

THE HOEDOWNER

Waldport, Oregon May 10, 1967

At long last it is time to start on HOEDOWNER no. 4, and I haven't much to write about so I will do the best I can.

Don't forget the Potluck dinner and Jam Session in Portland on May 21st. It will be at the I.O.O.F. Hall in the Lents district in S.E. Portland, 91st and Ramona. Just go down Foster Road to 91st, turn left about two blocks to Ramona and look around and there you are at the Odd Fellows Hall.

Now it is time to mention our trip to Paradise, California so I will give you my personal opinion of it. First, I will mention the people from California who took part in the program. Honestly I didn't think there were as many good people in the entire state as I met at Paradise and I believe they all came to Paradise for that occasion.

The only bad thing about the Paradise show was the weather and believe it or not, the snow is just as white in California as in Oregon, also I have no control over the California weather and when I came back to Oregon I find that they have let it rain until the sun has become mildewed and when it shines it is not as bright as usual.

At this time I will quote the outcome of the Paradise, California fiddling Contest. Harold Allen-first place, Harold is from Oregon as you know. Lloyd Wanzer, Idaho-second place, Bill Yohey, Oregon-third place, Dwayne Youngblood, Idaho-fourth place, Delbert McGrath, California-fifth place, J. Belt, California-sixth place, Jimmie Miller, Oregon-seventh place and Rusty Modrell, Oregon-eighth place.

In the Juniors it was Scotty Ward who won first place and as to who was second and third you can guess with me. On the sheet I have Gary Krogstad, has his name in second place with 363 points, while Rickey Youngblood has his name in third place with 367 points, so there is a slight error somehow and I don't want the blame for that too.

In the Seniors it was Charles Johnson, Oregon-first place, Lou Berline, Missouri-second, Charlie Wear, California-third, and Frank Knight-fourth.

Delbert McGrath took first place in the California Regional contest and will represent California in the National Contest at Weiser this year.

I have had quite a few letters and notices from fiddlers and Fiddling groups from California and they seem well satisfied with the Paradise contest, also the Judging, and I think we should all be very proud of our neighbors to the south.

I had a nice letter from our eastern Oregon friend Pete Haynes a short time ago and he is willing to throw his hat in the Judging ring and up to date we have not more than 6 or 8 members

who are willing to Judge a Contest and you know what happens when the same people Judge too many times.

Just consider that Judging a Contest is not a pleasure, but a duty, and also remember your President judged five Contests in one year because he was willing, and at the end of the year he had very few friends left. So throw your hat in the Judging ring and do your Fiddling duty by Judging a Contest now and then.

I have asked a few times in the past for suggestions concerning a place and time to have a Convention of Oregon Oldtime Fiddlers Association and as yet had no response. Now lets all start thinking about it and let us know your opinion on the matter.

We have several Fiddling engagements definitely coming up and more coming up that we will have to make arrangements for, so be sure to come to Portland and May 21st and help us out.

In this case I have no biographies to write about and no accompanists to mention. I will give you my impression of a fiddler. First, I will say that when you can play good enough to enter Contests and play before the public you are then a Fiddler, and no matter how bad you play there are some people who are musically dumb enough to appreciate it.

My Father was an Oldtime Fiddler, his father also, and my Mother's father also played the fiddle so I seemed doomed from the beginning.

My troubles didn't start until I was quite a boy, big enough to play ball and run with the other youngsters and at this time at had quite a serious injury that confined me to my home for several months and at this time I was given my fathers Fiddle to play with. Believe it or not the neighbors complained for about three blocks around.

After about four months of confinement in my room with my fiddle I finally got out in circulation again, and soon the fiddlers all came around to hear that dern kid play the fiddle. I think it was about two years later that I started to play in public places.

My playing has been quite varied, and I believe if you leave out practice time I have played on the job more hours than most people that I know.

When you hang out your shingle as a fiddler you must go when you are called, regardless how you feel. You might be ill, full of sorrow, mad, or just plain tired, but you have to play just the same.

My playing days are all past, now I am just fooling around. In the past I have played for dances, shows, carnivals, steamboats and churches, but recently I hit the jackpot. When I came home from Paradise, California I had a terrible cold, the kind of cold commonly called the flu, and for about three weeks I was more dead than alive, but during this time I was called out to

play about three times. During this time I didn't feel like playing I felt more like crawling back under my rock and dying in peace.

In one case I was asked to play for the Mother and Daughter Banquet and when they asked me I told them I didn't feel like playing and they said you played for us last year and they expect it again this year so I agreed. When I was ushered in I looked around and not another man in the house and I never felt so much alone in my life. I felt just like a little innocent puppy pitched in a nest with an old cat and a batch of new born kittens.

Did you ever play for anyone who for the sake of politeness would clap their hands, but really would rather bite you? I guess that about finishes it for now and I am glad I lived after all.

I neglected to mention in the last issue that the Oregon Oldtime Fiddlers Association had finally suffered its first casualty, when at the Waldport Fiddling show when Dess Jenkins was on stage playing with the rest of her group. As near as I can determine the (G) string on her gut bucket broke and the fore mast flipped around and flapped her in the forehead. For a time the damage was undetermined but I understand she is back to health now.

After our Potluck in Portland May 21st, the next fiddling Activity is Canyon city June 9th and 10th. Then to Weiser June 21st and back to Molalla July 1st, and Cottage Grove July 14th, and from there no dates have been established as yet.

The Potluck and Jam session at Banks was quite a success and was attended by a large crowd of spectators and many Fiddlers. We signed up a few new members and some Fiddlers.

Any articles that you might have overlooked or left at any of our parties have been saved and can be recovered by asking Bill or Edna Yohey.

CLIFF BUKER, President

Oregon Oldtime Fiddlers Association

And Editor of the THE HOEDOWN