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Editorial

QUEENSLAND, A. L. LLOYD, COOLOOLA AND CONSERVATION

This issue is largely about Queensland, and Queenslanders, like Ron Edwards and Harry Robertson (both in actual fact, migrants from colder climates). Unfortunately the serialised story of the Folk Lore Expedition hasn't at yet reached Queensland, but we've included some songs that were collected there, both in conjunction with the Edwards family, and on our own.

A. L. Lloyd is coming to Australia in May so it seemed a good time to use his article on collecting folk lore. Mike Counihan originally got Lloyd to write it for the short-lived Folksay, and eventually it was first published in the first Port Phillip program where many Tradition readers will not have seen it. It is, I think, the best short article on the subject that I've ever seen, and reflects the radical yet scholarly and commonsense attitude of its distinguished author.

To quote the English folk journal, *Spin*, Lloyd "is a respected scholar in the universities and colleges wherein he lectures and he spent a decade of his youth working on an Australian sheep farm, his contributions to *Encyclopaedia Britannica* have dragged its Folk Music Section into the twentieth century — and his appearances in smoky pub rooms have delighted folk club audiences everywhere; he is 'Bert' to his friends, many of them unknown to him — and he is A. L. Lloyd to those who read and listen to his fascinating articles and lectures . . . while as artistic director of Topic Records he must take a large share of the credit for that company's unceasing output of superb folk recordings." Tradition is delighted that Peter Mann is to bring A. L. Lloyd to Australia.

We are also publishing a letter from artist Kathleen McArthur, which is not strictly about folk lore, but which we think will find a ready sympathy among our readers, many of whom came to be interested in Australian folk lore because they saw the destruction of our culture as a threat to Australia's national independence. The little bit that we have seen this year (after all it was only a few hundred yards on each side of the road) has made us more frightened for the future of Australia than ever we have been before. Our culture can't survive if our land is destroyed and the process is further under way than most people realise or care. It's not just the kangaroo that is threatened, but the very land itself. And in trying to save the land there's going to be very bitter struggles. So please support the fight to save not only the kangaroo, but the Barrier Reef and Cooloola. They're all vital to the preservation of our culture.

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Cover:

Ron Edwards, folk song collector, singer, artist, printer and publisher; North Queensland's one-man-folk-lore-band.

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AND

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BALLINA WHALERS

Words and Music by Harry Robertson.



In '56 I sailed on board a ship called Byron One,
She carried trawler men on deck and a harpoon whaling gun.
With a tractor as a whalewinch — the ship an old fairmile,
Twin diesels turned the props aroon — we whaled the Aussie style.
So keep a sharp lookout me lads — for the whale is on the run.
And we'll chase them into Byron Bay and kill them with our gun.

Refrain:

High ho ye trawler men come on, forget the snapper and the prawn
It's out of Ballina we'll sail — a fishing for the humpback whale.

The harpoon and the line fly true — bedding deep into the whale.
And she split the timbers of the ship, with a flurry of her tail.
The rigging struts were snapped in two, we reeled beneath the blow.
Then the gunner fired a killer shot, and the humpback sank below.
Now make her tail fast to the bow — we've got no time for bed.
For four and twenty hours each day, we kept that factory fed.

The flensing men upon the land — some had been jackaroos,
But they skinned the blubber off them whales — like they'd skinned the kangaroos.

One hundred whales then fifty more — to the factory we did send.
Till a message said knock off me lads — the season's at an end.
Back into Ballina we sailed — tied up and stowed the gear,
Then all hands headed for the pub, and we filled ourselves with beer.



NOTES ON FOLKLORE AND FOLKLORE COLLECTING

A. L. Lloyd

Folklore is a vague word. Roughly it denotes a number of ways of thinking and acting characteristic of common people and preserved by popular tradition but not directly influenced from erudite circles. Proverbs, riddles and tales, songs and dances, games, customs and superstitions, also traditional working techniques, etc., evolved more or less "unofficially," and by means more or less independent of book culture, are among the manifestations of popular life that fall into the category of folklore. It is often said that folklore is distinguished by a combination of three factors — traditional, anonymous, popular. These factors themselves require some description.

Firstly, tradition does not imply that folklore remains unchanging. On the contrary, folklore constantly adapts itself (albeit unequally) to changes in society; otherwise it withers away. Anonymity can hardly be considered a *sine qua non* of folklore creation nowadays. It may be that the author of a song, or the originator of a technique, has disappeared without trace, and his name is lost. But most items of folklore are in fact individual creations that have become folklorised, depersonalised, in the process of being handed on. They are, as it were, restored to anonymity. However, every folklore group has, for instance, its coiner of sayings, its maker of songs and tales (even if they are only commercial travellers' anecdotes). The item does not become suddenly non-folkloric if by chance the original author's name comes to light. Finally, of the third factor, it is worth mentioning that popular implies an attitude, or a form of creation, emanating directly or indirectly from the lower strata of the population, from groups other than those creating "official" culture. But, in fact, the folklore object may be something that was not originally a product of the "folk," but recognised and worked over by them and finding its echo among them.

Folklore is a social fact, a living thing subject to birth, growth and death. Every folklore fact is a mixture of various influences, and the investigator who searches for "pure" folklore, for impeccable authenticity, is usually begging for trouble. There is hardly a folklore fact that has not undergone change and adulteration according to the circumstances of its physical and social surroundings. Living folklore changes as society changes, and that is the glory of it. In that way it persists as a living portrait of popular attitudes.

Australian folklore investigators may well find the following classificatory system handy as a preliminary way, at least, of sorting out the folklore facts that come their way:

- (a) Oral literature
- (b) Belief and superstitions
- (c) Games
- (d) Arts and techniques
- (e) Music
- (f) Customs and usages
- (g) Popular language.

Category (a) would include traditional poetry, song-texts, myths, riddles, proverbs, children's skipping chants, street rhymes, counting rhymes, vernacular toasts, legends such as Speewa tales, all kinds of orally transmitted anecdotes (including the "dirty story" which is perhaps the liveliest form of oral literature in most modern societies, and which is a perfectly legitimate field for folklore investigation). Included in Category (b) would be such items as weather-lore, folk cures, superstitions of water-divining, beliefs concerning beasts and birds (notably the kookaburra, curlew, etc.), also special branches of superstition relating to such operations as horse-breaking, etc. (spitting on the saddle, blowing in the horse's nostrils, etc.). Category (c) may range from children's street games to the rituals of Two-up. Category (d) may involve, among its less obvious manifestations, various ways of plaiting stockwhips, of cracking stockwhips (Queensland flash, Double-popper, etc.) methods of making rail-fences, ways of preparing tea (the folklore of tea must be very rich in Australia). Category (e) extends beyond song and instrumental music to various ways of producing rhythmical or melodious noises (at a bush football match, for instance, the folklorist concerned with this category might well note not only the gum-leaf band but also the organised cheer-shouts and the construction of the

watchman's rattle, if these are present). Category (f) involves customs and usages relating to economic and social activities. The folklore of marriage and of funerals is much studied by folklorists, but many interesting fields are left untouched. The folklore of the race track, for instance, is well worth investigating. Category (g) includes popular metaphors, slang terms, occupational terms, etc., as well as special "languages" such as back-slang. This should be a particularly rich field in Australia — just the bushwackers' names to describe the colours of horses is already worth a study in itself.

Before setting out to investigate an aspect of folklore, it is as well first to get to know the literature regarding the subject under investigation, if that literature exists. Having read the literature, however, do not approach your folklore investigation as if you know everything already. Approach it with an open mind, ready to learn. Whatever you are collecting data on, even if it is only a children's game, you should observe for yourself, intently, noting everything not understood (whether through strangeness of character or rapidity of performance) so that on later investigation you will be better prepared. It is usually a mistake to try to get the confidence of a group by offering money or making promises that excite general ambition. The ideal thing is for the folklorist to be accepted as one of the family to whom everyone brings information or confidences quite voluntarily. Never be in a hurry. Only when the investigator feels himself master of the subject, when he feels it holds no more surprises or riddles, can he begin to set down his findings. The folklorist needs to be vigilant, patient, and a good mixer.

An important part of a collector's work is to fill in cards containing information in a rough state (of course, it may be a sheet of paper or a page from an exercise book, but stiff lined cards are usually found most convenient for field-work). The card should contain the informant's name, age, place of origin, profession, social and economic position, also place and date of collecting, and if possible details of where the informant got this particular item of folklore from. If possible, the informant's own comments and opinions of the item should be noted, preferably in his own words. If references to other folklore facts crop up in connection with the item under observation, these should be identified and quoted. Variants (whether known or not by the informant) in the neighbourhood or in other localities, should also be noted.

As a rule, within a short time of contacting a group, the folklorist will know who are his best informants. Personal sympathy, interest in group affairs, and the readiness with which others will respond to his suggestions, often indicate the best informant. Finding informants is a problem that the folklorist has to solve with prudence and discernment. The folklorist should always put his questions as if they are of no great importance, and should let the informant say freely and frankly what he thinks. The investigator should never suggest an answer, or the informant will get the idea that the folklorist already knows enough about it. For instance, supposing you are investigating the folklore of horse-breaking, you should ask: "When you're going to mount a buckjumper what do you do?" Not: "When you're going to mount a buckjumper, do you believe if you spit on the saddle you'll stick better?" As far as possible, work out in advance what you want to ask; but leave the formulation of the questions until the actual interview. Give your informant every chance to answer voluntarily; his replies may suggest new questions which may cast further light on the folklore fact under study.

How is the folklorist to know if the information he is getting is correct? If he does not put his questions clearly, if he does not find responsive informants, if he is not equipped to understand the ways and expressions of the people he is talking to, he will probably find that his informants are giving him defective or false information. If, in putting questions, he suggests a reply, his data are almost sure to be incorrect.

The only way to check the truth of a piece of folklore information is to question various other informants and thus to clarify doubtful points. During an interview, do not ask isolated questions, but a whole series of questions round the same point. Incidentally, there is no harm in putting the same question twice to the same informant, as well as to others.

On the question of folk music collecting, it has become clear over the last half century or so that hand-notation during actual performance is quite inadequate. It is infinitely better to make mechanical recordings, preferably on tape, or film. The ideal way of collecting folk music is to make a sound film showing the performers' attitude, expression, way of holding instruments, etc. Failing film, photographs taken during performance (not posed) may be valuable. If no recording machine is available, and hand-notation is the only way of preserving the song, try to notate more than the first stanza, for the actual opening of a song is often not clear in the singer's mind. Where mechanical recording is possible, record the song or instrumental piece in its entirety. In the case of an instrumental group favour each performer in turn with the microphone so as to permit faithful transcription. In the case of solo instrumentalists, ask them to record a practical demonstration of the instrument's sonorities and tuning (for example, with a banjo player, ask him to make a chord or two, a fingered figure or two, also a clear arpeggio across open strings; all this will assist when it comes to making a written transcription of the performance).

Note on your card the name of the piece, the number of performers with their instruments, the names of the performers, the place and date, any special circumstances under which the recording is made, etc. Try to record not only the piece of music or the song, but also the performer's attitude in the piece, and any data he can supply about its history, its use, whether he associates it with a family, a district, a social or professional group, etc. The same thing applies, of course, to any other folklore phenomenon, whether it is a tall tale or a vernacular way of knotting a bit of fence-wire. The folklorist always needs to bear in mind the social importance of folklore facts.

Once the material is collected, the next phase is to see what you have got. It is necessary to exercise strict discipline toward one's interpretation of the information on the cards. Such information must be examined impersonally, not selected in order to prove theories or to satisfy a point of view. Rough notes taken during interviews should be written up on the same day. The transcription of notes is likely to suggest new questions and perhaps new informants, while the folklorist is still in the neighbourhood. It should be remembered that it is not only the affirmative answers that are valuable. If informants do not know or cannot explain a given folklore fact, this too may be significant in relation to the age or geographical or social diffusion of the piece of folklore under investigation. In the same way, the exceptional or extreme case may be as significant as the general or normal where, for instance, a piece or weather-lore, or a way of handling a musical instrument, or a fancy method of plaiting a whip is concerned.

Finally, the folklorist is at an enormous disadvantage if he is working entirely on his own. Folklorists do not necessarily have to do their field work in groups, descending all at once on a locality like locusts; but if the folklorist has a company of colleagues to whom he can report back, and with whom he can exchange experiences and information, clearly he is better placed for more fully evaluating his investigations. Best of all, of course, is if he has some central archive (of a Society, Institute, or Commission) where he can deposit his findings and where he can profit by the findings of other folklorists. Many a National Folklore Archive has grown out of a box-file kept by a tiny group of enthusiasts.

PORT JACKSON WILL SUPPORT FOLK LORE COLLECTING

The Port Jackson Festival Committee has become the first body in Australia to support a field collector. They made this really historic decision after the recent festival when they found themselves with a handsome profit. The committee has offered to pay Wendy Lowenstein's expenses for a minimum of 21 weeks in the field in New South Wales, to be spread over a maximum of three years. This splendid example should fire other Festival Committees to do likewise so that some really tangible results come out of all the work and activity that go into their organisation.

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WEE POT STOVE

Words and Music by Harry Robertson.



How the winter blizzards blow, when the whaling fleet's at rest,
Tucked in Leith Harbour's sheltered bay, safely anchored 10 abreast,
The whalers at the station, as from ship to ship they rove,
Carry little bags of coal with them and a little iron stove.

Refrain:

In the wee dark engine room, where the chill seeps in your soul,
How we huddled roon that wee pot stove, that burned oily rags and coal.

Fireman Paddy worked wi' me, on the engines stiff and cauld,
A stranger to the truth was he, there's not a lie he hasn't told,
He boasted of his gold mines, and of hearts that he had won,
And his bawdy sense of humour shone, just like a ray of sun.

We laboured seven days a week, with cauld hands and frozen feet,
Bitter days and lonely nights, making grog and having fights.
Salt fish and wholemeat sausage, fresh penguin eggs a treat
And we trudged along to work each day, through icy winds and sleet.

Then one day we saw the sun, and the factory ship's return,
Meet your old friends, sing a song, hope the season won't be long.
Then homeward bound when it's over, and we'll leave this icy cove,
But I always will remember, that little iron stove.



THE MOTIVATED BEACHCOMBER

Ron Edwards attacked me almost as soon as we came in the door. "How does the 'Folk Lore Society of Victoria' go collecting? Do you take a bus? The imagination boggles!" "Listen Ron," I pleaded, "we've just driven round Australia and we're tired. Don't bother me now. Write a letter!" He did! It's published in this issue and very characteristic it is, too.

The editor of National Folk, Ron has for the last few years been the most consistent collector of folk songs in Australia. He's a dynamo of enthusiasm and energy too, and never rests until collected material is transcribed, typed, and made ready for the printer. On our joint collecting trips, before we were properly awake, the Edwards' had eaten their breakfast, struck camp and gone off sketching. We usually ran them to earth in some picturesque corner and found Ron complaining because he couldn't start on his collecting until, what seemed to him, the very late hour of nine o'clock.

Of course National Folk started off as Northern Folk, but being quite disgusted by the irregular appearance of both Singabout and Tradition, Ron changed the name. Tiny Cairns, with its population of 30,000, was obviously the folk centre of Australia, he proclaimed, and from then on, the journal was National Folk!

I first met Ron when, a bespectacled youth in corduroys whose dark horn-rimmed glasses matched his mop of dark hair, he called at our tiny one-roomed flat in Albert Park. He'd heard that we had some early Australian prints which he wanted to borrow for reference purposes.

I didn't see him again for some years, until in fact, the night that the Folk Lore Society had its inaugural meeting at Ian Turner's place. Awaiting the arrival of a latecomer we discussed the rising price of Australian paintings and prints. (Little we knew then!) I was recounting the story of the monster who'd "borrowed" mine (I couldn't even remember his name), when in came Ron. To the amusement of the company I pointed dramatically and shouted, "That's him!" Ron, of course, was not abashed, but using typical good humoured Edwards tactics, soon had me on the defensive. "You didn't value them," he charged. "You kept them in the baby's cupboard!" Of course he wiped the floor with me, and he's still got the prints! (It was only later that it occurred to me that we only had one cupboard!)

At this time Bandicoot Ballads 1-4 had already appeared. Whilst living in Brisbane, Ron and John Manifold had decided to print Australian ballads in broadside form, which could be sold through the bookshops, and so reach a wider audience than Vance Palmer's "Old Australian Bush Ballads." Thus "Bandicoot Ballads" was a pioneer in the present revival. Ron recalled that he and John knew only seven Australian songs between them, and that Manifold's own "Death of Ned Kelly" made up the number to eight. Ron illustrated the sheets with lino cuts, some of which are still used in Tradition, and he hand-lettered the texts. When he came back to Melbourne, Ballads 5-8 were published and the whole lot enclosed in a folder which sold for 4/6. Now a collectors' item, one of these sets was sold recently for \$64!

About this time Ron married his good looking blonde wife Anne, a fellow art student at Swinburne Tech., and they went off to Ferntree Gully in the Dandenongs, from whence Ron travelled daily down to Melbourne to teach art for a couple of years. He printed the second folder of Bandicoot Ballads there on an antique hand press made in 1854. The Edwards' home, a tiny two-roomed Australian country dwelling with front verandah and lean-to at the back, was half printery as well as being a great deal of a folk museum long before anyone else had ever thought of one. At that time there were still buggy wheels, carriage lamps, flint-locks and camp ovens about for the asking and from all of the Dandenongs they came, because no one else wanted them. Ron used his ingenuity to weld them into a delightful and original home. He wasn't always quite successful though. I recall one quite monstrously

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uncomfortable picnic table contrived out of a large spoked wooden wheel. The diners perched on the rim!

One end of the back lean-to was a bedroom, and the other end housed the small press and another huge old one. Here at the Rams Skull Press he spent five years hand-printing limited editions of various sorts (and he still gets cross at the thought of the pedants who would ask why there was no apostrophe in Rams Skull! (It's because Ron can't be bothered with punctuation, actually).

In 1955, after having produced some fine printing in his Black Bull Chapbook (written by Hugh Anderson and hand set and printed on cream wove Goatskin Parchment by R. G. Edwards at the sign of the Rams Skull Press) he launched his first major publishing venture: "Colonial Ballads," a hard covered book by Hugh Anderson, 200 pages in length and containing about 70 songs. Anderson acknowledged that "Ronald G. Edwards is really the person who made this book possible." Not only did Ron first suggest that it be written, but he took the financial risk, drew up the music which Anderson's researches brought to light, designed the book and illustrated it lavishly in black and white. This was truly pioneering work. Two more Chapbooks, then Bandicoot Ballads 9-16 followed, then another two Chapbooks and the first Overlander Songbook. This collection consisted of songs first published in Colonial Ballads, plus songs from a variety of other sources, and was intended as an anthology of the best of our bush songs. Then another Chapbook appeared, this time by Russel Ward, and "The Goldrush Songster," the story of Charles Thatcher, written by Anderson. Needless to say all these publications were finely illustrated by Ron.

After the Gold Rush Songster there was a long break during which time the Edwards family moved to Cairns and in 1966 he founded "Northern Folk," the magazine of the Cairns Folk Club, which presents collected material almost exclusively, and which has now reached No. 37. In the same year, in a mighty burst of publishing he produced parts two, three, four and five of the "Overlander Songbook." In 1969 he revised the whole collection, producing a new "Overlander Songbook," a 224-page songster with more than 200 of his own illustrations and notes to all songs; a major feat in folk song publication. And only an incurable optimist would have taken on such a venture, considering the limited market and the difficulties besetting the small independent publisher. But then, if he hadn't been an incurable optimist even "Broadside Ballads No. 1" would never have appeared at all.

It was on a winter's day about 10 years ago that Ron decided quite suddenly to move to Cairns, being altogether fed up with the cold, wet mountain winters, and so the whole family, by this time including two small children, found themselves with not much money and 10 tea chests full of goods and chattels in North Queensland where they all lived in a caravan park while Ron alternatively painted pictures and built a new home on a jungle covered hillside at Redlynch. Since then he has earned a living by selling paintings to locals and tourists, has rebuilt an old house at Holloways Beach, established a shop and art gallery, and has just built another new house and gallery-shop right on the beach at Holloways. The shop also sells silk screened work produced by Anne, who also manages the business side of the enterprise, clad in her everyday working costume of a colourful bikini.

The new establishment, "The (non-electric) Wooden Fish," is in the centre of Holloways where all the beach dwellers stay, and in this drop-outs' paradise Ronald G. Edwards stands out as a very busy man. The best one-man-band in Australia, he collects the songs, writes most of the articles and all the song notes in the magazine, illustrates, types and lays out his books. It's a wonder that he doesn't print them too!

Living where they do, right on the beach in the tropics, it would be easy for the Edwards' to succumb to the prevailing easy-going way of life. There are few restraints, it's possible to knock off and have a swim or sail any time, but Rons tremendous energy and self-discipline keeps him at it. Painting, collecting, transcribing tapes, sketching, writing; they all follow each other in a tight and highly organised day, with an occasional swim to get rid of the

cobwebs. And every afternoon as regular as clockwork, Ron takes off down the beach at a fast trot, casts his net into the creek three or four times and then goes off home again. On the homeward trip, however, he stops here and there for a chat before going home to dinner and his ritual two bottles of beer. He doesn't go out at night, he doesn't like parties and he doesn't have a telephone. The family's main departures from routine are the sketching and collecting trips which take them to the outback places of Queensland. On these occasions they all pack themselves into the immaculate Kombi and take off with amazing speed and efficiency.

Ron and Anne have often collected from old people living in the Eventide Homes for the Aged, and recently, observing some Holloways beach-dwellers who were sheltering from the wet beneath a battered tent donated by a more prosperous member of the community, he was struck with the similarity between the two groups. Pedalling off on his bike, he returned with a neatly lettered sign, "Eventide," which he solemnly attached to the shelter!

He is friendly with all the beach-dwellers and turns up to help launch the boats on which they lavish their love, but he doesn't approve of their way of life. As he hastens to explain, morals or manners don't come in to it. It's just that he feels life is too short to sit around and talk about what you'd like to do. "Why not get up and do it?" he demands.

Naturally he scorns beards and all that nonsense. "What do you think I am?" he'll demand indignantly, "a hairy or something?" blissfully ignoring the fact that half his audience is bearded. In fact he wears a quite unfashionable pair of baggy shorts, plus a suntan. When an important looking customer appears in the shop he throws on something better and hurries along to make a good impression. On one occasion, having been alerted, he rushed into Anne's workshop and seized a pair of shorts and shirt that she'd just finished and appeared a little out of breath. "But that's exactly what I want," cried the delighted customer, and insisted on buying the clothes right off his back!

In the field Ron is far too impatient to sit and listen to long stories about the old days, and anyway his main interest is in collecting songs. However, he himself is no mean raconteur, and doesn't mind telling stories against himself, like the one about the old ringer who, when visiting one evening, decided to teach him all the various ways of cracking a stockwhip. Obviously the living room is not the place for the "Condamine Flash" and such antics, so they adjourned to the beach outside the front door. Next morning, on going down for a swim, Ron called a cheery "Good Morning" to his neighbour, who said sourly, "I didn't get a wink of sleep. Some silly bastards were driving cattle up and down the beach all night!"

Ron thinks there are two kinds of folkies, field collectors and others. His expressed opinions about the others are inclined to be good humouredly sharp, but he's amazed to hear that anyone could be offended at anything he says, or that National Folk prints. And though he spends a lot of time going up in the air, he regards himself as quite a mild sort of fellow really. At least he would be, if only everyone else would behave sensibly!

As a collector he's primarily interested in what he collects, rather than the quality of the tape; he can't be bothered with complicated machines. (He regards my four track job as quite monstrosly complicated and says, shuddering slightly, "I don't know how you can be bothered with it!"). And so, of course, his tapes are hardly archive quality. On the other hand he transcribes his material within hours of collecting it and publishes at once, which he sees as being the most important thing to do. He's meticulous in giving credit where it is due, and he generously shares the results of his researches with whoever is interested in it. Whilst he's aware of the value of his own work, he's completely uninterested in making a name for himself. As well as being one of the greatest characters in the folk movement, he's a most amiable man and surely the most motivated beachcomber in Australia.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The following have been published and illustrated by Ron Edwards:—
1951 Bandicoot Ballads 1-4 Manifold and Edwards
Continued on Back Cover

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FOLK FESTIVALS THE WORLD AROUND

How do you run a successful Folk Festival at London's vast Royal Albert Hall? Each year The English Folk Dance and Song Society fill all the seats at four performances, with a programme, which apart from guest artists, is essentially English, and uncompromisingly traditional. This year's Folk Festival is on February 20th and 21st, and already at the end of January three of the four performances are virtually sold out.

There are no big pop-folk names included, but instead the audience's blood will be stirred by the ritual dancing of English traditional teams such as the Morris Men from Abingdon in Berkshire, who for at least 200 years have been carrying an ox head with them as they dance. They also elect a Mock Mayor each year, and he will be with the team when they appear at the Festival. From Handsworth in Yorkshire, sword dancers in strangely formal uniforms will handle their swords with nonchalant ease, and fore even further north, the Newcastle University will be sending their team of Rapier Sword Dancers. They have appeared in many parts of Europe, Canada and the U.S.A. in recent years. Then there are the Yetties, surely the most English of folk song groups, who from their home base in Dorset regularly travel to folk clubs and festivals throughout England. Other singers and dancers will be taking part in unusual features, such as a parade of military songs and dancers (accompanied by real rifle shots), a sequence based on "Jingling Johnnies" (sticks covered with bottle tops, which are thumped on the floor) and an item tracing the many uses of the familiar "Greensleeves" as a song and dance tune within the British Isles.

In a letter to the Newport Board of Directors, Barbara Dane wrote to explain why she turned down an invitation to sing at a "Songs of Liberation Workshop." She says in part; if it intends to be one more music festival then say so and pay the singers accordingly. If it means to be serious in its dedication to the music of the people then it must relate to and respond to the conditions under which those people live. . . . If we steal the fruit from the tree of life of a man who is starving, we deserve to be shot for trespassing. We must be prepared to help cultivate and protect that tree which means we must examine, understand and identify with the people who create this music I am beginning to feel that the size of the audience is in inverse proportion to the ultimate value of the concert or festival. The workshops are more intimate and meaningful and all the performers, including the big "stars," should be required to do them too.

The Fox Hollow Festival in Petersburg, N.Y., is in every way the opposite of Newport. Its advertisements boast "Smaller than ever" and this is the feeling that pervades the week-end . . . everyone is friendly and there is not a cop in sight. The landscape is rolling and woodsy with the concerts held in a natural amphitheatre amongst trees and other greenery. Nearly everyone who comes camps out, including performers, and much of the best music can be heard in that area from early in the morning to early in the morning . . . the week-end is inexpensive and full of comradery and song.





HARRY ROBERTSON'S SONGS

ARE GOOD TO SING —

It's not strange that Harry Robertson should be a song writer because the musical tradition is strong in his family, and it's not strange either that growing up as he did in Glasgow during the great depression of the thirties, that he should become a radical, deeply concerned with questions of social justice, the role of the common man in society and the dignity of the blue collar worker. And since his own father was a sea-going engineer, it was fairly natural, too, that Harry, like so many Scots from the Clyde, should in his turn go to sea as an engineer.

Sunday night was always concert night in the Robertson home, with mother on the piano and father playing the fiddle. Harry himself started on the piano, but they don't have pianos in ships' engine rooms, and so for many years he sang unaccompanied.

In those days on the Clyde, traditional singing was still very much alive and traditional songs were part of everyone's repertoire. Radio was just coming into its own, and people didn't have the money to go to the movies. When the Robertson family visited friends and relations living in the mining villages outside the town, they'd all have a bit of a ceidleh (pronounced cayley!) Lots of the miners had time on their hands, and it was Harry's bachelor uncle who taught him to know and love the poetry of Robert Burns, the poor farmer's son whose "profound sympathy for the simple enabled him to transmute humble human experience into great poetry."

Picture to yourself the old man and the four-year-old boy picking blackberries together, the old man with his steel rimmed glasses perched on the end of his nose, eyes red-rimmed from long years in the pit, and wearing the fiercely shined black boots of the miner. As they pick the fruit, the old man declaims the verses, pausing now and then to explain them to the child. Not very good for blackberrying but, today, 40 years later, the influence of the poet is still strong in Harry's work. He writes songs in the Scottish idiom but about a new land, about the sea, about the whaling fleets, the tankers, and the ship-repairing men; songs which reflect the fierce humanity and the suffering, the bawdiness and the love of common folk that was so essential a part of Burns. And in creating new out of old, in welding them together, he is right in the folk tradition.

The old man could do a lively step dance and would sing traditional tunes and the latest ditties, without discriminating between them.

The radicalism natural to hungry men was strengthened by the contact between the Clyde and the young Soviet Union which was just establishing its heavy industry. Soviet contracts helped the Scottish engineering industry to revive, and many Scottish engineers went to work there. As a child Harry remembers seeing the Scottish contingent of the International Brigades leaving to fight Spanish fascism. His own father was a member of the Independent Labour Party, a fiery offshoot of the L.P. in Scotland, and the internationalism common to men of the sea provided yet another strand in his development.

With the coming of war, industry revived, and Harry became an apprentice with the Rolls Royce Aeroplane Company.

He finished his articles in 1945, and then, aged 20, he went to sea as had his father before him, the difference being that he became a Junior Sub Lieutenant. Before the war this would have been quite unthinkable for a working class boy, but the Navy's need was so great that class barriers were lowered, Harry said.

For two years he served on the deep-sea-tugs laying up British warships and taking Lend Lease ships back to the U.S.

It was not an easy life, specially in winter. "Deep Sea Tug" tells of this time. They were towing a floating dock from Rossaith to Scapa Flow. Being without a keel, such docks are hard to control and a constant watch must be kept lest it should drift and foul the tug's propeller.

"Pounding seas come in frae starboard, and the wee tug slews to port. And the tow rope breaks a stay wire in the storm's deadly sport. On the deck an able seaman fell down dead before he knew, What it was came out the dark night, and sliced his head in two.

After being demobilised from the Royal Navy Harry worked as an engineer on tankers, then on whalers. Whaling men, he says, are a special breed. Like most people who couldn't stand the ordinary routines of every day living, they sought an escape and not being able to seek the same sort of escape as a Keats or Byron, they found their own way, choosing a hard and bitter environment. Some even chose to winter in the cold latitudes rather than return home.

In the years of wandering Harry travelled all over the world, living hard, drinking hard, and always he watched, and wrote songs. Only then he sang them unaccompanied and left them behind him.

And then he married his Scottish wife, Rita, and migrated to Australia. "I've always liked Australia," he said. Life here is freer, and people are more easy going, and I feel that there's a lot that hasn't been said yet. It was this conviction that moved me to start writing my songs down.

For instance, Australia has very few industrial songs of occupation, though there are many such in Britain and the U.S.A., songs about railway workers, miners and seamen.

I don't write "protest" songs as such because I don't think that it's possible to urge people to action through song unless they already have an identity in music. The songs of occupation, songs of tanker men, whalers, ship repairing men, try to provide that identity, to show working men that they are and always have been a part of culture and that culture is part of them.

It's necessary to start at the beginning, and in fact the men about whom I'm writing are very interested.

A song can give a man a new vision of himself and the importance of the work he does, something which is often obscured by the snobbishness of much "culture."

Harry is a shore going man now and works for a firm of marine engineers. After 17 years living in Brisbane he's recently moved to Sydney with Rita, and his four children. He's writing still, and having considerable success, because his songs are simply, direct, funny and dramatic in turn, sometimes bawdy, and they are very good to sing.

SHIP REPAIRING MEN

Words and Music by Harry Robertson.



From the workshops off we go, tool-kits heavy in our hands,
To the big one that's come in from a trip to foreign lands,
Salty streaks of rust have marked her, but the moorings hold her right,
And we'll work to fix her engines all today and half the night.

Refrain:

Don't wait up for me this evening, I'll be out all night again,
Working on the Brisbane River, with the ship repairing men.

Oil fired boilers throb with power drinking up the furnace heat,
Water turns to driving steam to make the engines beat,
But the feed pumps sighing wail to us, cuts through all other sound,
And sings a song of triumph for the valves that we have ground.

Engine bearings that knocked and hammered through the wild and stormy seas
Will be machined and fitted till they run with silent ease,
And the winch that rattles every time the pisto turns her shaft,
Will hum along and sing its song to men skilled in their craft.

When you see an ocean liner glide between the river banks,
And the captain in his gold braid, orders men of lesser ranks,
Have you ever thought that stately craft might never sail again,
If it weren't for the toil and sweat of ship repairing men.

SHARK BAY TO BROOME

WENDY LOWENSTEIN

The third part of around Australia trip during which we collected folk lore.

From Shark Bay we drove fairly quickly up the west coast. Everyone asks about the roads. Now they can't really be called good, but on the other hand they can't really be called bad. Rugged maybe, but not bad! There are a few stretches which are justly infamous, like the stretch between Port Hedland and Broome, which is about 300 miles of corrugations with no petrol or water; and admittedly our Wiluna way we did have our trailer axle straightened out three times, and our trailer tyres blew out with monotonous regularity, and our city type back-rack collapsed slowly and surely one leg at a time until at last we packed old tyres underneath it to get us to Roebourne, but then our trailer and our pack-rack were overloaded, and our trailer tyres were secondhand, a bad mistake! I've known people who came along that stretch a few days after the grader who reckoned that it was quite good. The folk lore of the road says that if your caravan breaks down you mustn't leave it because there are characters, semi-trailer drivers mostly, who specialise in lugging off abandoned vans and selling them in Perth. However, we never met anyone that it had happened to, although we did meet several people who knew some chap who'd been charged \$1,600 to have his car and van towed 200 miles into Broome, and we believe it. Tourism has just hit north-west Australia and a delighted population of sharks has sprung up who are prepared to take them for suckers. On the other hand another garageman in Broome had a constant stream of travellers borrowing his tools, welding gear, and didn't charge them at all, except for materials. On the whole though, it pays to regard most service charges as "asking prices" and to be prepared to argue.

Be that as it may, we were continually to come across vans with broken axles or springs broken down by the side of the road with a guard of mum, children and dog, annexe up, and all as cosy as possible, dad having hitch-hiked off to the next town to get repairs done.

The coast of north-western Australia is a fascinating one, and the long distances travelled between towns make the detours down to the coast all the more pleasant. Cossack, near Roebourne, is a ghost town, and about the most substantial ghost town you could hope to see. The wharf, and the magnificent Customs House and bonded stores remain along with a few houses and a Court House lofty and cool, its well still full of sweet water, and its classical lines unspoilt, the judge's bench still intact. The West Australian Government Tourist Authority is restoring the old court house as a museum and the shire has a gang of men clearing the cemetery and sticking broken gravestones back together with Araldite. We slept there the night and then went over to Point Samson not far away. Here modern port facilities lie relatively unused, since the blue asbestos mines at Wittenoom suddenly closed down one day in 1966, leaving many families with unsolvable problems about transporting household goods back south. Many had to leave them behind!

The warm northern night tempted us to lie down on the beach without a tent, but we didn't know Port Sampson's reputation for wind and during the night it howled across the foreshore, piling sand over us so that in the morning the children looked like three corpses occupying shallow, sandy graves. We extracted the corpses and left the scene to eat our breakfast in a less windy place.

Cossack was convict built, like much of the areas around Geraldton, and it is of solid blue-grey stone. The convict era is much more recent in W.A. than in the eastern States, and it is not uncommon to talk to folk whose grandparents were transported. Lately the idea that Australians have glamorised the convict is fairly fashionable but I incline to the view expressed by Professor Jock Marshall in his fine Australian travel book, "Journey Among Men." He said there that if the number of books stolen annually from University libraries,

and the quantity of equipment removed from offices and factories by employees is any indication, it is probable that there is scarcely a citizen of Australia who would not be a candidate for transportation as judged by the standards of those times.

From Roebourne we took a detour inland to Wittenoom, and saw some of the most fascinating country in this whole wide land. We breakfasted at Python Pool, one of the permanent water holes that sustained the black inhabitants, and the animals of the district. They are wonderful and mysterious places these water holes of the desert, and you come upon them suddenly down some little track that you'd miss if it wasn't for the road sign. They are places of legend too, both to white and black, and a gullible Pommy that we knew told us he was just going in for a swim there when the woman accompanying him said to her small child calmly, "Just keep away from the rocks dear." He paused (so he says) asking, "Why, is there something wrong?" "Oh no," replied the local tranquilly, "there's nothing to worry about. Pythons aren't really aggressive!" He didn't go in. "That was enough for me," he said. We still don't know whether the woman was kidding him or he was kidding us. We were horrified and furious, though, to see that some yahoos with a can of spray paint had scaled the walls to an impossible height and written their name on the walls.

However, the Python Pool wasn't the only surprise that we were to have that day in the desert. We took a turning that said "Millstream" and came to a pool on the Fortesque River, a wild life reserve glowing with wild flowers and haunted by birds; and stinking from the overflowing rubbish tins! We ploughed on through a foot or two of water to Millstream Station and asked to see the springs. These are one of the beauty spots of the north-west and have at least one variety of palm which is, so the guide book says, unique. A new style of station owner lived in the old-style station homestead — solid old place where apparently all the inhabitants dwelt and slept under nets on the wide verandahs. One of the owners posed for us in spurs and sombrero leaning casually against his airplane, which was drawn up in the yard.

The lush paperback and palm forests, lily ponds and crystalline warm pools of Millstream are the most unexpected beauty spots in this land of dry desert country, yet their very existence could be threatened as a result of the West Australian Government's determination to pump water from the area and pipe it down to the new American company mining towns on the coast. The legality of this action was recently the subject of a court action by the station owners and is not yet determined. However, no one appears to have taken the conservationalist line. In the desert country this lush beauty spot should be preserved forever and for all Australians. The north-west, it seems to me, is in even more dire peril than the Queensland coast, because only a handful of people know about it, and there is almost no comparable population to fight for it. Yet governments hope to develop the north, and mining companies speak plaintively of the huge labour turnover, even despite the air conditioned houses, cheap company stores, etc. That the beauty of the countryside should be retained, and that in nourishing the spirit it might also make the North a nice place to stay in, and thus serve industry, seems not yet to have occurred to anyone.

At Wittenoom we saw a real ghost town indeed. The guide book says that "many travellers hold this area to be scenically superior to the mountain country in the vicinity of Alice Springs. The colour of the rock formation is undoubtedly more varied and vivid." We didn't get to Alice Springs, but couldn't imagine anything more starkly beautiful than the country around Wittenoom. The red, red cliffs and the dozen or so gorges knock far more famous places sideways scenically, and the walking tracks along the gorges are a delight as well as being surprisingly pleasant and easy walking. There is only one sort of development that should be considered here. It should be a national park, and a world famous beauty spot. Yet the reality is a few hundred poor unlined deserted State Housing Commission houses with exterior laundries and wood coppers (in this climate!) all deserted and are blowing away in the cyclones. Someone, one day soon, will no doubt be cut

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SOME BUSH TUNES

Ian Turner

From the *Bulletin's* Red Page, 19th March, 1898:

“‘Ponte’ writes re bush songs:—

“‘Ben Hall’ is certainly **not** Australian. I’ve heard it sung by new-chum cockies. ‘Ry’s’ picture some weeks back (I have not yet traced this — I.T.) sums up bush singing: ‘I don’t want any music ‘cos I know any gorsquantity of toons.’ The most used ‘toon’ is ‘The Wild Colonial Boy’ — the ‘terror of Orstraylians.’ There are numerous variations of the words, and the tune readily adapts itself to the peculiarity of the singer. Another popular ballad is descriptive of shearing life. You can get better poetry but worse realism than —

“Then when the shearin’s over they get their bits of papers;
They to the nearest shanty go and cut such pretty capers;
They call for one and then for two in a style that’s very funny,
Till the landlord says: ‘Oh, this won’t do — you ——— got no money.’”
With my bow-wow-wow, etc.”

(Compare ‘The Truth Is In My Song So Clear,’ Stewart and Keesing, *Old Bush Songs*, pp. 253-4, which contains similar lines: ‘Collected by Russel Ward, with the note: ‘Sung by Mr. Joseph Cashmere, Sylvania, in July, 1953 — aetat 81 — born Hillston, Riverina — to tune of ‘Miss Tickle Toby’s School,’ he said.’”).

“Another well-known song, reminiscent of the ‘carrying’ days is sung to ‘The Wild Colonial Boy’ tune. It starts, ‘Come all ye jolly bull-punchers and listen to my rhyme.’ No bush song is genuine unless prefaced by ‘Come all ye.’” (What is this song?).

There was apparently some confusion about this, for in the *Bulletin* of 28th May, 1898, “S.O.B.” asked: “Can anyone tell the name of the (? old Irish) air to which ‘A Wild Colonial Boy’ is sung. ‘The Wearin’ o’ the Green’ serves for two other bush songs — ‘The Kelly Gang’ and ‘The Broken-Hearted Shearer’ (sometimes known as ‘The Way to Lamb a Fellow Down,’ and printed in *Bulletin* some years back.”

(“**The Kelly Gang**” is the ballad which begins “Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that’s going round; On the head of bold Ned Kelly they have placed two thousand pound, for which see Stewart and Keesing, *Australian Bush Ballads*, p. 42. “**The Broken-Hearted Shearer**” appears in Stewart and Keesing’s *Old Bush Songs*, p. 266. It originally appeared in the *Bulletin* on 31st October, 1885.)

Apparently this issue of the *Bulletin* took some time to get around. “Bushy” answered “S. O.B.’s” question on 10th September, 1898: “I have often heard (‘The Wild Colonial Boy’) sung to the tune of ‘Little Mary Kelly.’” (Can any reader supply this tune?)



in half by a flying sheet of corrugated iron. And the horrific thing is that Australia's top taxpayer, Lang Hancock, of Hancock and Wright, not content with the huge iron ore interests he has already in the area, has bought the mine back from C.S.R. who owned Australian Blue Asbestos, and plans to have an atomic explosion there. This would reduce the cost of extracting the ore to one-fifth of conventional methods. Small matter if it lays waste to the country, little matter what happens to the flora and fauna. He's pressing on with the idea too, as press reports of Gorton's recent visit to the area prove.

It looks as if this section of the Round Australia Folk Lore Expedition story isn't going to get round to folk lore collecting, so perhaps I can tell you about Port Hedland and get on to collecting again next time.

Port Hedland is the new metropolis of the north. An unlovely town, with the usual approach of a causeway raised above the tidal mangrove flats, a caravan parked, for a price, in almost every back yard; building going on all the time; Mt. Newman company cars everywhere; camping grounds overflowing with the huge semi-permanent population; aboriginals on the outskirts; flash new pubs and stores where the prices are so high that you're stunned, and pay up before you become quite conscious! It's the centre of a great cattle country, yet meat is, like every other food, outrageously expensive; and frozen milk is imported from Perth, a couple of thousand miles to the south.

Here we camped for a few days with Don McLeod's mob. McLeod, the hero of Donald Stuart's novel *Yandy*, white man extraordinary, led the famous strike of aboriginals of the Pilbara region against the intolerable conditions then common on the N.W. stations some 25 years ago. Now today, despite the very worst efforts of the Establishment ("Good God, girl," he cried when I asked some naive question, "don't you realise we're up against the power of the Sovereign State!") he has led a group of some 300 local tribespeople in living together in dignity and self-respect, adhering to tribal law and keeping themselves alive. This mob were the pioneers of the great commercial mining boom that has hit the Pilbara, having kept themselves and their co-operative going by prospecting for surface minerals, and yandying them: a sort of dry blowing based on the traditional aboriginal way of separating the husk from the seeds. Now the boom has struck and like all the small old-time prospectors the mob is going to face great difficulties in finding new ore reserves as the fever for pegging out Western Australia by the great mineral companies rages without check.

McLeod pointed out something that had escaped me. How there are no kangaroos for hundreds of miles around Port Hedland, a fact which means that the local tribesmen can no longer supplement their meagre diet by hunting.

I taped several hours of Don McLeod's reminiscences, realising that my ambition to record the whole chequered heroic life story of this man, whose very name can rouse still the passions of the most extreme nature among the mildest of men, was quite impractical unless I had the full year to spend there; and then went on. Someone who cares about truth should do it soon and the future will praise him.

Then as we were starting to feel time breathing down our neck, we picked up our daughter from the modern hospital — she'd gone down with a tropical abscess, the scourge of the north; loaded up with petrol and water, and shot through to put the horror stretch behind us. We arrived in Broome, a place which is quite out of this everyday world, a day or two later, with a broken tow bar; but we felt we could hardly complain when we heard that a semi-trailer had broken in half the day before on the same bump, and that another friend had broken his shoulder when he hit the car roof.

At Broome we were to stay and work for some weeks, and to have some real adventures and collect a great deal of varied and interesting stuff, so I'll leave it there, and next time talk about the trip from Broome to the Centre, and finish up after that with North Queensland which, speaking from a folk lore point of view, is worth any other 10 places in the whole country, or so we found. And that should bring us to the end of the story about a year after we actually finished it!

WALLABY STEW



The Wild Colonial Boys have become full-time professional musicians, and it seems likely that they will be taking off for Europe soon.

The 5th National Folk Festival will be the Adelaide Folk Festival during the Australia Day week-end, January, 1971. The committee has started the organising work for this and held a most successful concert during the Adelaide Arts Festival.

Further information about plans for the Adelaide Folk Festival can be obtained from the Secretary, Miss Marcia McDonald, C/o Flat 4, 236 Childers Street, North Adelaide.

The next National Folk Festival in New Zealand will be held at Wellington on May 29th to June 2nd. Contact Phil Garland, 69 Knowles Road, Christchurch 5, N.Z.

Broadside, December 1969, reports that there are seven anti-war coffee houses in army base towns, which are largely patronised by soldiers of the United States Army, and just to show that we're fair minded we must report that the biggest ever "win the war now" march has just been held in the U.S.

The Editor apologises for the frequency with which she appears in this issue as author. If all those lovely people who've promised articles based on their Festival talks, etc., will oblige, it need not happen again. Besides, I've got typist's cramp.

A number of Australian songs are included in the Vietnam Songbook edited by Irwin Silber.

The Newport Folk Festival this year will be shortened to one day, due to lack of funds. The treasury was drained when Newport City civic fathers forced the last Festival to spend \$25,000 for more guards and a fence which became unnecessary when they then forbade the appearance of rock groups.

Australian Tradition, May, 1970.

SPEARMEN TALK LIKE THIS

Harry Smith

Ever since the seeping, gurgling days when Edward Du Cros, Dick Charles and Walt Deas floated log-like upon the waters off the left bank of Bondi attired in face masks fashioned from inner tubes and alarm clock glass fronts, much to the enthrallment of the denizens of the deep, spearmen and women right around Australia's coastline have developed an earthy, hardly watery, dialect suitable to their underwater actions.

"Underwater man becomes an arch-angel," says Jaques Cuosteau, inventor of the aqualung. While scornfully avoiding such frills, our spearmen disappear beneath the waves and do a bust.

They smoky sharks, prang crays, cut bomboras, wash up on reefs and generally fight through the white water. Blues, wobbies bugs, crawlies, stingers, whopper stoppers, noahs, bities, occies, soup, patches, lungies, and mermaids, are words that wistfully drop from their lips as they cluster about the weigh-in points.

"I did a bust on this blue, pranged him, then he caved up on me. I had ter haul 'im out and was beating him when this wobbie laid on topper me.

"Soon shifted 'im but it was a gutshot and that brought the noahs. Didn't have me smokie so I cut across the bombora but when I got back even me pranger was gone.

"Lost it in the white water but brought me whopper stopper back and nailed a kingie over this patch. Had me smokie up pretty quick I can tell yer but the bities never showed again.

"Picked up a few bugs and reefies on the way back to the boat but the place looked like it was shot out!"

Bust — Free diving usually after hyperventilating; caved up — Fish headed for cavern after being speared and spread pectoral fins wedging itself firmly in crevice; smokey — explosive spearhead — shotgun or .303 cartridge that implodes on impact; blues — blue grouper; wobbies — wobbiegongs; bugs, crawlies, crays — crayfish or rock lobster; lungie — scuba diver; whopper stopper — large spear-gun, usually shoulder-gun heavily powered by rubber slings; pranger — multi-pointed spear or single spear, powered by rubber sling (Hawaiian sling); patches — seaweed or coral; soup — unclear water; occies — octopi; mermaids — female skindivers or mythical creatures; popularly supposed to be sea cows, manatees or dugongs; gas gun — Co2 or compressed airgun; white water — usually around cliff bases reefs, dangerous; roddie, rockhopper — rodfisherman, rock fisherman; white — white death shark; bities, noahs — sharks; washed up — usually on a shell studded reef, swept over same by shattering wave usually losing vast areas of skin and if unlucky, enough mask and snorkel.

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TRACKING BACK

Bob Judge

Reminiscences of an old Territorian — Part 2

One night, just before we turned into bed there's some shouts from over at the boys' camp. "Combo" yells out to them to go to sleep, else they won't be able to wake up in the morning. They quieten down. At daylight, when boys come for breakfast, the count is one light. Combo asked, "Which way Quart Pot?" A boy replies, "Him finish! Longa ground now. Bush boy sneak up last night, throw a shovel spear. "Just my luck," said Combo. "When I get them to be of some use, something happens. Alright, bring his swag over before it gets lost."

Well, we finish the muster and branding in about a week after that episode, and decide on a trip to town, to get away from bush life for a while. Five days' ride lands us in town . . . There is no one there when we arrive, except the storekeeper and sergeant of police, both glad to see us . . . "Pandorah, the once-a-year boat, is overdue two months: no tucker in town, no tobacco, all were livin' on beef and pumpkin. Sergeant wants to know "if we heard of a spearing" on one of the stations. Combo says no, he never heard of any, only news he had, his wife has gone bush. Replied the policeman, "I don't blame her: I do the same myself . . . if I had to live with you." Being invited to have a drink: "No thanks I'm on duty . . . See you tonight . . . Keep out of trouble."

At the pub it's very quiet, no sound. We sing out; no answer! Finally we dig up old "Peter," the housemaid. He informs us, Boss has taken all the "Lubras" to a "billabong" for "lily roots" . . . all about hungry. Our discreet muttering "that we could knock back a gallon of turps" induced Peter to volunteer the information that young pleceman and boss been finish "crog" long time. The boss and lubras turn up at sundown loaded with "turtle" and "lily roots." Supper was a great success. After supper we are yarning on the verandah, when the trooper turns up. He tells us how he has just returned from patrol out on the "Willie" River. A boy from there had brought a note: Parsons Brothers had requested his presence, as a traveller had poisoned himself at their place. "When I get there," trooper goes on, "I found the two brothers camped on a creek two miles from the homestead. Enquiries revealed a stranger had called at the house and asked for work, and a bit of tucker. He was invited to stay for a couple of days and rest his saddle. At dinner time next day the stranger said, 'I have taken poison,' and that he would probably expire soon. He did! Two minutes later, with satisfactory convulsions, at the dinner table. We did not like to disturb him, so shifted ourselves and sent for you, stated the elder brother. I looked through his gear . . . no leters nothing to tell who he was, or where he came from. Deceased had been sitting at the table for two weeks when I arrived, so you can guess how I felt. Harry had a case of rum in his store so we broached that . . . and drank about half a bottle each before we could rake up courage to bring him out and plant him. When deceased had been interred, we drank the rest of the rum in wishing the stranger luck."

After the trooper had retired for bed, a discussion started on the possibility of putting on a brew, to fill in time till the boat arrived. A full muster of resources produced an empty eight gallon rum keg. The store yielded a packet of hops, tin of malt . . . there was no sugar, but a seven pound tin of treacle lent colour and sweetness. That lot just about cleaned out the town. Next morning we boiled the hops to shreds, to get everything possible out of it. The smell even made us thirsty . . . Combo wanted to know why we could not drink it as it was, but he was restrained. Operation two was easy . . . mixing malt and treacle in boiling water . . . the mixture was then poured in the cask and well shaken. Dan was concerned that we did not wash the cask out; there might have been rum in it. He did not wish to get pinched . . . Continued on p.24

BOOKS

The Vietnam Songbook, Guardian, N.Y. \$4.55 from Third World Bookshop.

As long as we've had recorded history, popular movements against the Establishment have found one form of expression in ballads and songs. "The Cutty Wren," the "Carmagnole," "Lillibulero," are still sung and relished today: Tom Lehrer's sardonic comment that the Spanish Republicans "might have lost the war but had all the best songs," is true enough, if a little painful to those of us who cut our teeth, as it were, on Freiheit, Hans Beimler and Los Quatro Generales!

Probably no popular dissension movement has received so much support as the campaign against the Vietnam commitment. So it's not surprising that the volume of songs produced is pretty substantial.

"The Vietnam Songbook" (1969) is edited by Barbara Dane and Irwin Silber. It contains over 100 songs from U.S.A., Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Cuba, England, Germany, Holland, Italy, Japan, Uruguay and Vietnam itself.

As one might expect from Irwin Silber, it's a first-class production: Beautifully printed, the songs are illustrated by an outstanding collection of documentary photographs about the war itself and the anti-war movements around the world.

The Australian selection (supplied by Tradition, I think!) is a good one, including songs by Don Henderson, Gary Shearston, Clem Parkinson, Glen Tomassetti and others. Among the international selection, it's hard to identify any songs as more outstanding than others. Perhaps the few by American GI veterans of the Vietnam War carry most impact; "A Soldier's Lament," by Richard Peet is a good example. There are plenty of big names, too — Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Pete Seeger — all adding their contribution.

All in all — a marvellous songbook and a valuable piece of social history.
— **Gwenda Davey.**

Cinderella Dressed in Yella. Australian children's play rhymes collected by Ian Turner. Heinemann Educational, \$7.50.

Ian Turner's collection of the play rhymes of Australian children is a very welcome sight. It will become the foundation work of its kind in this country and further collections will be supplementary. It contains some hundreds of rhymes, the largest section, not surprisingly, skipping rhymes. There are also counting out, autograph book and amusement rhymes and other categories. A historian and folklorist, Turner has numbered the items systematically for category and reference. Footnotes are on the same or adjacent page and the notes sometimes occupy more space on the page than the rhymes, which at times looks untidy. However, it's a sensible system, making the notes immediately available rather than at the end of the section or the end of the book.

In the book is an article by Victor Daley from a Bulletin of 1898 which is interesting enough to include, but superficial. Turner's own essay, "the Play Rhymes of Australian Children," is a comprehensive survey of the theories advanced so far by such scholars and amateurs as have made collections. The result is no mere rehash, his views are realistic and his comments to the point. Victor Daley shows how easily one may become starry-eyed in this field.

They tell me there were moves to censor or ban this book because of the vulgar and offensive rhymes in it, whether to protect adults or children who might read it is not clear. In either case the move is even sillier than other censorship, since the censors would have used the rhymes in childhood and children will go on using them regardless. It was necessary to include them or the book would be an incomplete picture of children's culture.

And the rhymes are the cultural product of a social group that gains thousands of new members at the beginning of each school year and loses thousands at the end. The desire to conform to the group leads them to learn its rhymes sometimes even better than their school work. The desire to be

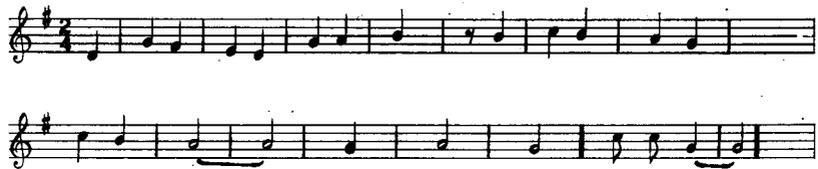
better members leads (with access to the group memory) to the creation of new or variant rhymes to impress their fellows. So item 12017A in
 Cowboy Joe from Mexico,
 Hands up, stick 'em up, out you go.
 is a skipping rhyme reported from many different parts of Australia since 1956 and from Scotland in 1920. Item 12017F —

Cowboy Jill from Broken Hill,
 Hands up, stick 'em up, and out you go.
 is a variant reported from Melbourne in 1967. Perhaps this variant was inspired by an adult but there is no danger of this culture being commercialised. God forbid! It has learned to accommodate adult commercialism. The whole thing about child play is that it is oriented to the adult world. Whether imitating, rebelling or mocking, the children are teaching one another and themselves about growing up.

In the past children's rhymes have been collected for reasons ranging from simple interest in their form to proving they have pagan origins. You can read this book for these reasons or just to learn about adults and children. The price is a bit steep, and I don't suppose we can expect it out in a paperback, but your local library should have at least two copies, one for lending out and one for the reference section. — **Alan Scott.**

THREE BLACK CROWS

Collected by Wendy Lowenstein from the singing of Jack "Speargrass" Guard,
 Georgetown, N.Q., November, 1969.



Now three black crows sat on a tree,
 And they were as black as black could be,
 Crrrk, crrrk, crrk.

Said one black crow unto the other,
 "Where shall we dine today dear brother?"
 Crrrk crrrk crrrk.

"On yonder hill's an old grey mare,
 I think my friends we shall dine there,"
 Ark ark, crrrk.

They perched upon her high backbone,
 And picked her eyes out one by one,
 Crrrk crrrk crrrk.

Said the second black crow unto the other,
 "Isn't she a tough old bugger?"
 Crrrk crrrk crrrk.

Up come a squatter with his gun,
 And shot them all excepting one,
 Ark ark, crrrk.

Now that one black crow got such a fright,
 He turned from black right into white,
 Crrrk crrrk crrrk.

Now that is why you'll often see,
 A white crow among the tree,
 Ark ark ark.

This song would seem to be a descendant of a very old ballad, The Three Ravens, which may be found in Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time. Ron Edwards says another close relative is Billie Magee Maggar which, with other lads from the Ocean Grove district, he used to sing round the camp fire when on camping trips. Ron has also pointed out that speaking of the Three Ravens, Chappell says in part, "This song is one of those included under the head of Country Pastimes in Melismata 1611." Ritson, in his Ancient Songs remarks, "It will be obvious that this ballad, much older not only than the date of that book, but than most other pieces contained in it.

Ron Edwards had written to me that he'd heard of an old chap in Georgetown who was reputed to know "lots of songs."

No one there seemed to have heard of anyone like that so I entered the bar of the pub with some hesitation, women in Queensland being unequal to the point that it is illegal for them to be in a bar. I asked a small old man who was having a jollification in the pub if he knew the elusive contact and discovered that he sung one party piece himself. It was "The Three Black Crows," which as far as Ron and I know, has not been collected before. Jack says that the man who taught him the song sang it rather like a hymn and indeed the tune is very similar to the Doxology as used in the Anglican Church in my childhood. The tune, Old Hundredth, comes from the Genevan Psalter of 1551 Jack sings it seriously, and with great verve. He says that he has studied to the sound of the crows, as a bushman he ought to be able to do it properly. For many years it was not considered a party in the town if Jack did not sing his song. At the end of each verse Jack impersonated the mournful cry of the crows that are such a feature of the inland, and the notes that Ron has transcribed here are only meant as a rough indication of the pitch of the cry, which sounds more like crrrk than the usually written caw.

Although no one has ever mentioned the song to Ron or me before, it has obviously been widely known, and every informant we questioned after that had known it, and could sing a verse or two of it.

Alf Stainkey, now of Townsville, but formerly a cattleman of Julia Creek, sang a version which referred to "Old McMaster's old grey mare." In this version verse 4 contained an extra fourth and final line, "Sing brothers sing!" I have since heard of a Melbourne man, aged 68, who sings the same words and tune, having learnt it in Adelaide in his youth.

In both "The Three Ravens" and "The Twa Corbies" (Oxford Book of Ballads) there is an element of tragedy which is quite missing from the local version, which is rather comic. The earlier songs celebrate the death of "a new slain knight," a figure rather rare in Australian tradition, whilst a dead horse is absolutely convincing. — W.L.

Continued

for selling overproof near-beer . . . or lose his licence. We wished to know if the brew had to be bought as well as made, before we could drink it. The answer to that was yes, he owned the pub, didn't he: I have a living to make . . . We let the matter rest, for the time being. Final instructions came from our head brewer; beer was not to be touched for at least a week. "Hell," commented Combo, "it would be quicker to start for Darwin, a man might get a drink there." We managed to hold each other back for four days, then decided the weather was too hot, it might go sour. A tap was procured. Dan, as the most experienced, was prevailed upon to put the tap in; he did in two hits. If it had not been tapped that day, it would have blown the pub up. There must have been good rum in the cask previously, you could smell it through the hops. Dan appointed himself Master of Ceremony. "Seeing we were visitors . . . first drink was on the house." Combo enquired which house, but was told to shut up and drink it. We want to know what it's like. The answer after he'd downed the first pot: "Fill her up again, I could fly the bags on that." Paddy, sitting on the end of his bunk enquires, "Did you finish it, Dick?" Yes, we finished it . . . and it just about finished us. It was the only time in my life I looked like dying with my strides off!

FESTIVALS: WHICH WAY?

Shirley Anderson and Wendy Lowenstein

The first Port Jackson Folk Festival was a huge success. At least 300 people attended the two night concerts, and a very considerable profit was made, a considerable part of which is to be devoted to promoting the collection of folk lore in New South Wales, and this is the very first time that a Festival Committee, or anyone else for that matter, has offered to do anything so far-sighted, anything that demonstrates such a real interest in folk lore study. The committee must be congratulated on the whole organisation, and our congratulations are most sincere, however, he came away from Sydney with some misgivings — misgivings about the future of the national festivals, and since the Port Jackson Festival was stated to be continuing the pattern set down by the original Port Phillip Festivals, it should be useful to see just what was that pattern, and to examine what has happened to it.

The first Port Phillip Committee aimed to "present Folk Music in a variety of forms and from different points of view." Its purpose was "to provide an occasion for people to listen, to sing, play, discuss and to extend their interest in folk music in general, and Australian music in particular." In actual fact at least five sessions out of the 17 were devoted to non-musical lore and the committee later recognised this by dropping "music" from the title.

Originally we'd thought of a small affair which was to be held in the country, and which would be primarily Australian in content. However, we couldn't find a suitable place, so changed over to the city, and the ensuing festival was such a success that the pattern was laid down for the future.

And since so many folkies are also interested in other folk cultures, we included non-Australian material. The enthusiasm of people all over Australia meant that a small festival was impossible, so we put a lot of thought into preserving the informality and the friendliness, the feeling of belonging that we feel is implicit in a festival devoted to folk culture.

The main things which the organisers kept in mind on that first committee were a concern for the widest possible participation of audience and performers, a determination that we should extend every courtesy to people who had gone to the trouble and expense of coming from interstate, even when this meant the local performers had to step down, and the avoidance of a feeling of alienation — there was to be no in-group cliquiness, and that any official parties were to be open to all. To avoid misunderstandings, free tickets were allotted according to a strict rule, and all members of the committee paid for their own, a real imposition as most of them had already paid out small fortunes in postage, petrol and telephone calls. We left room on the popular big concerts for unknowns, and insisted on everyone taking part in day-time events, too.

About money, our main consideration was that we should cover our expenses. We still think that this is, and should be, the prime consideration. In most of these things we succeeded, if not at our first, then at our second attempt.

We went to trouble to involve the visitors in real participation, and apart from the minimum necessary preliminary organisation, the people who were asked to run concerts or workshops were given *carte blanche*. We tried to make it a truly national festival.

One thing we felt vital, but which actually made the festival much harder for the organisers, was the "open program." This meant that almost without exception, space was left in workshops and concerts for performers whose abilities and repertoires were unknown, or whose attendance was uncertain, so they had to be finalised at the last moment. The star system, is, we feel, quite opposed to the aims of our festival, so we refused at least one outstanding performer who wanted to come, but who insisted on "a good spot on a big concert."

In the end we even made money, though the law of diminishing returns operated and we made more at our first smaller festival than we did at the bigger 1968 bunfight.

Australian Tradition, May, 1970.

One main weakness of both of these festivals was the dearth of traditional performers, and we went to some trouble to ensure the performance of any whom we could get. We felt very fortunate and honored that the Upper Murray Old Time Dance Group, and Alwyne Lloyd, from Corryong, were able to come to Melbourne, and as we fully expected, they proved most popular with a very mixed audience, specially Alwyne, who was a program stopper at both festivals.

The Brisbane Festival carried on these traditions, specially that of extending consideration to interstate guests and performers. The Australian content was well presented and the feeling of participation and friendliness was splendid.

Now it must be said that the Port Jackson Festival wasn't so good in some respects.

The strengths were many, and it was a tremendous box office success, the organisation and presentation was on the whole splendid, ample help was available to ensure that those running workshops had every help, billeting was very good, and the opening party pleasant, but the emphasis seemed to be rather on presenting of a show, and of providing the singers with good audiences than involving everyone possible in having a warm and friendly time, an attitude which was reflected in the fact that important things not actually concerned with presenting of a concert and securing an audience, tended to be haphazard; for example, front of house arrangements. And the program seemed to be so tightly organised that if Leadbelly, A. L. Lloyd, Woody Guthrie and Duke Tritton had just happened to turn up, they wouldn't have had a hope in hell of getting on to the program.

In-groupiness was rather noticeable in the selection of artists for the Saturday night concert, and in the giving out of free tickets. Here even the wives of Sydney singers were given frees without question, while many interstate participants had to battle for theirs.

Australia inherited only the "fag-end of a folk song tradition," and in fact, reciting, yarn spinning and bush dance tunes were far more widespread than singing, and any Australian folk festival has to cater for this. Yet the Port-Jackson was primarily a singers' festival despite the stated aims which were "to restore to the Australian people their heritage of Folk Song, Folk Lore and Folk Dance." In fact the program management and planning was entrusted to Mike Eves and Colin Dryden, both British born singers of British traditional songs, a choice which made the gap between the actual festival and its stated aims almost inevitable.

No doubt these aims were a little grandiose and perhaps unattainable, but it was distressing to find the Australian and contemporary concert falling so short of the declared aim. The organisers proved so insensitive as to refuse to invite Alwyne Lloyd to appear on the program. Alwyne actually was invited to Sydney to take part in the Saturday night concert by the Port Phillip Committee, who understood that Norm O'Connor, having been invited to M.C. the concert would, as is usual, be given some say in choosing the performers, but the mistake having been made, surely Alwyne should have been included and gladly. A fine traditional performer, Alwyne is always an audience favorite, and a little more flexibly, plus an understanding of what is folk lore would have prevented much hurt and disappointment. Alwyne is the real thing. Most of the rest of us are revivalists.

Yet on this same program the Karlin-Dryden-Campbell group was allowed to spend 40 minutes performing, including 10 minutes tuning up in a fashion which was insulting to the audience and unprofessional in the extreme. That members of the group felt free to return insulting back-chat to an audience which showed that it disliked such precious goings-on, was even more deplorable. The justification for such a huge program slot was that the group included several capable performers, so the same courtesy might well have been extended to the Wild Colonial Boys, who are all first rate performers in their own right.

It was sad, too, that in a concert which had been planned to combine Australian traditional and contemporary songs, thus doing away with the usual arbitrary division, that the break was so badly contrived. A singer such as Phil Vinnicombe could have perhaps bridged the gap and made the transition

less awkward, but then Phil wasn't asked to perform (and neither were very many other women during the entire Festival!).

In contrast the concert of American and English songs on the Sunday night was splendidly organised and presented, and the Skillet-lickers gave a masterly demonstration of just how a group should present themselves on stage. They, too, had to tune up, but they did it slickly and competently, making a few friendly remarks to the audience in the meantime, and then they got on with the job.

I thought too, that it was a symptom of this Festival that so many real interests went uncatered for. Poetry and a yarn telling were left out, even though Denis Kevans and other capable people were present and willing; the "protest" song was poorly represented; and practical aspects of field collecting were ignored even though more work was done in this field last year than ever before, a fact acknowledged in the program. Neither aboriginal nor fringe songs appeared either from the academic viewpoint or by medium of traditional performance, though the possibilities of both exist in N.S.W., and the one lecture on ballads suffered from being over scholastic.

Within the basic concept which tended to equate folk song with folk lore, the organisers had allowed for the Australian program conscientiously; the program on "Australian songs and the People who sing them," was good, and Pat O'Connor especially, emerged as a first rate public speaker. Unfortunately the less said about the Dickie-de Hugard disaster on oral humour the better. This failure left a real blank during an important Sunday afternoon spot for people who wanted to hear something Australian, although those who deserted to Mike O'Rourke's interesting talk on "Magic and Superstition" were much consoled. The two mummers' plays were a splendid idea and were vastly enjoyed both by Mike's large audience, and by the large cast.

We feel that the thing which puts the seal on the enjoyment of an event like this is the creation of an atmosphere in which everyone feels welcome and important. Thus the questions of whether you are involved in performance, have a wider significance. It's not just a question of being peeved because you weren't asked, or because you have to pay, or you're left out, but it gives you a chill that stays with you. I heard of a leading Sydney singer who, on being asked at the last minute to help out, said, "I'm so glad you asked me! I mean, I was starting to feel as if I didn't belong!" That, I think, is the essence of a folk festival, this feeling of being part of it, and we think that if people don't belong they won't want to be there.

Can a festival be big AND intimate, or are we on the wrong track? Can it be small and yet satisfying to performers who are thrilled by the opportunities for an audience on a mass scale? Can it be Australian, yet not narrow and parochial? Can a comprehensive affair be run by people who do not have some real interest in folk lore scholarship? Can a folk festival in Australia which is not basically Australian in content, represent anything but another take-over of our cultural scene, or is the existing body of Australian folk song too slight to be stimulating and challenging to singers and scholars alike? Interest in Australian folk lore studies is growing, and we wonder whether a serious student can be catered for by festivals like ours. Should we try?

The folk festivals in Australia owe much of their wonderful success to the fact that they have been real Festivals, and not just a series of traditional song concerts. If profits and box office success are going to be the criterions, we forecast that there will be a new series of folk festivals which have a heavier emphasis on Australian material, which are free or virtually so, and do not promote the star system. The big festivals then will be free to progress along the same paths as Newport, U.S.A., which sounds just awful. But lots of us won't be there.

A discussion of these questions is basic to the future existence of the current series of Australian Folk Festivals so Tradition is launching a discussion on "Festivals: Which Way?" We hope that this might be helpful to the Adelaide people, and to all of us in the future. How about summarising your view in 200-300 words. If the public response is good we will produce a special supplement in a later issue this year.

Australian Tradition, May, 1970.

A SQUATTER BOLD AND FREE

Collected from Stan Boyd, of Cooktown, North Queensland, by Wendy Lowenstein and Ron Edwards, December, 1969.



I am a squatter bold and free,
A man of thews and sinews,
No stockman harder rides than me,
No longer out continues.
My fleecy coats are thousands ten,
My hornied heads ten hundred,
I, and twenty shepherd men
From local life asundered.
No church or tavern near the place,
No letter bag goes through it.
No lovely woman's smiling face,
For I can't afford to do it.

The collecting of this song is a good example of the advantages of having a couple of collectors working in co-operation. Ron has collected from Stan Boyd, a retired stockman, now aged 82, previously, and has taped songs and dance tunes played on the whistle, mouth organ and accordion. On this occasion Stan mentioned this song but could not recall it at all. After Ron, who is mainly interested in songs, had gone off to talk to other contacts, I taped Stan's stories and reminiscences for several mornings, and on the last day, without any suggestion on my part he said, "I've remembered that song." It is an unusual song, and has an attractive tune. Stan said he learnt it from the other ringers (stockmen) and adds: "We used to sing it round the cattle." The literary tone of the words makes it likely that it is a "jackaroo" type of song which originated in the homestead rather than in the men's hut. However homestead and hut in N.Q. in Stan's youth contained very much the same class of people. Yet "thews and sinews," "fleecy coats" and the rest, are hardly terms in common usage among the folk. It might have been the work of some rather cultivated squatter, though perhaps it came from some town dweller with an idealised picture of squatterdom. Unlike "The Three Black Crows," we were unable to find any other old timer who remembered it. The last line, however, has a different ring to it, the sort of realistic touch which traditional singers often graft on to songs. — W.L.



CURRENT FOLK YARNS

This one is not exactly contemporary, but was so about 15 years ago when I was a school kid.

A motor cycle, travelling at high speed, overtook a truck that was loaded with corrugated iron. As the rider swung out to pass, a sheet of iron blew off the load and neatly decapitated him. But the bike was already on course, and shot past the truck and on down the road. The truck driver took one look at the headless, blood-spouting corpse still astride the machine, and died instantly of a heart attack!

The other is one of the more apocryphal stories of the teaching service.

A teacher asked his class to write a composition on the topic, "Our Friend the Policeman." One effort was brief and to the point. "Cops," the child had written, "is barsted."

The teacher, perturbed at such an attitude in one so young, made a phone call to the local police station. A few days later, a couple of constables arrived at the school on a "public relations" visit. They chatted with the children, let them play with sets of handcuffs, and finally gave them all a ride in the paddy-wagon to the local shop and bought them ice creams.

Shortly afterwards, the teacher again asked the class to write about "Our Friend the Policeman." He eagerly sought out the essay of the child whose first effort had so concerned him. This time, the child had written: "Cops is cunning barsted." — **Brad Tate.**



FIELD WORKERS IN FOLK LORE

Field Workers in Folk Lore is the brainchild of the editors of *National Folk and Tradition*. Its main immediate function will be regular columns in both magazines devoted to field work, and we hope that a lively and profitable correspondence will result. We also hope to establish a loose association of field workers (not an association of loose field workers) in folk lore which will encourage work in the field, by supporting applications for grants, etc.

Has anyone encountered the lagerphone when collecting in the field? I've come across instruments of the bush bass type made from oil drums, but never a lagerphone. Yet they are sometimes called Jingling Johnnies, a name also given to hand shears, swagmen, and to hand shearers. Gun (1) suggests that in its Australian origins this word could go back to the English dialect (Yorkshire) word, meaning a hurdy gurdy, but it seems that the name is used in England to describe a stick covered with bottle tops which is thumped on the floor (2). This would suggest that the instrument arrived here complete with the name, which was then transferred to shears, swaggies, etc., yet none of the old people I've spoken to have known about it. And when did the name "lagerphone" come in?

I've heard more than once about treason songs which were forbidden by the police, but in Ayr I recorded a song about the racehorse Musselman from Sam Blackmore. Sam sang this to the tune of "The Death of Willy Stone" (3) He said that it was forbidden to sing the song about Stone, and so the song about Musselman, the horse that killed him, was made up and sung widely. But in fact Stone was killed whilst riding a horse called Crusoe. Does anyone have any knowledge of these songs, or of Willy Stone being proscribed by the police? — **Wendy Lowenstein.**

1. Gunn, J. S.: Terminology of the Shearing Industry.
2. Tradition. See Folk Festivals Around the World.
3. Tradition, 4/67. P18.



Dear Madam,

As a collector of Australian folk music I am fascinated at what must be a new and advanced technique in field work that has apparently been developed in Victoria over the past few years, and I would like to have some more detailed information about it.

Examples of this new style of collecting may be found in recent issues of Tradition where here and there the footnote of a song will read "Collected by the Folk Lore Society of Victoria."

This short note suggests a number of possibilities, and perhaps you can tell me which one the Folk Lore Society adopts. For instance, does the Society go to the informants or does it bring them to a central point. In the case of very old informants I would imagine that the Society would have to go to them, and would like to know how this is arranged.

Do they charter a bus or all go in their own vehicles? Assuming a hundred members in the Society, private vehicles could become quite a traffic problem in small country towns, and parking could be awkward. One would assume then that one or two buses are chartered.

Obviously with the full society collecting each song they would not be all able to get into an ordinary suburban house, so I presume that the informant is brought out on to the front lawn, or perhaps a hall is hired if it is raining.

The noise of a hundred tape recorders working in a confined area would be a bit of a problem, but perhaps everyone takes turns.

It is indeed a far cry from the days when three collectors were considered a crowd, but at least each one had his name mentioned when the song was published. Today it would appear that there are just too many collectors, and the only way to save space is to print "collected by the Folk Lore Society of Victoria."

Ron Edwards,
Editor, National Folk.

Dear Fellow Australians,

Cooloola, home of the Ground Parrot, Emu, and the Golden Christmas Bell, is once again threatened by mining lease applications. These are to be heard initially on 20th March, 1970. Extensive areas totalling 16,000 acres have been applied for which, if granted, will have a permanently destructive effect on the environment of the Coloured Sands and elsewhere all over the Cooloola Sand Mass. This is a repetition of a similar threat which this Society and others effectively contested in 1963 and which led to a withdrawal of the mining lease applications at that time.

Cooloola has been a State Forest for many years. It has also been recognised for a long time as a living museum of native plants and animals. Prior to the 1963 mineral lease applications it was generally believed that under the administration of the Forestry Department, Cooloola was safe from destructive exploitation.

Mineral leases have once again been applied for, and we are faced with the need for complying with the provisions of the Mining Acts, namely by contesting these applications in the Mining Warden's Court. For this we must engage counsel and have adequate legal advice and the support of expert witnesses. We are accordingly seeking donations so that we can fight these applications to a successful conclusion.

May we have your support? This may well represent the climax of our endeavours. If mining leases are granted in Cooloola it could be the point of no return and yet another slice of eastern Australia will have joined the list of devastated landscapes.

Kathleen McArthur, Wildlife Preservation Society of Queensland, Caloundra Branch, P.O. Box 71, Caloundra, 4551.

Australian Tradition, May, 1970.

Dear Editor,

My main interest is collecting sound recordings, specialising in recordings by Australasian-born artists, composers, conductors, etc. This collection embraces all styles of music, irrespective of artistic merit. At present I have several thousand (2,000 plus) 78 r.p.m. records, many microgrooves and about 100 cylinder records — all by Australasian-born artists. Much of my time is spent on discography and biography relating to these artists.

It is amazing how many Australians did well overseas in the early days on the phonograph/gramophone (N.Z.-ers, too). Since 1925 we have had our own 78 recording industry and this preserved a wealth of material by local artists. Interesting to note that circa 1908/1910 there was at least three local cylinder phonograph recording companies operating—one in Melbourne, one in Sydney (possibly a second in Sydney). Two interesting titles recorded were "Manly Pier" and "Melbourne Trams."

Then, of course, we have Sir Baldwin Spencer's cylinders (about 1901/3 from memory — without checking) and a researcher named Watson in Tasmania recorded Aboriginals there in 1898 or 1899 (re-issued on microgroove by Tasmanian Museum).

Should you ever encounter any old "home made" cylinder phonograph records in your travels that contain historically interesting material (locals singing popular songs of the day, recitations, speeches, etc.), I would love to secure these. It was possible with the old Edison photograph to make your own cylinder recordings (by using it like a dictaphone) and John Meredith has told me that several old timers he has met had their old songs preserved on old wax cylinders. Trust your expedition was a success. I hope to get round the country possibly next year searching for material for my National Institute of recorded sound (posh, heh?) (records and tape interviews, etc.).

Let me know if I can ever be of assistance. Should you by chance ever see any large collections of old records, music magazines, up for disposal, I'd appreciate you letting me know.

Peter Burgis.

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FOLKLORE SOCIETY OF VICTORIA

Secretary: Mr. Frank Pitt,
51 Birdwood St.,
Box Hill, Victoria.

VICTORIAN FOLK MUSIC CLUB

Secretary: Miss Marian Sparrow,
20 Railway Parade,
Murrumbidgee.



Australian Tradition, May, 1970

FOLK DIRECTORY

NEW SOUTH WALES:

SYDNEY

Bush Music Club — 52 Clarence Street Sydney, every Tuesday, 8 p.m.

Sydney Folk Song Club —

Upstairs Elizabeth Hotel, 285 Elizabeth Street. Every Friday, Saturday, 8-10 p.m.

Maitland & Morpeth Folk Club —

Day Street Bar of Maitland & Morpeth Hotel. Every Friday, Saturday, 8-10 p.m.

Edinburgh Castle Folk Club —

Upstairs Edinburgh Castle Hotel, Cnr. Pitt & Bathurst Streets. Every Saturday from 7 p.m. Traditional.

Irish Musicians' Folk Club —

Upstairs Elizabeth Hotel, Elizabeth Street. Every Wednesday, 8-10 p.m.

The Shack (The Folk Arts Co-operative) —

15 Waterloo Street, Narrabeen. Every Friday, Saturday, 8 p.m.

NEWCASTLE:

Purple Parrot Folk Club —

Basement of W. E. Clegg Building, Newcastle Technical College. Every Sunday, 8 p.m.

Wild Colonial Days Society — P.A.C.T. Building, 173 Sussex Street, Sydney, second Tuesday of each month, 8 p.m.

ARMADALE.

University of New England Folk Music Society — Contact Ian White, Bob Wilson or Pete Dowdle.

The Bitter End — On campus every Saturday night during term.

QUEENSLAND:

BRISBANE:

The Folk Centre —

Ann Street, Brisbane (down lane, opp. Hotel Canberra). Every Friday, Saturday, Sunday, 7-11.30 p.m.

TOWNSVILLE:

University Folk Music Club —

University College of Townsville. Fortnightly on Fridays during the academic year.

CANBERRA, A.C.T.

Monaro Folk Music Society — Staff Centre, A.N.U. Contact Bob Rummery, 81-1015, or Col. McJannett, 47-7483.

VICTORIA:

MELBOURNE:

Victorian Folk Music Club.—

Singabout: First Saturday every month, Scout Hall, corner Orrong/Malvern Roads, Armadale, 8 p.m.

Workshop: Every Monday, Scout Hall, Fairbairn Street, Toorak, 8 p.m.

The Pricklye Bush —

Saturdays, 2.30-6.30 p.m., at the Union Hotel, Chr. Fenwick and Amess Streets, North Carlton.

Ron Edwards Continued

1953	Bandicoot Ballads 5-8	Manifold and Edwards
1954	The Dying Stockman	Hugh Anderson
	Two Songs of '57	Hugh Anderson
1055	Colonial Ballads	Hugh Anderson
	Bandicoot Ballads 9-16	Manifold and Edwards
	Botany Bay Broad-sides	Hugh Anderson
	Songs of Billy Barlow	Hugh Anderson
	*The Overlander Songbook	Ron Edwards
1957	Three Street Ballads	Russel Ward
1958	Gold Rush Songster	Hugh Anderson
1966	*Folksong and Ballad	Ron Edwards
	Overlander Songbook: parts 2 ,3, 4, 5	
	A Quartpot of Songs	
	To the North	
	Humping Old Bluey	
	*Northern Folk	Ron Edwards
	(Magazine of Cairns Folk Music Club)	
1969	*The Overlander Songbook (Complete)	Ron Edwards
	* Edited or compiled by Ron.	

A. L. LLOYD'S AUSTRALIAN TOUR

MELBOURNE:

Friday, May 8th — MUSIC OF SPAIN.

Thursday, May 14th — BRITISH FOLK MUSIC.

Friday, May 15th — THE AMOROUS MUSE.

Concession Tickets, May 14 and 15, \$2.00, from Folk Music Club, 30 1176, and P.P.F.F., 99-3923. Tickets also at Discurio, 294 Little Collins St. 63 2196.

SYDNEY:

Wednesday, May 20th — MUSIC OF SPAIN.

**Friday, May 22nd — EROTIC ELEMENT IN ENGLISH.
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Saturday, May 23rd — FOLK SONG IN ENGLAND.

The first concert is sponsored by W.E.A. No address supplied. Two others are in the Wallis Theatre, Sydney University.

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