Senate down to earth now and then. But Tex accepted his defeat gracefully and philosophically, grateful to his loyal Nashville friends for their active support, and happy that his travels about the state brought him into contact with so many of his life-long fans and admirers. A man with friends like Tex's, with a career like his to look back on, can't be counted a loser by any standards. ●

CARL PERKINS *Continued from page 55*

had a lot of time to think about things, and he found that at that point in his life, his best friend was a bottle.

By October, 1967, there were those people in Nashville who believed that Carl Perkins was on the skids, that he'd never write anything again worth singing, that it was just a matter of time before he drank himself to death, or set fire to a motel bed while smoking. Poor Carl—talented, but he couldn't handle the bottle.

He was 35 and very nearly a has-been. One afternoon he stood on the beach in California with a half-empty bottle in his hand and a monstrous hangover in his head, and, at the end of a two-day spree, he wondered just what he was doing.

"I'd had it," Carl recalls today. "I was to the point of waking in the morning wanting a drink. It's okay if you can handle it, but it was handling me. I decided it was time for me to take over."

He threw that bottle as far as he could into

the Pacific Ocean and walked away, holding himself a little more erect. Of course, it was only the beginning of the battle. A man doesn't just give up a habit like that—not without a lot of agony and a lot of conflict. Some days it didn't seem worth the effort. But Carl Perkins is a determined guy when he sets his mind on something. He had decided that he was worth his own best efforts.

And at this point, Carl Perkins returned to the Lord. His West Tennessee upbringing had been righteous and churchgoing, but like many of us, he found it easy to stray from the path his family had showed him. He had to learn his lessons for himself, the hard way, and the learning process very nearly ruined his career and his life. But he caught himself just in time, and, knowing his own strength was not equal to the fight, he became reborn in God.

Carl himself doesn't like to talk much about his return to religion. Some men's religious feelings are just too deep to put into words. But in the years since that moment on the beach, Carl has found new energy for his career. Now a regular with the Johnny Cash show, Carl is building a new following of his own. Some of his fans are the sons and daughters of the kids he used to play for at the beginning of his career.

Perhaps the most striking evidence of Carl's new view of life is his hit song, "Daddy Sang Bass," which has become the closing number for the Johnny Cash Show. The song is highly autobiographical—the "little brother" mentioned in the lyrics is Carl's late brother, J.B. Interpolated in the song is a passage from "Will The Circle Be Unbroken?"—a fine old hymn that the Perkins family used to sing together in their cottonfield shack back in Tiptonville, Tenn. It couldn't be farther in feeling from "Blue Suede Shoes" and yet it's just as true an expression of Carl Perkins, the man, as was "Blue Suede Shoes" for the younger, wilder Carl back in the fifties.

Carl is writing more nowadays—there's his

Continued on page 70

FAME, FORTUNE, AND FARON YOUNG HIS "COW-MILKIN' HANDS" HAVE TOUCHED PRESIDENTS, SPACEMEN, AND JUST PLAIN HOME FOLKS



Faron and his youngest (Kevin) say "Cheese!" for a photographer in front of the Youngs' \$250,000 mansion. Kevin's bedecked in a mod tie-dye tee shirt.

Signing autographs is a source of constant delight. "I love C/W music," Faron says. "The fans really stick with you over the years."

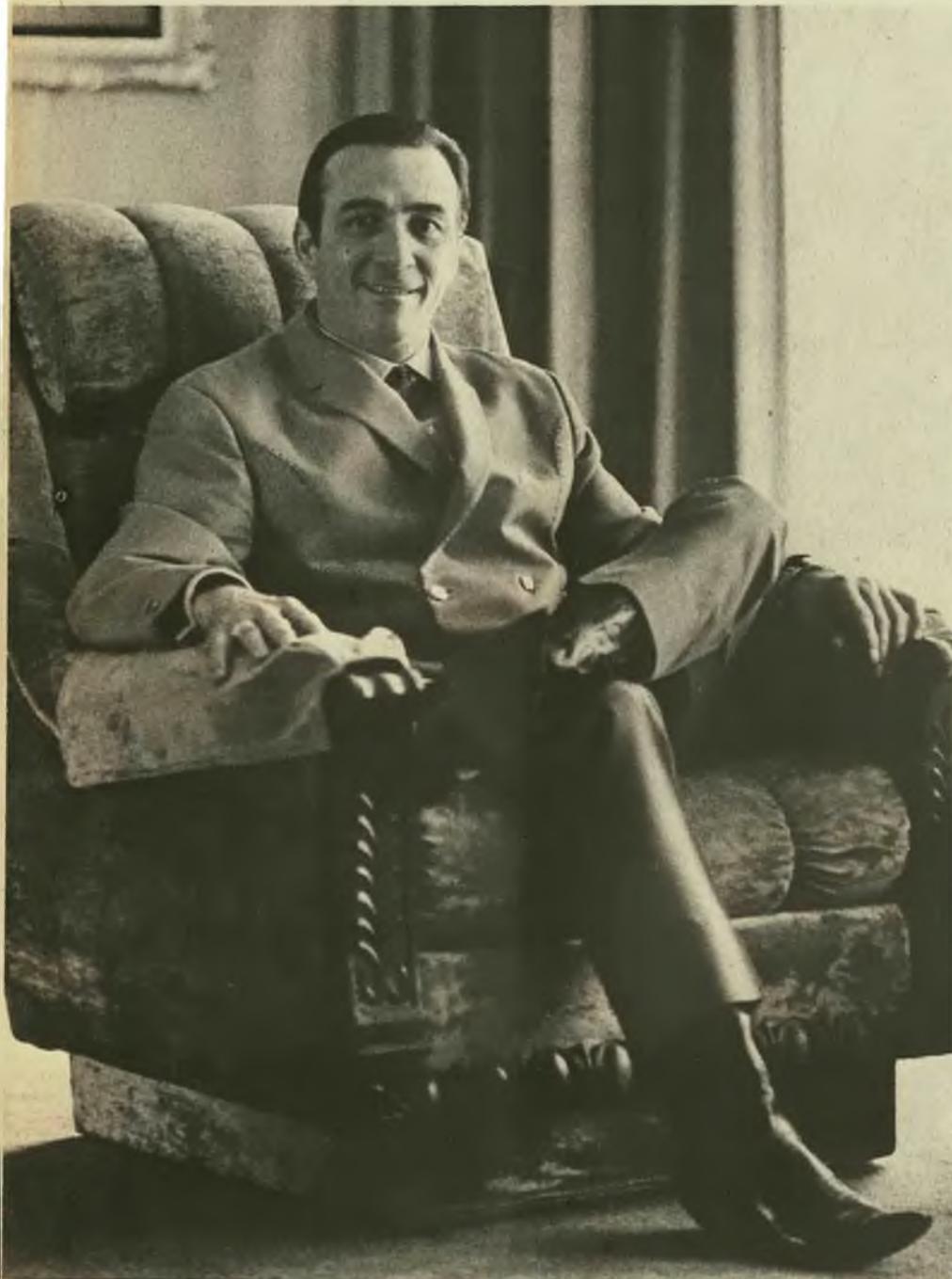


Faron has many good buddies in the "Business" (like Waylon Jennings, above) but he dislikes "lazy" country artists.



"I never thought—when I was a kid down on the farm in Louisiana—that the same hand that was milkin' cows would one day shake hands with the President," Faron Young was saying not too long ago. But the impossible did indeed come true. And today, one of Nashville's richest denizens, Faron makes a small fortune singing the songs he loves the best. Yet he's never forgotten that he, too, was once "the little man."

During his journey upwards, Faron's made some impressive friends. LBJ, for one. "We were in Austin the night before the election," Faron recalls. "When we finished there, President Johnson came over, shook hands, and said, 'I want to thank you, Mr. Young, I enjoyed your music.'" Astronaut Pete Conrad is another good buddy. "Pete is a great country fan," Faron says. "I told him when he walks on the moon to



Prosperous already and prospering some more, Faron's financial interests are many, varied, and successful. "I always have several things on my mind," he says, "I got a lot going for ole Faron." "A lot" includes a music company, a C/W newspaper, a race track, a radio show, records, and road shows.

mention my latest Mercury recording." Now, Faron's set his sights on being a TV variety show host. But not "one of those keep-those-cards-'n-letters-comin' -in-'n-keep-dippin'-that-ole-snuff type of show." He wants something updated, up-beat, and up-to-snuff. With his talent, energy, and drive, we're dang sure he'll make it!

FARON YOUNG



Faron was wed while in the service to a German gal named Hilda. Married 16 years, they have four kids, Damion (15), Robin (13), Kevin (5), and Alana (2). His folks still live in Shreveport.



Faron was discovered by Webb Pierce and has, in turn, "discovered" such major talents as bellhop Roger Miller and songwriter Willie Nelson.

"It was our pleasure to let the rest of the world besides Americans hear a little country music," said moon voyager, Pete Conrad. The Apollo 12 commander played Faron's version of San Antonio Rose from outer space and was honored for this pioneering gesture with a plaque from the Country Music Association. Pictured at the ceremonies, are former San Antonio band leader, Billy Deaton; astronaut Conrad; and Faron.



Here's Faron and a full shot of his quarter-million dollar estate.



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Glen Campbell (in color)



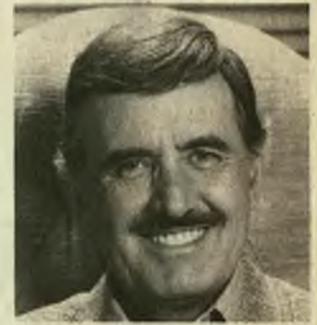
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Marion Worth
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Freddie Hart
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Earl Scott
Charlie Rich
Johnny Seay
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Car Smith
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Floyd Cramer
Danny Davis
Pete Drake
Billy Mize



John Hartford
Kenny Price
Lawrence Reynolds
Mayf Nutter
Chase Webster
Don Herron (in color)
Lester Flatt
Jimmie Davis
MacWiseman
Merle Travis
Marvin Rainwater
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Ralph Emery
Ray Pennington
Slim Whitman
Hawkshaw Hawkins
Ira Louvin
Chet Atkins
Floyd Cramer
Danny Davis
Pete Drake
Billy Mize



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LEONA WILLIAMS
Togetherness was Leona Helton's middle name. Born amidst 12 kids to a fiddlin'-playin' papa and biscuit-baking mama from Vienna, Mo., Leona set her sights early on becoming a C/W star. By 15, she had her own radio show in Jefferson City. Later, after wedding Ron Williams, she headed to Nashville and was discovered by Lonzo & Oscar. Today the mother of two (Cathy, 10; Ron, Jr., 2), she's sung and authored several hits and soon hopes to become a regular member of the Opry.



ELTON BRITT
A yodelin' Cherokee half-breed, James ("Elton") Britt Baker was born in Marshall, Ark. (7/17/17) and reared in Oklahoma's Osage Hills where his ma sang Ozark songs and his pa was a champ fiddler. As a youth, Elton picked corn for 75¢ a day and dreamed of becoming an engineer—but the dream ended when scouts, who'd heard that Jim Baker could yodel the bark off a tree, yanked him from off a plow. They shipped him to L.A. and he became an instant hit there. Monster fame followed.



CLYDE BEAVERS
Clyde Winfrey Beavers is as authentically country as the mule he once road 175 miles across Tennessee to a deejay convention or the washboard he once played at his family home near Tennega, Georgia (where he was hatched June 8, 1932). "Eager" Beavers got his show biz start doing impressions of Opry stars for his buddies in the Air Force. He's 5'7", 134 lb. He teams with Susie Callaway.



BOB BISHOP
Penner of hits for others and one-time front man for Marty Robbins, Big Bob is on his own again at last. The Paris, Tenn. boy was singing in church at 5 and on radio by 15 (after his folks moved to Royal Oak, Mich.). In '55, he came to Nashville where he joined the cast of TV's *Homefolks* show. As "Bobby Sykes," he cut several singles, worked with Marty, and wrote some top hits. He's the daddy of a girl.



MARY TAYLOR

Star of records (singing and writing), TV (she's a Hee-Haw regular), and Disneyland (where she's a frequent guest), pretty, perky Mary hit the big time several years ago when she scribed the words to **Queen Of The House**—Jody Miller's retort to Roger. Now, her cutting-ups and puttings-on for Hee-Haw have given her a newer, wider fan club. enjoyed her act—and there's much more to come.



DUANE DEE

They say that Duane doesn't just sing—he "lives" his music. Born in Milwaukee, Wisc. (Jan. 16, 1947) and raised on a farm in nearby Hartford. Bobby Lord met Duane while doing a guest show in a Hartford rathskellar and gave him an invite to his TV show. Duane and Diane have a two-year-old daughter, LeAnnette and presently live in Nashville. Among his singles: **Why Didn't I Think Of That, Before The Next Teardrop Falls, My Shining Hour, and Ramblin' Man.**



RAY FRUSHAY

Big (6'3") Ray has walked the long road from the lonesome ranges of Texas (where he was born and later toiled as a ranch hand) to the movie lots of Hollywood—and Frushay fans remind you that there's plenty more mileage where that came from. At ease in tuxedo or blue-jeans, Ray's career has taken him from supperclubs to rodeos to the movies. He was discovered and aided by the late boxing champ, Rocky Marciano, and is a popular personality on the Las Vegas fun strip.



GENE PITNEY

Born in Rockville, Conn. (a town which has since disappeared), young Gene was a big rock 'n roll idol in his teens—but it was terrific duets with George Jones in the early 60's that brought him to the attention of C/W fans. He's an outdoor type, enjoys trapping small game and taxidermy; loves stamp collecting and electronics (which he studied in college).



THE BLUE BOYS

For years they backed up a living country legend—and, when Jim Reeves perished suddenly in 1964, The Blue Boys found themselves on their own. Under the guidance of leader Bud Logan the band became a C/W force to be reckoned with. On stage, it's Leo Jackson on guitar, Jim Moore at the ivories, Larry Handley on drums and wisecracks, and Bud playing the bass.



THE COMPTON BROTHERS

Not many acts can claim Jean Shepard as a paying member of their fan club—but that's actually the case with these three young men. The sons of a St Louis construction worker, Tom and Bill and Harry have, been playing together ever since Harry, the youngest, was seven—with some time off for school and the fulfillment of their military obligations. Hyper-active since 1964, they've had several C/W hits.



BILLY GRAMMER

The son of a poor miner from Benton, Ill. (where he was born 9/28/25), this guitar genius struck gold not only as a singer and musician—but as mastermind behind the famed Grammer guitar. A protegee of Connie B. Gay, Billy got his big chance on Jimmy Dean's DC TV show—and made the most of it. In 1958, after many years of anonymity, he had pure gold with *Gotta Travel On*.



JIMMY MARTIN

Currently slowed down by stomach problems, Mr. *Good 'n Country* is a long-time bluegrass favorite. Born in Sneedville, Tenn. on the 10th of August, 1927, Jimmy's still another ex-member of Bill Monroe's *Bluegrass Boys* who's made it big on his own. Once a stick-out on the Louisiana *Hayride*, Jim specializes in trucker songs like *Widow Maker* and *Sunny Side of the Mountain*.



JIMMY DRIFTWOOD

As a tad, Jimmy Morris was given a home-made guitar by his grandpaw . . . and all thru school at Mountain View, Ark. (where he was born 6/20/17), he kept whacking away at that ole box. He kept at it, too, while teaching school and getting his college degree. All that time, he was busy collecting downhome hill songs and singing them at folk festivals. He became such a legend that, in '58, RCA recorded his *Early Folk Songs* album. One of these, *The Battle Of New Orleans*, became a smash!



STU PHILLIPS

Born North-of-the-border (Stu's Canadian, born on Jan. 19, 1933), this good-looking crooner has done well by South-of-the-border music. In fact, his big hits have been Tex-Mex songs like *The Great El Tigre* and *Bracero*. For years, Stu was a major star on Canadian TV—and his Saturday night show was top-rated. Personal appearances throughout the provinces added to his lustre. Now a resident of Brentwood, Tenn., he's a top star and calls home gardening his #1 hobby.



JOHN D. LOUDERMILK

Music City's dapperest (he dresses a la Madison Avenue), most sophisticated (well-schooled, he's a part-time inventor, science scholar) resident, John D.'s first experience writing for money was signing checks for his uneducated father. Born in Durham, N.C. (3/31/34), he had his own radio show at age 11, began writing pop hits while a student at junior college (*A Rose And A Baby Ruth* was his first). Shortly after, he wed Duke U. music major Gwen Cooke in a school chapel his dad, a carpenter, built.



ROD BRASFIELD

One of the great all-time baggy-panters, "Rube" and his brother L.L. ("Boob") left Smithfield, Miss. (where Rod was born 8/2/10) to tour with tent shows in their teens. Radio made him a super-star. On *Jubilee USA*—with his teacher-wife Suzie and L.L. and his wife playing "Uncle Cyp & Aunt Sap," Rod hit new highs in country comedy. Few can forget his tales of papa's plumtree patch and the "Snip Snap & Bite" eatery. In '58, he died after a long illness.



DON RICH

The most prominent of Buck Owens' Buckaroos is Olympia, Washington's own Don Rich. Born 8/15/41, this blue-eyed six-footer met Buck Owens as a teen C/W phenom on Tacoma TV (Don played the fiddle for Buck). Later, Don put himself through college by picking git at Tacoma nightspots. Ten years ago, he moved to Bakersfield and hooked up with Buck



SKEETS McDONALD

Enos William McDonald grew up amid authentic bluegrass music, but it was cowboy swing which really "grabbed" him. Born in Greenway, Ark. (10/1/15), young "Skeets" made his mark as a deejay in Royal Oak, Mich, and, after the war, became a top attraction in the Los Angeles area. In the 50's, he hit with *On March 1, 1958*, Skeets died of a heart attack.

**DEL WOOD**

Less active today than she once was, this great rag-time pianist was a superstar of the 1950's. Mrs. Carson Hazelwood was born in Nashville on Feb. 22, 1920. In her hands, the honky-tonk piano became a magnificent interpreter of country music classics and her albums, recorded for RCA and Columbia, still sell.

**ROY & CINDY CANTRELL**

Roy and Cindy met in high school in Waco, Tex. and went their separate ways (careerwise) during high school. Cindy sang; Roy played football. On graduation night, he proposed. They've been a team ever since—singing (after Roy got out of the AF) and raising kids (Todd & Alan). They live in Waco, do many road shows.

**MARGARET BRIXEY**

This 17-year-old Tulsa schoolgirl is a new "discovery" who's got Ernest Tubb all excited. Recently signed with Decca, Margaret's pretty, sunny face hides a touching story. She is afflicted with a disease that may leave her blind. With Tubb's help and prayers, doctors are now racing to find a cure for her ailment.

**HARRIET ATWOOD**

Born in Richmond, Va. in 1865 (that's right, folks, 1865), Harriet Atwood, 105, is beyond a doubt the oldest recording artist in the world. Way back in 1887 Harriet played *Mary Had A Little Lamb* on the piano while Thomas A. Edison captured her voice on a tape cylinder—it was history's first recording session!

HOWARD VOKES

Born in Clearfield, Penn., June 31, 1931, the Keystone Cowboy recently celebrated 20 years of giving his New Kensington neighbors the best in "authentic" C/W music—and he has a new 45 (*It Takes Six Men To Carry A Man To His Grave But Only One Woman To Put Him There*) on the Vokes label.

**TROY HESS**

If Harriet is our oldest record-maker, little Troy Hess, born a century later in Caldwell, Tex., is doubtlessly the youngest. On March 3, 1969, at the age of 4, he waxed *The Ballad of Troy Hess*. He's since made numerous appearances on TV, radio and in person and once performed for 8000 crippled kids in Texas.

KATHY CARTER

Kathy was born in Troy, N.H. but moved to Evero Beach, Fla. when she was six . . . and it's there that she became Florida's C/W teen queen. Recently graduated from high school, Kathy's a cute 5' tall and 115 pounds. She's cut two records and made TV appearances in the Florida area and on Kenny Price's TV *Hayride*.

**BAKE TURNER**

Until this year, Bake was best known as the talented football end whose job it was to catch Joe Namath's passes. But, this summer, the 9-year pro decided to try a career as C/W singer. Even as a player, Bake and three teammates moonlighted as singers on a TV hair tonic ad. He's sung on talk shows.

BILLY PARKER

Ernest Tubb's front man and lead vocalist, Billy Parker has enjoyed comparative anonymity as a Texas Troubadour—although he's a well-known TV personality in Tulsa. Born in Okemah, Okla. during July, 1937, Billy's now a Brentwood, Tenn. resident—also with Mrs. Jerri Parker and their son Billy, Jr.



CARL PERKINS *Continued from page 61*

hit, "Restless," which also springs from his memories of what it's like to be poor in the cotton country. It might even be that with his new-found faith, Carl is at last able to come to terms with his own past, and with the forces that shaped him as a man. His expression of himself, in terms of the songs he writes, is becoming fresher and stronger with each one. When he relied on the bottle, Carl couldn't quite get his career off the ground. Now that he has found a firmer and more dependable source of strength, there's no telling how far and how fast he's going to climb!

GLEN CAMPBELL *Continued from page 20*

that it's possible to have a lot in common, professionally, with artists whose background and image may be quite the opposite of one's own. The Supremes will probably never appear on the stage of the Opry, any more than Glen is likely to headline at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem. But, as musicians and public figures, Glen and the Supremes have a kinship with each other that's different from, and in some ways closer than, the ties they have to their respective audiences.

Not being a professional musician herself, Billie can't be expected to understand this fact completely. But she loves Glen and understands him as no one else in this world does, and this explanation was enough for her.

"Glen taught me that you can respect a performer for his or her talents alone, whatever the color of his skin," Billie says today. "Woudn't it be wonderful if everybody was someday able to feel that way about everybody else—not just among musicians, but among all the men and women in the world?"

JOHNNY CASH *Continued from page 21*

make a man a half-breed, but enough to shape his cheekbones and make his eyes so dark they look as dark as the burnt-out coals of a council fire. Enough to make him feel common cause with his disinherited Indian cousins, and with all the outcasts and losers of his time.

For another thing, Johnny had heard the untrue

and vicious rumors. Someone, God knows why, had sought to discredit Johnny's popularity with the white Southern audience that loved him. They whispered that Johnny's wife at the time, the former Vivian Liberto, was a Negro.

She wasn't. Just to keep the record straight, Vivian is of Italian extraction—dark-eyed, olive-skinned, and no more a Negress than Sophia Loren. But she was shy, not a public person at all, and shunned the limelight. The word spread that Johnny was "hiding" his wife because he was ashamed of her. Ashamed, they said, because she was black.

Johnny, who had tasted prejudice first-hand because of his Indian heritage, and because he and his family were "poor whites," fumed with outrage. And with frustration, because how do you track a rumor down? Who is there to lash out at?

He was angry because someone had tried to hurt him by hurting his wife, the mother of his daughters. And he was angry because whoever it was thought that calling her a Negro was an insult.

But how do you explain this to your daughters?

"I'll have to tell you when you're older," he told them. "You have some growing to do before you'll understand."

But before they grew much older, Johnny and Vivian had parted, and before long, Vivian had remarried and built a new life for herself. The vicious whispering died down—Vivian was no longer a part of Johnny's life, and Johnny himself had proven too big a man to cut down with poisonous lies. When Johnny did come to tell the girls about prejudice, it was at a calmer time, when they felt no threats to themselves. Johnny sang them songs about Ira Hayes and Big Foot, and his friend Bob Dylan's song, "Blowin' In The Wind."

"How many years must some people exist, before they're allowed to be free?" And if the girls saw their father's dark eyes cloud with tears, they thought it was only the compassion of that great heart of his, feeling for the poor and downtrodden of the world. They couldn't see the memory of the terrible cross that blazed in his mind like a scar.



ANITA BRYANT

Continued from page 56

little blonde Bobby when, less than a year later, Anita gave birth to her first child.

Then, in 1968, the Greens decided they wanted more children. Through the advice of specialists, Anita began taking some of the new fertility drugs (though they were still in the experimental stage).

Anita sang at the Democratic National Convention that year, and just before going onstage to perform for the Republican Convention, she and Bob received the news—tests had shown that they were once again to become parents.

"If I looked more radiant at the Republican National Convention than I did at the Democratic one, now you know why," says Anita.

She also looked radiant, and sang superbly, at the 1969 Orange Bowl festivities in Miami a few months later, but some hours after her performance, Anita realized something was wrong. The baby was coming early—two and a half months ahead of schedule. She was rushed to the hospital, where Bob and the doctors kept, an anxious vigil—for a day and a half.

At 11:20, on January 3, 1969, little Billy Green was born. Until then, no one dreamed that he'd have a twin sister—or that a serious hemorrhage would develop, endangering Anita's life. It was only after four blood transfusions and utilizing the most modern medical techniques that Anita's life was spared. The second twin was delivered by Caesarean section.

The premature twins were incredibly tiny—together they weighed less than five pounds. Though they were immediately put into Isolettes (the most sophisticated equipment for keeping premature babies alive) both the doctors and Bob Green held small hope for the babies. They had respiratory problems, Barbara was in shock, and every so often, one or the other twin would simply stop breathing. Even in the face of such difficulties, Anita refused to believe that the babies might not survive. The twins were transferred to another hospital at the University of Miami, where the doctors specialize in the treatment of premature babies.

Gradually, Anita recovered from her own ordeal—only to learn from the head pediatrician that both twins might die at any moment. The Greens called their pastor, their families, their friends in Christ, begging them to pray for the two struggling infants. "Bob and I could only marvel at the goodness of people," Anita said afterward. For not only their friends, but perfect strangers, responded prayerfully. A message came from then President Lyndon

Johnson and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Billy Graham, Senator and Mrs. Mark Hatfield of Oregon, and a whole convention of Christian ministers in Honolulu let the Greens know that they were praying for Billy and Barbara. Fans and business associates in the music industry wired and phoned.

But for Anita Bryant, it was almost a greater challenge than she could face. Her minister told her, "Can you honestly turn these babies over to God? Can you truly give them up to Him, no matter what?"

Though Anita knew that her prayers would be in vain unless she could say in her heart—*Thy will Be done*, she had to reply, "I'm selfish enough to want my babies to live! Can't I ask God to spare our babies' lives?"

"Pray that they'll be spared," said the minister, "but tell God you're willing to accept His perfect will for them, no matter what it may be."

It was the most difficult prayer that Anita Bryant has ever uttered, and the most effective. For, only hours after she and Bob had tearfully surrendered their babies to God's will, the doctors announced that the twins had passed the crisis. They were beginning to respond to treatment, and the Greens could look forward to taking two normal, healthy babies home with them as soon as the twins were strong enough.

The lively toddlers you see today, playing with their parents and older sister and brother, are truly "miracle babies." Even the great skills of the dedicated doctors who attended them might have been to no avail without the courageous faith of Bob and Anita.

Today, as Anita sings for the Billy Graham Crusade, or at a service conducted by The Rev. Oral Roberts, there is a new dimension in her singing. She has always been an exception among pop singers—a sincere Christian, unafraid to speak out and express her faith, unembarrassed at letting it shine through her singing. But today, her fans agree, there is a new depth and radiance to Anita. Perhaps it's just because of the additional joy that her twins have brought to the Green household. But more likely, it's because of the triumph of faith which Anita experienced shortly after their birth, when she finally realized that she could save them only by giving them up to God.

Until she had lived through that crisis in her religious development, Anita could not truly know the extent of God's wisdom and mercy. Today, with that knowledge infusing her life, Anita continues to go from strength to strength in His service. ●

dances, to parties, everywhere," Dale recalls.

At this point, her alarmed mother ordered a halt to the relationship by forbidding Dale to see the lad. But the headstrong young girl disobeyed her folks and continued to date him—meeting secretly at the homes of friends.

"Had I really known what honor-thy-father-and-thy-mother meant, I would have stopped," Dale recalls today. "As it was, rebellion flared inside of me."

Then, one night, while Dale was supposed to be at a play rehearsal, they eloped. The boy had gotten a Gretna Green marriage license by lying about their ages and soon the two were off to Tennessee together. Once there, Dale called her mom long-distance and announced the marriage.

"Never will I forget the awful, throbbing silence that followed, but it didn't last long. She forgave me and asked us to come home."

Immediately afterwards, Dale quit school and her husband went to work for his father.

"The marriage turned out to be a dismal mistake," Dale recalls. "But God sent me a son who did not become a failure . . . When he was six months old his father announced that our marriage had been a mistake, that he was too young to be tied down with a wife and baby, and that he wanted a divorce. I loved him and I pleaded with him to give our marriage a chance but—no!"

Dale was plunged into despair. "At night I was lonely and I wept a sea of tears before applying for a divorce . . . My pride had been trampled in the dust, and I wanted nothing from him, nothing, ever again."

At the age of sixteen and a half, Frances Octavia Smith was a divorced mother, with no skills for earning a living, but with a good, church-trained voice and a deep faith in God. She knuckled down, took a business course, got a job as a secretary, and one day, her boss offered to get her a guest spot singing on a local radio station in Memphis. Afterward, under the pseudonym of Dale Evans, she painstakingly built a career for herself as a radio and dance-band singer, winding up eventually as the perennial girl friend of "The King of the Cowboys"—Roy Rogers. She married again, a Hollywood marriage to a musician and arranger who worked mostly at night. They seldom saw each other, and neither was willing to sacrifice a career for the sake of the marriage, so they were divorced in 1945.

She and her co-star, Roy Rogers, grew closer after Arlene Rogers' death, but Dale had serious misgivings about the cowboy star as husband material. Dale was a dedicated member of the church, while Roy was at best a haphazard Christian. But on New Year's Day, 1948, they were married, and Dale became stepmother to Roy's children. It was hard, there were many adjustments to be made all around, and things didn't begin to settle down until Roy, at last, decided to be baptized. This marked the start of a deep bond between husband and wife that ran deeper than the vows of matrimony—a bond that would be sorely tested over the years as one tragedy after another beset the Rogers clan.

Dale Evans, the "Queen of the West," and June Carter, wife of the uncrowned King of Country Music, have both been through trials and emotional crises that would have broken lesser women. But both know that God seldom sends troubles too great for His children to handle, with His help.

DALE & JUNE

Continued from page 47

he needed, and watched him get himself in hand. When Johnny was ready to be the kind of husband June needed, June was thoroughly ready for him.

Happily, Johnny's ideal of a wife is not a stay-at-home. He wanted and needed a woman who could share the rigors and hardships of the road with him, one who could step out on the same stage and hold her own with him. Anyone who has seen Johnny and June performing together has seen the special magic that sparkles between the two of them. There is a bond that grows stronger with time, and which has been tempered by adversity. They know their love will last because of all it has

endured already.

In her autobiography, *The Woman At The Well*, Dale recalls her first marriage. "As an adolescent," she remembers, "boys had fascinated me . . . My family often laughed at my performance with the boys and that stung me. I was sure I was old enough to do what I was doing."

Her parents, however, wanted Dale to enjoy her childhood—and not rush into grown-up things. Despite the fact that dancing was frowned upon by her church, Dale cajoled her mother into accompanying her to the local courthouse "hops."

"Here I met my first steady—a boy from a neighboring town. He was quite handsome and in his late teens. I was fourteen. We went everywhere together—to the

ANNOUNCING THE WINNER of COUNTRY MUSIC STAR LIFE'S KWIK 'N KRAZY KOUNTRY KWIZ #1

Well, folks, we've selected a winner from a batch of the heppiest, know-ingest, straight-A'est country music fans in the country—our readers—and she's a Lone Star State'r with a bunch of smarts when it comes to C/W stars.

Mrs. Richard G. Voss
132 E. North Street
New Braunfels, Texas 78130

As you'll remember, we ran our first Country Kwiz in the last issue. And about 50 of you were brainy enough to know all the right answers. So, according to the rules of the contest, we drew one name out of a hat filled with the 100% kee-rect entries. Mrs. Voss of New Braunfels was the lucky winner—and now she gets her choice of 10 C/W stereo albums.

Congratulations, Mrs. Voss!

If you turn this page, you'll get a second shot at the CMSL cracker-jackpot of musical goodies by entering Kountry Kwiz #2. Good luck, fans!

And now, for those of you who entered this past contest, here are the answers to #1:

(1) A. The two git-picking fools with blank-eatin' grins are Henry D. Haynes and Kenneth C. Burns, known to their buddies back in Knoxville as Henry and Kenneth and to the rest of the world as Homer & Jethroe.

(2) E. Dressed up all lady-like for his/her hysterical appearance on The Beverly Hillbillies is the ever-popular Roy Clark.

(3) D. Swilling some moonshine for a publicity shot is none other than a surly-lookin', unrazored David Houston. Honest, he's nothing like that in real life!

(5) D. Another golden oldie was this antique photograph of a childish Judy Garland and a very young Buddy Ebsen. Buddy, of course, plays "Jed" on The Beverly Hillbillies.

(6) A. Bobby Wright played "Willie" on McHale's Navy, a TV comedy that ran for many years. Johnny's mom is Kitty Wells.

(7) C. That young fiddle-master you see there is Mr. Roy Acuff, known to his buddies at the ole swimmin' hole as "Rabbit."

(8) B. Believe it or not, that is what was once Archie Campbell, star of Hee-Haw and the local barbershop.

(9) D. This is another of those off-beat publicity shots. The "lifer" shown here is Porter Wagoner, of course.



1) Pals call this unruly pair; A) Henry & Kenneth; B) Lonzo & Oscar; C) Sears & Roebuck; D) Gomer & Fish Roe; E) Trial & Tribulation.



2) This lovely (?) lady is: A) Grandpa Jones' grandma; B) Jonathan Winters; C) Lulu Roman; D) Ma Barker; E) Roy Clark; F) Aunt Molly Peapick.



3) Visiting the still again is: A) Johnny Bush; B) Johnny Cash; C) Jim Beam; D) David Houston; E) Jackie Gleason; F) King Kong; G) Our editor.



4) This man's real first name is: A) Rex; B) Roy; C) Gene; D) Sebastian; E) Sue; F) Woodward; G) Engelbert; H) Hopalong; I) Mud; J) Max.



5) The gal's Judy Garland, her "beaux" can be seen today using the name: A) Ed; B) Ted; C) Fred; D) Jed; E) Ned; F) Dred; G) Bed; H) Zed.



6) As a lad, he was featured on a long-run TV show. He's the son of: A) Kitty Welles; B) Buck Owens; C) A gun; D) The Shiek; E) Pop Stoneman.



7) When this hillbilly fiddler was a lad of 130 lbs., they called him: A) "Little Davie" Macon; B) "Grandson" Jones; C) "Rabbit" Acuff; D) Late to supper; E) Names.



8) This kook was once a nice-looking gentleman. Today, He's star of: A) Batman; B) Hee-Haw; C) Teen-Age Dance Party; D) Petticoat Junction; E) The Late News.



9) Caught plunking in the clink is: A) Pretty Boy Floyd; B) Del Reeves; C) Bobby Lewis; D) Porter Wagoner; E) Don Bowman's tax accountant; F) Carl Smith.

KWIK 'N KRAZY KOUNTRY KWIZ

#2

Hokay, let's see how much you know about your favorites. On a separate piece of paper, write down your choice of answers to the following ten questions. Then mail to: Kwik Kooky Kwiz, CMSL, Captain Publications, 95 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. In case of a tie, winners will be drawn from our editor's Stetson. First prize is 10 C/W stereo albums, a copy of Eddy Arnold's autobiography, *It's A Long Way From Chester County* (published by Hewitt House, N.J.), and a one-year subscription to CMSL. 5 second prizes of a copy of the Eddy Arnold book will be awarded and 10 third prizes of one-year CMSL subscriptions will also be given away.



1. Some ten years back, Sheb Wooley (alias Ben Colder) and Roy Fitzgerald (alias Rock Hudson) appeared together in a movie called: 1) High Noon; 2) Northwest Territory; 3) I Can't Recall When It's Been Colder Than This; 4) The Riders Of The Purple People Eater; 5) Giant; 6) Shane; 7) Wild & Wooley; 8) Bad By The Critics.



2. Marty Robbins once appeared as a cowpoke in a horse opry called: 1) The Grand Ole Horse Opry; 2) The Heap Big Hip Iron; 3) Ballad of Devil Woman; 4) Ballad Of A Gunfighter; 5) El Paso; 6) San Antonio; 6) Schenectady; 7) Who Killed Doc Robbins; 8) Pygmy; 9) Cobbler Of Boot Hill.



3. In the recent movie, Killers Three, Dick Clark had a big role. Also seen in the movie (as a highway patrolman) was C/W artist: 1) Rembrandt Van Ryne; 2) Merle Kilgore; 3) Merle Haggard; 4) Pearl Butler; 5) Earl Scott; 6) Burl Ives; 7) Jay Lee Webb; 8) Chase Webster; 9) Webb Pierce.



4. You'll of course, recognize Rabbit Acuff on fiddle and Brother Oswald on dobro—but we bet you can't name the accordionist. Seen every week on Hee-Haw, he's: 1) Al Warren Owt; 2) String Bean; 3) Grandpa Jones; 4) Junior Samples (before); 5) Arch Campbell; 6) Jimmy Riddle; 7) Buck Owens; 8) Paulie Puzzle.



5. He wrote a hit song about an outhouse and a book of poetry about a deer, from Whitesville, W. Va., he's: 1) Jimmie C. Newman; 2) Robert Frost; 3) Billy Edd Wheeler; 4) Little Jimmy Dickens; 5) T. Tommy Cutrer; 6) T. Texas Tyler.



6. From Sanford, Fla., he had a hit with a song called Hawkeye and a book of interviews with C/W stars about God! He's: 1) Bobby Vee; 2) Danny Deity; 3) Bobby Vinton; 4) Bobby Lord; 5) John D. Loudermilk; 6) Benny Barnes; 7) Frankie Laine; 8) All of the above.



7. You've probably never seen him before, but you know this man's sons. He calls them: 1) Guy, Vic, and Skeeter; 2) Lock, Stock & Barrel; 3) Teddy, Doyle, Leslie, and Lester; 3) Tompall, Chuck & Jim; 4) Don & Phil; 5) Tom & John; 6) Rusty & Doug; 7) Bump & Grind; 8) Tom, Dick, & Larry; 9) Lonzo & Oscar.



8. A top song writer herself, this handsome lady has a husband named Casey and a beautiful daughter named: 1) Gwen; 2) Minnie; 3) Johnny Cash; 4) Liz; 5) Tallulah; 6) Lynn; 7) Ginny; 8) Rebecca.



9. This mystery singer is one of the few country vocalists from the Northeast. Born in Providence, R.I., he actually got his professional start in Tampa, Fla. A college grad, his wife's name is Liz and they've got two kids. Named after a prominent Yankee statesman, you know him with the initials "C. H." but his real first name is _____.

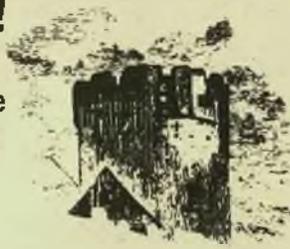


10. Mystery singer #2 is also seen weekly on nation-wide TV. Born in Atlanta, he's an ex-cotton mill man who played around Nashville for 10 years before gaining real prominence. Married to a one-time hit-maker, he's often featured with Chet Atkins' Festival Of Music. You know him as "J. R." but his real first name is _____.

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by Evangeline Cloutier

You may find it hard to believe, but these are two unretouched photos of me taken just a few weeks apart. Even my friends, who I hadn't seen in months, hardly recognized the new slimmer me. Fat does terrible things to a woman. I looked and felt absolutely awful... I couldn't wear the right clothes... but that's all changed now. Today, I feel pounds lighter and 20 years younger. My husband even says I'm sexier.

How did I lose so much weight and slim down in just a matter of days? No tricks or gimmicks. Just a sensible 3-part plan called the "Slim-Gard" Slimmers Formula. It absolutely works where nothing else worked for me before. And believe me, I've tried everything. Vibrators, electronic machines, rubber, sauna, and weighted belts, pills, crash diets. Even the government says that these devices by themselves are practically useless for slimming and shaping. Nothing did the trick for me until "Slim-Gard" Slimmers Formula.

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- Folsom Prison Blues
- Ring Of Fire
- The Rebel — Johnny Yuma
- Understand Your Man
- San Quentin
- Wreck Of The Old 97
- Goodbye, Little Darlin'
- Goodbye
- The Shifting, Whispering Sands
- The Streets Of Laredo
- Bad News
- Give My Love To Rose
- Hey Porter
- I Still Miss Someone
- Still In Town
- Big River
- Troublesome Waters
- I Ride An Old Paint
- The Road To Kaintuck
- A Letter From Home
- Mean As Hell
- 25 Minutes To Go
- Mister Garfield
- The Blizzard
- Sweet Betsy From Pike
- Stampede
- Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie
- Wanted Man
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