

His Music Is In His Message

By MARK GALLOWAY

Henry lives in a school bus.

stomping musician-pleasing students."

His home is Seattle, New Orleans, the Smokies, Ann Arbor ...and he carries his living in a fiddle case.

He shuns the nine to five routine; he sleeps at truck stops; he dresses in an old yellow shirt and pulls his long brown hair back in a pony tail.

Henry is totally unconventional. So where does his appeal to conventional middle class America come from?

From his music -- the pleasure in which he creates it, the joy with which he spreads it, the simplicity through which he shares it with anyone who wants to listen is always evident.

Henry the Fiddler (he doesn't bother with a last name) has been crisscrossing the country for the past six years, playing the street corners and the bars and the art fairs and the fiddle festivals.

A man who had once decided to make computers his career, Henry found that he did not like programming machines in a Chicago office building half as much as he liked fiddling his Sunday afternoons away in a Chicago park.

When he found himself "digging the good feelings as I gave people music to dance by," he gave his two weeks notice to the boss and most of his possessions to his friends.

Carrying his home on his back, his transportation in his thumb, and his income in a faithful, brightly painted tin can, Henry the Fiddler hit the open road.

Along the way he picked up the fiddle styles of Scottish airs and Appalachian bluegrass, not to mention a bit of rock n' roll, waltz music, and music of the Texas folk.

Jamming around campfires from Arizona to New England, Henry "traded licks" with other musicians -- and he won his share of awards at fiddle festivals.

"I was out to see the country," he said "and I learned a lot. But then people started to want to learn from me."

It was time to start recording some of those tunes and time to start making a little money to do all that. When an independent agent out of Mountain View, Arkansas, Bill Fegan, "discovered" Henry, "it was just the right time at the right place."

Fegan put Henry, along with his friends and back-ups, Eddy, Charlie, and Cathy, on the college circuit. He played at Dunham Auditorium in front of a crowd of what he called "lively, foot-

The minstrel's style was informal and his warmth came through as he fiddled through Irish jigs, American swing, mountain melodies -- even the Mickey Mouse Club theme song -- adding bits of information about each one.

But while entertaining is Henry's love, and he does it with unaffected sincerity, his life is much more than that.

"I guess I am really into ecology," he said. "I don't like what's happening to this country, and I've found that the only way really to get something accomplished is to do it yourself."

So the minstrel is "creating energy" and "using the talents I have" to make the contracts and the bucks necessary to eventually realize some of his dreams.

Those dreams? They include establishing generators and stations for non-polluting methane gas, building a home and garden in the country "to get back to the land," and starting a recording company that does not cost artists a mint to take part in.

The notes are in the briefcase for a book on fiddling, maybe another on his travels, and his namesake album has already been released.

And Henry admits that life right now is too hectic, too complicated by bus breakdowns and concert schedules, too draining, even too artificial.

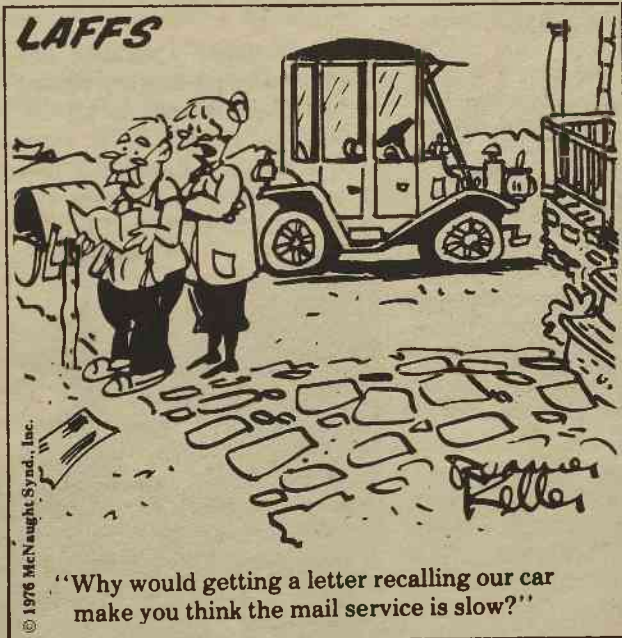
"I've thought about just picking up the pack again and sticking out my thumb," said Henry, "But that would just be ignoring the problems. I feel I have to be doing something positive to help solve them."



B.



HENRY THE FIDDLER performs for appreciative audience.



Guess Who?

As a child, I spent a good deal of my time eluding my older brother. He liked to beat up on my head from time to time. It wasn't all that bad, however, as I also passed many hours riding on my blue tricycle with my girlfriend. Actually, she and I were more like brother and sister, I suppose.

Aside from fun and games in my childhood, I suffered from asthma, off and on, for years. I spent many long nights just trying to breathe. Fortunately, either my mother or my grandmother would stay up with me on many occasions, giving me aid and comfort. Even more fortunately, I "oungrew" the asthma when I was twelve, and I've not been bothered by that nonsense since then.

Protect Yourself Against Glaucoma



A. "As you can tell, I started 'hog-calling' early in life. (For answers, turn to page 4)

Band Presents Concert

The Brevard College Concert Band will present a concert, Thursday evening, November 10, at eight o'clock p.m. in Dunham Auditorium. The band is composed of forty college students, and additional players from the community and area schools.

We hope the varied program

planned will include "something for everybody," and we cordially invite everyone to attend. We are especially hopeful that more college students will come to the performance. We think you will find it an evening well spent; so grab a pal and come have a great time!

Mis-judged Book Orders Vex Students

By Mark Galloway

Brevard freshmen faced an unexpected problem as they braced for the upcoming fall semester. Many Brevard students had to go without books the first two weeks of school.

Some bookless students, claiming what one student advisor termed as, "not having the slop before sloppin' the hogs," bewailed the problem. Freshman David Skiba said, "They are making a farce of the educational system by not supplying the texts to study with."

The administration and student union book store had reasons for the students' temporary hardship. This year's "annual" book computations began as the faculty turned all of their book requests in to Business Manager Jim Alderman to meet the instructors' needs to accommodate this year's entering freshmen. During early summer, Dean Morris G. Wray and business manager Jim Alderman methodically predicted what students may or may not take in the fall semester of 1977 by using the incoming student course prerequisites, and judging on the students' past academic records. "I suspect that we have never guessed as well as we have before this semester," Dean Wray allowed, "there is no way we can be perfect guessers." Ordering the books for just HOW MANY students taking WHAT COURSES included a solid week of the staff's deliberation. The decision makers were then compelled to order the amount of books for the projected incoming students plus a small over-order in case of an unexpected influx of summer enrollees.