

# ACCORDIONS IN THE CUTOVER



Field Recordings of Ethnic Music From  
Lake Superior's South Shore







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Lake Superior's South Shore

Produced by Northland College  
Ashland, Wisconsin

Project Director, James P. Leary

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"I don't know if we play like them old timers. I don't know if we're as good as them."

—Matt Pelto

## SIDE ONE

BOB MATHIOWETZ, concertina.

A retired motel/gas station operator, Bob was born in 1918 and grew up in Ashland, youngest of ten children in a musical family. His Czech-German parents hailed from New Ulm, Minnesota, where Bob's dad knew the father of legendary German bandleader "Whoopee" John Wilfahrt and played baritone horn, bandonion, and concertina. The "Mathiowetz Concertina Orchestra," a family band featuring two concertinas, trumpet, piano, and drums, played for Ashland dances from 1928-1932. Bob was the trumpeter but he also learned harmonica, button accordion, piano accordion, chordovox, and concertina. From the early 1940s until the mid-70s, Mathiowetz participated in regional bands—"The Gloom Chasers," "The Northernaires," "Bob and Rod," "The Solid Sound"—that combined various "old time" or ethnic styles with Big Band, Dixieland, and Country music.

### 1. Concertina Galop

"Theme Song" of the Mathiowetz Concertina Orchestra, the galop was a couple dance incorporating 2/4 time at a slightly "crisper" pace than the polka. Bob has a tattered copy of the sheet music, probably published in Chicago by Vitak-Elsnic: a company which marketed arrangements for piano and concertina through Joseph Jiran, another Bohemian music publisher who ran a store, stocked "For All Your Musical Needs," at 1333 W. 18th St. in Chicago.

### 2. Modré Oči (Blue Eyes Waltz)

A "standard" for the Mathiowetz Concertina Orchestra, this Bohemian tune remains widely performed by German, Polish, and other "polka" bands.

Related Recordings:

"Whoopee" John Wilfahrt, Waltz With Whoopee, Polka City 385.

The Happy Notes, Something You Haven't Heard, Gold Crest G-1000.

MOQUAH SLOVAK SINGERS: Tom Johanik, two-row button accordion and vocals; Elmer Johanik, Joe Johanik, George Galik, and Stanley Augustine, vocals.

"We used to sing. Some people like to fight, but we would sing. We'd go to a dance in our younger days and somebody'd be feeling good. They'd start to sing. Pretty soon there'd be twenty people in the group. Sometimes people wouldn't dance. They'd sing all night."

—Tom Johanik

Moquah ("Big Bear" in Ojibwa) is a predominantly Slovak-American rural community that was settled from 1908-1915, at the instigation of the James W. Good Land Company, by immigrant families laboring in the mines of Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Minnesota. In 1934 Professor G. Humphrey of the University of Wisconsin's Rural Sociology Department visited the community, was impressed by song and dance at house parties, and encouraged the formation of a "Slovak Dance Group" that performed at regional agricultural fairs. The second generation performers heard here carried on the tradition, from 1949-1953, as the "Moquah Dramatic Club." Today their ethnic songs are limited to an occasional wedding, public dance, or to the community's annual "Pioneer Days" celebration. Tom Johanik, son of the first generation's premier accordionist, currently heads "The Polkateers," an eclectic "old time band."

### 3. Bodaj By Vas

Lyrics stress the bygone and contemporary interrelationship of dance and courtship. The **cymbal** is an archaic stringed instrument, while the **kolache**—a pastry filled variously with cottage cheese, poppy seeds, or fruit—remains an important festival food.

The song's musical form is irregular, indicative of the improvisational nature of informal community performances, as an eight-bar appendix to the first verse is deleted from verses two and three. The button accordion's somewhat "out of tune" sound, especially evident in the persistent use of a slightly flat sixth degree scale in the bass, produces tones akin to Afro-American "blue notes." Indeed "blues tonality" typifies the reed and brass playing of former and present day Wisconsin Bohemian brass bands led by Romy Gosz, Elroy Berkholtz, Joe Karman, Tom Siebold, Larry Hlinak, and others.



Bodaj by vás, vy mládenci,  
 čert vzali,  
 ze ste si mňa na ten taňec  
 nepozvali,  
 ja by bola tancovala,  
 aj na cymbál niečo dala  
 a vás všetkých pobozkala.

Čo sa mamka tejto noci  
 natrápila,  
 a by sa vaším len nejako  
 za vdáčila;  
 spiekla múky na tri korce  
 pre vás, chlapci, na koláče,  
 lena by som tancovala.

Už je amen, už je koniec,  
 mili chlapci,  
 keď je už raz, keď je už raz  
 potom tanci;  
 keď sa nový tanec strhne,  
 pamätajte chlapci na mňa,  
 trebárs budú po polnoci.

Doggone you young fellows,  
 Let the devil take you,  
 Because you didn't invite me to  
 the dance.  
 I could've danced and  
 Paid the cymbal player  
 And kissed all of you.

Oh how my mother troubled herself  
 this night,  
 Just to please you fellows somehow.  
 She baked three measures of flour  
 with ingredients added,  
 For you fellows, for Kolaches,  
 Just so she could dance at the  
 party.

Now it's Amen, now it's the end  
 my dear fellow.  
 When it's finally—when it's finally  
 after the dance.  
 When a dance is planned,  
 Remember me my dear fellows.  
 I'll come even if it's late at  
 night.

#### 4. Rychtarova Dcera

This Slovak village song emphasizes class and ethnic stress created by the wandering gypsy's attraction for a rich man's offspring. A concluding verse, not sung here, alludes to the suitor's motives: "The gypsy hasn't had his marriage banns announced yet/but the gypsy is already rocking in a rocking chair."

Trebárs som ja rychtárova dceŕa,  
 predsa budem ciganova žena!

Cigáň sa mi prevelice ľúbi,  
 preto, že ma pekne biele zuby!

Biele zuby, kučeravé vlasy,  
 to cigáňa prevelice krasi!

Even though I am the mayor's  
 daughter,  
 I would be the wife of a gypsy.

I have great love for this gypsy,  
 because he has pretty white teeth.

White teeth, curly hair,  
 that gypsy is very beautiful.

References: James P. Leary, "The Musical Traditions of Moquah's Slovaks," *North Country Folk* 1:4 (September, 1981): 4-7.



Jerry Novak

JERRY NOVAK, harmonica and vocal.

Born in 1895 in Podebradi, Bohemia, Jerry emigrated to America in 1902, living with his parents and eight sisters in Jennings, Wisconsin, Michigan's Saginaw Valley, and Cedar Rapids, Iowa, before settling on a Moquah dairy farm in 1911. He worked the homeplace until his death in October, 1982. The Novaks were a musical family; Jerry played harmonica duets with his dad and sang with his eight sisters. He helped found the aforementioned Slovak Dance

Group, served as Town Clerk and Farmer's Union president, and compiled a local history. His repertoire in 1981 included 73 songs in Bohemian and Slovak, plus three dozen early twentieth century American parlor tunes. "I always had a good memory." Jerry's father and grandfather were peasants and his old country songs detail agrarian life with particular stress on the joys and tragedies of love, economic inequity, and the hard lot of foot soldiers in the Austro-Hungarian army.



5. Vy řezníci

Jerry's vocal and instrumental versions of this piece are quite distinct. Because of the structural limitations imposed by language and meter, the vocal rendition is relatively stable. Meantime Novak's improvisational harmonica playing absorbs snippets from other tunes while incorporating new rhythms; only its refrain matches the melody of the vocal. Such contrasting versions derive from the song's alternate use as a regularized choral number for the Moquah Dramatic Club's formal programs and as a variable strictly instrumental tune for informal community dances.

Vy řezníci, vy řezníci; řemesníci  
co ve zviku máte?  
Když vy nec kupjete, vždycky slov voláte.

Zač toho volá, dá te do slova;  
Zač toho volá, dá te do slova.

Zač ho dáte, nikdys neříkate;  
Zač ho dáte, date do slova.  
Ač ho dáte, nikdy neříkate;  
Zač ho dáte, dáte do slova.

You butchers, you butchers; tradesmen  
what kind of habit do you have?  
When you buy something, always cry out  
words.

What's he crying out? Put it into words.  
What's he crying out? Put in into words.

What'll you give? You never say.  
What'll you give? Put it into words.  
If you're giving something, you never say.  
What'll you give? Put it into words.

6. Šli Panenki

Šli panenki silnici;  
Potkali je mysli-myslivci.  
Šli penenki silnici;  
Potkali je myslivci dva.

Kam panenki, kam dete?  
Ktera moje bude-budete?  
Kam panenky kam dete?  
Která moje budete vám?

The girls went down the road;  
The hunters waited for them.  
The girls went down the road;  
The two boys waited for them.

Girls, where, oh where are you going?  
Which one of you will be, be mine?  
Girls, where, oh where are you going?  
Which one of you will be mine?

James P. Leary, "The Peasant Songs of Jerry  
Novak," North Country Folk 1:3 (June, 1981),  
4-7, 30.

Jerry Novak, The History of the Moquah Area  
(Ashland, Wisconsin: Northland College Press,  
1966).

CLARA SVEDA (née Belsky), vocal and piano.

"My dad was very music-minded. I think he sort of instilled the love of music in all of us because each one of us had to learn an instrument. And we had to play together at home. My brothers, myself, and my dad."

Clara was born in 1920 in the heart of Ashland's Bohemian neighborhood where she still resides. Her dad, Joe Belsky (shortened from Belofsky), was a stalwart in a Bohemian Brass Band from the turn of the century through the late twenties, providing dance music at the local ZCJB hall (Západní Česko-Bratrská Jednota or Western Bohemian Fraternal Association). He purchased sheet music and songbooks while encouraging his sons' mastery of cornet and clarinet. Beyond absorbing tunes played by her dad and by pianist Rose Bradle Hulmer at ZCJB dances, Clara played keyboards in the late 1930's with a jazz combo, "The Syncopators." Since then she has played sporadically and mostly at home.

#### 7. Svestkova Alej (The Prune Song)

A particular favorite at Ashland's Bohemian hall, this waltz is widely known in Czech-American tradition. Clara's version comes from sheet music published by Vitak-Elsnik. The tune, but not the lyrics, survive in a popular "polka" song: "We Left Our Wives At Home." Clara sings only the first verse and the chorus.

Za naši vesnici, na hlavní silnici,  
Bosenský rostou švestky. Bajo!  
s Ančou jsme hledali švestky jsme jidali  
bejvalo, to moc hezký.  
Vždycky jsme seděli vedle sebe, na hvěz  
dy čuceli a na nebe,  
A teďko sám a sám, na všechno vzpomínám,  
chtěl bych být blízko tebe.

CHORUS: V tej naší aleji, švestky se  
váleji.  
Já dneska nehlídám, oči mně páleji.

Za naši vesnici, na hlavní silnici, švestky  
jsou jako pěsti. Bajo!  
Anča nic neřekla ode mně utekla, teď  
nemám žad ne štěstí.  
Andula s jiným teď švestky hlídá, už naše  
providla neuhlídá.  
Dřív tady hvězdičky vidali věcičky, o tom  
se nepovídá.

CHORUS:

Za naši vesnici, na hlavní silnici, švestky  
jsou očesaný. Bajo!  
Šaty mám v almaře a s jinou na faře, máme  
to podepsaný.  
Snad až se ožením zapomenu, pak ti to  
Andulo připomenu.  
Co jsi to provedla žejsi mně provedla  
švestky teď nemanj cenu.

CHORUS:

Behind our town on the main road,  
Bosenky, grow plums. Bajo!  
We looked for plum Annie, we ate plums;  
it was real nice.  
We sat together, we looked at the stars in  
the sky.  
And now, all alone, I remember. I'd like  
to be close to you.

CHORUS:

In our alley, plums are lying around.  
Today I'm not looking, my eyes are  
burning.

Behind our town on the main road, plums  
grow big as fists. Bajo!  
Annie said nothing and ran away, now I  
have no luck at all.  
Ann is looking for plums with someone  
else, she'll not look on our familiar  
places anymore.  
And little stars of former times saw  
what happened, nothing more can be  
said.

CHORUS:

Behind our town on the main road, the  
plums are picked. Bajo!  
I have clothes in the closet and have  
signed the banns at the parsonage with  
another girl.  
Perhaps when I marry I'll forget, perhaps  
I'll tell you Ann:  
What did you mean when you said that  
plums had no price?

References and Related Recordings:

William Owens, Tell Me a Story...Sing Me a Song (Austin: University of Texas press, 1983), pp. 212-213.

Romy Gosz and His Orchestra, Romy Gosz, Vol. II, Polkaland LP-33 (a reissue of 78 rpm recordings made in 1933 by this noted east-central Wisconsin bandleader).



First Bohemian Band, Ashland, Wisconsin, circa 1910

### 8. Baruška Polka

Another "standard" in Czech-America. Clara followed sheet music published by Joseph Jiran, and her dad played the song with the Brass Band. That aggregation, according to veteran member Stan Stangle, would often play such popular tunes three consecutive times as crowds cheered. "Geez, the old timers, they'd get down in that barroom and they'd sing. Out a tune, sweat pourin' out of them, with beer flying all around: 'Ma roztomila Baruska...'"

Když jsem já šel do Vršovic na posvičení,  
na posvičení, na posvičení,  
Potkal jsem tam hezkou děvku libilase mi.  
Potkal jsem tam hezkou děvku ona se mě  
libila.  
Ona byla celá bílá a ně co mě slíbila.

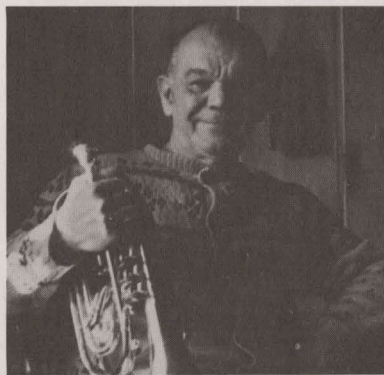
#### CHORUS:

Má roztomi lá Baruško,  
Vem mě ksobě na krátko.  
Má roztomi lá Baruško,  
Vem mě sebou kvám.

Ona hochu poviřala to nejde tak hned, to  
nejde tak hned, to nejda tak hned.  
Ty jsi hoch jak malovaný snadno bys mě  
sved.

Což je tobě kdy bych roše ko libala ne  
klině.  
Což je tobě kdy bych roše ko libala na  
klině.

#### CHORUS



Stan Stangle

When I went to Vrsova for a blessing, for  
a blessing, for a blessing,  
I met a pretty girl whom I liked.  
She was pleasing to me.  
She was all in white and she promised me  
something.

#### CHORUS:

My beloved Barbara,  
Take me to you for awhile.  
My beloved Barbara,  
Take me to your place.

She said to the boy, "Not so fast, not so  
fast, not so fast."  
You're a handsome one,  
You'd seduce me quickly.  
What do you care if I have to rock-a-  
baby?

#### CHORUS

VERA SCHULTZ (née Dvorak), vocal.

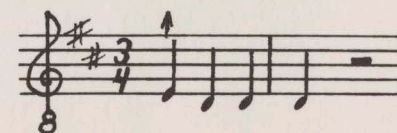
"During the Depression nobody could afford to hire things done. Eleventh Avenue East was called 'Bohemian Boulevard' Everybody would get together and help each other. The women would fix potato salad, homemade rye bread, dill pickles from the crock. And they'd either lay a sidewalk or dig a basement. And then they'd sit around and sing. The more beer they drank, the better they'd sing."

Joe Dvorak and Ann Cejka were both born in Pilsen, Czechoslovakia, but met in northern Wisconsin, settling in Ashland in 1916 where Joe worked on the railroad and the ore docks. Vera was born soon after. Her singing parents stressed their native tongue and young Vera learned ethnic songs while washing dishes with her mother, amidst community parties, and as a participant in Bohemian plays put on in Ashland's ZCBJ hall. More accustomed to group singing "after three or four beers," Vera offered only the one solo domestic song included here.

### 9. Ivanek Naš

Vera's folks would sing this to her when she was slow to rise for school. Jerry Novak performed a slightly longer version as "Adamku Naš."

The fairly straightforward performance of "Ivanek Naš" is deceptive, for the major mode of the recording contains also hints of versions that utilize other modes or the gradual intrusion of major into a Slavic repertory that had earlier tolerated many modes, which then fell out of favor in the mixed-ethnic region of Northern Wisconsin. Vera has a tendency to alter the supertonic (second scale degree) by sharpening or flattening it, or to raise the leading tone (seventh scale degree). The widened gap between tonic and the supertonic, such as that heard here in the final cadence at the end of the verse (see below), is clearly reminiscent of Eastern European modes.

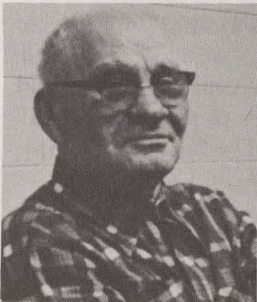


Ivanek Nás,  
Co ty delaś?  
Děti id do skoli;  
Ty ešte vposteli!  
Ty nič ňedbaš.

Our little John,  
What's with you?  
Children are on their way to school;  
And you lie abed still.  
You care for nothing.

References:

Brownlee Waschek, "Czech and Slovak Folk Music in Masaryktown and Slovenska Zahrada, Florida" (Florida State University Ph.D. dissertation, 1969).



Pete Suminski

PETE SUMINSKI, vocal.

The late Pete Suminski (1896-1982) was born in Holyoak, Massachusetts, and came to the Polish east end of Ashland in 1902. When his dad was injured on the coal docks in 1910, Pete went into the lumber mills until retirement in 1967. During World War I he served with General Heller's Polish Army and visited his parents' village. Through these experiences Pete learned songs aplenty: sentimental favorites of his mother, "Army songs," hymns, and "tough ones that can't be sung in church." Late in his life he often spoke Polish, ate, drank, and sang with other members of Ashland's "Polish Conversation Class"—a mostly second generation group organized through Holy Family Catholic Church.

10. Nie Bede Sie Zenil (I Won't Get Married)

Pete sang this bachelor's rant and popular house party song as his friend, Alexei Siedlecki, a retired ore boat worker and grocer, chuckled. Its *oberek* dance tempo and "oj dana" nonsense refrain are both typical of central Poland, as are its references to peasant cuisine.

The verse is initially performed in duple meter, then followed by the refrain in triple meter; the metric tug and pull between the two parts is further encouraged by the considerable syncopation and shifting of accentuation which occasionally threaten to dissolve any sense of rigid metric structure.

Kochałem dziewczynie. Ona mnie lubiła.  
Nie wiem co takego, ze mnie porzuciła. Oj  
dana.

(refrain)  
Oj dana, oj dana, oj dana, oj dana.  
Oj dana, oj dana, na piecu śmietana.

Nie będę się żenił. Tak że będę żywił.  
Dosyć żem garbaty. Gorzejł bym się  
skrzywił. Oj dana.

(refrain)  
Nie będę się żenił tego roku jeszcze.  
Taka ni ma niedola, bo mnie żadna nie  
chce. Oj dana.

(refrain)  
Nie będę się żenił, bo to bzdiki zwyczaj,  
lecz do cudych zonek będę się zalecał. Oj  
dana.

(refrain)

Nie będę się żenił bo mi baby nie trza.  
Ale za to kupić porządnego wieprza. Oj  
dana.

(refrain)

Bo wieprza wiprawie. Bede miał słonine.  
Będę kapuste máścił na całą żimę. Oj  
dana.

(refrain)

I loved a girl. She liked me.  
I don't know what happened, that she left  
me. Oj dana.

(refrain)

Oj dana, oj dana, oj dana,  
Oj dana, oj dana, sour cream on the stove.

I won't get married. I'll live like this.  
It's enough that I'm hunchbacked. I'd  
twist myself out of shape even more.

(refrain)

I still won't get married this year.  
There won't be that misfortune because  
there's not one that wants me.

(refrain)

I won't get married because it's a horrible  
custom,  
But I'll court other people's wives.

(refrain)

I won't get married because I don't need  
a woman.  
I prefer instead to buy a good hog.

(refrain)

Because I'll cure the hog. I'll have pork  
fat.  
I'll cook my cabbage in pork fat the  
entire winter.

(refrain)

BERNICE BARNAK AND MARY STELMACH, vocals.

The two women (b. 1905 and 1904) grew up as neighbors and close friends on Ashland's east end. Compelled by circumstances to care for family members, both rejected suitors in their youth and ultimately worked for an insurance company and department store respectively. "I had plenty of offers, but mostly from farmers who wanted help with the cows," Bernice reckoned as Mary nodded assent. Polish was their first language, and they often sang in the home and at Holy Family Catholic Church where they have been choir members for over six decades. In retirement, each has traveled to Poland and both participate in Ashland's "Polish Conversation Class."

11. Pójdźmy Wszyscy Do stajenki

This Christmas carol is well-known throughout Poland. Bernice and Mary followed a hymnbook version; besides singing it in church, the pair recalls house-to-house caroling in their Ashland Polish neighborhood.

The straightforward performance attests to the stabilizing influence of the hymnbook version; nonetheless, as is common in a cappella singing, the two women gradually shift the tonal center down half a step.

Pójdźmy wszyscy do stajenki,  
Do Jezusa i Panienki.  
Powitajmy Małego i Maryję, Matkę  
Jego,  
Powitajmy Małego i Maryję, Matkę  
Jego.

Witaj Jezu ukochańy.  
Od patryjarchow czekamy.  
Od prorokow ogłoszońy, od narodow  
upragniońy.  
Od prorokow ogłoszońy, od narodow  
upragniońy.

Let us all go to the stable.  
To Jesus and the Young Maiden.  
Let us greet the Small One and Mary,  
His Mother.  
Let us greet the Small One and Mary,  
His Mother.

Welcome Jesus most loving.  
From the time of the patriarchs we are  
waiting.  
Announced by the prophets, longed for  
by the nations.  
Announced by the prophets, longed for  
by the nations.

Reference:

Piesni Koscielne z Melodyami (Krakow,  
Poland: (1901).

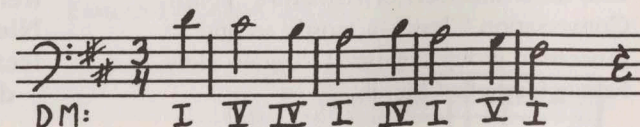
FELIX MILANOWSKI, two-row button  
accordion and vocal.

A retired mill worker and avid sportsman, "Fel" (b. 1912) grew up in Ashland's Polish east end. His Aunt Lucille was a noted accordionist among a "certain bunch" and Fel began to "help out" by playing at house parties. In 1925 Lucille's husband bought Fel the two row Hohner accordion he still plays. Beyond the Polish dance tunes included here, Fel's repertoire includes Polish hymns, Irish, German, and Scandinavian tunes, and American pop songs.

12. Pytala Sie Pani Mlodego Doktora

Popular throughout Poland, this bawdy song in waltz time, sometimes called "Bring Me Fish," was a favorite beer drinking number during Ashland house parties extending through the thirties.

The wide range, difficult melodic leaps, and rapidly changing harmonies of this tune appeal to Fel as an accordionist. The lyrics, for him, are incidental, fragmentary, and even dependent upon fluent instrumental elaboration. Indeed Fel's singing is strengthened by accomodating harmonic changes which lead him to define his vocal melody more forcefully, especially at the beginning of a phrase and at its cadence (see the transcription of the vocal line at the end of the first verse, just before the refrain, with the harmonic changes noted underneath the melody).



Pytala sie Pani mlodego doktora:  
Czy lepiej dac rano, czy lepiej z wieczora?  
Wsz-istkie rybki spiuu w jeziorze.  
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la.  
Moja stara spae nie moze.  
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la.

A lady asked a young doctor:  
Is it better to do it in the morning  
or better in the evening?  
All fish sleep in the lake.  
Tra-la.....  
My old lady can't sleep.  
Tra-la.....

13. Wojenecska (Small War)

"The old timers also used to play that waltz." Within the context of Polish-American weddings this cry was interpreted as "she's still ours"—a threat of bride theft.

14. Filon

"Filon" is a man's first name. The melody is well-known throughout Poland and in such Polish-American communities as Stevens Point.

BRUNO SYNKULA, two-row button accordion.

"I got acquainted with a fella, he played the accordion. On the way to school I'd see him sitting out on the front porch. He'd be playing the accordion. One day I stopped there after school and I asked if I could listen to his music. Then he let me use his accordion, taught me how to play it. Like some of them old time pieces my mother heard in the old country. I used to play them for her and she really enjoyed that."

Bruno's folks were born in Poland. His dad worked in Chicago slaughterhouses, Pennsylvania mines, on threshing crews in the Dakotas, and in the woods and on the ore docks around Ashland before accumulating money to send for his wife. Bruno was born in 1919 and now approaches retirement as a maintenance man for Ashland County. He has played button accordion since his teens, but only sporadically and always at home. His tunes derive from melodies his mother hummed, local Polish favorites, and television performances by Duluth, Minnesota's Chmielewski Brothers.

15. John Stelmach's Tune.

The custom of naming a tune after its performer is widespread in folk music. Of John, Mary Stelmach recalls: "He was a shy mama's boy. He was my oldest brother and was born in Europe. He never married. He'd go to these weddings and they'd ask him to play, but he would not do it unless my mother was there. He could hear a song once and then he would do it."

Despite the shyness that his sister remembers, the tune that bears John Stelmach's name has been shorn of any timidity in the performance by Bruno Synkula. The rhythm is always solid, the melody sure, and the harmony precisely conceived, even in its simplicity. For Bruno, the tune is a treasured heirloom recalling not only its source, but also the ambience of Polish community dances in the Ashland of his youth.



“I don’t feature all polkas. I play some and I swing into some waltzes, country western, and a schottische, and raatikoon. And, as you follow that through the night, you get something for everyone.”

—Art Moilanen



## SIDE TWO

TOM MARINCEL, danguba, button accordion, and vocals.

A postal worker nearing retirement, Tom grew up in the Croatian-American farming community of Sanborn, Wisconsin. His father was raised in the Yugoslavian village of Kuterevo, in the district of Lika, renowned as the home of fine *danguba* players, and Tom acquired the instrument's rudiments from a native. The danguba (literally "day waster" because of its traditional popularity among lone shepherds) is a simple four-stringed lute, quite similar to the original type of pear-shaped tambura which the Ottoman Turks brought into the Balkans five hundred years ago. The danguba turns up here and there in America, usually in the hands of an immigrant from one of the regions of Yugoslavia (Lika, Kordun, Krajina or Slavonia) where it is still quite popular, but it is extremely rare to find an American-born musician like Marincel who plays the instrument. Many of Tom's Croatian melodies, however, were learned from the singing of his mother, a native of the village of Mrkopalj. Besides playing Croatian numbers, Marincel has fronted an eclectic polka band, "Tom's Trio," for roughly four decades.

*Bva etc. --*

Pedal point on e above middle c throughout

### 1. Croatian Polka.

The dance form heard here, played on the danguba, is one in which variation constantly alters any sense of fixed verse or verse structure, albeit leaving such structure intact just enough to render its beginning, end, and general shape clearly recognizable. Individual verses are of uneven length, ranging from four to eight measures (the first three of eleven verses are transcribed below). The aesthetic of repetition tempered by variation is common in Christian and Muslim cultures of the Eastern Mediterranean.

The performance style is also characteristic of the Eastern Mediterranean. While three strings are played simultaneously, the lowest simply articulates a drone on the 'e' above middle 'c.' The middle note of the three also provides a function that is not identifiable within the harmonic system of Western Europe, moving instead in a generally parallel motion vis a vis the upper melodic note.

### 2. Na levoj strani kraj srca.

This piece is a sentimental love song widely known in Croatia. Its verse form is *osmerac*, eight syllable lines, paired in rhymed couplets which are repeated to give the song a stanzaic feel. Its form seems to indicate a somewhat newer origin, probably in the latter 19th century.

Marincel's performance evokes the Eastern Mediterranean dual aesthetic of constancy and variation. The vocal and instrumental lines are always congruent and follow an almost rigid pattern of repetition. At the same time, despite the recurrent use of octosyllabic lines, the meter of both tune and vocal shifts continuously.

Na levoj strani kraj srca  
Leži mi teška ranica

Moje je srce medeno  
Zbog tebe draga ledeno

Zašto si mene ljubila  
Kad si ti mene ostavila?

On the left side by the heart  
Lies my severe wound

My heart is of honey  
Because of you dear it is icy

Why did you kiss me  
When you were to leave me?

3. Bosa Mara Bosnu pregazila.

Bosa Mara is a very old folksong known widely throughout Croatia and Bosnia. Its verse form is the much studied *deseterac* ten-syllable line which is also most typical of the South Slavic epic songs. Typical of lyric songs in *deseterac*, Bosa Mara features characteristic partial and whole line repetitions which facilitate group singing. The chord progression is asymmetrical, moving from tonic to dominant with a dominant chord ending, typical of many older South Slavic folksongs. The song centers on the widespread motif of a jilted lover asking a bird, animal, or in this case a tree, for news of her unfaithful dearest.

Bosa Mara Bosnu Pregazila  
Na vitu se jelu naslonila  
Vita jelo ti visoko rasteš  
Što te pitam pravo da mi kažeš  
Jeli me se oženio dragi?  
Oženio i cédo dobia

Barefoot Mary tramped all over Bosnia  
She leaned on a slender linden  
Slender linden, you grow tall  
What I ask you tell me truly.  
Has my dear one taken a bride?  
Taken a bride and gained a child.

4. Lepo ti je rano uraniti.

Another old and widely known folksong in the basic *deseterac* verse form. The song is rich in imagery from village landscapes, and like the previous song is concerned with an abandoned lover.

Lepo ti je rano uraniti  
U prozorje pa slavuji poje  
Slavuj vicé hajd na vodu milče  
U livadi bunar voda hladna  
Kraj bunara zeleni se trava  
A na travi belo list papira  
Grehota je devojke ljubiti  
Obljubiti pa je ostaviti  
Teška ti je devojačka kletva  
Kad zakune do neba se čuje

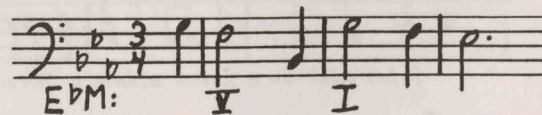
It is lovely to arise early  
Before dawn when the nightingales drink  
The nightingale calls "Go fetch water,  
dear one."  
On the meadow there is a well of cold  
water  
Beside the well the grass grows green  
But on the grass, a white sheet of paper  
It is a sin to love maidens  
To make love and then abandon her  
A maiden's curse is hard on you  
When she curses it is heard unto heaven

5. Sinoč si meni rekla.

This number is a newer sentimental song in triple meter probably originating in the later 19th century. The verse form is that of the four-line stanza with the final two lines repeated—the most typical form of *starogradska pjesma* or "old town song." This genre is markedly different from the line-based verse of the older folksongs.

There are, nevertheless, stylistic aspects that distinguish the tune from Western European folk-music genres. The vocal melody, for example, is not doubled by the upper line in the accordion, which instead moves in parallel fashion a third below. Harmonic patterns also are conceived differently, such as at the final cadence of the verse, where the tonic chord (I) is played one measure early, anticipating the final descent of the melodic line to the tonic, rather than arriving there simultaneously (see the transcription below).

Tom Marincel here is playing the number on his three-row button accordion made by Anton Mervar, the Slovenian-American accordion maker from Cleveland whose instruments have become widely sought-out collector's items.



Sinoć si meni rekla  
Da ljubiš samo mene  
I da ti srce vene  
Jer sam ti bio drag

Sinoć sam kasno prosao  
Lod tvoga prozora  
I spasim tebe draga  
Gdje s drugim govoriš

Āvo ti prsten vraćam  
Što si mi negdar dala  
I na njem ti malena hvala  
Ljubav je prestala

Last night you told me  
That you love only me  
And that your heart wilts  
Because I was dear to you.

Late last night I passed  
By your window  
And noticed you dear  
Talking to another man

Here, I return your ring  
Which you once gave me  
And small thanks for it  
Our love has ended

6. Croatian kolo.

The *kolo* is one of the best known Balkan line dances. The dancers' erect posture and intricate steps are characteristics of the popular dance. It is somewhat unusual to hear the kolo played on button-box accordion. Tom uses a typical technique of switching keys to vary the sound of the short repetitive melody.

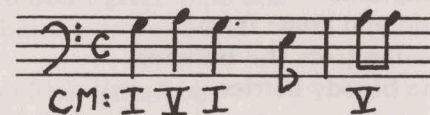
MATT RADOSEVICH, three row button accordion and vocals.

Matt's parents grew up in the Yugoslavian village of Mrkopalj before emigrating to the copper mines of Butte, Montana, and ultimately settling on a Benoit, Wisconsin, farm where Matt was born in 1914. He began at age eight to "fool around" in secret with an older brother's button accordion and was soon playing for house parties where Croatian melodies were in demand. From 1939-1948 Matt worked at a Milwaukee drop forge factory and performed for ethnic picnics, weddings, and seasonal dances. He returned to Benoit in 1948 and has farmed the homeplace ever since while playing sporadically in small "orchestras" with his son Skip and Tom Marincel.

7. Mrkopoljci samo su pijanci.

A localized parody of the folk song "Samoborci piju vino z lonce" (people from Samobor drink wine from pots) referring to the peasant earthenware drinking mugs in this rich wine-growing region. Radosevich's version switches the locale from Samobor, near the Croatian capital of Zagreb, to Mrkopalj in the western part of Gorski Kotar, near Matt's home region of Primorje. The verses were probably made up in America since they refer to drinking whiskey—not a native drink in Yugoslavia.

The melody is quite similar to one of the best known Slovenian polkas, "Maricka peglaj" (Marie is ironing)—not surprising since both Samobor and Mrkopajl are close to the Slovenian border. Matt's harmonic accompaniment departs from the tonic-subdominant-tonic pattern that a cultivated Western musical aesthetic demands. Instead he uses a constantly alternating, albeit fixed, pattern of tonic and dominant harmonizations throughout the piece.



Mrkopoljci samo su pijanci  
Što dobiju sve za viski daju

People from Mrkopalj are just drunks  
Whatever they get, they give for whiskey

9. Mladi Kapetani.

This song which involves the touching motif of a young widow inquiring of returning soldiers about the fate of her husband dates from the Balkan Wars of 1912-1913. Though it refers to a war fought in Serbia and Macedonia, largely by Serbians, and the young soldier's name is Jovan (the most obviously Serbian name), the song is very popular among Croats as well. The song thus gives evidence to the assertion by Yugoslav historians that the Yugoslav idea had widespread adherents and sympathy among Croatian-Americans prior to World War I.

Mladi kapetani  
Otkuda idete vi?  
Ja idem sa Balkana  
iz boju krvavih

Mladi kapetani  
Jeste li vidili vi  
Otkud moj kiko išao  
Jovan mu ime bi

Mlada udovica  
Kako ja neznam van ja  
Kraj mene mrtav pao  
I čela krvava

Young captains  
Where do you come from?  
I am coming from the Balkans  
From the bloody battles

Young captains  
Did you happen to see  
What became of my glory  
Jovan was his name

Young widow  
How could I help but know  
Beside me he fell dead  
His forehead covered with blood

JULIUS CHOPP, button accordion.

Chopp (b. 1912) has lived nearly all his life in Copper City, Michigan, while working at construction sites and in the mills and mines. His Croatian father played "a beat up concertina" and both parents sang old country tunes "when they'd had a few drinks." Julius acquired his first button accordion—"two rows, twenty-one buttons, eight bass"—in 1934. Since then he has played for dances at regional house parties, weddings, and taverns, including, for twenty-eight years, his own bar at Copper City.

9. Ti već spavaš Milko moja. (You are already sleeping my Milka).

This is a popular Dalmatian song from the Adriatic coastal region of Croatia. This song is frequently sung to end an evening's festivities since it prominently features the words "good night" in its lyrics. Here Julius Chopp plays an instrumental version on his button accordion.

JOHN KEZELE, piano accordion and vocal.

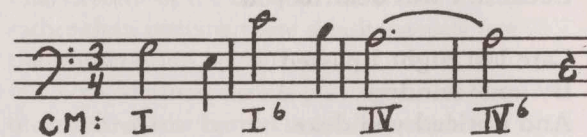
"I was raised on a farm during the summertime and one of our neighbors had a concertina. That was my first love. I didn't think there was sweeter music than listening to a concertina half a mile away, especially on a quiet summer evening when he'd be out on his porch and we'd be out on our porch—listening to the music. Nobody wanted to breathe deep for fear we were gonna miss something."

Concertinas were scarce in Michigan's "Copper Country" and John (b. 1912) bought a used piano accordion for \$40. Within two months he was playing for house parties and, from the mid-1930s until recently, he has been a mainstay at regional weddings. An admirer of Cleveland's Frankie Yankovic, exponent of Slovenian style "polka music," Kezele also has a strong interest in his Croatian musical roots. His dad played homemade mandolin and both parents sang, especially his mother who, gathered with other women at Croatian picnics, performed dozens of tunes which remain part of John's repertoire.

10. Samo nemoj ti.

One of the most popular *starogradske pjesme*. In his version, John compacts two verses into one, eliminating most repeated lines, probably owing to the fact that when he plays for dances and weddings he emphasizes his instrumental music, downplaying vocals.

John's performance reflects sophistication in other ways as well. The movement of the bass line and the accordion harmonies are rather unusual in this style (see the transcription of the first phrase below). Moreover, the accordion conclusion reveals that John is accustomed to performing for dances, for here the new melody that we hear would clearly serve as a transition to the next dance.



Samo nemoj ti majci kazati  
Da te ljubim ja, o milena moja  
Ti si rajski cvet, to zna celi svet  
Samo nemoj ti, ti milena moja  
I ona sama  
Da nezna Mama  
Ruziče brala  
Dragom je dala

Just don't tell your mother  
That I love you, my dear  
You are a heavenly flower, the whole  
world knows  
Just don't, my dear  
And all alone  
So Mama wouldn't know  
She picked roses  
And gave them to her dear



Gogebic Range Tamburitza

## 11. Moja Dekla (My girlfriend)

This polka is the tune to a Slovenian folk song:

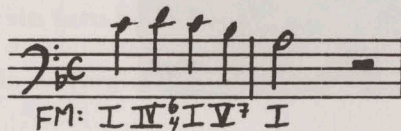
**Moja dekla je še mlada  
Komaj stara šestnaest let**

**My girlfriend is so young  
Only sixteen years old**

## 12. Radujte se narodi.

This song is a popular Christmas carol. John sings it in his church as part of the Christmas Midnight Mass.

John again invests his performance with considerable sophistication. The four measure lines in the verse contrast with the six measure lines in the refrain, there is a fair amount of rubato throughout, and the harmonizations are consistently complex (see, for example, the transcription of the cadence concluding each of the two lines of the refrain).



Radujte se narodi  
Kad čujete glas  
Da se Isus porodi  
U blaženi čas  
Svaki narod čuj, čuj  
I k Betlemu pristupuj, pristupuj

Rejoice you nations  
When you hear the voice (word)  
That Jesus is born  
In a holy moment  
Every nation hear, hear  
And approach Bethlehem

## 13. Dobro jutro Anice.

This song is John's fragmentary version of "Kopa Cura vinograd," a song from Srem, a region considerably east of John's ancestral homeland in Gorski Kotar. The number features the dominant chord ending and a changing meter characteristic of southeastern Pannonia, but quite uncharacteristic of most of John's repertoire which emphasizes Central European musical influences, waltzes and polkas.

**Dobro jutro Anice, Anice  
Dobro jutro curo mala  
Jesi okopala vinograd?**

**Good morning Annie  
Good morning little maid  
Have you hoed the vineyard?**

## GOGEBIC RANGE TAMBURITZANS

The Gogebic Range Tamburitza are a tamburitza orchestra and something of a musical club of Serbian and Croatian adults from the Wakefield-Ironwood, Michigan, area. Their instruments, *sremski* system tamburitzas, have become the most widely used type since the later 1920s, replacing *farkas* system instruments, the first more or less standardized orchestral tamburitzas. Farkas tamburitzas still show a great deal of kinship to the distonic danguba, while the adaptable sremski instruments have similarities to mandolins and guitars.

The Orchestra is led by Mike Orlich of Wakefield, a Serbian-American who also has his own small combo which plays at South Slav taverns in the area. Mike first heard tamburitza music in south Chicago in 1937 after hitchhiking from Upper Michigan. In 1946 Pete Markovich of Milwaukee toured the Gogebic Range and showed Mike how to play and where to order tamburitza instruments. Orlich keeps up on the latest developments in the

tamburitza field, buying mail order records and tapes and attending the Tamburitza Extravaganza, an annual convention of tamburitza combo musicians. Thus he has taught the orchestra many newer popular numbers from Yugoslavia, a comparative rarity among Slavic musicians of the north country. A good deal of such repertoire, along with some old favorites, is featured on the orchestra's own self-produced album: Gogebic Range Tamburitza, Mark Records MC-4877.

## 14. Čuješ Mala.

A well-known song and kolo dance, probably originating in the early decades of this century.

**Čuješ, čuješ, čuješ mala  
Dosta si varala  
Ne das, ne das, ne das mala  
Sto si obećala**

**Ljubis, ljubis, ljubis mala  
Istoga ti dadu**

**Čuješ, čuješ, čujš mala  
Bi l' poljubac dala?**

**Listen, listen listen little one  
You've fooled me long enough  
You don't give, little one  
What you promised to**

**You kiss, little one  
And they give to you the same**

**Listen, little one  
Would you give a kiss?**



"I was born raised in the big timber area of Toivola, Michigan in 1918 and spent my early years hunting, fishing, and trapping."

—Jingo Viitala Vachon

## SIDE THREE

VERNA BLOOMQUIST and MARIAN CUTY, vocals.

Verna and Marian Swanson, sisters, were born in 1914 and 1903. Their father died in 1921 and Verna, especially, grew up on her grandparents' farm west of Washburn. Grandfather Oluf Olsen built a dulcimer-like *psalmodikon* to aid Norwegian Lutheran community singing; his daughter, Verna's mother, played the pump organ and also sang as she worked. The Swanson sisters learned hymns, humorous ditties, and sentimental pioneer or "lonesome" songs in Norwegian. Their homeplace was also a hangout for neighborhood children who enjoyed English "school songs" around the organ. Today Verna, proficient on guitar and piano, participates in her Lutheran church choir while performing occasional duets with her brother, Ed Swanson.

1. Kan Du Glemme Gamle Norge.

**Kan du glemme gamle Norge?  
Aldri jeg deg glemme kan,  
Som med stolte klippe borge.  
Er og blir mitt fedreland.**

**Kan du glemme Norges skoger,  
Med sin furu bjork og gran.  
Kan du glemme sjoen vaver.  
Alt du da forglemme kan.**

**Can you forget old Norway?  
I could never forget you,  
With your proud mountains.  
You will always be my fatherland.**

**Can you forget Norway's forests  
With spruce, birch, and pine?  
Can you forget the sea's waves?  
Then you have forgotten everything.**

References and Recordings:

This song and the next two are published in the Sons of Norway Song Book (Minneapolis: Sons of Norway, n.d.)  
Carsten Woll, tenor, Columbia E-2539.

2. Å Kjøre Vatten

**Å kjøre vatten og kjøre ve,  
Å kjøre tommer over heia.  
Å kjøre hvem som kjøre vil  
Je kjører jenta mi eia.**

Chorus:

**De røde roser og de øyne blå,  
De vakre jenter holder je' utå,  
Helst når je får den jeg vil ha,  
Da er det morosamt å leva.**

**Å kjøre hvem som kjøre vil,  
Je kjører kjerringa mi eia.  
Hu er så go, å hu e så snill,  
E kan hvist aldri bli leia.**

**De røde roser a de øyne blå  
Mi eia kjerring holder je utå.  
Nå har je fatt den je vil ha,  
Nå er det morosamt å leva.**

**I'm hauling water, I'm hauling wood,  
I'm hauling lumber over the hill.  
Haul whatever you wish,  
I'm hauling my own girl.**

**The rosy cheeks and blue eyes.  
The pretty girls I really like—  
Especially when I get the one I want,  
Then it's wonderful to live.**

**Haul whatever you wish,  
I'm hauling my own wife.  
She is so good, she is so nice.  
I don't think I'll ever tire of her.**

**The rosy cheeks and blue eyes.  
I really like my own wife.  
Now I've found the one I want.  
Now it's wonderful to live.**

3. Se Norges Blomsterdal

**Se Norges Blomsterdal,  
Farvel du kvalme fangekrok.  
Den ville graneskog  
Er nu så deilig sval.**

**Trala, la, la, la, la, la, la.**

**Ja lystelig det er i nord,  
Blandt fjell og li og fjord.**

**Into Norway's flowery vale,  
Farewell to stuffy indoor confinement.  
The wild pinewoods  
Now are fresh and cool.**

**It's so much fun up in the north  
Amongst mountain fields and fjords.**

GEORGE DYBEDAL, guitar and vocal.

George was born in 1912 and spent his first ten years in a Norwegian Lutheran orphanage at Lemont, Illinois, before being adopted by the Dybedals, farmers from Mason, Wisconsin. From the 1940s through the mid-60s he labored as a millwright, boilermaker, and a welder in Superior and St. Paul before returning to Mason to work in the woods and on an occasional welding job at the Ashland coal docks. George spoke Norwegian and learned old country hymns as a young man. For the past two decades he has performed Scandinavian and country gospel songs in rest homes, and has sung at funerals. He currently plays guitar and an electric omnichord in the newly formed Moland Lutheran Church Stringband.

4. Den Store Hvide Flok Vi Se.

George learned this hymn at home and often sang it during Norwegian services at the Moland Lutheran Church. It's the last entry printed in George's Concordia hymnal, Landstads Salmebog.

George attempts to synthesize his domestic tradition of singing and playing a range of American and Norwegian songs to guitar accompaniment with his religious tradition of singing old country hymns chorally in church. The simple guitar playing--bass note and chord strumming as in a waltz--reflects Dybedal's stock of country-western honky-tonk and gospel tunes, whereas his vocal melody echoes the church choir. The resultant union is illustrative of an important recurrent cultural interplay between ethnic sacred and American secular traditions in the region.

Den store hvite flok vi se,  
Som tusen berger full av sne.  
Med skog omkring av palmesving,  
For tronen hvo er de?

Det er den helteskare som  
Av hinden store trengsel kom.  
Og har seg toed i lammets blod  
Til himlens helligdom.

Der holder de nu kirkegang  
Med uophørlig jubelklang.  
I høye kor, hvor gud han bor  
Blandt alle englers sang.

Behold a host arrayed in white  
Like a thousand snow-clad mountains  
bright.  
With palm they stand. Who are this band  
Before the throne of light?

**These are the ransomed throng  
That from the tribulation came,  
And in the flood of Jesus' blood  
Are cleansed from guilt and shame.**

**And now arrayed in robes made white,  
They are serving God day and night.  
And anthems swell where God doth  
dwell,  
Midst angels in the height.**

References and Recordings:

Dr. F. Melius Christiansen and Kurt J. Wycisk,  
Selected Songs for Men (Minneapolis: Augsburg  
Publishing House, 1943), pp. 48-49.

Madame Staberg-Hall, Soprano, Columbia  
E-2301, 1913.

Per Bjorn, bass baritone, Columbia E-2247,  
1915.

Carsten Woll, tenor, Brunswick 40092, CA  
1920.

JOHN WESTLUND, autoharp and vocal.  
John (1899-1980) emigrated with his parents  
from northern Sweden near Lappland in 1907  
to the woods west of Mason, Wisconsin, where  
an older brother, Nels, was already working in  
lumber camps. Soon after, the Westlunds  
banded with Swedish neighbors to organize the  
Bethany Baptist Church. Devout, the  
Westlunds were also musical. John's brothers  
Nels and Gabriel played violin, while sisters  
Bertha and Martha were guitarists. John began  
playing the autoharp in 1911 and built the  
instrument heard here of spruce and birch in  
the late 1920s. In keeping with his conviction  
that music is "for the Lord," John performed  
only hymns.

5. Kom

Ack säg mig vad gäller denna bjudning  
Som hörs så ofta här och där.  
Gud är född han kommer på den  
bjudningen  
Ty han alltid redo är.

CHORUS:

Räck handen då bruden säger, Kom!  
Och den som hör det säger, Kom!  
De törstiga vill vi bjuda: Kom!  
Och drick till evigt liv!

Jo det är en himmelsk bröllops bjudning  
Från Herren Gud till syndare.  
Vid sitt nådes bord är vi lika,  
Varje människa vill han se.

CHORUS

Å Kommen båd'fattiga och rika.  
Å kommen i di tunga led.  
Kommen Gud, både fattiga och fromma.  
Varje människa vill han se.

CHORUS

Man hammar i dagens ka'leks bjudning  
Som räcker fritt till en och var,  
Se i morgon kanske dörren stänges.  
Vem vill då bli lämnad kvar?

CHORUS

Oh, tell me about this party-invitation  
Which is heard so often here and there.  
God is born, he will join the party  
Because he is always ready.

CHORUS:

Extend your hand when the bride says,  
Come!  
And the one who hears it says, Come!  
Those who are thirsty we want to invite:  
Come!  
And drink to eternal life!

Yes, it is a heavenly wedding party  
From the Lord to sinners.  
At his table of mercy we are all equals.  
He wants to see every person there.

Oh, come both poor and rich.  
Oh, come from the burdened masses.  
Come to God, both rich and faithful.  
He wants to see every person there.

We join today's party of love  
Which is given to each and every one,  
Because tomorrow the door may close.  
Who would want to be left out then?

Reference:

Fridroster (Chicago: Swedish Baptist General  
Conference of American, n.d.)





Western Bohemian Fraternal Association, Ashland, Wisconsin, Fourth of July, circa 1910

BETHANY BAPTIST STRING BAND: Signe Westlund, piano; Ray DeLap, lap steel guitar; Lily Westlund, George Dybedal, Mark Scheribel, guitars; Reuben Wicklund, Ray Larson, Priscilla Larson, autoharps; Elaine Larson, vibraphones; George Wicklund, violin.

String bands, once common in north country Swedish Baptist churches, are now, with the exception of this Mason, Wisconsin, contingent, nonexistent. Lily Westlund (née Wicklund) and her brothers Reuben and George began to play with their parents' generation shortly after the band's formation in 1910. In the mid-1920s, when Swedish congregational singing and preaching were discontinued, the band underwent a hiatus extending to the late 1960s. Since its revival, the band, accompanied sometimes by Bethany's choir, has made dozens of forays to Swedish congregations throughout northern Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota.

6. Lofven Gud (Praise the Lord with Joyful Song)

7. Nere I Dalen (Down in the Valley)

8. Tiden Försvinner (Swift as a Dream)

"Tiden Forsvinner" contains a variety of clues to the long history and recent revival of the Bethany Baptist String Band. The band tantalizes us with sounds reminiscent of Hawaiian and country ensembles, and the relatively simple structure of the accompanying instruments suddenly gives way to such sophisticated and imaginative harmonies as the use of a secondary dominant seven chord to slip back to the refrain (see the transcription). The improvisatory skill of George Wicklund on the violin, weaving his countermelody against the main melody, is surprising and clever. Indeed this tune, combining an eclectic range of instruments with performers whose ages span three generations, epitomizes the region's pluralistic musical culture.

Electric guitar

Violin

GM: I  $V^7/IV$

IV

Reference:

Bethany Diamond Jubilee, 1907-1982 (Mason, Wisconsin: Bethany Baptist Church, 1982).

VIVIAN BREVAK (née Eckholm), piano accordion; with Dale Brevak on electric guitar.

Vivian was born in 1909 on a farm west of Barksdale, Wisconsin. Her Swedish parents played violin and guitar, while a Finnish logger and button accordionist boarded with the family. All eleven Eckholm children "fooled around" with instruments and sang. Vivian seconded her dad's fiddling at Bayfield county house dances and, in 1932, spent five months in Barron county, 100 miles to the south, backing an uncle at Scandinavian community dances. She married Albert Brevak, a Hungarian farmer, in 1933 and since then, excepting the last few years, played Swedish and "western" tunes, especially waltzes, for community dances. Her son Dale, a construction worker, backs her here.

9. Swedish Waltz

Vivian knows few titles for her tunes. This is one her dad, Carl Eckholm, used to play.

This waltz has become a vehicle for considerable rhythmic and ornamental variation. Several different upbeat patterns are used to initiate the four-bar phrases, and in the second verse new ornaments are introduced. Articulation also differs from the first half of the verse, wherein a crisp staccato is heard, and the second half, wherein legato predominates. The result is a performance style in which a fairly complex stock of techniques for variation serves to embellish a relatively uncomplicated melody. This technique lent itself well to house dances wherein an accordionist like Vivian might simultaneously sustain her musician's interest in a simple tune while repeating the melody endlessly for enthusiastic dancers.

10. Elmer's tune.

Vivian learned this from her uncle, Elmer Hanson, a fiddler from Cameron, Wisconsin, in Barron county.

HENRY LUOKKANEN, vocal.

Henry (b. ca. 1890) emigrated with his parents from northern Finland to Michigan's Copper Country around the turn of the century. Singing was a favorite pastime among the sixteen Luokkanen children and Henry boasted a five octave range as a young man. He joined the Depression era Finnish-American migration from the Upper Peninsula to the factories of Detroit where he sang solos in Lutheran church choirs, at funerals, and on ethnic radio programs. Upon retirement, Luokkanen built a summer place ("Ranta Mokki" or "Shore Cabin") at Eagle Harbor, Michigan, where his singing continued during outdoor work or while his wife Anna played the pump organ.

11. Variksen Laulu (Crow Song)

Henry learned this song, akin to the English "Derby Ram" in its comic exaggerated treatment of a giant creature's demise, as a young man in the Copper Country. Jingo Viitala Vachon of Toivola reports that a friend's uncle sang it roughly 70 years ago.

The song's stanzaic form and humorous content exemplify a shift from nonstanzaic historical epics and ballads that occurred in late 19th century Finland. The brisk tempo and crisp rhythmic figures never suffer because of difficult textual passages or the supplanting of tight Finnish vowels with the diphthongs of an English-influenced dialect. Variations from verse to verse are subtle and occasionally ensue upon the use of such special effects as the punctuation with "hei!"

Mies otti pyssyn ja lahti se mettään,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Ampu se variksen ja heitti sen leppään,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

Akka se kotona itkee ja surree,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Vio jos se varis meistäni purree,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

Ukko se variksen kotia toi,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Akka se nauro ja sano että hei!  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

Variksesta vasta sitä törkyä lähti,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Jota ei ennen ole kuultu eikä nähty,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

Siivistä tuli hyvät laivan seilit,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Niillä sitä pääsi vaikka meri ol' ku peili,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

Kurkusta tuli hyvä ruikutus torvi,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Joka mylli parammin ku Sarvi laatt  
sonnist'.  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

Höyhenista tuli hyvät vuodeet patjat,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Untuvista tyyny ja usiampi saataan,  
Raikuma rimu ramu rallala lei.

Varpaista tuli hyvät talikon saarat  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Niistolis tullu vaikka kesakolle haarat,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

Varpaista tuli hyvät ruuti sarvet,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Niistä oli vieläki käsissäni arvet,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

Lihat ne pantiin viiteen rekkeen,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Jotka sitte vietiin Herra Konsulin etteen,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

Luista tehtiin Porvoon yhteis koulu,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Joka tuli valamiiksi vaha ennen Joulua,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

Taisi siitä variksesta muutaki tulla,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Vaan ette han viitsi häntä pitemmästi  
kuulla,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

The man took a gun, went into the  
woods,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Shot a crow and left it in the alder  
bushes,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei,

His old lady cried and grieved at home,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Oh what if that crow will bite my man!  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

The old man did get the crow home,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
His old lady laughed with relief and said,  
hey!  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

They sure took a lot of trash off that  
crow,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Stuff that was never seen nor heard of  
before,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

From the wings they got boat sails,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
You could go even when the sea was like  
water in a pail,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

The windpipe made a good funnel,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
That worked better than a horn from  
a bull,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

From the feathers they made good  
bedding.  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
From the down they made many pillows,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

From the toes they made a good harrow,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Or they could have made a pitch fork,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

From the talons they made good powder  
horns,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
Still have scars on my hands from them,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

The meat was piled into five sleighs,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
It was brought before the Herr Consul,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

The bones were used to build a Co-ed  
school,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
That was finished just before Christmas,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei.

I guess a lot of other stuff came off that  
crow,  
Raikuma riukua rallala lei,  
But you wouldn't care to listen any  
further,  
Ranttama rimu ramu rallala lei!

## SIDE FOUR

MATT SAARI, two row button accordion.

Matt was born in 1902 on the Maple, Wisconsin, farm where he still resides. His strict Finnish Lutheran parents frowned on secular music, but Matt acquired a taste for dance tunes by listening to “some old lumberjacks play in the camps.” As a young man with little money, he traded a day’s labor in the hayfield and the use of a team for a neighbor’s button accordion. He and other teens, like Einard Maki, were soon climbing through the windows of a vacant schoolhouse for a night’s dance.

### 13. Jack Kauti’s Polka

Jack was a Finnish lumberjack from whom Matt learned several tunes.

### 14. Jack Kauti’s Tune

The attribution is Matt’s guess for he could not place the tune surely. Jingo Vachon reckons the melody comes from “The Prisoner’s Dream,” a “hillbilly” number she recalls hearing over Chicago’s WJJD in the early 1930s. I have not been able to locate a recording, but Pat McAdory’s text of “The Prisoner’s Dream,” performed by “Karl & Harty” in 1936 on WJJD is cited below.

### Reference:

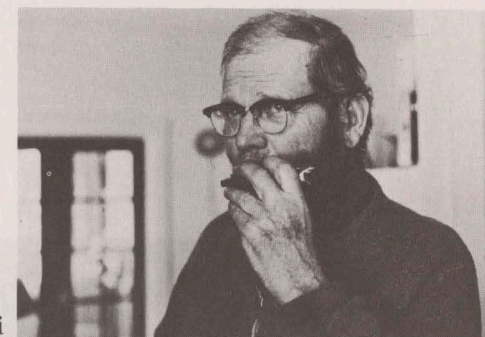
Dorothy Horstman, Sing Your Heart Out Country Boy (New York: E.P. Dutton, 1975, pp. 262-263.

HELMER OLAVIE WINTTURI, harmonica.

Matti and Anna Wintturi, recent immigrants, met and married in the textile mill town of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, where Olavie was born in 1910. The family returned to Finland to care for Anna’s ailing mother from 1912-1917, then moved back to Massachusetts before settling at Bark Point, Wisconsin, on the shores of Lake Superior, in 1922. Working variously as a commercial fisherman, shipyard and factory worker, and carpenter, Olavie remained on the homeplace until his death in 1982. He was an accomplished craftsman—woodworker, boatbuilder, weaver, mechanic, netmender—who spent days in his workshop while playing old Finnish tunes on the harmonica in the evening. He learned the instrument at age nine from his father and an uncle.

### 15. Mam Naki (Mother Saw)

Olavie associated this old schottische with the above phrase, part of a forgotten verse sung by Bill Kauppi, a long dead Bark Point settler who “knew dirty lumberjack songs that came over from Finland.” Jingo Vachon recalls a pair of random verses sung to this tune.



Helmer Olavie Wintturi

**Ennen mä hyppään kuuseen ja mäntyyn,  
Ennen ku tämän kylän tyttöjan sänkyyn.**

and

**Lammas syöpi lehtiä, lehemä syöpi heiniä,  
Ruikku se lentää ympäri seiniä.**

**I’d rather leap into spruce or pine,  
Rather than these neighborhood girls’  
beds.**

and

**The sheep eats leaves, the cow eats hay,  
Wet crap flies all over the walls.**

Another instrumental version closes side four of this record.

### 16. Kaustisen Polkka

Olavie learned this tune, played in “accordion style,” from accordionists like Bill Hendrickson (side four, band thirteen) who performed for dances at the Bark Point Finnish Hall.

### Related Recordings:

Viola Turpeinen and John Rosendahl, accordion and violin, “Kaustisen Polkka,” Victor V4034.



"I didn't think there was sweeter music than listening to a concertina half a mile away."

—John Kezele

## SIDE FOUR

REINO MAKI, three row button accordion.

Ray was born in 1910 in the “Finn Settlement” northeast of Washburn, Wisconsin. Eldest of seven children, he grew up familiar with farm work, carpentry, logging, and trapping. Ray traveled the upper midwest for seven Depression years, working in Chicago factories, on Dakota threshing crews, and wrestling at carnivals. He returned to the Washburn area in the 1940s to make a living at Dupont’s Barksdale munitions plant, on Lake Superior gravel boats, logging for the county, tavernkeeping, trapping, and trading. His dad, Matt, emigrated with “a button accordion in a gunny sack, that’s about all he had,” and Ray learned many tunes from his father and from neighbors who played at Washburn’s Finnish Hall.

### 1. Muurarin Valssi (Mason’s Waltz)

Ray knew this tune only as “one my dad used to play.” Jingo Vachon “picked it up probably in the 1920s, maybe the early 30s.” The lyrics she recalls are given here.

The tune itself is unquestionable in minor, but Ray has chosen to harmonize it as if it were in major, which therefore allows him to use the same key signature and prevents the introduction of “wrong” notes into the harmonies. The harmonic movement observes fairly carefully the demands of the melody, though with the limited chordal vocabulary of tonic and dominant. Hence, this performance may sound strange upon first hearing, but it exhibits the melodic and harmonic flexibility of ethnic repertoires in Northern Wisconsin (see the transcription of the first verse and refrain below).

Niin paljon mä kärsnyt olen,  
monta kyyneltä vuodattanut,  
Monta monta mä lempinyt olen, vaan  
yhtä olen rakastanut.

Nii paljon mä sinusta pidin, niin pidin  
ma pyhimpanä,  
Et’ usko sä kuinka se koskee, kuin  
omistaa sua en saa.

Sä olit niin lempeä mullen, kuin  
aurinko taivahalla,  
Mutta nyt olet sä kylmennyt mullen, ja  
lempesi unhoittanut.

Kuin veitsi mun sydäntä viilsi, sun  
katsesi viimeinen,  
Se oli niin kylmä niin ylväs, niin  
viekas niin ivallinen.

Kaju mun lauluni kaju, Ja lohduta  
sydäntäni,  
Vie murhe mun luoltani kauas, ja  
huojenna tuskiani.

So much have I suffered, many tears I’ve  
shed,  
Many I’ve wooed, only one I’ve loved.

So much I cared for you, worshipped  
you over all others,  
You can’t believe how it hurts, when  
I can’t have you.

You were so tender toward me, like  
the sun in the heaven,  
But now you’ve grown cold, and  
forgotten the tenderness.

When the knife blade pierces my heart,  
your last look—  
It was so cold and scornful, so sly and  
mocking.

The image shows two staves of musical notation for the first verse and refrain of 'Muurarin Valssi'. The first staff is in 3/4 time, marked 'g m' and 'B♭ M:'. It features a melody line with a treble clef and a bass line with a bass clef. The second staff continues the melody and bass line, with a key signature change to two sharps (D major) indicated by a sharp sign above the staff. Chord symbols 'V' and 'I' are placed below the bass line to indicate harmonic structure.

HUGO MAKI, piano accordion.

Hugo (b. 1920) is, like older brother Reino, a jack of all trades. Retired after 31 years with Wisconsin's Department of Natural Resources, he still lives on the Maki "Finn Settlement" homeplace where he has farmed and trapped in addition to playing for four decades in numerous regional dance bands: "Mak & Ole," "The Northstar Drifters," "The Washburn Hotshots," "Hugo & Jimmy." An admirer of the legendary Viola Turpeinen—"she was precise, good timing, rhythm, good fingers"—Hugo specializes in fast, deftly articulated Finnish polkas; but as a working dance musician he has also mastered "some of the modern ones that were popular at the time."

## 2. Aika Poika (That's the Boy)

Hugo referred to this polka simply as "one of my dad's old numbers." With a text by J. Alfred Tanner, it is described in a 1924 Victor Finnish catalogue as a Finnish Folk melody that "tells of a bachelor's thoughts and feelings." "Aika Poika" illustrates the mastery and aplomb of a musician with a thorough understanding of his tradition. The complex process of variation from verse to verse shows considerable skill and musical understanding as upper and lower neighboring tones--both diatonic and chromatic--are used to effect variation. The passage between different ranges is achieved by scalar passages and arpeggios. Though not elaborate, the harmonies are used with confidence. And the modal ambiguity of the tonic chord is very interesting: there is sometimes a shifting from minor to major, again showing a shying away from an assertive minor mode in the region. The use of two melodic ideas is characteristic of this and other Finnish examples heard on this album. Here, each melodic idea is further subdivided into two smaller forms, the second a variation of the first (see the transcription of the first melodic idea and its subsections below). The form that results has several variants in the Finnish pieces heard on these recordings:

A B A A B A  
a a<sup>1</sup> b b<sup>1</sup> a a<sup>1</sup> a a<sup>1</sup> b b<sup>1</sup> a a<sup>1</sup>

### Reference and Related Recordings:

Appendix to Pekka Gronow's *Studies in Scandinavian-American Discography*, Vol. I (Helsinki: Suomen Aanitarkisto, 1977).

Alex Pasola, "Aika Poika," Victor 77219.

Leo Kauppi, "Aika Poika," Columbia 3083-F.

### 3. Iitin Tiltu

The title means Iiti's (a surname) Tiltu (short for Matilda). This is composition by Hiski Salomaa, the singing tailor of South Range in Michigan's Copper Country.

Many of the characteristics that distinguish the Finnish pieces as a discrete repertoire in Northern Wisconsin are crystallized in this performance:

- 1-pronounced use of mixed major and minor modes iv/IV chords;
- 2-slight variation on repeated notes;
- 3-rhythmic elaboration and/or melodic elaboration with chromatic passing and neighboring tones;
- 4-a form in which two smaller parts constitute larger sections, themselves comprised by a sort of chorus structure;
- 5-variation increases throughout the performance, but becomes almost improvisatory by the third chorus (see the comparison below); and
- 6-considerable use of first inversion chords.

The coincidence of these elements produces a repertoire that reflects the confluence of many different styles: Eastern and Western European, old country and old time.

Jingo Vachon copied the version below from "the handwritten notebook of someone who wrote it down over 50 years ago."

#### A - First chorus

Variant of A in Chorus #3

Iitin Tiltu oli viiden toista  
Kun pääsi se rippi koulusta,  
Sulosia tuli sieltä ympäri maan Ja  
Pastorin poika Oulusta.  
Renki se sano että miestä se on minnäi  
Vaikka on paikka housuissa,  
Oon syönnä silakkaa, piimää ja  
mojakkaa,  
Ja palvelu rikkaissa talloissa.

Tiltun kotona ku öisiä valavottiin  
Pirtissä polokat me tansittiin,  
Kyökissä kahavit keitetiin  
Ja kamarihin vieraat käskettiin.  
Pannu oli hellillä Tiltu on rengillä  
Polokassa pyöri ki kimmattu,  
Kyseli ne Tiltulta joko sinä olet  
Tuolle pastorin poojalle kihilattu.

Ku pelimanni istui uunin pankolla  
Soitteli polokat rivakat,  
Renki se sano että janottaa alakaa,  
Rikkaan talon suolaset silakat.  
Voi tuota Miinaa joka tuo viinaa  
Kaksi korvalla tuopilla,  
Harmoni peli laulo pelimannin polovella,  
Käpäremällä nuotilla.

Ku pelimanni ryypäsi tuopin laijalta,  
Harmoni peli meni tahtia,  
Reika leivät putosivat pirtin orsilta  
Hiestä jo kastui lattia.  
Pappi tanssi polokan emännän kansa  
Ja jutteli jos hän tyttären nais,  
Ku tiltu meni kihiloihin rengin kansä  
Niin sano minkä tuolle hurjalle sais.

Iitin Tiltu was fifteen  
When she got through confirmation  
school,  
Joyous friends came from all around  
And a parson's son from Oulu.  
The hired man said, "I'm also a man  
Although I got a patch on my pants,  
I've eaten sprats, yogurt and stew,  
And worked in rich people's houses.

At Tiltu's home where we stayed up  
nights  
And polkaed in the living room,  
In the kitchen we boiled the coffee  
And invited the guests into the parlor.  
The pot stayed on the stove, and Tiltu  
with the hired man,  
Polkaed and whirled like a lathe.  
They asked her, "Are you already  
To that pastor's son engaged?"

When the musician sat over the stove,  
He played lovely polkas,  
The hired man said he's getting a thirst  
From rich people's salty sprats—  
Oh that Miina who brings whiskey  
With a two-eared mug—  
The accordion sang on the player's knee  
With a sharper livelier tune.

When the player swigged from the edge of  
the mug  
The accordion doubled its beat,  
The hard breads fell from the hanging  
poles  
And the floor got wet with sweat.  
The parson danced a polka with the host  
And asked if he'd marry her daughter—  
But Tiltu got engaged to the hired man,  
So he said, "What can you do with a  
hellion like her!"

#### References and Related Recordings:

Pekka Gronow, "Ethnic Recordings: An Introduction," in Ethnic Recordings in America: A Neglected Heritage (Washington, D.C.: American Folklife Center, 1982): 12, 24, 26.

Hiski Salomaa, "Iitin Tiltu," Columbia 3158-F.

Hiski Salomaa, reissue of 78s with notes by Pekka Gronow, Love LRLP-17.

Pohjolan Pojat with Walter Eriksson, "Iitin Tiltun," Dance Music From Finland, Colonial LP-704.

The Third Generation, "Iitin Tiltu," Finnish Heritage, LP.



CHARLES MATTSON, two row button accordion.

Mattson was born in 1910 in Iron River, Michigan. During the Depression and World War II, he labored in Milwaukee factories, in U.P. logging camps, with the Civilian Conservation Corps, and in Utah's Defense Department lead mines before marrying Iria Nurmela and pursuing carpentry while settling on her family's Covington, Michigan, farmstead. Mattson's immigrant father, Kalle Pirainen, was a miner, the son of a fiddler and fiddlemaker, and fiddler and button accordionist himself. Charles learned to play at home and has remained a domestic musician.

#### 4. Hayfield Tune.

Charles' explanation of the tune's origin is given on the record; efforts to find other versions have been unsuccessful.

Although reflective of many of the characteristics of the Finnish-American style in Northern Wisconsin, this piece manifests another permutation of the basic formal principles by the insertion of a few extra notes or expanding measures in the second part. The following form is yielded:

Chorus 1                      Bridge                      Chorus 2                      Bridge 2                      Chorus 3                      Bridge                      Coda

A A<sup>1\*</sup> A A<sup>1\*</sup>    B B<sup>1</sup>    A A<sup>1</sup> A A<sup>1</sup>    B B<sup>1</sup> B B<sup>1\*</sup>    A A<sup>1</sup> A A<sup>1\*</sup>    B B    B

MATT PELTO, two row button accordion and vocal.

Born in 1917 in the mining community of Boston Location, Michigan, Matt has always been surrounded by musicians. His mother played harmonica, his dad, Emil, Uncle Anton, and two cousins were fine button accordionists, and older brother Eddie played piano accordion at area taverns: "I don't know if we play like them old timers. I don't know if we're as good as them." Nowadays a retired logger and farmer, Matt learned a wealth of Finnish-American tunes that, as always, he plays only at home: seated on a kitchen chair near the wood cook stove, or outside the sauna as the stones heat.

#### 5. Lapsuuden Toverille (To a Childhood Pal)

Jingo Vachon "grew up singing" this and her lyrics are included here.

Sa kasvoit neito kaunoinen, isäsi majassa,  
Kuin kukka kaunis suloinen, vihreällä  
nurmella,  
Kuin kukka kaunis soloinen, vihreällä  
nurmella.

Lapsuudes ajan helimmän, leikit mun  
kansani,  
Sa olit paras ystävä, ja ainoo iloni,  
Sa olit paras ystävä, ja ainoo iloni.

Maailma sitten vieroitti, pois meidät  
toisistaan,  
Vaan sua armas iäti, mä muistan  
ainiaan,  
Vaan sua armas iäti, mä muistan  
ainiaan.

You grew, lovely maiden, in your father's  
cabin,  
Like a lovely flower, sweet, on green sod,  
Like a lovely flower, sweet, on green sod.

Through childhood's tenderest time, you  
played with me,  
You were my best friend, my only joy,  
You were my best friend, my only joy.

The world then estranged us, parted us  
from each other,  
But you, my dear, forever, I'll remember  
eternally,  
But you, my dear, forever, I'll remember  
eternally.

#### References and Related Recordings:

Mathew Gallmann, "Matti Peltto: Finnish-American Button Accordion Player,"  
*Midwestern Journal of Language and Folklore*  
8:1 (Spring, 1982): 43-47.

Viola Turpeinen, Standard F-5055, ca. 1945.

Viola Turpeinen and William Syralia, *Favorite Finnish Songs and Dances*, Colonial LP-682.

6. Uskolinen Lempi (Faithful love)

Matti called this ballad of separated lovers "Juliana," and he learned it from his mother's singing. Jingo Vachon provides lyrics which she's known all her life.

Yksi kauppias Intiasta, rikas ja arvokas,  
Hällä oli yksi tytär, kaunis ja ihana.  
(Ala rivi aina kahdesti)

Vuosia viisitoista, oli hänen ikänsä,  
Kaikilta ihailtu, Juliana nimensä.  
(kahdesti)

Hän yhtä meripoikaa, hellästi rakasti,  
"Sinä olet liian hyvä," isänsä saneli.  
(kahdesti)

Hän täyty isääns kuulla, oli ainoo  
lapsensa,  
Siis ei taita rikkautta, ja arvoa erottaa.  
(kahdesti)

"Sun elämäsi ehtoa oon minä määrännyt,  
Ja kauppiaan mä rikkaan, olen sulle  
säästänyt."

"Lempiä et saa multa, edestä tavaraa,  
Mitä hyödyttää tuo kulta, suuressa  
surussa?"

Puistolle viherälle, Juliana käveli,  
Viikuna puitten alle, sielä hän istahti.

Elonsa iloittaman, hän sielä lopetti,  
Myrkkyä naudittuaan, elosta erkani.

Kuin isänsä sai kuula, Julianan kuoleman,  
"Juliana, Juliana, saatoit mun suremaan!"

Kiireimmin kirjoitettiin, nyt meri  
miehelle,  
Iloinen ehk'ei ollu, se kirje hänelle.

Tahosta suuren luojan, hän vielä virkosi,  
Haudalle Julianan, Intiaan matkusti.

"Kyllä uskollinen oli, sun rakkauutesi,  
Suuri kiitos, suuri kiitos, mun  
rukkahimpani!"

"En viatonta sydäntäsi, voinut saastottaa,  
Edestä ilki vallan ja tavarain himossa."

Tässä isä sekä äiti, tulette näkemään,  
Etta uskollinen lempi ompi voittikin  
väkevää.

A merchant in India, rich and esteemed,  
Had one daughter, beautiful and  
delightful.

Fifteen years was her age,  
Loved by all, Juliana was her name.

A sailor boy was tenderly loved by her,  
"You are too good for him" her father  
said.

She had to obey her father, an only  
child—  
"You cannot separate riches and worth,"

"Your station in life I have planned—  
And a rich merchant I have picked for  
you."

"Love I cannot give in exchange for  
riches—  
What worth is gold, in deep sorrow?"

To a green grove Juliana walked,  
Under a fig tree she sat.

Her life joyless, there she ended,  
Poison taken, life separated.

When her father heard of Juliana's  
death—  
"Juliana—Juliana—you left me grieving!"

Swiftly a letter written to the sailor—  
Twas not happy, the message to him.

The Great Creator gave him strength—  
he came out of shock—  
To go to Juliana's grave—  
travel back to India.

"Oh how true was your love!  
Thank you, thank you, my beloved above  
above all.

Your innocent heart could not be  
polluted  
By greed for riches."

Now father and mother, you can see—  
That a faithful lover overcomes power.

7. Jussin Vanha Haitari (John's Old Accordion)

Matti conjures up the atmosphere of the old time house dance through subtle shifts in tempo and improvisation. Choruses start slowly and gradually accelerate throughout; meanwhile the most elaborate embellishments are reserved for the third chorus and the bridge preceding it. Such evolving complexity and cumulative force might, as the next song attests, cause the logs on the wall to wave "as the young and old danced."

Jussin vanha haitari, se ritisee ja ratisee,  
....., eukot nurkas mutisee.

John's old accordion, it creaks and  
croaks  
.....,old ladies in the corner muttering.

8. Kallen Haitari (Charlie's Accordion)

Matti was a reluctant singer, but these lyrics carried fond recollections of bygone doings at the Peltos.

Meirän talon Kallense haitarin osti,  
vaikka se joukolla maksettiin,  
Meillä se ilot sielä kahtohon nosti,  
kyllä sielä soitella jaksettiin.  
Meilloli lystiä ai ai ai, peli kun se  
pähansä kuultiin kai,  
Kalle se hikkasi hinkevät virret,hila tula  
hittaa hai tan tai,  
Kyllä sielä heilusi seinät ja hirret, vanhat  
ja nuoret se tanssiin sai.

Our Charlie bought an accordion, but the  
whole family paid for it.  
The joy at our house rose to the ceiling,  
and we played tirelessly.  
We enjoyed it so, as the music poured  
into our heads,  
Charlie he squeezed out some wheezy  
tunes, hila, tula hit taa hai tan tai,  
The logs on the walls waved as the young  
and old danced.



Art Moilanen

ART MOILANEN, piano accordion and vocal.

Logger, tavernkeeper, and working dance musician for nearly 50 years, Art still lives and plays in Mass City, Michigan, where he was born in 1917. As a young man, Art played harmonica, guitar, and "button box" before settling on piano accordion. His repertoire today, although grounded in Finnish-American tradition, is nonetheless eclectic. "I don't feature all polkas. I play some and I swing into some waltzes, country western, and a schottische, and a raatikkoon. And, as you follow that through the night, you get something for everyone."

9. Raatikkoon

According to various sources, the name means either an island or a kind of charitable hostel. The dance, described here by Jingo Vachon, has always been popular in Finnish-America: "You do a sort of polka step with the first two lines, then march abreast with the third line, then run sideways like hell with the fourth line. Often the music speeds up with the fourth line, depending on the musician."

Raatikkoon, Raatikkoon, vanahat piiat  
pannaan,  
Raatikkoon, raatikkoon, vanahat piiat  
pannaan,  
Sinne, tuonne, Kyöveli vuoren taa,  
Ettei niitä, ettei niitä, vanahat poojat  
saa.

To a County Home, To a County Home,  
The old maids should be banished,  
To a County Home, to a County Home,  
The olds maids should be banished.  
Over there, behind Kyopeli Mountain,  
So the old bachelors can't get them.

References and Related Recordings:

Art Moilanen is featured in Michael Loukinen's film Tradition Bearers, 1983.

James P. Leary, "Reading the 'Newspaper Dress': An Expose of Art Moilanen's Dance Music," in Michigan Traditions, ed. C. Kurt Dewhurst, Yvonne Lockwood, and Marsha McDowell, forthcoming.

"Radiko," in Duggan, Schlottmann, and Rutledge, Folk Dances of Scandinavia (New York: Ronald Press, 1948): 65-66.

Svend Tollefsen's Trio, Scandinavia 1123, ca. 1940.

Paul Norback, Viking V-12, 1956.

Pohjolan Pojat with Walter Eriksson, "Raatiko," Memories of Finland, Colonial LP-669.

10. Noan Arkki (Noah's Ark)

The author, who shall go unnamed, was a local poet who, according to Jingo Vachon, "converted to a strict religion and requested those who had his books to burn them because some of his poems were risqué." Art's tune is "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Notable here are the tradition of comic verse among Finnish-Americans and Art's delight in fitting such texts to familiar tunes.

**Kyllä sielä arkis oli eri elämää,  
Tiikerien kiljunta ja karhun mörinää,  
Sujet sielä ulvoivat ja karju kalkkunat,  
Villi kissat kitisi ja lehmät ammovat.**

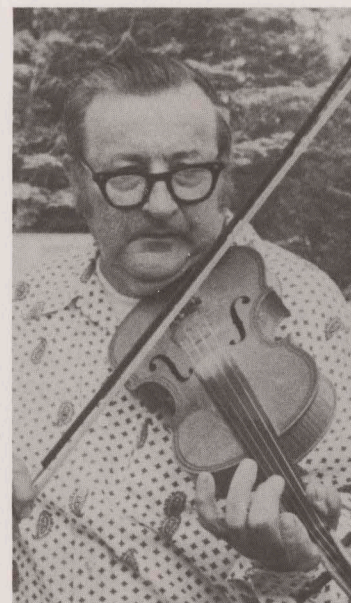
**Ihmetellä täytyy näitä äijän hommia,  
Heiniäkin päiväs meni monta tönniä,  
Tarkallensa kauntata ei voi äkkiä,  
Menikö päiväs kuinka monta kaura  
säkkiä?**

**Sade viimein takaisai ja jälleen kuivi maa,  
Sitte hän se äijä raukka helpotusta saa,  
Juhli hän ja juopotteli onnes yllähti,  
Pöhnäs päissään Ryssän kirkkoon viimein  
pyllähti.**

**Noah's ark sure was noisy,  
The tigers screamed and the bears  
growled,  
Wolves howled, turkeys gobbled,  
Wild cats squealed and cows moored.**

**You have to wonder at this old man's  
huge undertaking,  
Tons of hay each day,  
Things can't be counted exactly each  
time,  
How many sacks of oats each day?**

**The rain finally stopped and the land  
dried up,  
Then the poor fellow got respite,,  
Drank too much wine in his joy,  
Tumbled over and fell asleep.**



**Helmer Toyras**

HELMER TOYRAS, fiddle.

Helmer resides in Aura, Michigan, on Keeweenaw Bay where he was born in 1926. He heard Finnish music aplenty in neighboring halls before taking up the fiddle in the early 1940s. In the 50s Toyras played Yankovic style "polka music" in a band called "The Highlighters," and from the early 60s through the mid-70s he ran a Kenton, Michigan, tavern that was a musician's hangout. Today Helmer labors in a L'Anse factory and plays mostly for himself, excepting an occasional festival or house party.

11. Finnish Medley

Two tunes are combined. Helmer could not recall the first, but the second is Viola Turpeinen's "Kauhavan Polkka." Kauhava is a Finnish city known for fine knives and fierce knife fighters. Turpeinen's reminiscent, energetic tune, combining her piano accordion with John Rosendahl's violin, is perhaps the classic Finnish-American "fast" polka.

Related Recordings:

Viola Turpeinen and John Rosendahl, Victor 3-80587, 1928; reissued on Siirtolaisen Muistoja (The Immigrant's Memories), RCA PL 40115, with liner notes by Pekka Gronow.

Paul Norback, Viking V-12, 1956.

Bill Kangas and the Lahti Brothers, CMS Records, LP.



Bill  
Koskela

BILL KOSKELA, piano accordion;  
MIRIAM KOSKELA, vocal.

Like many a piano accordionist, Bill started on the simpler "button box." He was born in 1915 of immigrant parents on a Tripoli, Wisconsin farm and for many years ran the Finnish-American Tavern in Chicago with his wife, Miriam, likewise of rural northern Wisconsin's second generation. Bill has played for public dances and weddings in particular since the early 1930s; besides singing informally with Bill, Miriam has performed with several Finnish-American choruses. The couple now resides in Ironwood, Michigan.

#### 12. Mustalainen

Jingo Vachon reckons that this favorite old song of the gypsy was introduced into Finland via Hungary in the 19th century. Certainly the melancholy waltz has been sung in many versions throughout the 20th century by gypsy-like sojourners of the Finnish diaspora. The Koskelas' rendition echoes Viola Turpeinen's recording.

**Mustalaiseks' olen syntynyt, Kotitonna  
kuljeskelen nyt,  
Luonnon lapsi, mitäs huolinkaan, Kuin  
vaan vapahana olla saan.**

**Miksi kuljet, multa kysytään, Jot' en mä  
raukka tiedä itsekkään,  
Muutto linnut siihen vastatkoon, Ja kierto  
tähti selvän antakoon.**

**Eihän kukka verhoansa tee, Milloin  
lintu riihä tappanee,  
Heidät holhoo Isä Ylhäinen, Hän suo  
tarpeet myoskin minullen.**

**I was born a gypsy, homeless wandering  
now,  
A child of nature, I don't worry as long  
as I can be free.**

**Why do you wander, they ask me, poor  
wretch, I know not why.  
Let migrating birds answer, the circling  
star would know.**

**The flower does not build a shelter, nor  
the bird a permanent home,  
The Lord above provides for them, He  
will do the same for me.**

Related Recordings:

Juho Koskelo, Columbia EJ3223, ca 1917; and  
3154-f, 1930.

Jahr's Nyhetskvintett, "Mustalainen" (credited  
to Igor Borganoff), Columbia 22904-f, 1929.

Viola Turpeinen, Standard F-5043, ca 1945.

BILL HENDRICKSON, piano accordion.

Bill was the first child born (in 1901) in the Finnish settlement of Bark Point, Wisconsin, and, like his dad, grew up farming, logging, fishing, and playing music. The settlers built a Finnish Hall in 1920 where Viola Turpeinen and other traveling musicians entertained, one of whom sold a piano accordion to Bill and his pal Eino Okkonen. Fifty years ago Bill's mastery of rapid Finnish polkas and mazurkas drew dancers for miles around; but today, with hearing diminished and fingers cruelly twisted by arthritis, Hendrickson has slowed to playing C&W favorites, waltzes, and a rough hewn march.

#### 13. Vapaa Venäjä (Free Russia)

Bitter over Czarist domination of Finland, sympathetic with the Russian peasantry and ideologically inclined toward Socialism or Communism, many Finnish-Americans supported the Russian Revolution. Jingo Vachon: "The words are stirring. I remember way way back, the pink side singing them hereabouts. My brother played it on the accordion a lot, but I never learned the words." The march survives today chiefly as an instrumental and efforts to obtain lyrics have not yet succeeded.

Related Recordings:

Otto Pykkönen, tenor with orchestra, Columbia  
3003-F, 1924.

Lager and Franzen, accordion duet, "Vaapa  
Vaanaaja" [sic] (credited to W.N. Kostakowsky),  
Columbia 3011-F, 1924.

B.S.S. Clubin Orkesteri, "Vapaa Venäjän  
Marssi," Columbia 3084-F, 1928.

Jukka Ahti, tenor with orchestra, Victor V  
4068, 1930.

Orkesteri, Victor V 4072, 1929.

WAINO LAMMANEN, mandolin;  
JINGO VIITALA VACHON, guitar.

Nowdays Waino and Jingo play together for midsummer celebrations at Agate Beach near Toivola, Michigan; years ago they performed at Finnish-American house parties. Waino was born in 1908 at Trimountain. His dad, Tapani, an immigrant from Oulu, was a zither playing miner. Waino learned mandolin and baritone horn and sang in a male quartet while laboring for a section gang, as a company store manager, in the mines, the woods, as a commercial fisherman, and on ore boats. Grounded in Finnish-American tradition, his repertoire also includes "hillbilly" and American pop tunes.

In her own words, Jenny "Jingo" Viitala "was born and raised in the big timber area of Toivola, Michigan in 1918 and spent my early years hunting, fishing, and trapping until at 21 I trapped a big Canuck (Stan Vachon) and left for other parts." She lived in New Mexico and St. Ignace, Michigan, before returning to Toivola. Always an enthusiastic singer of Finnish songs, she was a Jimmie Rodgers imitator in the late 1930s; today she delights in translating Finnish songs into English and vice versa. Her translations and notes contribute mightily to this booklet.

14. Vapaa Wenäjä (Free Russia)  
See the notes for the previous cut.

15. Sian Tappajaiset (Pig Butchering), with  
HOWARD LAMMANEN, tenor banjo.

Howard, son of Waino and Lempi Lammanen, was born in 1934 and learned to play guitar and banjo "around the house." Today he oversees heating plant operations for Michigan Tech University in Houghton.

According to Jingo Vachon, "Sian Tappajaiset" was number one on the hit parade here on WMPL in Hancock when we came back from New Mexico in the early 50s." Its rural content and exaggerated tone, typical of Finnish humorous couplets, recall Henry Luokkanen's "Variksen Laula."

**Isossa talossa ku sikkaa tapettiin niin  
paljon oli nylykiöitä,  
Kolomasti päivässä lämpesi sauna ja aina  
oli kylpiöitä. (kahdesti)**

**Sian tappo miestä oli suurta oli pientä,  
oli karvareita ja muita,  
Kaksitoista akkaa aina vaan pakkaa  
patojen alle puita. (kahdesi)**

**Kuusi toista vuotta ku sikkaa syötettiin,  
voilla ja perunalla,  
Ja ei sittä henkikään irronnut sekö  
suurella kanuunalla. (kahdesti)**

**Touhulla hirveelä, kolmella kirveellä,  
pää siltä poikki lyötiin,  
Ja yksi toista kuuta neljässä talossa se  
tappajais keitto kin syötiin. (kah)**

**Ammät ne huuteli siunas ja hyppeli,  
ihan aivan ky hullut,  
Ei koskaan ol'nähty sellaista sikkaa josta  
enempi läskiä ois tullut. (kah)**

**Ja sellaista sikkaa ei varmastikkaa, oo  
ollu muillaku meillä,  
Vaikka lapsen lapset oli harmaat hapset,  
oli vieläki läskiä meillä. (kahdesti)**

**The farmhouse was filled when the pig  
was killed  
And the skimmers came by the score,  
At night noon and morn the old sauna  
was warmed  
And the bathers poured through the door.**

**The butchers of the pig they were  
little and big,  
They had scrapers and others of course,  
Twelve old women stood packing  
firewood  
Under pots that could hold a horse.**

**For sixteen years we fed him corn ears  
And butter and spuds and all,  
But he would not die 'til a tough old guy  
Shot him dead with a cannon ball.**

**With awful big whacks three men swung  
an axe  
'Till they cut through the big fat neck,  
And eleven months later four large homes  
Still had head cheese by the peck.**

**The old women yelled when the pig was  
felled  
They sang and danced a little jig,  
For never in her life has a single old wife  
Seen a pile of pork so big.**

**Oh a pig like that, I'll bet my hat,  
Was never since raised or bought,  
When our children's kids all had snow  
white lids,  
We still had pork for the pot!**

References:

Jingo Vachon is featured in Michael Loukinen's film, Tradition Bearers, 1983.

Jingo Viitala Vachon, Tall Timber Tales (L'Anse, Michigan: L'Anse Sentinel, 1973).

\_\_\_\_\_, Sagas From Sisula (L'Anse: L'Anse Sentinel, 1975).

\_\_\_\_\_, Finnish Fiddles (L'Anse: L'Anse Sentinel, 1979).

GEORGE NOUSIANEN, fiddle;  
OREN TIKKANEN, guitar.

An eclectic, trained musician whose repertoire embraces classical, pop, bluegrass, and Finnish melodies, George was born in 1916 in the Michigan mining town of Painesdale. He learned Finnish tunes from his immigrant father who "sang and squeaked the fiddle," but he also played the compositions of Sibelius with the Copper Country Symphony. A retired teacher, George presently winters in Florida while summering at Copper Harbor on the Keeweenaw peninsula's northern tip.

Former rock'n'roller, former leader of an "all around U.P. wedding band," Oren Tikkanen (b. 1943 in the Copper Country) grew up hearing Finnish music at house parties, from an uncle's singing, and over Rudy Kemppa's radio program on WMPL, Hancock. Oren works nowadays as an alcohol abuse counsellor while playing Finnish music with old timers and with his own band, "Thimbleberry."

16. Ennen Mä Hyppään Kuuseen Ja Mäntyyn

Notes accompany Olavie Wintturi's version of this schottische, side three, band 15.









