

# THE SUNDAY TIMES *magazine*

APRIL 18, 1977

**DOLLY PARTON**  
and the  
Nashville  
superstars



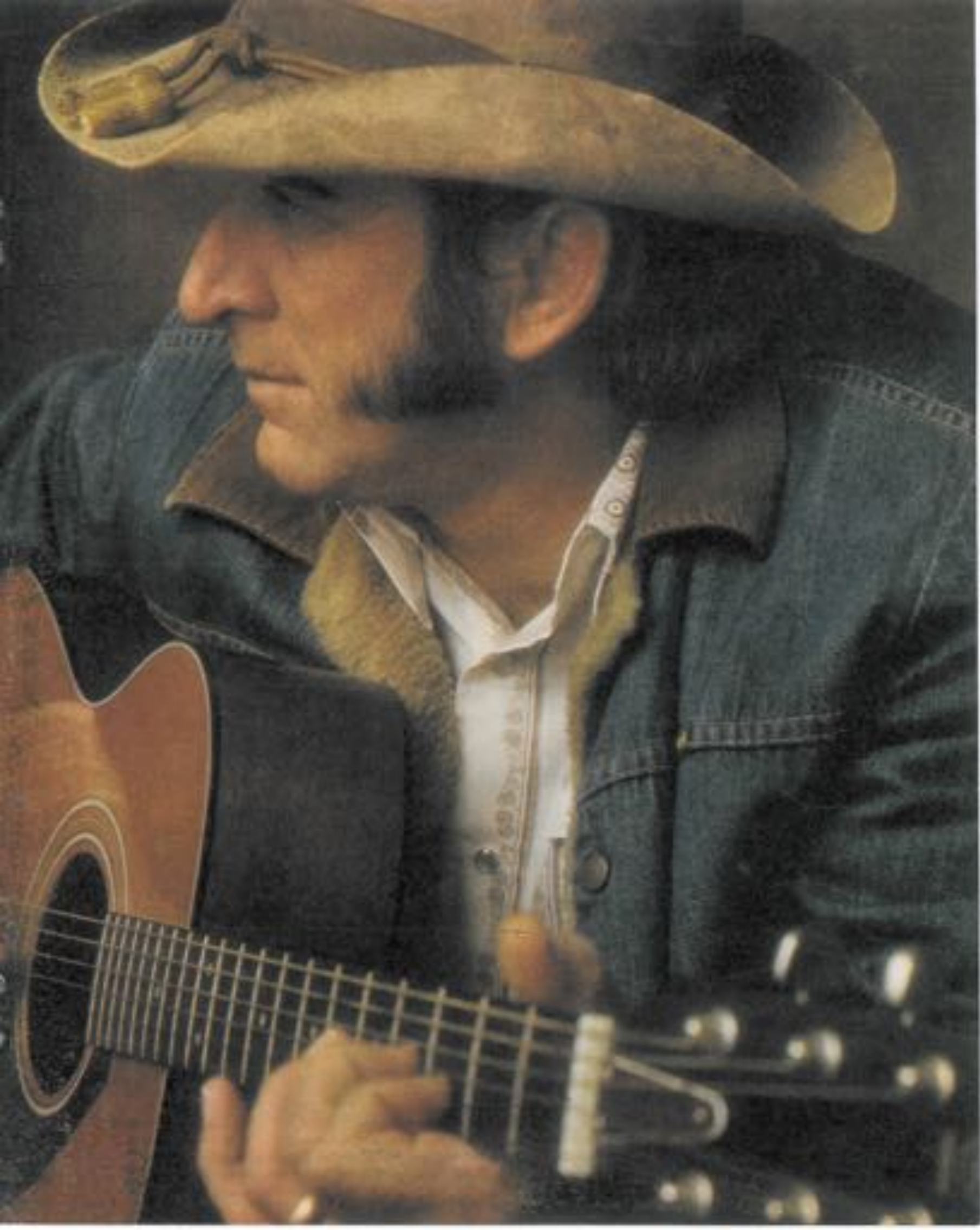


Above: the old sound and the new star — Lester Flatt with guest fiddle player Benny Martin at the Grand Ole Opry, the Mecca of Country Music in Nashville. Flatt used to play with Bill Monroe, the father of Blue Grass music, then joined Earl Scruggs. They were the first to make Blue Grass commercially successful. Right: Don Williams, of the deep Texan voice, the archetypal Marlboro Country cowboy. Drives a pick-up, hunts possum

## ***THE HILLBILLY MILLIONAIRES***

Country Music, centred on Nashville, Tennessee, has grown at a phenomenal rate in the past five years. Some of its biggest names are appearing this weekend at the Empire Pool, Wembley, including Don Williams, Johnny Gimble, Lloyd Green, Hank Thompson and Emmylou Harris and The Hot Band. *James Fox* went to Nashville to look at the Country & Western explosion. His report starts on page 56. Photographs by *David Montgomery*







Roy Acuff: the 'Father of Country Music'. Owns real estate in and around Nashville and is a partner in a successful publishing house. His *Wabash Cannonball* was a great hit. Started as a baseball player. Turned to politics, using his Smoky Mountain Boys Band in his unsuccessful campaign as Republican candidate for the Tennessee State race in 1948



One of the the Glasser in Nashville.



Lloyd Green of Country were built by



Country Music 'Outlaws', Tompall Glaser, formerly of the Outlaws. He opened the first independent studio in Nashville which became the centre of 'progressive' Country Music



Johnny Gimble: one of Nashville's most sought-after session musicians. Earns \$6,000 dollars a year; was with Bob Wills in the Forties. Likes new progressive music because "they let me play the way I want"



Master of the pedal steel guitar - the characteristic sound of Country Music and notoriously difficult to play. The amplifiers are made by the Professor of Physics at Vanderbilt University, Nashville



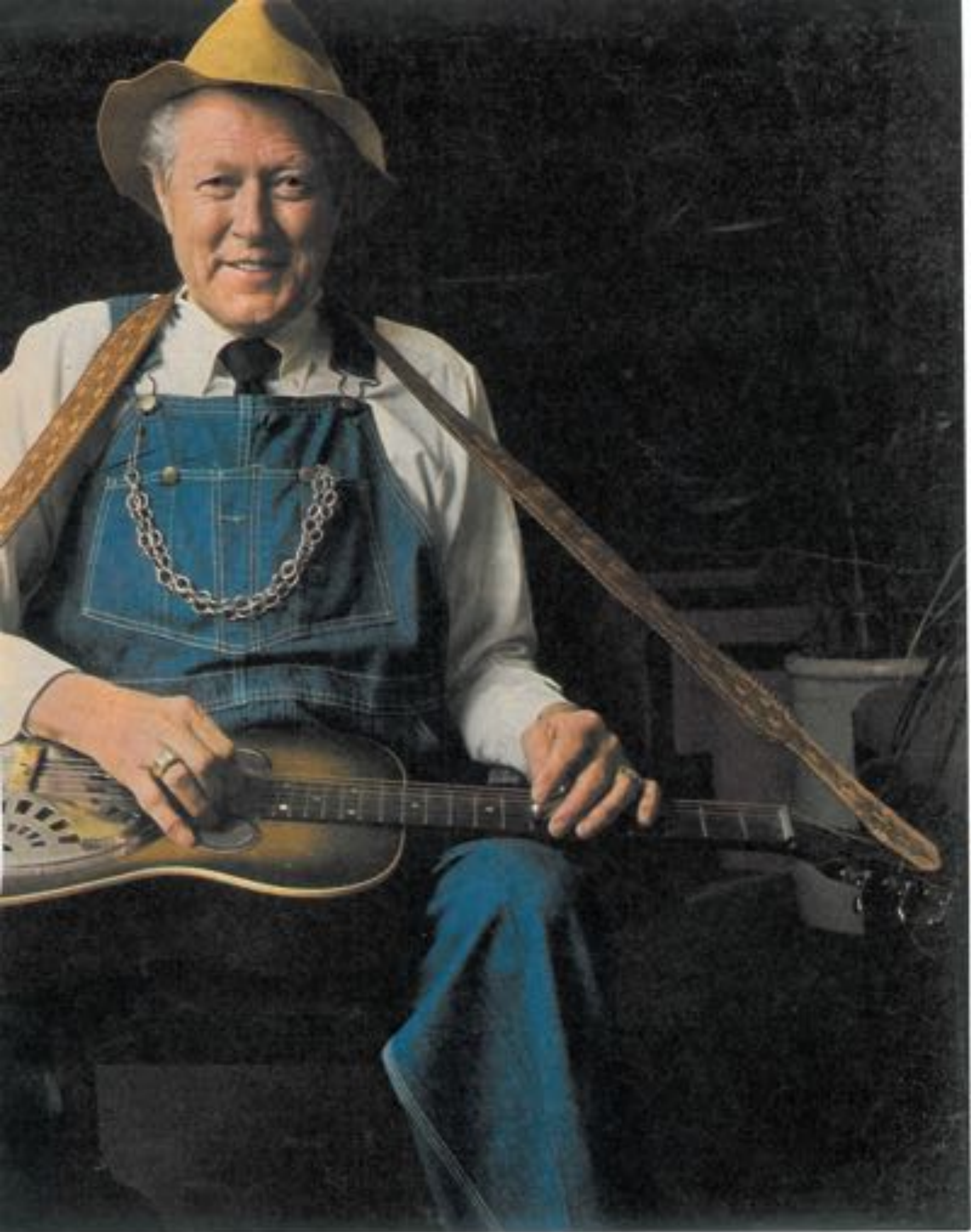
Freddie Fender: after 20 years "playing my butt off with rock and roll in Texas honky-tonks" he had a hit in 1975 and is now getting 10,000 dollars a night playing Country Music in Las Vegas hotels



Dolly Parton: symbol of the Nashville dream. From a background of poverty in the Deep South she has become one of the most successful Country stars. Lives in splendour outside Nashville.

Right: Bashful Brother Oswald: his style unchanged for more than 28 years, Oswald is master of the Dobro guitar, sometimes called the 'Hound Dog' because of the whining sound it makes.







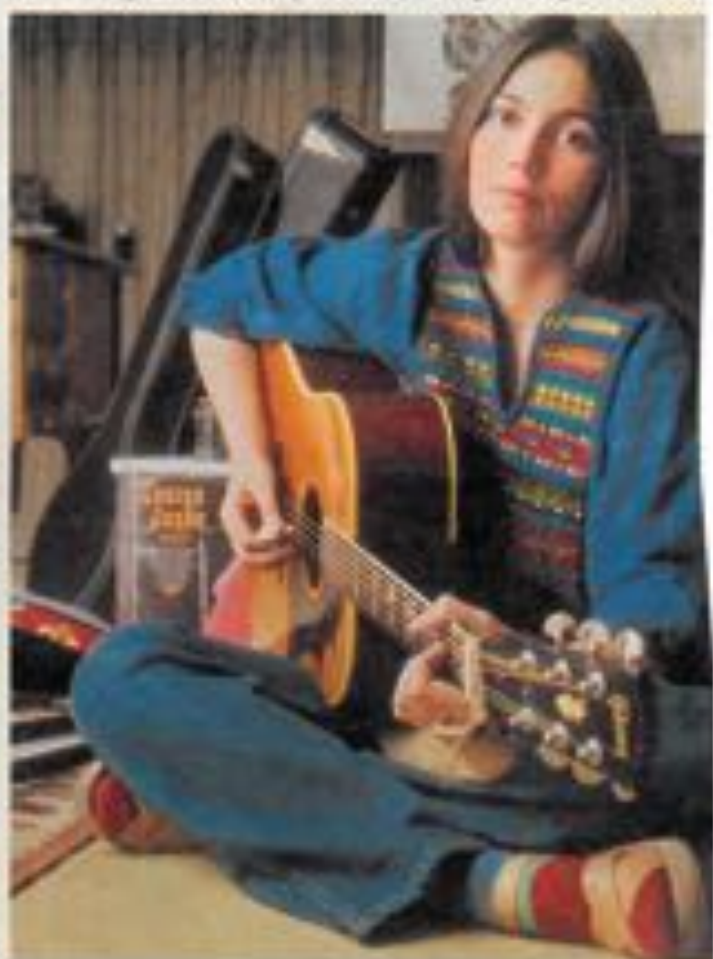
**Ernest Tubbs:** a great entertainer and a legend in Country Music. He's been touring and recording hits since the Forties, returning every Saturday night to give a performance at his record store in Nashville



**Jim Halsey:** Tulsa businessman who started booking TV while still in college. As a sideline to other businesses, he manages 13 Country Music acts, grossing 200,000 dollars



**Buddy Linder:** Nashville still draws people like Buddy Linder, who describes himself as a "singer, guitar picker and songwriter". Can be heard at Tootsie's Orchid Lounge, where you can drown defeated ambitions in bourbon



**Emmylou Harris:** one of the biggest sounds to come on Music in the Seventies. Uses a Rock music approach, but lyrics and harmonies are inspired by the best in Country Music



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entry

Willie Nelson (left, with bodyguard): the Texan 'Outlaw', fast becoming a superstar of Country Music, who moved to Austin in 1972, feeling suppressed by the Nashville establishment. Draws crowds of 70,000 to his annual musical 'picnics'. Texas is so proud of him that the State Senate presented him with a flag which has flown above the State Capitol in his honour 51

Dolly Parton is magnificent, climbing out of a black limousine at the Hollywood Palladium, dressed like a riverboat version of Madame de Pompadour. Pink satin and rhinestones are stretched over her buxom figure, her mountainous blonde wig billows down her neck, and you can make out miniature plains hidden in the coiffure. The effect is mesmerising.

The Country Rock singer Linda Ronstadt, *Time's* cover girl the following week, once said of Dolly: "She's just kind of a Southern magnolia blossom that floats on the breeze . . ." It was no put-down. Linda went on to say that Dolly wasn't frightened of her femininity. It was her brilliance as a musician that gave her equal status in the male-dominated world of Rock, and especially of Country music. Nevertheless, Dolly is sailing dangerously close to Mae West.

She was obviously the star of the Grammy Awards in Los Angeles that day, where she had come to do a presentation. Everybody was there from the recording music business. It was a tacky Hollywood routine that seemed to bore the photographers outside the Palladium, as much as the stars. But when Dolly arrived there was pandemonium. She was backed against her limousine by a 100 cameras and she called out, "Bill . . . Bill . . .", trying to keep her sweet, little girlish smile. They loved her. No-one else got the attention that Dolly received.

Partly it was Dolly herself, that image beamed from the foothills of Tennessee's smoky mountains and projected from Nashville, and partly the astonishing growth of Country music in the past five years - and its impact on the whole Rock business - that makes Dolly such an event in Hollywood.

The Southern belle hairstyle is the central image for the female Country stars like Loretta Lynn, Tammy Wynette and Dottie West. It is grotesquely imitated in the honky-tonk bars along the Nashville strip. But Dolly leads the way.

In her dressing rooms, she can't sit in case the satin splits. Her skin is as smooth as a nectarine. She radiates friendliness, puts strangers at ease with her Southern chat. She had been very busy for the past week and I asked what she was working at.

"Right now, honey," she said, giggling, "shen just fixin' mah big wig."

"I started wearin' this because I enjoyed it when it was first the style. Then I thought, well, people are notice'. And if people are notice' that much, not only will I not change it, I'll make it more extreme than it was and maybe it can be mah gimmick, so at least I won't be overlooked. Whether I'm good or bad, you will see me comin'. And you will know it when I walk in."

Driving down Sunset Boulevard, soon afterwards, tuned in to the 24-hour Country station KLAC, I heard the doxey report a rumour that Dolly had been offered a role in a new movie of *Romeo and Juliet*.

stars can only come from the white, Southern working class. It's a sound you can't fake. Merle Haggard, the roughneck hero of the blue collar Country fans, had been mixed up in armed robbery and had spells in San Quentin before Nashville picked him up. He now lives in splendour in Bakersfield, California, with the largest scale model train in the world that winds through the house and grounds. Haggard in 10 years sold eight million albums and 3.5 million singles, which were worth 44.5 million dollars (about £25m).

A businessman in Tulsa, Jim Halsey saw the growth potential early on - at a time when Country music was either treated with con-

a night for a show.

There is still a wide gap between a Country hit and a pop hit, in terms of sales, but until a few years ago, Country music was a Southern sub-culture, the white working-man's Blues. It is the music of bad times, not of fantasy, and the realism and directness of the lyrics, the classic themes of love, hurt, despair, booze and faithlessness are still as strong in 'progressive Country' as they always were. Themes of God and mother have sometimes given way to more explicit songs about sex, and singers like Tammy Wynette are singing about divorce and the plight of the frustrated housewife.

The titles of Country music give it away. A random selection from 1950 to 1977: *Your Cheatin' Heart*, *Don't Come Home a Drunkie*, *Mama Tried*, *God Dab's Make Honky-tonk Angels*, *Suspicious Minds*, *Your Good Girl's Gonna Go Bad*.

The lyrics may seem banal to outsiders, but it's the emotional content which the fans love. Emmylou Harris says: "I've just always thought that Country lyrics, starting with Hank Williams, went straight to the heart of the matter." Dolly Parton also talks of his genius: "There's a quality of experience in the voice. People like Hank Williams, you just know it, you just believe it. He knew what he was singing about. You've got to have that little magic feeling, that realistic emotion."

Hank Williams died in his white Cadillac in 1953 at the age of 29. He was physically and mentally burnt out, and fatally drugged. Bryan Chalker, in his book, *Country Music*, says: "His body lay in state at Montgomery's Municipal Auditorium and more than 250,000 people lined the streets for the funeral. A local paper, *The Reporter*, said the final ceremony was 'the greatest emotional orgy in the city's history since the inauguration of Jefferson Davis'."

And Hank Williams's description is the best: "It can be explained in just one word, 'sincerity'. When a hillbilly sings a crazy song, he feels crazy. When he sings *I Laid My Maker Asy*, he sees her a-laying right there in the coffin. He sings more sincere than most entertainers because the hillbilly was raised rougher than most entertainers. You got to know a lot about hard work. You got to have smelt a lot of male massage before you can sing like a hillbilly. The people who have

*"She's just kind of a Southern magnolia blossom that floats on the breeze . . ."*

"I don't know whether Dolly can act," he said, "but she sure can lean over a balcony."

Dolly symbolises the Nashville dream that still draws the guitar pickers to Music City. She was brought up in a mountain shack in Sevier County, Tennessee. One of her most beautiful songs, *Coal of Many Colours*, is a true story of her mother sewing a coat out of scraps. The other schoolchildren laughed, but Dolly was still proud of it. What they ate was what they raised. Dolly rode the 200 miles to Nashville on a bus the day she left high school in 1964. Now she lives in a huge mansion, with Doric columns, on the outskirts of Nashville. And she's rich. So is Loretta Lynn, the doyen of Country music, a coalminer's daughter who now sits on 1450 acres of ranching land near Nashville, owns a whole town called Hurricane Mills, owns the largest rodeo in the South, a chain of Loretta Lynn Westerns clothes shops, three publishing companies, and has written a best-selling autobiography.

The list of Country music riches is endless and always spectacular. The

discussions in New York, or simply ignored. He began managing Hank Thompson in 1951 - and that year alone grossed 300,000 dollars on concerts and dances. Thompson is still with him, and Halsey now runs a highly professional management business for several major Country acts, pulling in, on average, over 300,000 dollars a month.

One of his artists is Freddie Fender, who had already had two careers, as a cotton picker and Rock and Roll musician before Halsey took him up in 1975. That year Fender suddenly made a Country record, *When the Last Teardrop Falls*, and sold 2.5 million copies.

He is perhaps an exception. "I'm not one of those once-upon-a-time fairy tales who walks barefoot into a gigantic metropolis and makes it," he says. "I've been playing my butt off in Texas for 20 years in honky-tonks, and finally I make it with a Country song I never wanted to record in the first place." Halsey moved into the Hughes hotels in Las Vegas with Country music. The Landmark Hotel now plays nothing else, and Fender gets 10,000 dollars

been raised something like the way the hillbilly has known what he is singing about and appreciates it."

The audience today is no longer simply hillbilly—it is U.S. and British suburbia. The sentiments of Country music are now enjoyed by exactly one quarter of the adult record buyers in the United States between the ages of 25-45. In 1961 there were 81 radio stations in the U.S. playing nothing but Country music. Now there are 1120 (almost a quarter of the total) pumping out 28,000 hours of programmed Country music 24 hours a day. The music brings the city of Nashville alone an income of 300 million dollars a year.

The growth has been phenomenal, and the question is "Why?" The conventional reply is that America is turning back into itself from the intellectualisation of the 1960s, Vietnam, Watergate. Country music is purging in that sense. Its values are unshakable. It harps on a fundamentalist Christian sense of good and evil, and appeals directly to the emotions—perfect for the Carter era, which some feel heralds an evangelical revival.

Secondly, musicians in the Rock business have always had an eye turned to Nashville. In the Southern states, it seems, everyone's father, mother or grandparents picked at something, and Nashville has produced a relentless stream of brilliant young musicians in the last decade, many of whom turned to Rock. Country sounds have therefore crept into Rock music, and so have the basic Country instruments, like the pedal steel guitar and the fiddle. Ask Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, or Richard Bennett of the Allman Brothers, one of Rock's finest guitarists, who they've been listening to. It's always someone new out of Nashville.

A word about the pedal steel guitar: without it you can't make a Country sound. It originated in the Thirties, and is a super-technical development of the Hawaiian guitar, with pedals and knee levers to change the tuning of the strings as you play. It's one of the world's most difficult instruments to learn, and you rarely see a 'strat' looking up from his work. It makes a sliding, crying, sentimental sound, and follows closely the vocal line.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
Nashville was a stratified place and seemed musically to be dying until around four years ago when singers

and writers like Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings, Kris Kristofferson, and an assortment of new producers staged something of a renaissance—which purists often called a rebellion—against the prevailing Nashville sound. In fact their music was closer to the traditions of Country than that sound. It was just better, cleaner, more exciting.

In the early 1950s you could count the C. and W. stars on two hands: Hank Williams, Roy Acuff, Ernest Tubb and his Texas Troubadours, Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys—Hank Thompson, Lefty Frit-

covered their own abilities and star qualities that stretch beyond Country music. They are angry that they weren't able to start sooner.

All the new crowd came from Texas, including Kris Kristofferson, the Rhodes Scholar who did the Nashville starvation round in the middle Sixties, working as a janitor at CBS, sweeping floors and hanging out on the Strip. He then wrote a string of good songs, including *Sunday Morning Coming Down* which Johnny Cash later made into a hit. Among the other talented writers was the wild, self-destructive and

**T**he Outlaws dropped their clean-cut looks . . . they looked like evil cattle-rustlers"

sell, and Hank Snow. Wills played Western swing, or Texas swing—dance music Country-style, which had drawn larger crowds than Glenn Miller in the 1930s in Texas, Oklahoma and California. Wills's music is now influencing almost everybody, and Merle Haggard has inherited some of his original Texas Playboys.

Elvis and Rock, the Memphis sound of Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Johnny Cash and Charlie Rich, all hit Nashville hard. Bob Wills retreated from the dance halls, Nashville reacted by going 'commercial', which meant turning everything into repetitions, schmaltz. Eddy Arnold sang with overwhelming orchestral backing. Chet Atkins picked bland melodies with augei choir. Three-chord ballads dripping with sentimentality suppressed Country music. The pedal steel and the fiddle disappeared. A tight little family of producers and executives held sway and the musicians, for survival, booked in for studio work. The sessions lasted three hours. There were a couple of run-throughs and then the whole lot went on tape.

The Nashville system kept the new writers and singers in check for years. Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson, in particular, have now dis-

covered their own abilities and star qualities that stretch beyond Country music. They are angry that they weren't able to start sooner.

Our freckled faces sparkled then like diamonds in the rough.  
Wish smiles that smalled of maggie teeth and good ole Garret smiff.  
If I could I would be trading all the fatback for the lean  
When Jesus was our saviour and Cotton was our king."

Remember the Glaser Brothers? They were a clean-cut Country trio who were hit-makers in the late Sixties, and very much a National Studio product. Five years ago it was Tompall Glaser, eldest of the brothers, who opened the first independent studio in Nashville. Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings and others hung around the Glaser studio, learning how to produce their own sound. 'The Outlaws', as they became known, suddenly dropped their clean-cut looks and grew long hair and beards. They looked like evil cattle-rustlers. The smell of grass began to drift up and down Music Row.

Tompall Glaser looks mean, speaks like a cowboy in a husky Nebraska voice you can barely decipher, and like the rest of them, day and night, is never without his *Billy Joe Shaver, Renown Music, Inc.*

session. Much time is spent throwing knives into the studio walls, and galping Tennessee sour mash. Glaser tells the story: "By the time we got to Nashville, they'd already taken the bands away from Hank Williams, Lefty Frizzell and Hank Snow. They took these great sounds and reduced these people to studio musicians. There were no more original licks and the sun went out of it."

"The guys played what the producers liked. We conformed for survival too [the Glaser Brothers had two No. 1 hits in a row] and I remember how miserable it was. I think that's why we dislike conformity so much. But we wanted to play our own music. That's why this Outlaw thing came along. The Country stations set up what people would be allowed to hear. We fought tooth and nail to break a hole in the industry. We actually forced them to programme us. They said: 'You're not pop and you're not Country. So you're outlawed'."

The Outlaw movement, he says, "scared the hell out of them, because it looked as if they could lose everything overnight".

In his early years Willie Nelson had played in local polka bands and Western swing dance halls in Texas. He moved to Nashville in the early Sixties and quickly established himself as a writer. He also appeared at the Grand Ole Opry but he could never get his own tracks cut in Nashville, so he went to Austin in 1972, where he started his own record company—Lone Star Records.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
In his dressing room in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Willie is waiting to go on, dressed in striped sneakers and veston. There are stetsons everywhere. The floor is littered with beer cans and Willie's bodyguards are truly dangerous and frightening cowboy goons that you would hope never to find between yourself and the door.

Willie's jacket has 'Emmylou Harris' in gold letters across the back. Emmylou is sharing the bill and is up there with The Hot Band, strumming a big shiny new black Gibson guitar and belting out her close harmonies.

"The audience is growing," says Willie, "and it's hard for the hard core musicians to accept it. I think there's a great deal about what Nashville did wrong, but no-one's to blame for what happened up until now. We're not trying to do

# Here are some of the places that sell and fit Clarksport shoes.

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anything except enjoy ourselves."

You have to see Willie Nelson to see what Nashville missed, or to get the feel of that evening in Tulsa with an audience of Okies (Oklabomans), with their short hair and stonies and Western boots. It's not for show. It's what they wear. Willie's voice is nasal and loud, with the timing of Hank Williams and lyrics that sting.

Behind him is a mighty Country-Rock band, with a lit of Western swing. Willie himself picks the lead guitar like a master, on a Spanish acoustic with gut strings, heavily amplified, with a hole in the sound board where his fingers have worn through the wood. Sometimes he stoops forward slightly to jam with the bass player.

It's a slick production too. One song rolls into another, and Willie gives them almost two hours of it. You can see Okies in the aisles, stomping and barn-dancing, identifying wildly with the music. And whatever the audience, you know that Willie Nelson now has the magic to become one of the strangest music superstars.

The irony is that Willie Nelson's appearance and his lifestyle are all that Rednecks (hard-bitten Whites from the Deep South) are supposed to hate. His hair is long, he wears an earring, and sometimes he even switches his stetson for a bandana. People around him smoke grass. But he is unmistakably a Texan, his songs are the gut songs of the honky-tonk, and his music comes out of the South—just like Hank Williams, or even Elvis.

★★★★★  
Willie and the Outlaws proved that the old, honest music could be commercial—in that sense they taught Nashville a lesson. But Rock musicians had heard about Country through one single musician, Gram Parsons, who was deeply immersed in its traditions and brought it to the music of The Byrds and The Flying Burrito Brothers in the 1960s. *Sweetheart of the Rodde* by the Byrds was the transitional album of the decade. Everybody sat up and listened.

Parsons was ahead of his time and died of a drug overdose in 1973. Lloyd Green, the pedal steel player, was a side man on that album and remembers the Byrds coming to Nashville for the first time. "They booked the Columbia Studio for 10 days. They were all very quiet and reticent and gun-shy coming



to Nashville. They almost apologized to me. They thought we were all Rednecks and might resent their long hair. They went out and bought Western boots and Levis.

"We were doing a performance at the Opry together, but the image of the Opry had changed. I turned up wearing a suit and tie, they in their cowboy outfit. They were very embarrassed - so was I - and they said that they had brought a suit and tie and could have worn it. When they went back to California they called me up to do three more tracks. So I flew out. "The kids gathered round the pedal steel guitar. It was like looking at Ravi Shankar's sitar for them. Within a month of that album being released, the pedal steel popped up all along the West Coast. It was that record that broke down the barriers. Dylan had only flirted with the music at that time."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Down on Broadway, Nashville's neon strip, the honky-tonks are as rough as ever, and the atmosphere in the diners is not unlike the saloons of the Wild West, with an air of tension and impending violence. We met Buddy Linder, the aspiring picker, in Toonies' Orchid Lounge - which

used to be a favourite retreat for Willie and Waylon and Kris Kristofferson during the lean years.

"Bless 'em," said Toonies. "They were the first of my flunky ones."

Nashville is now a somewhat divided town. On one side, in a studio called Soundshop, the session men filed in and sat in rows, one behind the other, wrote down the chords in tablature, did three takes for a singer called Jim Ed Brown, and left on the dot of 5p.m. One of the session men was Johnny Gimble, one of the greatest Country fiddle players, who, among other things, played with Bob Wills and his Texas

Playboys in the 1940s. Gimble is one of Nashville's most sought-after session men, and on sessions alone makes about 80,000 dollars a year. Gimble's playing that day was straightforward, uninspired. But he often crosses the tracks to the other side of town, turning a blind eye to the grass that is smoked, possibly unaware of the cocaine. But on that side of town Gimble can play the way he wants, and you can hear his Western swing and Texas two-step played with fire and inspiration on 'progressive' tapes along Music Row. He misses two things in life: dance music and Texas.

"Anytime you play Texas," he says, "you play dance. What I would really like to do is move back to Texas and live there till I die."

Down the Interstate Highway is the new Opryland - an institution where you must now book six months ahead for tickets. We went there almost as a token gesture and saw ghosts of the past, many of whom had been playing there almost every Saturday night for 30 years.

We found Lester Flatt going through a very fast Bluegrass number called *Orange Blossom Special* in the dressing room, in honour of a famous visiting fiddler, Boonny Martin. In the next door dressing room was Ray Acuff - 'The king of Country music' - who was into his 39th year playing the Opry. He was goosing members of his band like a schoolmaster assembling his class.

A new breed of producers moved into Nashville to tap the apparently fathomless pool of talent. Billy Sherrill, a Rhythm and Blues saxophonist from Alabama, came in 1958, and made his career and that of Tammy Wynette with classy productions - using hit-making build-ups and strings, but never losing the pedal steel and the essence of the Country

## THE STORY OF WATERMAN IS THE STORY OF THE FOUNTAIN PEN ITSELF.



In 1884, a young insurance agent lost a valuable sale.

The pot of ink he always carried, for use with his quill pen, spilled and ruined the contract at the moment of signing.

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Lewis Edson Waterman (for it was he) buckled down to design a pen which would carry its own supply of ink. The result? The world's first 'fountain-pen' - his name for it.

Nearly 100 years later, Waterman pens are still the first. For style, quality and elegance.

Like the Waterman Les Laques set, shown

here. The barrel and cap of 23.3ct gold plate has been polished, buffed and rubbed to a warm, burnished glow then embellished with an inlaid strip in black, havana or burgundy. The pen is finished with an 18ct solid gold rub. While the whole set comes in an elegant presentation case.

The ballpoint costs £45.25; the pen is £60 and the set £105.95.

At that sort of price, you probably won't see too many of them around.

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**WATERMAN**

The first fountain-pen.

sound. Sherrill also produces George Jones - Bob Dylan's favourite Country singer - who has made more albums than even he can remember and whose real-life drama of marriage-separation-divorce and reunion with Tammy has produced strings of albums and hits. Recently George drove by Tammy's house in Florida. When she asked him why, he said: "I just came by to see if I was still around." Tammy turned the line into a song, Poor George. He even gave Tammy his band as part of the settlement.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

But the sounds to watch now are those from another suburban mansion along Music Row. Behind the usual, innocent-looking domestic exterior in a studio called Jack's Tracks and a producer called Allen Reynolds. He is young but has nevertheless been known for some time as a master in the business. In his stable now are two of the fastest rising Country stars: Don Williams, the rangy Texan whose simple, deep-throated songs took the Wembley festival over last year, and Crystal Gayle, Loretta Lynn's younger sister, who can sing like Nashville's answer to Edith Piaf. Crystal Gayle, whose last single, *Never Miss a Real Good Thing*, produced by Reynolds, was a No. 1 hit in the Country charts.

Neither singer would have found such distinctive sounds without Reynolds's magic encouragement, and his pure and uncluttered arrangements and feeling for their music. Both had a history of musical failure behind them. Reynolds first hired Don Williams as a song writer and then put him on tape.

Reynolds comes from Memphis and remembers the day when he couldn't listen to the pop stations any more, and switched to Country. "I needed to listen to real songs that I could identify with and remember snatches of - lyrics that I couldn't get out of my brain. And I'm one of those people who doesn't know what Country is, and don't even care. But there are musicians around here with such sensitivity and depth of feeling, that I can't imagine another place where I could feel as comfortable. And I'm not a Country boy. I'd be lost behind a mule. One of the things that did worry me about Nashville, though, was the lack of 'bottom end' - the foot pedal and the bass, and I guess I've let the Memphis sound creep in a little." ●

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Show a Countdown card at petrol stations around the country and get an additional 2p a gallon discount over and above their normal cut prices, special offers and trading stamps.

Your Countdown card will also cut your bill by 10% at over 8,000 leading stores, shops, restaurants, hotels and services throughout the country.



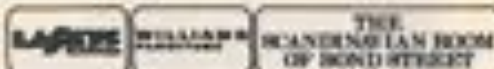
## 10% discount off marked prices ...

when you pay by cash or cheque at thousands of places including:



## A further 5% off marked prices ...

on already heavily discounted goods including special offers and sale items at:



## 10% discount on Debenhams Gift Tokens ...

Save 10% across the board on all items in all Departments including sale times and on all special offers. Countdown cardholders can purchase Debenhams Gift Tokens at a 10% discount and use them like cash in all Debenhams Stores, also Hamleys Toyshop, Swan & Edgar and Harvey Nichols of London, Browns of Chester and Bangor North Wales, Cordens Ipswich, Garlands Norwich, Hills of Hove, Debenhams 1 Stop Nottingham, Scan Superstore Walkden Manchester - also Cresta Fashion Shops Lotus and Rayne Shoeshops, Derek Gardner Photographic Shops and Caters Freshfood Stores, in Scotland at Goldbergs Stores and in Northern Ireland at Anderson Macaulay.

Debenhams

## Free club membership and reduced entrance ...

at dozens of exclusive clubs around the country. The club memberships alone are worth over £20 a year.



Complete and return this application and you will receive your own personal Countdown Card, together with your own 350 page handbook detailing all the places where you can get the special Countdown saving. You can use your Countdown card ABSOLUTELY FREE for one month from the date it arrives in the post; if you are not convinced return your card and handbook 2 weeks before your subscription is due (to allow time for us to cancel) and you WON'T OWE A PENNY.

**BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE**  
Name Mr/Ms/Ms/Ms \_\_\_\_\_

If you are married complete your spouse's name and initials for a FREE second card to him \_\_\_\_\_

Your address \_\_\_\_\_  STM 16

Please complete your bank details  
To: The Manager, \_\_\_\_\_ Bank \_\_\_\_\_

(Full postal address) \_\_\_\_\_

After signature please return this application to: **COUNTDOWN**, 11 WEST STREET, LONDON WC2E 8BA

I/We authorize you, with further notice in writing to charge my/our account with you (not immediately after 2nd Aug) in each year at the instance of Countdown Ltd the sum of £2.50 plus VAT by direct debit.  
Date of first payment or within one calendar month from 2nd Aug 1977

Name of account to be debited \_\_\_\_\_  
Bank Account number \_\_\_\_\_  
Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
Date \_\_\_\_\_

Instructions cannot be accepted to charge direct debits to a Deposit or Savings Account