

BROADCASTING AND PRESERVING
UPCOUNTRY MUSIC NEAR AND FAR

by Beatrice Naff Bailey

Upstate novelist Ben Robertson, Jr., a seemingly semi-retired journalist by 1938, managed to devote quite a bit of time and energy to preserving and honoring the traditional music of South Carolina's Piedmont. One of his articles appeared in the *New York Times*, celebrating a democratic pasttime within the old, Upcountry South—one that Robertson believed should endure. For him, this was a continuation of a healthy tradition that, after close scrutiny, he hoped his community would preserve. This pasttime was the Upcountry's "All Day Singings." In the article "Cotton Country Sings," Robertson honored a cultural and artistic ritual of the plain people within North and South Carolina's Blue Ridge who organized over sixty singing festivals in the foothills during the month of August, after the cotton crop "had just been laid by." For generations, Upcountry people had been singing. As Robertson noted,



Ben Robertson, Jr. c. 1937

All their lives, these people have spent the Sundays of August at singing conventions, just as their fathers and grandfathers and great grandfathers did in their lifetimes, and they still use the nomenclature of the Shakespearean octave. Many of their song books are still printed here in shaped note instead of round editions, using the system of diamonds, circles, squares and triangles that William & Smith devised in Philadelphia in 1798.

. . . Their big singing meetings are organized on the pattern that their forefathers learned in politics. Each township has a singing convention, each county has a convention made up of the townships, and the State singing convention is composed of the county conventions. They have a tremendous machinery for teaching and disseminating their music, traveling singing teachers and itinerant singing schools, their own local printing presses that turn out thousands of hymnals. . . . Often at some of their all-day singings, with dinner on the grounds, there will be 5,000 people. Sometimes 10,000 persons attend the huge South Carolina Singing Convention, which usually meets the second Sunday in August



at the great Textile Hall in Greenville. . . .The singings which these Carolinians hold are among the oldest music festivals in America, many of them having met annually, more or less, since the Wesley revival swept the upcountry. . . .¹

With careful analysis, Robertson showed the American reading public that the South was not as bereft of artistic and cultural contributions as many of them might have thought. Robertson compared this Southern artistic tradition to those in New York and beyond. He could do so since he could have been a classical pianist and had studied gospel, blues and jazz forms for years.

Robertson's "Clemson Twice A Week" column in the periodical he had recently founded, *Clemson Commentator*, praised the local all-day singings as he paid close attention to the one held at the Clemson Chapel which 5,000 people attended. In addition to features on the "Singings" noted in a *New York Times* article, he compared local songs to those heard in Catholic and Episcopal cathedrals:

The hymns we heard there were simple and evangelical, the music of an old faith, and they moved with the original emotion that gave power to the early Protestant church. They had a quality of simplicity that the Protestant churches of the town seem to have lost. This was the music of the cotton mill and the cotton farm that we listened to, and in this entire nation there is no church music that can compare with it except in the colored churches and in the great Catholic and Episcopal cathedrals.

I think the singing here Sunday was music to compare with the singing of Dr. Pietro Yon's choir in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, with the Bethlehem Bach choir in Pennsylvania, with Professor Lawson's choir at Tuskegee, with the choir of the Mormon Temple. . . .

Anyhow, the rhythm of these sacred hymns is the jazz rhythm, and it is closely related too, to Yankee Doodle and Dixie.

There is not such a gulf between "St. Louis Blues" and "I'm Troubled, I'm Troubled in My Soul."

It is this music that expresses our heart. It is "Old Man River" and "The New World Symphony" and "The Land Where We'll Never Grow Old."²

As Robertson wrote, the all-day singings compare

with the contribution the President and Mrs. Roosevelt are making at the White House by their sponsoring of old-time American fiddling competitions and the dancing of the square dance. We are learning at last to be our native self.³

Clearly, Robertson found several rituals within his community that could continue and that could actually enhance not only the South but the nation. With singing, South Carolina could make a worthwhile contribution.

Wanting to preserve this priceless tradition and music, and considering his national connections, Robertson took action by serving again as a go-between for two different communities. In July of 1939, Robertson invited the folklorist John Lomax to make a

stop in Clemson as he made his rounds collecting native music from all over the South—at FDR’s New Deal expense. The Harvard-educated Kentuckian accepted the invitation. With his wife, he came to Clemson to hear and record some songs and to witness this “All Day Singing” that Robertson kept writing him about.

On June 9, 1939, John and Ruby Lomax spent the whole day driving from Murrells Inlet on the coast to Clemson. Upon arrival at the Robertson home, the Lomaxes met Robertson’s father and the African-American maid, Mary Lee, who ran the house. The hosts helped them settle into the house that had a very fine library, according to Ruby. On the Friday evening of their three-day visit, Robertson had made arrangements for them to hear and record African-American singers from New Hope Baptist Church (formerly Little Hope Baptist Church) in Clemson.

As the entourage was driving to the church, they came upon some African Americans who were headed on foot to New Hope. These people said the meeting had been moved to the old school-house since it was closer than the church for visitors. Despite the rain, thunder, and dim lighting, the Lomaxes struck gold. Ruby Lomax left the gathering with high regard for these singers:

For the evening Mr. Robertson had investigated Negro rural services. We were told that the Little Hope Baptist congregation would have services. It looked like rain, but we started out. On the way we learned from Negroes on foot that the group was gathering at the school-house which was nearer than the church house. When we arrived some fifty people of all ages had gathered. The house was dimly lighted but we set to work as quickly as possible, since lightning was beginning to flash. Perhaps the congregation did not feel at home here, but response came slowly. Finally we did record several lined hymns and spirituals and one very pretty cradle song. By the time we had packed up ready to go, the rain was coming down in sheets. Mr. Robertson braved the storm to back the car as close to the door as possible; with the help of the deacons we loaded up and with the careful driving of Mr. Robertson we slid safely along the clay roads home. I couldn’t help wondering what the “Sunday Best” of those faithful church members looked like after they had waded through the rain over the several miles that many had to travel. They are a very patient, fine-spirited people.⁴

Several lyrics follow that John and Ruby Lomax were able to add to their extensive collection on that stormy night in Upstate South Carolina. This New Zion Baptist Church congregation at the Little Hope School House had their own songs, rare ones that the collectors found distinctive. The first in the Library of Congress collection, labeled 2726A, is called “Go Preach My Gospel,” sung by Deacon Harvey Williams and the entire congregation:

Go preach my Gospel, saith the Lord,
Let all earth my grace receive

He shall save that trust my word,
And, he’ll condemn who not believe.



Now make your great commission known
And ye shall prove my glory true.

Robertson believed his Upcountry people were all influenced by the intellectual and spiritual currents that surrounded them. Here was evidence that the African-American community was as drenched in Puritan piety as any of the white characters in Robertson's *Travelers' Rest*. When he portrayed "Black Queen Elizabeth" as one who found strength in spirituals as she was being carted off to a distant land, he knew what he was writing about. The African-American community found some solace in the storied world of the Old and New Testaments—stories that offered hope for God's chosen yet oppressed people. The next recorded spiritual, labeled 2726A2 in the Library of Congress recordings, was called "My Lord, What a Mourning." Anna Cason led the congregation:

My Lord, what a mournin' (Repeat 3 times)
When the stars begin to fall.

You hear de church bells tollin' (Repeat 3 times)
When the stars begin to fall.

Look an' hear, my God's right hand (Repeat 3 times)
When the stars begin to fall.

Readers can imagine the school-house swaying as did the Big Abel Baptist Church building in *Red Hills and Cotton*. The words basically conveyed the idea that the oppressed reach for transcendental support in times of crisis. This was the spiritual's message, yet it pales in comparison to the poetic richness of these lyrics. No wonder Robertson chose to write like a blues player. He wanted, at times, for his stories to bring mercy and saving grace. He was inspired by such songs. The third song for that evening was a fine cradle song, a lullaby, sung by Anna Cason and Polly Pearson. This lullaby, labeled 2726A3 by the Library of Congress, was called "Your Mamma's a Lady":

Bye, bye, baby, yo' mamma's a lady
I know yo' pappy's gone down to de town
To shoot a little rabbit skin
To wrap the Baby Buntin' in
Bye, bye, little baby, lay down.

Rock de cradle, Jo Jo. Rock de cradle, Susy
Rock de cradle, Jo Jo. Rock de cradle, Susy.

From the cradle, the young children learned that their mother was a fine woman. From the cradle, the young learned that their caring father would go all the way to town to shoot a rabbit in whose skin he would wrap his precious babies. The lyrics suggest a family affair in the raising of children as the older siblings or aunts and uncles, perhaps, rocked the

cradle and told the children about their fine parents. Robertson wanted the world to have such stories about African Americans in its memory bank. He fought in a gentle way to establish such impressions. The music kept flowing that thunderous night.

In another song, “Rough, Rocky Road,” recording 2726B1 in the Library of Congress collection, Jobie Holmes, Mandie English, Frances Cason and Polly Pearson were the vocalists:

It’s a rough, rocky road, most done travelin’, (Repeat Twice)
I am bound to carry my soul to Jesus.
I am bound to carry my soul to de Lord.

Got a mother on de road, most done travelin’, (Repeat Twice)
I am bound to carry my soul to Jesus.
I am bound to carry my soul to de Lord.

My father done gone, most done travelin’, (Repeat Twice)
I am bound to carry my soul to Jesus.
I am bound to carry my soul to de Lord.

This song conveyed a communal, spiritual pilgrimage. These singers saw themselves on a spiritual journey. Robertson wanted a sense of civic justice and equality to finally reign on earth. These singers, perhaps, felt that the reward would be in some afterlife, in which justice and compassion would prevail.

The final song for the evening was sung by Mary Lee (the Robertson housekeeper), Judie Holmes, Frances Cason, Ed Pearson and Eula McDonald. Their song, number 2726B2 in the Library of Congress files, was “New Buryin’ Ground”:

Don’t you hear my Lord a-callin’
Way over in de buryin’ groun’
Come on! Let’s go a-buryin’
Way over, (Way over) (Way over)
Hammer keep a-ringin’ on somebody’s coffin.

Concluding the evening of song, these singers must have been proud. In a follow-up letter to John Lomax, Robertson said that Mary Lee had enjoyed being with the Lomaxes.

The next day, John and Ruby Lomax did not need to get out on the slippery clay roads again for Robertson had made arrangements for local singers to come to the Robertson home. This proved quite effective. The recording machinery was set up for one time only. Fortunately, the machinery did not fail because four of the songs are now available as audio clips from the *American Memory* recording series. Others were named and some of the lyrics were captured as Ruby Lomax dutifully copied. It must be noted that in Clemson (and throughout the South), Jim Crow laws were still in place. Segregation was the way of the land. Blacks and whites did not visit at each other’s homes. Robertson, however, with his father’s approval, broke from this tradition as he had done when he sat down in the kitchen of the old home place to talk to Mary, the black cook, in his famous novel

Red Hills and Cotton. For Robertson to bring in a major outsider to record black music in a white man's house was a bit too much for many neighbors, some of whom would have been troubled, as Robertson understood. Nevertheless, throughout a fine spring day several African-American and mill-town singers came to the Robertson home to share their talents with the world. The first quartet included Phil Butler, Brady Walker, Thomas Trimmer and William Gant. For their first song, Mary Lee joined in. "Communion Hymn" (2721A4), available on *American Memory* in audio format, survives but only in fragments of the lyrics that were originally recorded. The African American male vocalists then went ahead with their own version of "De Gospel Train" (LC No. 2721B1).



John Lomax visiting with Uncle Rich Brown, Oct. 1940

Oh, de gospel train is comin',
don't you want to go (repeat)

Oh, yes, I want to go
Oh, she's comin' 'round de mountain, don't you want to go?
Oh, oh, yes, I want to go.

Oh, she's comin' heavy loaded, don't you want to go? (repeat)
Oh, she's loaded with bright angels, don't you want to go?
Oh, tell me who de Captin
King Jesus is de Captin
He fought (pronounce as "fout") out many a battle
Oh, oh, yes, I want to go.

The group not only provided a variation on "De Gospel Train," but they also gave their own community's twist to the song "New Burying Ground" (LC No. 2721B2):

Refrain:
Come on, come on, let's go to buryin' (Repeat 3 times)
Way over on de new buryin' groun'

Verses:

De hammer keep a-ringin' on somebody's coffin, (Repeat 3 times)

De preacher keep a-preachin' somebody's fun'al (Repeat 3 times)

De hearse keep a-rollin' somebody dyin' (Repeat 3 times)

Just as the hearse kept rolling, so did time. Other lyrics from the quartet focused on the passage of time. For example, "Sometimes I Feel Like My Time Ain't Long" (LC No. 2723A1) might be the basis for a blues song in a speak easy in Harlem, as many gospel songs were:

Sometimes I feel like my time ain't long
 Sometimes I feel like, feel like (repeat)
 Sometimes I feel like my time ain't long.

De preacher keep a-preachin' somebody's fun'al
 Makes me feel like my time ain't long

Sometimes I pray like, pray like (repeat)
 Sometimes I pray like my time ain't long

Sometimes I sing like, sing like (repeat)
 Sometimes I sing like my time ain't long.

Later in the day, the Owens quartet (Cecil, Martha, Edward and Robert), which derived from a white mill-village family, offered some familiar standards such as "Miller Got Drowned," "Ole Aunt Dinah," "Shoo Robin" (a game song), "Turkey Run Away," and a play song called "Bluebird." A few of the Owens' tunes, however, were new to the collectors. "Stop an' Take a Ride" (LC No. 2724A1) evoked the image of spiritual seekers who want to ride in a chariot as if called to glory:

De chariot wheel keep a-movin' (Repeat 3 times)
 Lord, I know you want to ride on de chariot wheel.

Oh, stop an' take a ride (Repeat 3 times) on de chariot wheel.

Next Verses:

(Insert line below after "De chariot will keep a-movin'" is repeated 3 times)

My mother took a ride on de chariot wheel.

My father took a ride on de chariot wheel.

I know I'm goin' take a ride on de chariot wheel.

The next song from the Owens Quartet, "You Better Run" (LC No. 2724A2), suggested



movement, as well:

Refrain: You better run (Repeat 3 times) to de city o' de refuge.

You meet those hypocrites on de street
De first thing they do is show their teeth
The next thing they do they begin to lie
You better let de liars pass on by.

Refrains:

You got to run, etc.

I got a father in de promised land, I never want to stop, etc.

Maintaining the “running” theme, the next piece urged the faithful to “Keep a Runnin’ from the Fire” (LC No. 2724A3):

Keep a Runnin’ (Repeat 3 times) from de fire
I’m on my journey home.

Next Verses:

Children, I’m almost surrounded by de fire

Refrain 2:

I’m a runnin’, I’m a runnin’ from de fire.

Oh, sinner, you can’t stand de fire.

Pleased with the additions to their collection, the Lomaxes looked forward to discovering more. Could there be more songs? Robertson was convinced there were. The researchers started out early for Anderson, South Carolina, because Robertson had arranged a local radio interview for the Lomaxes. After they finished and were driving back to Clemson, they were surprised to see that eighty convicts from a county road camp were chained at the ankle. John and Ruby had seen much in their day, but never had they witnessed a chain gang. They stopped and recorded several songs sung by the men despite the physical discomfort it caused the imprisoned.

At a county road camp we saw a sight that shocked us all—eighty Negroes tied by ankle chain to a long large common chain. The fellows were very good-natured about it, and when the singers moved, the whole group made no complaint at having to move too. When a singer would say, “This is as close as I kin git to the mike,” the other fellows would shuffle their leg-chains along the big chain until the singer could reach the mike. This was in a group singing, where the mike could not be moved to one singer. The boys enjoyed the diversion and invited

us back. Mr. Robertson and a young reporter [Earl Mazo, a Clemson College student] who was with us did not know that such a custom existed [in South Carolina], and they immediately made resolutions. As guests of the state, John Avery and I, of course, can make no public statement about our reactions.⁵

For the sake of a diversion, perhaps, the prisoners, performed well. The first tune, “Ah Louise” (LC No. 2725), was sung by Roscoe (Stud) Jackson with the rest of the gang chiming in:

Louise, you de sweetest girl I know,
Well, you made me walk from Chicago to de Gulf o’ Mexico

Says, de big boat’s up de river
She’s on a bank o’ sand
If she don’t strike high water
I swear she never land.

You, Louise, dat ain’t no way to do
You tryin’ make me love you—to love you so

Oh, Louise, this here will never do
Oh, you tryin’ to love that other man, and old tender too

When she start to love you, I swear she—

Say, looky here, Louise, somebody been
and grinded’ up de corn.

The next selection, “Flatfoot Blues” (LC No. 2725A2), was whistled by Clarence Chambers but no lyrics were recorded. The gathered party then heard another version of “The Gospel Train” (LC No. 2724B1) as Hambone led the work crew:

De Gospel Train is comin’, comin’ round dat curve

My mother goin’ ride dat train dat’s comin’ round dat curve
Dat train goin’ shoo-shoo, shoo-shoo
Dat train goin’ ding-dong, ding-dong
Dat whistle goin’ oooh-oooh, oooh-oooh.

Next Verses:

My father goin’ ride dat train. . . .

My sister goin’ ride dat train. . . .

Hambone helped with yet another tune, “Hell Down Yonder” (LC No. 2724B2). Then



Slick Owens and the gang offered an additional selection “Ain’t No Heaven on de County Road” (LC No. 2724B3):

An’ ef I get drunk in yo’ city, ole woman
An’ some one fall down at yo’ door
Don’t you run yo’ hand in my pocket, ole woman
An’ take all my silver an’ gold.
‘Case I ain’t been there but I been told
Ain’t no heaven on de county road.
She’ll take a stranger on her knee, and she’ll tell him things that she won’t tell me.
And if I get killed in Arkansas-saw-saw
Won’t you send my body to my moth-r-in-law.

Following that song, Carol Smith took the lead on “Po’ Laz’us” (LC No. 2725B1), the final gospel from the Anderson chain gang:

Cap’n told de High Sheriff, Go an’ bring me Laz’us,
Dead or ‘live, Lord, Lordy, dead or ‘live.

Dey found Po’ Laz’us way in behind Bald Mountain
Wid he head hung down, Lord, Lordy, wid he head hung down.

He told ole Laz’us, come to carry you back dis mornin’,
Come an’ go wid me, Come an’ go wid me.

Ole Laz’us cried out, Won’t be ‘rested dis mornin’
By no one man, By no one man.

He shot po Laz’us, shot him wid a mighty big number,
Wid a forty-five, Wid a forty-five

Ole Laz’us mother, she come a-runnin’ an’ a-hollerin’,
You killed my son, You killed my son.

Mail day, I gits a letter
Oh, son, come home, Oh, son, come home.

I couldn’t read dat ole letter for cryin’
Wid a broken heart, Wid a broken heart.

I didn’t have no ready-made money,
Caint go home, Caint go home.

You young minors, go on an’ git yo’ larnin’
I got mine, I got mine.



I got my larnin' when de rock was in de bottom,
Oh, years ago, Lord, Lord, years ago.

With so many fine tunes, no wonder the Lomaxes arrived late for their main engagement, the all-day singing at Toccoa Falls.

Over twenty thousand people were on the grounds by the time the Lomaxes parked. As encouraged by the advertisements, music lovers came “with full baskets” of food. Part of the standard fare at these all-day singings, as Robertson wrote in his *New York Times* article, was friendly competition, but anybody could have registered to sing and would have been given an audience in this old democratic tradition. Again, the Lomaxes found songs at the Georgia-Carolina Singing Festival, as Ruby Lomax recalled:

After lunch we drove to Toccoa Falls, Georgia, where a huge crowd had gathered from three states, about twenty thousand. It was a hot day and the building of the main session was steaming, literally. Loud speakers made the singing audible over several acres. It was a great social gathering, a veritable reunion. It was impossible to choose wisely. After listening for a long time on the outside, Mr. Lomax chose two quartets, one of women, one of men, for recordings. They were conducted to a building where the machine was set up. The records were made in the midst of much noise and confusion. The songs are not folk songs, but the records illustrate a manner—[a] kind of religious song and a manner of singing them that are currently popular in some small towns and rural districts. It is not the same as the Sacred Harp.⁶

Pleased with the whole affair, Mr. Lomax had to choose from the myriad singers, but their lyrics were not recorded.

The next day, Monday, June 12, 1939, Ruby and John Lomax bid farewell and headed up the road, blessed by a few Upcountry treasures like “Communion Hymn,” “The Gospel Train,” “New Buryin’ Ground,” and “Sometimes I Feel Like My Time Ain’t Long.” Unfortunately, however, the Lomaxes had to take with them the rude memory of the soulful convict singers chained at the ankles.

Robertson, who was as appalled as the Lomaxes, took action. He first sent the following letter to John Lomax:

Clemson, South Carolina
June 27, 1939

Dear Mr. Lomax:

Mary found the pen in the yard and was very pleased to know that it was yours. She has become a great admirer of you and Mrs. Lomax.

I wish you would write our Governor—he is Burnet R. Maybank—about the Negroes. I am sending you a copy of a statement by Judge Featherstone about the Greenwood County situation—the county below Anderson. I have written to him about the Anderson gang. I have been to Philadelphia to see the



[*Saturday Evening*] *Post* editors about some more assignments and my father says while I was away a Mr. Piesee from near Anderson came by with a hundred year old song book, written with a goose quill pen. I don't know what it is like but when I see it I'll let you know.

It was a great pleasure to have you and Mrs. Lomax here and I hope you'll come by here often. Give my regards to Alan.

As ever,
Ben Robertson.

I am mailing the pen.⁷

This letter proved persuasive. John Lomax wrote to Robertson's good friend from his *Charleston Courier* days, the South Carolina Governor Burnet R. Maybank. Lomax wrote as follows:

Honorable Burnet R. Maybank,
Governor of South Carolina,
Columbia, S. C.

My dear Governor:

Since 1934 I have spent much of my time travelling throughout the south making records of folk songs. In this work I have visited Negro convicts in all Southern penitentiaries, and in many of the road camps. In making my reports to the Library of Congress I have found so much unjust criticism and misinformation about the treatment of Negro convicts in the South that a year or so ago I wrote a news article explaining the widely misunderstood term "chain gang." In this story I stated that I had never seen convicts chained together. (As a matter of fact no instance of physical brutality in all my experiences have come under my personal notice). I can no longer make this claim.

A few Sundays ago I visited the convict road camp in Anderson County, South Carolina, near Clemson College. There I saw a hundred negroes resting in their quarters, all fastened together on a single long chain, so that when a small group agreed to sing for me, the entire bunch had to move out of the tent and stand in the open.

I do not know of the special reasons that make it necessary for these men to be chained together on their rest day. I only know that I have never before seen a practice which seemed to me unnecessary and inhuman.

I am writing to you, Governor, only in the hope that, through the power of your office and the high esteem in which you are held by your people, you can have this situation corrected. I am a Texan and I was for years on the Faculty of the University of Texas, but my father, James Avery Lomax, was born and reared in Abbeville/District, South Carolina, while my mother came from Alabama. By inheritance I hold dear the righteous ideas of a Southern man.

I wish to add that I was most courteously received by the guards at the Anderson County Prison Camp, and I was touched by the cheerful acceptance of their hard fate shown by these black boys as they slowly dragged themselves about with their legs manacled to that long chain.

Sincerely and respectfully yours,
John Lomax

P. S. Without their permission I refer you to Ben Robertson, Jr. of Clemson, S. C. and to Professor Read Smith, South Carolina University, whom I have known somewhat intimately since we were students together at Harvard University.⁸

Evidently, Robertson and John Lomax were successful with their political efforts because, upon Robertson's untimely death in a plane crash in 1943, Lomax wrote a letter to Robertson's father that shared how much Ben had done for the South. He noted that they "did one good job together; [g]ot your Governor to take more than a hundred Negro convicts off a long chain to which they were all fastened, through their Sunday day of rest."⁹ The chains were tossed, never, under law, to be used again in a state correctional facility. In short, through ambassadorial efforts at home, Ben Robertson, Jr., had brought one of the finest Southern intellectuals and researchers to his community. Because of that visit, the songs of Robertson's people endure to this day—songs of enslaved and freed, black and white, tenant and farmer, male and female. Unexpectedly, the shackles at South Carolina prisons were removed. Unfortunately, the "Singings" are a lost tradition.

NOTES

1. Robertson, Ben. "Cotton Country Sings." *New York Times* 6 Aug. 1939: X5.
2. Robertson, Ben. "Clemson Twice a Week." *Clemson Commentator* 12 July 1938: 2.
3. Robertson, Ben. "Clemson Twice a Week." *Clemson Commentator* 12 July 1938: 2.
4. The John and Ruby Lomax 1939 Southern States Recording Trip, *1939 Southern Recording Trip Fieldnotes*, Section 21: Clemson, South Carolina and vicinity (June 9-12). Hereafter cited as *Fieldnotes*. For permission to quote transcripts from the Lomaxes' taped recordings, as well as their notes and correspondence as posted by the Library of Congress on the Internet, we have the following assurance: "The Library of Congress is not aware of any U.S. copyright protection (see Title 17, U.S.C.) or any other restrictions on the materials in the *Southern Mosaic: The John and Ruby Lomax 1939 Southern States Recording Trip*." The URL is <<http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/ammemrr.pl?title=%3ca+href%3d%22%2fammem%2flohtml>>.
5. *Fieldnotes*, p.13.
6. *Fieldnotes*, p. 7.
7. *Fieldnotes*, p.13.
8. *Fieldnotes*, p.14.
9. John Lomax. "To Professor Ben Robertson, Sr." 8 March 1943. Mss. 77. Ben Robertson Papers. Clemson University Special Collections, Clemson, South Carolina. Box 2, Folder 21.